

**Recollections of Inayat Khan
and Western Sufism**

By Theo van Hoorn

Translated, Annotated and Introduced by Hendrik J. Horn

COLOPHON

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In memory of

JAY NEWMAN

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RECOLLECTIONS OF INAYAT KHAN AND WESTERN SUFISM

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Editor's Preface and Acknowledgments

Theo van Hoorn wrote his *Recollections of Inayat Khan and Western Sufism* in the Dutch language in the winter of 1944-45, but his memoirs were not published until 1981, twenty-four years after his death. However, the immediate history of this English edition goes back to the summer of 1964, when, after a twelve-year absence, I returned to The Netherlands from Canada to study at the University of Utrecht. A treasured aunt, Dr. S.J. (Phiet) Suys-Reitsma (who lived on the Tintorettostraat in Amsterdam), introduced me to two near-neighbours of hers, Loes van Hoorn-Copijn and her twelve-year-old son, Jan Lucas van Hoorn.* Jan Lucas and I became staunch friends, repeatedly meeting in Amsterdam, New Haven, Guelph and The Hague over the years. In the winter of 2005, when I had just retired from a career as art historian, he asked me to undertake an English translation of his father's Sufi memoirs.

Wiet van der Putt, Johannes Molenaar and Jan Lucas van Hoorn, the chairman, secretary and treasurer of the Nekbakht Foundation, undertook to sponsor my work and were supportive in every way. Wite Carp, who chairs the board of the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation (which holds the copyright for Theo van Hoorn's memoirs), was equally encouraging. Nor did the translation itself present serious obstacles, taking only a few months to complete despite the challenges posed by Van Hoorn's flowery Dutch. Michael Hall, my trusted Canadian copy editor, quickly read my work and improved on it as much as I would permit given my determination to allow some of Van Hoorn's personal voice to shine through. A few years later, Donald Graham kindly went over the translation with the well-trained eyes of a former English professor and a professional Sufi editor. Nevertheless, a serviceable English rendering of Theo's memoirs was essentially ready to go to press by the summer of 2005.

For reasons explained in my introductory essay, however, Theo van Hoorn's *Recollections* warranted extensive commentary. The work quickly snowballed and then turned into an avalanche that buried me for most of four years. My learned friend Jan Postma contributed numerous fascinating facts about Theo and his circle and gave me a lot of help and encouragement. Jan was altogether indispensable when it came to the world of chess, well known to him and Theo but *terra incognita* for me. I also had the good fortune to get to know Jacobien de Boer, who contributed invaluable information about Gertrud Leistikow, a celebrated expressionist dancer and close friend of the Van Hoorn family. Joop van Geffen, the executor of both Theo van Hoorn and his son Paul, shed badly needed light on the family finances. Nor could I have managed without the capable staff of The Hague's Royal Library, National Archives, Municipal Archives and Central Bureau for Genealogy. Especially the CBC's Martin Spaans was of great help in my search for particulars about Theo's Sufi friends. Though the contributions of

many other individuals must be left for the notes, Waldo van Essen, Inge Kramer-Röben and Nadir Pool form an exemplary international trio that merits special mention here.

It could be argued that if Theo van Hoorn had been unforthcoming in his memoirs, I committed the opposite fault, transforming a straight-forward translation of his Sufi memoirs into a detailed study of his life and times. Any tendency to excess information was exacerbated by my conviction that facts seen in context are never trivial. The problem would have been easy to correct, as data assembled over months can be jettisoned in minutes. I decided to include as much information as possible, however, since this could well be the last serious study of interwar Dutch Sufism. Because the material ended up being both plentiful and diversified, I have opted for end notes rather than footnotes and dispensed with what would have been an endless bibliography. The index is designed to provide rapid access to the heterogeneous offerings.

Roelof van Straten, the unflappable man behind Foleor Publishers, supported me in all my decisions and exertions. Roel and I expected to include only a small body of plates, much like that found in the 1981 Dutch edition of the *Recollections*. Jacobien de Boer, Jan Lucas van Hoorn, Friso Kramer, Rita van Straten-Vogel and Hamida Verlinden supplied most of the images that were needed. In the spring of 2010, however, the Nekbakht Foundation decided to launch this volume as their contribution to the 13 September celebrations of the centenary of Inayat Khan's journey to the West. This decision provided a rationale for a major increase in the number of illustrations. Since Theo van Hoorn informs us that he had assembled numerous photographs to help future readers visualize the precise appearance of the Suresnes Summer Schools and their participants, I grasped the opportunity to realize this ambition.

The belated increase in the number of plates caused predictable problems. Naturally, I had to write letters and e-mails, rethink the selection and sequence of pictures, and compose numerous new captions. This meant that Janette Lagrand could not begin the layout for the plates until July, putting her under pressure as well. I am grateful to her for rising to the occasion, just as I am beholden to Donald Graham, Elisabeth Hoogland, Machteld Kluwer, Victor Lemstra, Adri Mackor, Ølvind Øglaend, Aleksandra Oleksiat, Stephen Shriber, Els Veder-Smit, André Voskuyl, Aldo Voute, André Wagner and Susanna van de Woude-Cnoop Koopmans for supplying photographs or scans on very short notice. In the meantime, Professor Irene Kabala successfully negotiated with the National Gallery in Warsaw for an image of a forgotten bust of Mohammad Ali Khan by Sufi sculptress Jadwiga Bogdanowicz, which Theo van Hoorn admired in her Paris studio. Finally, Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Mahmood Khan spent days and nights searching through his family archive, selecting numerous precious photos.

Mahmood then joined me in a valiant attempt to identify as many of the Summer School attendees as possible within our Draconian time limit. It was also his near-legendary charm that served to reconcile my wife, Annètje Huibregtse, to my obsessive behaviour.

This book required me to embark on a crash course in Western Sufism. Fortunately, Mahmood Khan spared no effort to help me find my way to the issues and literature. The quip “If I want to be misinformed about a country, I will ask the man who has lived there for thirty years” (attributed to Henry John Temple, 3rd Viscount Palmerston), applies to Theo van Hoorn and numerous other Sufis, but not to Mahmood. He has lived at the heart of Western Sufism for eight decades but has never stopped questioning and learning. I believe I speak for both of us when I say that we never tired of our collaboration. His close attention to my problems always encouraged me, while he in turn found it reassuring to see another scholar, working independently and from outside the Sufi Movement, confirm insights that he had garnered from the inside. Together we added a third component to this book, namely, a brief history of Western Sufism, intended to supplement and correct Theo’s conventional understanding.

Mahmood Khan also introduced me to the work of his nephew, Pir (then still Pirzade) Inayat Khan, who read a preliminary version of my essay and endorsed it along general lines. His comments, as well as his important Duke University doctoral dissertation of 2006, proved immensely useful. Pir Zia confirmed me in my conviction that Theo van Hoorn was a fairly representative member of “a hybrid Sufi Order,” which combined the post-Chishti mysticism of Inayat Khan with the neo-Christian ritualism of his wealthy Theosophical followers. However, such historiographic considerations remain ancillary to the main purpose of this book, which is to introduce English-speaking readers to an invaluable record of two decades of Western Sufism and one man’s personal experience of Hazrat Inayat Khan.

Hein Horn
Wassenaar, 6 August 2010

* Throughout this volume I have stuck to the Dutch convention of giving the maiden name of a married woman after the surname of her husband.

**Introduction to
Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist**

By Hendrik J. Horn

The Book in Your Hands

“During the winter of 1923 Camilla Schneider [...] writes to tell my wife about a remarkable easterner who has come to Holland to lecture.” Camilla was the young Geesbarthe Caroline Schneider (1895-1978), and her exciting news proved a watershed in the lives of Theodoor van Hoorn (1887-1957) and his wife and second cousin Diena Anna (1891-1968). The exotic visitor was Pir-o-Murshid Hazrat Inayat Khan (1882-1927),¹ the renowned Indo-Islamic musician and mystic who founded Sufism in the West. Theo and Dien would always feel beholden to Camilla for introducing them to the Sufi Message.

Both Hazrat Inayat Khan and Theodoor van Hoorn can be said to have been men of determination and destiny. Inayat Khan had completed a remarkable thirteen-year odyssey from India to America, England, Russia, England and Switzerland to France, where he had begun to build up a loyal following in Suresnes, outside Paris. Van Hoorn had seen his own years of adversity and success, leading from the edge of the grave in Davos, Switzerland, to a thriving accountancy practice in Amsterdam.

The meeting of the two men was accidental or fated, depending on one's orientation. Theo van Hoorn picked up his wife Dien after one of Inayat Khan's Amsterdam lectures, where he first saw the Indian mystic. At a second such gathering, the great guru looked intently at Van Hoorn, who began to take notice. But Theo's curiosity was only truly whetted at a lecture in The Hague in the early summer of 1924. Then he was caught in the rapids. Within two months he attended the Sufi Summer School in Suresnes. Only one week later he had met Inayat Khan and been initiated by him. Though Van Hoorn treasured Sufism for the rest of his life, nothing was ever able to match the period of intense growth and happiness that ended with the death of Inayat Khan on February 1927. Most of two decades later, in the last and grimmest winter of the Second World War, Theo returned to his halcyon years and wrote his recollections of Sufism and his beloved Murshid. It is this collection of essays — expanded between 1949 and 1955, published in 1981, and at last translated into English — that you hold in your hands.

Van Hoorn's book has two substantially overlapping components. At the heart of his *Recollections of Inayat Khan* lies a moving portrait of the great man and his disciples in Suresnes, near Paris, in the summers of 1924 to 1926. As Inayat Khan and Suresnes are like the King Arthur and Camelot of Western Sufism, this material is sure to be welcomed by English-speaking Sufis everywhere, guaranteeing an audience for the present edition. Nor does one need to be a Sufi, or even to have an esoteric bent, to be seduced by the magic of Inayat Khan and Suresnes. With almost all of the eyewitnesses now gone, Theo's detailed and evocative picture has become more indispensable than ever.²

The *Recollections* also constitute Van Hoorn's memoirs, though ones concentrating on only half his life, from 1912, when he was twenty-five, to 1945, twelve years before his death. Even within that reduced time-span, Theo avoided the close personal focus and excessive preening of many blatantly self-serving memoirs. If a chess-playing, deal-brokering, train-travelling, music-loving and poetry-quoting accountant is not your idea of fun, it does not really matter, because the book is less about Theo himself than about his distinctive place within Dutch Sufism. Much of this "milieu description," as Theo calls it, deals with himself and his mured friends after the death of Inayat Khan in 1927. Though Murshid is always on their minds, they must now soldier on without his charismatic presence. So does the reader, of course, but the enormous sense of loss recorded by Theo becomes a moving new theme as we watch him and his friends picking up the pieces, keeping the faith and learning to understand that their Murshid is gone, yet ever with them.

If the two parts of the *Recollections* can be reduced to one thesis, it is simply that Sufism transformed their author's life for the better. As Theo van Hoorn was a prosperous Dutch accountant and Hazrat Inayat Khan a profound Indian mystic, one could argue with some legitimacy that this book shows Western materialism and commercialism being ameliorated by Eastern spirituality. Certainly, Van Hoorn himself would not have objected to such a characterization. Theo's memoirs are only marginally about a marriage of Islam and Christianity, however, as Inayat Khan's Sufism was confessionally non-restrictive while his Western converts were generally former Christians with little or no interest in his inalienable Islamic identity. More accurately, the *Recollections* can be said to commemorate a late-Romantic union of Inayatian Sufism and neo-Christian Theosophy into a distinctive quasi-religion which Inayat Khan sanctioned in instalments but never intended.³ Theo van Hoorn's essays form a unique and moving historical record of the great love and slight understanding encountered by an aristocratic Indo-Islamic mystic within an elite Anglo-Dutch subculture, both during his lifetime and after his death.

This book could have been published a lot more quickly and cheaply by leaving out just about everything but the translated text, continuing to accept Theo van Hoorn's work as one man's view of the past, warts and all. A few important considerations argued against this approach, however, the most obvious being that a fair amount of Van Hoorn's material requires explanation if a new generation of readers is to know what he is talking about. His memoirs begin about a century ago, and a lot of things have either changed or passed into oblivion since his days. Theo apparently never saw the inside of an aeroplane, and he was about to embark on the last additions to his *Recollections* when the Dutch got to see their

first black and white television transmission. We have seen developments beyond his wildest imagination and darkest dreams, but which of us has tasted the soot of a steam engine, sent off a telegram, conquered laryngeal tuberculosis without the aid of antibiotics, experienced the infernal racket of a room full of manual typewriters and mechanical calculators, written a whole book by hand, or learned numerous poems by heart in four languages? We live in a different world.

The most mundane but pervasive difficulty of Van Hoorn's book, especially for non-Dutch readers, is that it assumes familiarity with the historical topography and infrastructure of The Netherlands. The cities are not so much the problem. The only important one is Amsterdam, where Theo was born and lived most of his life. Though it has grown steadily larger and more congested with the years, much of the inner city has not changed substantially since Theo's time. That is especially true of his favourite haunts, Amsterdam Centrum and Amsterdam Zuid. Anyone not already familiar with those areas can consult a modern map and locate the streets and monuments that Theo mentions.

The relative location of Dutch cities would take some time to explain, so that it is again preferable to consult a map. It would best be an historical specimen, however, as much has changed along with the doubling of the Dutch population since the Second World War.⁴ Despite draconian city planning, towns have as much as tripled in size or virtually risen out of the ground. Industrial zones have proved impossible to discourage or contain. Roads have proliferated or grown in size along with the ever-increasing traffic, even as venerable intercity tram lines disappeared.

One location that has changed relatively little since Theo's days are the Vinkeveense Plassen, which play a vital role in his *Recollections*. These are not ordinary lakes but a fan-shaped area dug out over the years by the winning of peat, used as fuel. As a result, some of the shores look as if drawn with a ruler. Arable strips of land were left standing in the water, separating the "plassen," of which there are four major examples. The words "ponds" or "pools" do not convey the size and depth of these bodies of water. Strictly speaking, however, it is not correct to speak of Theo in Vinkeveen, as his cottage was not to the west of the *plassen*, like that village, but on a long quay called the Groenlandsekade, which follows the eastern shore of the southernmost *plas*. The huge A2 motorway now decisively cuts off what has become a residential and recreational zone along the water from the village of Baambrugge and the great tracts of agricultural land that defined the bucolic nature of the area back in Theo's days.

Readers should also know that The Netherlands are about as flat and small as a pancake. In addition, Theo and his friends move around in only four of the (then) eleven provinces, namely, Noord-Holland, Zuid-Holland, Utrecht and Gelderland. Only one of the towns and cities mentioned by Theo (Bergen aan

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Zee) lies outside a fifty mile radius of the city of Utrecht, the railway hub of the country. That Vinkeveen should be out in the country and yet be only about ten miles from Amsterdam, may come as a surprise, but that such a small distance should have made the difference between eating and starving during the winter of 1944-45, may be truly astonishing for readers who cover such a stretch on their weekly trip to the supermarket. A realistic sense of scale will make the bicycle rides of Theo's Sufi wife and friends more understandable.

It was either the bicycle or public transportation in those days. During the Second World War, those cars not confiscated by the Germans were refused fuel. But almost no one drove before or shortly after the war either. Not surprisingly, only a few automobiles are mentioned in the entire *Recollections*. When, in the summer of 1937, Sirkar (Apjar) van Stolk (1894-1963) drops off the children at a wooded park in The Hague by car, we learn that he is not merely well off, but truly rich. When Theo sends away a driver who has come to fetch him in Rozendaal in 1945, we sense he has money to burn. And when Eric Inayat van Ingen (1921-2000) shows up in a Canadian uniform *and* in a car, we know he has truly done the impossible. Nor were there any serious highways in Holland at the time, so that even the brash young Hidayat Inayat Khan (born 1917), who drives his brother Vilayat (1916-2004) from Suresnes to Amsterdam in February of 1940, dreads the prospect of negotiating the long and winding road back to Utrecht late in the evening.

The *Recollections* touch on numerous other matters that would have been obvious to Theo van Hoorn's contemporaries but that may come as news to today's reader, regardless of nationality. The present volume seeks to address the difficulty by identifying the great variety of people, events, places and books in more than a thousand notes added to the mere nineteen that graced the 1981 Dutch edition. This growth comes at a cost, however. Not only are there now enough notes to intimidate almost anybody, but they are bound to include information that will seem obvious or obscure to some members of a heterogeneous readership.⁵ Though footnotes have the indisputable virtue of convenience, we have chosen for endnotes to avoid continual and potentially irritating encroachments on Theo's remarkable text.

Notes alone could not suffice to address a more intrinsic problem of Theo van Hoorn's book, which is that its autobiographical aspect is fragmentary and unbalanced. That was Van Hoorn's own doing, of course, and a direct consequence of his determination to concentrate on his Sufi experiences. Even so, Theo kept silent about truly crucial aspects of his life, so that what he left out of his *Recollections* can be fully as illuminating as what he included. The present introduction disallows his priorities and disrespects his reticence by including all

sorts of previously unpublished information about his conservative family, eclectic education, companionable marriage, prestigious chess clubs and distinguished business career, so that he may emerge as a multi-faceted member of Amsterdam society, and not just as a pillar of its Sufi community.

The *Recollections* also require extensive comment because they consist of oral history from beginning to end. The idea of writing his memoirs apparently never occurred to Theo van Hoorn until the 1940s, so that he took few, if any, notes over the years. Predictably, his work is virtually undocumented. He undertook no research beyond consulting several works on mysticism. Though he did look through a heterogeneous collection of personal remembrances of Inayat Khan that had recently been assembled by Shireen (Johanna) Smit-Kerbert (1907-2002),⁶ he found little in it that was to his purpose. Instead, he relied on his prodigious memory to reconstruct events that were years, even decades, in the past.

Van Hoorn was deeply concerned about getting things right, however. He pursued that goal by reading his essays to fellow eye-witness mureeds, checking his recollections against theirs. We see his method at work in August of 1952 at the deathbed of Baroness Mahtab (Agatha Johanna Elisabeth) van Hogendorp-van Notten (born 1873),⁷ one of the pioneers of Western Sufism, who also had a “fabulous memory” to recommend her. At the end of Theo’s first visit, Mahtab begged to differ on an important point of fact.

I had told her that I would read her an essay in which I introduce her person to the stage, namely, a gathering in July of 1924 in the conservatory of one of the residences in the Haras de Longchamp, when she had been permitted to address Murshid in an intimate circle. Mahtab’s reaction to my promise came as a surprise. Unfamiliar with her excessive modesty, it astonished me when she maintained stiffly and firmly that she had never spoken to Murshid in the presence of other mureeds. But I stuck to my guns; my memory could not have so utterly misled me. And I told her that on my second visit I would bring someone who had also been present at this gathering.

Who Theo brought with him on a second, six-hour visit, or whether Mahtab came around to his position, he does not say. He reports with delight, however, that when he had finished reading his “Samadhi Silences” to her during their long third session together, she reflected for a while and then said: “Yes, truly, that’s how it was. Truly!”

The moribund Mahtab was eager to share her own recollections of Murshid and Sufism with Theo and others, including Kafia (Wilhelmina Diderika)

Blaauw-Robertson (1893-1982), who recorded them in a notebook. Theo may well have used Kafia's notes for the second half of his chapter called "Mahtab van Hogendorp," as well as for all of his "Paderewski, the Mastermind" (1860-1941). These chapters are therefore exceptionally problematic in that they could contain Theo's reshaping of Kafia's rendering of Mahtab's reconstruction of events, thoughts and feelings going back to 1923. Even if we assume that Theo relied primarily on what he had learned from Mahtab herself, his material remains timeworn hearsay at best. His vague reference to "oral transmission, backed by a witness," only adds to the muddle.

Oral history tends to be strong on flavour but weak on facts. Theo van Hoorn's recollections are no exception to the rule. Though he frequently makes the past come alive, his dates can be incomplete or inaccurate, leaving it up to his readers to figure out precisely when something happened. A few events are out of sequence, just as some facts are incorrect. But such slips detract little from the overall value of Van Hoorn's picture. The serious problems begin when he starts commenting, as opposed to reminiscing, giving his understanding of people, events and situations. Checking with others does not help in such instances unless they have significantly independent points of view. Just because a few individuals within a small subculture agree on something, does not mean that it is factual, or even plausible. Predictably, Theo's observations can lack genuine insight, repeating what must have passed for common knowledge within his circle. Even when he is seemingly describing, his presentation can be coloured by working assumptions that add up to little more than pooled ignorance.

That is why I have questioned just about everything Theo van Hoorn has to say about Hazrat Inayat Khan and Western Sufism. Deferring to an authoritative reference work was not an option because the existing biographies of Inayat Khan are too tendentious,⁸ literary,⁹ naive,¹⁰ impenetrable,¹¹ or inaccessible¹² to serve the purpose. *Nolens volens*, therefore, this essay ended up incorporating a brief history of Western Sufism from Inayat Khan's arrival in New York in 1910 to Van Hoorn's death in Amsterdam in 1957. Though I have used many more documents than Van Hoorn, I have also introduced additional oral history, most of it pertaining to Murshid and his family, in an attempt to counterbalance Theo's view from the outside with more reliable inside information. If I have succeeded, it is only because I was blessed with unlimited access to the matchless expertise of Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Mahmood Khan (born 1927),¹³ the thinking man's guide to the land of the Sufis. He is by far our best living guide to Hazrat Inayat Khan's relationship to the Brothers, meaning his brothers Mir Pyarumiyan Maheboob Khan (1887-1948) and Musharaff Moulamia Khan (1895-1967), and his cousin-brother Mohammad Ali Khan (1881-1958). Though Mahmood was born too late to have known Inayat Khan personally, he grew up with the rest of the family

and, most importantly, with an intellectual father (Maheboob) who impressed on him that “to be a Sufi does not mean to become stupid.” In addition, he alone had the cultural background, scholarly training,¹⁴ historical insight, and access to generally inaccessible Sufi archives and collections of documents needed to rise above the level of anecdote and arrive at the profound synthesis that is reflected, however imperfectly, in my commentary.

With history and mythology almost inextricably intertwined in the *Recollections of Inayat Khan*, it was only the critical analysis contained in the present essay that fully reconciled the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik to a complete and unabridged English edition of Theo’s text. Individual readers still have a choice, however. They can simply skip the rest of this introduction and head straight for the translation, thereby replicating the experience of the many appreciative readers of the original Dutch version. Alternatively, they can pick and choose among the headings of this essay, depending on whether they are primarily interested in the book, its author, or its subject matter.

A Tale of Two Books

The forewords that Dr. Theodoor Paul van Hoorn (1929-2000) and Ameen (Louis, or Wite) Carp (born 1927) contributed to the 1981 Dutch edition of Theo van Hoorn’s book set the stage for the present volume. Paul, a professor of economics at the University of Amsterdam,¹⁵ outlined the life of his father, the book’s author, while Ameen, an idealistic Sufi publisher, summarized the circumstances of its publication. Their order of appearance could just as easily have been reversed had Ameen been less modest. It works out best to consider his testimony first on this occasion, along with commentary on the context and implications of his several disclosures.

To open with the most basic of observations, Theo van Hoorn did not get the title he wanted. His choice (in English translation) was *Recollections of Twenty Years in Western Sufism*, which Ameen Carp wisely changed to *Recollections of Inayat Khan and Western Sufism* to clarify the contents of the book for a broader readership. The old title was certainly what Van Hoorn had intended all along, as we read near the close of his memoirs that he initially thought of “Twenty Years in and around Western Sufism” to reflect with precision his self-defined insider-outsider status in the Sufi Movement. Carp’s new title still acknowledged the context of Western Sufism but centred, more realistically, on the towering figure of its founder. Since it was Ameen Carp, and not Theo van Hoorn himself, who introduced Inayat Khan to the title of the *Recollections*, it is surely permissible to take a slight further liberty and use Murshid’s full name as a more respectful alternative. Theo, however, refers to “Inayat Khan” — or “Pir-o-Murshid Inayat

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Khan” — about fifty times without once including the deferential “Hazrat.” Short of going back to his original title of the 1950s, *Recollections of Inayat Khan and Western Sufism* is therefore our most authentic option.

It was not until 1956 that Theo van Hoorn presented his manuscript to the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation. Not long before then, he must have inserted the last of three supplementary chapters into the original manuscript. On 5 July 1945, Inayat Khan’s birthday and precisely two months after the liberation of The Netherlands, Theo had been poised to return to his ledgers and consign his *Recollections* to his vault. “I have the feeling that I have nothing more to add,” he wrote, “and that a stage of my life is now definitely closed.” Clearly he was fooling himself; his calling as Sufi chronicler was not about to let him go.

Van Hoorn’s first insertion, in 1949, was a lengthy chapter called “Architecture.” He reports at its beginning that positive response to his writings encouraged him to return to the Suresnes Summer School of 1925. Then came the chapter called “Mahtab van Hogendorp,” written in or shortly after 1952, the year of her death, and the one on “Paderewski, the Mastermind,” which also profiles Baroness van Hogendorp and which Theo dated 1953 to 1955 at its beginning. Theo clearly admired Mahtab, having already dedicated his “Haras de Longchamp” chapter to her back in 1944. It was probably the experience of reading this and other essays to his revered friend on her deathbed in August of 1952 that brought Theo’s *Recollections* out of his vault and back to his writing desk.

Theo was not trying to get away with chronological sleight of hand in these instances. He clearly identified the dates of his insertions. In addition, the events discussed in the three added chapters go back to the days of Hazrat Inayat Khan and fit comfortably within the confines of his first set of recollections. Even so, Theo’s additions create a problem for an editor or any other critical reader because they raise the spectre of retroactive changes to his original material. Nor are we entirely without reason to be worried. The “Voice of Silence” refers to demands from “many mureeds” who were simply not around when Theo is supposed to have written this chapter in the winter of 1944-45. He was presumably thinking of the fellow Sufis to whom he read his *Recollections* after the war, as mentioned by Ameen Carp and still remembered by other senior mureeds, such as Murshid Karimbakhsh (Johannes) Witteveen (born 1921).¹⁶ Similarly the “Samadhi Silences” chapter of 1945 adduces a piece of correspondence “dated February 1954.” As a third example, Theo inserted postwar information about the whereabouts of Vilayat Inayat Khan into an otherwise uncorrected account of Operation “Pedestal” of August 1942. We therefore have to allow for the possibility that anything in the book could reflect the hindsight of someone writing as late as 1956.

We will never know just what Theo van Hoorn touched up in 1949 and from 1952 to 1955, but it was probably little beyond what I have already identified. Not only does the original body of material contain numerous errors of fact that Theo never got around to correcting, but he excluded all sorts of important supplementary information that no doubt came his way after the summer of 1945. The breakdown of his marriage to Dien van Hoorn is only the most conspicuous case in point, but others will be mentioned in due time. Given what a Pandora's box his hindsight would have proved to be, it is understandable that Theo preferred to respect the closing date of his original body of material.

When Theo van Hoorn presented his manuscript to the Fazal Mai Egeling Stichting, he stipulated that his memoirs should not be published until twenty-five years after his death. Ameen Carp confesses that the Egeling Foundation jumped the gun by one year, so that the book should not have come out before 1982. That version of events is disputed by Jan Lucas Inayat van Hoorn (born 1951), Theo's son and Paul's half-brother,¹⁷ who contends that his father insisted on *fifty* years of delay, so that the Egeling Foundation had to obtain permission from the family to proceed with a much earlier publication date. If we accept that scenario, Theo did not intend his *Recollections* to come out before 2007 at the earliest.

Ameen Carp does not say why the Egeling Foundation should have been in such a hurry to publish the book after dutifully waiting for many years, but we do have a good idea of what motivated Theo van Hoorn. The *Recollections* teach us that it was the esoteric aspects of the book, notably the chapters entitled "The Sound of Silence" and "The Samadhi Silences," that had him and his friend Sirkar van Stolk seriously worried. Sirkar, we shall see, proposed that Theo and he should each keep a copy of the *Recollections* in their respective vaults for selective circulation among trusted mureeds because the material was altogether too sensitive to be accessible to the general public. Theo probably intended the post-mortem delay to ensure that all the individuals whom he had directly or indirectly associated with Sufi esoterica, would have passed on before any book could appear. If so, fifty years would have made better sense than twenty-five, as about a third of the three dozen Dutch mureeds mentioned by Theo were still alive when the *Recollections* came out. They were Kafia Blaauw-Robertson (again 1893-1982), Hayat (Catherina Elizabeth) Kluwer-Rahusen (1896-1984), Manohary (Cécile Dorothé, or Cile) Voûte (1899-1985), Shadiby Khanim (Geertrui Cornelia) van Goens (1902-1987), Raushan (Hermina) Kervel-Mensink (1901-1989), Enne (Helen Anna Maria) van Lohuizen-Peters (1889-1993), Latif (Gerrit Adriaan) de Ruiten (1900-1993), Johannes Wildschut (1903-1998), Gawery (Clara Cornelia, or Cor) Voûte (1901-1999), Loes (Louise Helene Maria) van Hoorn-Copijn

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(1912-2000), Eric Eduard Inayat van Ingen (again, 1921-2000) and Shireen Smit-Kerbert (again, 1907-2002).¹⁸

We see that Theo van Hoorn's relatively short lifespan in combination with the remarkable longevity of some of his fellow mureeds largely defeated his purpose. In addition, the board members of the Egeling Foundation may have been out to foil Theo's intentions as well. Their new and broader readership could safely be kept waiting for another year or two, but that was not true for the surviving members of Theo's original audience. In other words, the Egeling board may well have wanted to accelerate the publication of the *Recollections* to accommodate some of the same Sufis whom Theo had sought to oblige by delaying the book. If that seems incongruous, we must remember that the times had changed dramatically even if the aging mureeds had not.¹⁹ Most to the point is that Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (1917-2008) had become a cultural icon during the 1960s and 1970s. By 1981, therefore, talk about Indian gurus and good vibrations was no longer remotely sensationalistic. In addition, Theo had been scrupulously respectful of his fellow mureeds, so that the published *Recollections* could hardly embarrass them in any other way. Only Raushan Kervel-Mensink, alias "Chitrani," was likely to be hurt by his revelations, but she was also exceptional in that he did not use her real name.²⁰

Ameen Carp's most intriguing revelation is that "it was [...] decided to publish the integral text." That he felt obliged to volunteer this fact at all, suggests that one or more influential Dutch Sufis had opposed the publication of Theo van Hoorn's complete manuscript.²¹ One obvious alternative would have been to place greater relative emphasis on Hazrat Inayat Khan by eliminating arguably redundant material about Van Hoorn himself, making the book both shorter and cheaper in the process, but the controversy may just as well have centred on the wisdom of publishing pockets of sensitive information about Murshid and his mureeds. In either case, the decision not to cut must have been taken, at least pro forma, by the board of the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation, as holders of the copyright to Theo's *Recollections*. Both Paul van Hoorn and Ameen Carp were on the Egeling board at the time. We may safely assume that Paul was opposed to second-guessing his father. Ameen has given me to understand that he was, and still is, opposed to selective trimming of Theo's memoirs. Where the two other board members stood on the issue, if there truly was one, is now shrouded in time.

The possibility of editing the *Recollections* came up again recently, with respect to the present edition. Opposing points of view were represented by Jan Lucas van Hoorn and Mahmood Khan. Predictably loath to excise material dear to his father, Jan Lucas favoured a translation of the complete 1981 text.

Equally understandably, Mahmood preferred greater artistic unity and historical credibility through stronger emphasis on his renowned uncle. Mahmood's closely annotated copy of the *Recollections*, which he kindly put at my disposal, indicates the precise passages that he believed might better be published or filed elsewhere and even suggests the bits of editing needed to tie the remainder together. Jan Lucas was not convinced, however. It had the makings of a protracted standoff, with filial piety pitted against familial devotion and with indisputable legitimacy on both sides.

The Sufi way is not one of confrontation, however. A difference of opinion between friends was in effect moved to the back burner by giving the translator considerable, though provisional, powers of discretion. I soon discovered that cutting was perilous. Most basically, Van Hoorn did in fact have a unified vision. Everything ties together. We might want to cut out Theo's tortured dream analysis, but he saw his nightmare of 1942 as being at the heart of his calling as Sufi chronicler. His stay in a Davos sanatorium, his details about his business negotiations and train travels, his excursions on Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), his experiences with radio broadcasting, his fulsome praise of his supportive wife, everything relates to the miracle of Theo van Hoorn being the chosen one, the mere man of numbers who was elected to make the unique contribution to the Movement that was envisaged for him by Hazrat Inayat Khan himself when he said: "Remember that you will always be of help to your fellow mureeds." Theo van Hoorn's *Recollections of Inayat Khan* are the culmination of his mission to serve his fellow Sufis as best he could.

Even so, sceptics may say, do we really need that much detail about the sectarian rivalries within Dutch broadcasting of the late thirties? Of course we do! Not only is the material extremely rare and intrinsically interesting, but it is only there that Theo van Hoorn is able to circumvent the basic rule "not to criticize any existing religion" and show Sufis to be more harmonious and less petty than Theosophists.²² What about over-dependent young Paul's frustrating tendency to ruin his parents' vacations? Surely some of that stuff could have been tossed? Not really! That material is instructive because it provides the context for one of Theo's great Sufi-related experiences, a spectacular light show off the Bay of Spithead in the summer of 1935. It is also the only place that we learn about his journey via Switzerland to Cannes in the summer of 1936, an important part of his credentials as man of the world. The pedagogical pages demonstrate how Theo was determined to heed his Murshid even when the latter's sympathies ran counter to his own more conservative instincts. The protracted circumstances surrounding the genesis of the *Recollections* may seem excessive to some, but they do provide a detailed record of one man's artistic pilgrimage and creative process.

Only Theo's two chapters about the Swiss adventures of Inayat Khan and Mahtab van Hogendorp clearly violate the thematic unity of his *Recollections*, as most of the events described are not based on his own experiences in and around Sufism, having occurred far away from his Amsterdam abode and a year before he joined the Movement. We must remember, however, that Mahtab entrusted her memories to Theo while she lay on her deathbed. This poignant and personal connection to one of Murshid's closest helpers serves to confirm Theo's legitimacy as historian of the Movement. In addition, these two essays stand out by their close focus on Inayat Khan as opposed to Van Hoorn himself. Though perhaps too sentimental ("Mahtab") or melodramatic ("Paderewski") for some readers, they could well prove among the principal attractions of the *Recollections* for others. Finally, what would be the point of eliminating only twenty pages from a book that is twenty times that long? These considerations effectively destroyed the only remaining rationale for an invasive editing of Theo van Hoorn's remarkable creation.

Lost in Translation

To continue with Ameen Carp, the publisher of the 1981 edition of the *Recollections*, he informs us that all prose in foreign languages "was translated" into Dutch. That was considerate of him, but no major undertaking. As Theo van Hoorn points out in his introductory chapter, it is his Murshid whom he quotes most often by far, and Ameen no doubt had Dutch translations of much of Hazrat Inayat Khan's production at his disposal. In addition, Theo himself had already used some of these same items twenty-five years earlier, drawing on a basic Sufi library that he had brought from Amsterdam to Vinkeveen late in the Second World War.²³

The abundance of Dutch translations of works by Hazrat Inayat Khan, may require some explanation. Today, the Dutch tend to be particularly strong in English, which is the first foreign language they learn and also the one to which they are most often exposed through the popular media. And yet many well-educated people save time and effort by reading British or American novels in translation. Things were not fundamentally different back in Theo's days. Though formal instruction in modern languages began with French, before moving on to German and then to English, only an intellectual elite continued to read widely in one or more of these languages after leaving secondary school. We may be sure, therefore, that the English language required special effort from many of Inayat Khan's Dutch mureeds. The peculiarities of his Anglo-Indian sentences and vocabulary can only have exacerbated their plight.²⁴ Except for his aphorisms and poetry, which he wrote himself, his works consist of his extemporaneous and idiosyncratic spoken English as recorded by diligent secretaries who were often

not native speakers themselves. Polished literati such as Margaretha Meyboom (1856-1927) and Ina Boudier-Bakker (1875-1966) transformed this material into elegant Dutch.²⁵ Nor was their great talent needed to produce highly convenient editions. Considering also the lively commercial market in The Netherlands and its overseas colonies for translations of Inayat Khan's works in general, we know that most Dutch Sufis read their Murshid in their own language whenever possible.

That Theo van Hoorn sometimes used Dutch translations is certain from his *Recollections*. He relates that his first exposure to *The Inner Life*, in July of 1924, was via his wife's copy of *Het innerlijk leven*, a newly published translation by Margaretha Meyboom,²⁶ which he repeatedly praises as his favourite Sufi booklet. Theo also observes that he found a Dutch version of *The Mysticism of Sound*, which he came upon again by accident in 1945, more comprehensible than the English original.²⁷ Though he does not specify who was responsible for *De mystiek van het geluid*, we know it was Carolus Verhulst (1900-1985), an accomplished translator of a variety of spiritual literature.²⁸ It is not surprising, therefore, that Theo's many quotations from *The Inner Life* and *The Mysticism of Sound* follow the Dutch of Meyboom and Verhulst almost to the letter.

In most other instances, Theo Van Hoorn appears to have relied on the original English of Hazrat Inayat Khan, whether in print or as learned by heart. Theo explains how in the summer of 1936, he and his wife Dien were poring over Murshid's recently published *Education*. A Dutch translation by Manohary Voûte became available a few years later, but Van Hoorn had apparently mastered the English original by then and come to prefer it.²⁹ With respect to *Gayan*, *Vadan* and *Nirtan*, Theo informs us that he was pleased as punch on 15 December 1942, when his fellow Sufis gave him a handsome bound copy of a single-volume English edition published by his friend Salar (Nico) Kluwer (1897-1975).³⁰ Almost predictably, therefore, the aphorisms found throughout the *Recollections* are closer to Inayat Khan than to Margaretha Meyboom's translations of *Gayan* and *Vadan*.³¹ As for Ina Boudier-Bakker's Dutch rendering of Murshid's *In an Eastern Rose Garden*, Theo appears to have avoided it altogether. Finally, Manohary's translation of *Rassa Shastra* came out too late to be of help to Theo,³² as did a recent Dutch rendering of *The Unity of Religious Ideals*, whereas *Art, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* was never translated into Dutch at all.³³

What, precisely, Ameen Carp needed to translate, or to have translated, is impossible to know for sure, as Theo's manuscript has been lost.³⁴ We may conclude, however, that it was no more than one paragraph from *Autobiography*, a sprinkling of aphorisms from *Gayan*, *Vadan* and *Nirtan*, some bits and pieces from *Education* and *Rassa Shastra*, and two short excerpts from *In an Eastern Rose Garden*. In addition, it was presumably Ameen who translated a few

paragraphs from Sophia Saintsbury-Green's *The Wings of the World* and Gisela Munira Craig's moving description of Murshid's grave. At the same time, he left Theo's long quotations from Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha* and Maxwell Grey's *The Silence of Dean Maitland* in the original German and English.³⁵

Why should I have cared about who did what to Inayat Khan's sentences? With just about all of his production available online,³⁶ I could easily have gone back to the originals, showing appropriate piety and saving myself work in the bargain. There is something to be said, however, for giving priority to what the printed *Recollections* have served up for a whole generation of Dutch readers. I have therefore translated Van Hoorn — meaning Meyboom and Verhulst — as best I could, while checking against the original texts to be sure that the result is respectful of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Elsewhere, I may have been turning Ameen Carp's Dutch translations of Murshid into English of my own devising. It is intriguing, in those instances, how little was lost in translation.

Ameen Carp reports that he left the foreign-language poems of the *Recollections* in their original German, French, or English in order to preserve their subtlety of feeling. He might have confessed, however, that he was making a virtue out of necessity. The personal computer was still in its infancy, with search engines yet to be born. Finding and correcting the dozens of quotations, some of them of vague provenance, would have required endless hours in a major library. And even then, of course, someone would have had to translate the passages or find published translations. Editing Theo must have looked like a dangerous and thankless task in any case. Where was one to begin? Where would it all end? As it is, not even the index that Ameen promised his readers actually materialized.

All of Ameen's problems left aside, the present volume could not follow his example. Theo was writing for members of the middle and upper classes, whom he knew would have a decent grasp of French, German and English. Even around 1980, when Ameen was preparing the *Recollections* for publication, he could still count on substantial remnants of a once-great educational system.³⁷ But hardly anyone still reads both French and German these days, so that there was nothing to it but to locate and translate Theo's quotations.

The process turned out to be a real eye-opener. Scarcely one quotation is accurate. Punctuation is only accidentally correct. Words may change, so that Leartes' "churlish priest" turns into a "churling priest" or Goethe's "o mein Vater" becomes "mein Geliebte." Word order may also differ substantially. On a few occasions, Theo has forgotten the name of an author, though not his work. In perhaps his saddest slip, he attributes a quotation from Gerhard Hauptmann (1862-1946) to Goethe and then goes on to place it in the intellectual development of the Weimar giant.

The reason for these lapses is not difficult to discover. Though Paul van Hoorn rightly refers to his father's "proverbial good memory," Theo was writing in the winter of 1944-45, isolated in that cottage on the Vinkeveense Plassen. Most of his library was still in his home at 5 Mozartkade in Amsterdam; only the writings of Hazrat Inayat Khan and a few items on mysticism were at his fingertips. Under such circumstances, it could be argued, Theo did better than one could reasonably expect.

Freakishly, we have a bit of focused evidence in this matter. In 1937 Theo van Hoorn opened a four-page published obituary for his brother Petrus Franciscus (1885-1937) with a splendid quotation from Goethe which also graces his *Recollections* and which he there associates with the great poet at his most optimistic. They are four of the closing lines of "Das Göttliche." Here is Goethe as Theo presumably memorized him in Davos in 1912 or 1913:

Der edle Mensch	Noble man
Sei hilfreich und gut!	Ought to be helpful and good!
Unermüdet schaff' er	Tirelessly to create
Das Nützliche, Rechte	The useful, the just

This is how Theo reproduced the poem in Amsterdam in the autumn of 1937:³⁸

Edel sei der Mensch,
Hülfreich und gut!
Unermüdet schaff' er
Das Nützliche, Rechte

Only the third and fourth lines are still correct, but even one of those went astray in Vinkeveen at the close of 1944:

Edel sei der Mensch, hülfreich und gut
Unermüdet schaff' er das Edele, Rechte!

Theo's last version was the culmination of a long process of erosion due to a deluded belief "that I am able to memorize passages without any difficulty, store them in my memory for decades and then recite them as if I had read them only yesterday."

The limits to Theo's impressive recall of poetry are easily identified, but it is generally impossible to assess the accuracy of his reconstructed conversations. Still, his "Chitrani" chapter can be shown to contain quoted words that were never spoken. Theo clearly relishes the rapid patter of Chitrani, or Raushan (Hermina)

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Mensink, who is shown to have designs on Mohammad Ali Khan, Murshid's formidable cousin-brother.

That massage of his is supposed to be incredible and so I thought, that is something I would like to experience. He comes from India, right? I used to be married to someone from Indonesia, but I feel more drawn to people from India. They are so, how shall I put it, so mysterious, so totally different from Europeans. I am frightfully curious about what he will be like.

The problem is that Raushan Mensink was twenty-two years old and single in the summer of 1924. A year later she married Gerardus Frederikus Jacobus Kervel (1895-1934). Though born in the Dutch East Indies (there was no "Indonesia" back then), where his family traded in sugar, Kervel was otherwise as Dutch as Gouda cheese. The couple lived in The Hague, where he worked as an insurance and investment broker and she bore him three children before death carried him off most prematurely.³⁹ In other words, Theo turned an inexperienced young woman into a divorcee with an exotic past, using her "own words" to effect the transformation.

Just one strategic telephone call could have prevented this painful mistake, but Van Hoorn took satisfaction with stale gossip instead. Similarly, a few hours of work in his Amsterdam study could have greatly improved his foreign-language quotations, but Theo did not bother. We should not forget in this connection that he had years to correct his essays after he had completed his "Introduction" of 5 July 1945. Yet nothing suggests that he checked any of his material, not even when he added new chapters in 1949 and 1952 to 1955. Clearly he lacked a scholar's training and instincts. No serious historian or literary specialist could have walked away from the errors of the *Recollections*.

This brings us to my own editing of Theo van Hoorn's work. Naturally, the inaccuracies of his foreign-language poems disappeared in the process of translation. I have largely relied on the formidable George Madison Priest (1873-1947) for Goethe's ubiquitous *Faust*.⁴⁰ Elsewhere, I have set out on my own and abandoned rhyme in an attempt to preserve some of the emotional impact of the original. Correct versions of these poems are in the notes for comparison, along with a sprinkling of illustrations of the tricks Theo's memory played on him.

Of course Theo's poems were not all that suffered under his imperfect memory and failure to edit his material after 1945. I have corrected all minor errors that should have been caught by a copy editor before publication in 1981.⁴¹ Following expert instructions from Mahmood Khan, I have also rectified some

twenty errors with respect to Sufi names, terms and titles.⁴² Some of these incorrect items recur too often to have been mere typographic errors. Most strikingly, Theo calls his friend Moenie (Johanna) Kramer-van de Weide (1885-1965), “Moenier” throughout the *Recollections*.⁴³

At the same time, I have respected Theo’s Sufi capitalization of Centre, Leader, Lecture Hall, Message, Movement, Mureeds’ House, Summer School, Universal Worship, and the like. When Theo forgot a Sufi name, I have taken the liberty of inserting it, though between square brackets. Whenever he quoted Hazrat Inayat Khan at the start of a chapter, I have completed the reference to the work in question to accommodate those readers who are not at home in the Sufi literature. Finally, I have dated the chapters in the table of contents with both the time of the events and the time of writing, in an attempt to make the complex chronological structure of the book as clear as possible for the reader. In the case of the material written between 1944 and 1945, I indicate the precise year only when Theo specifies it.

The mistakes in the spelling, punctuation and syntax of Theo’s Dutch also lie buried in my English. Sometimes Theo himself was clearly responsible for an error, including lack of subject-verb agreement, but other slips, such as “zweepslag” instead of “zweepslag” or the hideous hyphenation of Amersfoort as “Amer-sfoort,” would seem to have been the work of a myopic typesetter. That, I suspect, was also the case when the Angstel River became the better-known Amstel. There are other such problems, none of them critical. We have no way of telling, for instance, whether Theo updated the spelling of his early Dutch sources to conform to the so-called Marchant revisions of 1934.⁴⁴ More likely, he used the older spelling throughout, so that everything needed to be updated around 1980.⁴⁵

One matter in which I could not impose consistency, at least not in the text, is the apparently chaotic way in which Theo van Hoorn introduced his actors, using full names, surnames, or no names at all. Admittedly, it is not a translator’s job to intervene in such matters, but the reader may be relieved to learn that Theo did have a system, if not a rigorous one. Most pervasively, he identified his Sufi relatives and friends using the names by which they were known within the Sufi community. The important anomaly is Raushan Kervel-Mensink, whom Theo called “Chitrani” because he was being unkind to her.

Non-Sufi celebrities, such as Jan Ignace Paderewski, are normally introduced by their full names in the world at large. The obvious exception to the rule is Dr. Alexander Alekhine (1892-1946), whom Theo calls “Alekhine” only, even though he was the World Chess Champion and an international media star. Non-Sufi family members and family friends remain tastefully anonymous. They include a famous dancer of the time, indicating that friendship counted for more than celebrity in Theo’s scheme of things.

Finally, there is a small group of important non-Sufis whom Theo van Hoorn introduces by surname only. If I surmise correctly, they are all archetypes as much as individuals. “*Dokter Sonies*” of Davos is a humane physician who cannot heal himself;⁴⁶ the “aged Jewish teacher Markus” (who was not old at all) is some kind of biblical sage; “Baron van Hogendorp” is the perfect gentleman; “*drs. van Krevelen*” embodies irresponsible academic socialism; whereas the grandmaster “Aljechin” is Theo’s paradigm of intellect and deportment.⁴⁷

There remains the central question of Theo van Hoorn’s style, and that of my translation. Theo professed great admiration for the eloquence of Dr. Willem Rudolf de Vaynes van Brakell Buys (1904-1978), but he did not write nearly as well as this distinguished scholar.⁴⁸ That is to be expected; Van Brakell Buys was a prolific author, whereas Van Hoorn was a one-book amateur. As Paul van Hoorn mentions in his “Foreword,” his father was new to sustained writing when he started to pen like a man possessed late in 1944. Not only did inexperience and haste serve Theo poorly, but he clearly took little or no time for reflection or rewriting. Nor did anyone else edit his prose before it was at last published in 1981.

To begin with Theo’s weaknesses, many of his paragraphs are arbitrary in length. Strictly speaking, some of them are not paragraphs at all, but distinct sentences, sometimes starting with “And” or “But.” Two or more such “paragraphs” may pursue one single idea or close sequence of events. I have taken the liberty of structuring Theo’s material a little even though this compromised some of the flavour and historical integrity of memories penned down under difficult circumstances.

Theo often overwrites. Whereas we might talk about an apparently insignificant factor or a totally insignificant one, he can actually propose “an apparently totally insignificant factor.” He can also be redundant with the best of them, as in: “The most important organizer of this exceptionally successful convention was Azim Kerbert, who achieved a wonderful result.” In addition, Theo’s sentences tend to be too long and convoluted, especially when he is talking about his agonizing metamorphosis from overworked accountant into dedicated Sufi chronicler. To give one instance in close translation: “But approximately in November begins a period in which the events of my life start taking such a turn that slowly but steadily I am ever more compelled, as it were, in this direction.” Perhaps his most irritating habit, illustrated in this example, is to qualify things unnecessarily. Even in the presence of the Taj Mahal, “one experiences, as it were, an atmosphere of beauty.”

At his most vexing, Theo is not only exceptionally windy but also prone to taxing time travel, as when he jumps from 1925 to the Second World War:

Indeed, if perhaps only few were at first convinced that one could in fact speak of the burgeoning of a new shoot on the stem of centuries-old Sufism, which would eventually become all-encompassing, even less could people at that time have taken into account the possibility that only fifteen years later there would follow a period of oppression that would for many years endeavour to shut the door on every outward development of Sufism in almost all of Western Europe.

It is a tortuous approach that courts complex verb forms, weird metaphors and faulty syntax. The present translation is a sustained tightrope act in that it attempts to retain Theo's unique voice without matching his excesses in the sad way just illustrated.

Theo van Hoorn also had his strengths. He did not mind referring to himself in the first person, which means he generally avoided the passive voice that is the bane of much Teutonic prose. He was also successful in reproducing a varied range of prose, from quotidian casual conversation to elevated philosophical speculation. A comparison of his light-hearted "Chitrani" and dirge-like "5 February 1927" perfectly demonstrates his skill at adapting his style to different situations. Most importantly, the same man who may at times tax our patience to the limits, can suddenly shift into gear and take us for an exhilarating ride:

Once outside, I realize that it is later than I had thought. My initiation has taken longer than I had expected. At the Mureeds' House the taxi awaits that is to take me to the Gare du Nord. After hasty goodbyes we rush downhill to the Pont de Suresnes, across the Seine, along the polo field, right through the Bois de Boulogne, along my beloved Route des Acacias, around the Arc de Triomphe to the inner city of Paris, surrounded by endless rows of other taxis. Once more I am absorbed by the frenetic rhythm of Western culture, with its ever seductive enchantment.

Even at his worst, Theo van Hoorn reads well enough for any Dutch woman or man with some literary background. And at his best, he sings!

A Man of Parts and Numbers

Hazrat Inayat Khan is justly world famous as a great musician and the founder of Western Sufism. Theodoor van Hoorn remains obscure, however. Whereas Inayat is capable of producing hundreds of online links, with countless references to his

life, family, followers and books, Theo owes his slight electronic presence to his single opus, which is still available from the Sufi Press. Luckily Paul van Hoorn gave us an armature of biographical information about his father, most of which is found in greater detail in his *Recollections*. Several points can use clarification and amplification.

Neither Paul nor Theo bothered to introduce us to the Van Hoorn family. It was a distinguished and prolific clan, one that can easily be traced back to East Friesland and the seventeenth century.⁴⁹ Theo's great grandfather, who moved to Amsterdam from Leer, was Jacobus van Hoorn (1772-1847). In 1803 he married Heiltje van Delden (1780-1835), who came from Groningen. Their seven children, all born and bred in Amsterdam, included three sons of importance for our story: Hendrik (1804-1871), Gerrit Jacobusz. (1810-1853) and Jacobus van Hoorn jr. (1818-1890).

Gerrit Jacobusz. (meaning Gerrit, son of Jacobus) was Theo's grandfather. In 1839 he married Lucia Rahusen (1813-1891), an enterprising woman from Norden, near Leer, who outlived him by nearly four decades. Their six children included Theo's father, Jacobus Gerritsz. (1844-1910), known as "koffie-ko" in the family. On 31 July 1879 he wed Guurtje Pieper (1854-1917), Theo's mother, who hailed from the village of Wormerveer, in Noord-Holland. Both Theo's parents died near the beginning of the chronological span of his memoirs: his father between his two stays in Davos and his mother only sixteen days after he became an accountant on 15 December 1917.

Jacobus and Guurtje had nothing but boys, including one ephemeral figure not even counted by Paul van Hoorn. Theo's three older brothers were Gerard (1881-1969), Hendrik Paulus (1883-1946) and Petrus Franciscus (again 1885-1937). Theo was followed by Maurits Frans, who was born and died on 3 November 1891, and Reinhard (1894-1922). Save for Gerard and Hendrik, they all lie buried in the handsome family grave behind the entrance to Zorgvlied, the cemetery for Amsterdam's elite on the Amsteldijk, just beyond the southern boundary of the city.⁵⁰

The 1903 business crisis referred to by Paul van Hoorn is not mentioned in the *Recollections*. In fact, neither Paul nor Theo tells us what line of business Jacobus Gerritsz. van Hoorn was in. He was a "broker in tea and coffee," the expertise of a family firm called "Jacobus van Hoorn jr." after the man who had founded it in 1844. The business kept his name until 1974, more than eight decades after his death.⁵¹ We can reconstruct the situation around the time of Theo's childhood from two newspaper announcements outlining the make-up and mandate of the firm in five-year increments.⁵² On 30 December 1889 (only twelve days before his death) Jacobus van Hoorn jr. is said to be in business with Jacobus van Hoorn

Gerritsz., his nephew and Theo's father. By 1 January 1895, Jacobus Gerritsz. had been joined by his cousin Anton Marie van Hoorn (1870-1942), who was a son of Jacobus jr. by a second marriage. The business was located at 101 Keizersgracht, where it intersects the Herenstraat, in the heart of old Amsterdam. Both partners lived at that same address.⁵³ After the death of Jacob Gerritsz., Anton Marie carried on the firm, which soon moved to nearby 55 Herengracht,⁵⁴ where Theo's brother Hendrik eventually joined him as a partner.⁵⁵

As Theo's wife Dien was a Van Hoorn as well, it is useful to know where she fits into the picture. Her father was Simon van Hoorn (1835-1908), one of nine children of Hendrik van Hoorn and Gerhardina van Hoorn (1811-1876), a remote cousin from Leer. Dien was therefore Theo's second cousin. Her mother, Christina Erkelens (1852-1892) of Rotterdam, married Simon in 1879.⁵⁶ She died of pulmonary tuberculosis while Dien was still in diapers. She and five siblings, including her sister and close friend Lucie (1888-1962), were raised by Simon's youngest sister, Cathalina Stefanie (1851-1939). As a woman artist of some distinction,⁵⁷ aunt Cato presumably nurtured Dien's artistic talent, which Theo greatly admired.

Clearly the Van Hoorns were as thick as thieves long before Theo and Dien got married. Family ties were strengthened by business connections, as there were two related emporiums in the family. A newspaper announcement of 29 July 1848 marks the birth of a "Van Hoorn en Compagnie," run by Hendrik and Gerrit. They called themselves "commission merchants" in "goods of all kinds," which no doubt included commodities from the Dutch East Indies, such as tea and coffee. In an ad of 16 July 1870, Hendrik van Hoorn (Jacobus Gerritsz's uncle), Lucia van Hoorn-Rahusen (his mother) and Simon van Hoorn (his cousin) are said to be partners in "Van Hoorn & Comp.," with only Simon being authorized to sign for the firm. By the late nineteenth century, Simon ran "Firma Van Hoorn & Co" at 47 Brouwersgracht, very close to 101 Keizersgracht and "Firma Jacobus van Hoorn jr."⁵⁸ Around 1897 Simon apparently got into serious financial trouble and moved to Nijmegen, where life was cheaper than in Amsterdam.⁵⁹ His son Hendrik (1880-1957) recouped the family fortune,⁶⁰ however, and the connections between the two branches of the family remained close.

It makes sense that Theo could not go on to university like his brothers because of his father's 1903 business reversal, as Paul claims, but is it the whole truth? There was still money in the family, as Theo's younger brother Reinhard, or Rein, was given the opportunity to study and became a lawyer. Theo, however, must have graduated from high school in 1904, only a year after the crisis, whereas Rein followed seven years later.⁶¹ Perhaps the family's fortunes had picked up by then.

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More likely, money had little to do with it. The *Recollections* inform us, though very much in passing, that Theo went to the HBS (Higher Bourgeois School) instead of to the *gymnasium*, which his university-educated brothers must have attended.⁶² The HBS was rock solid but less prestigious because it ignored Greek and Latin, took five years instead of six, and did not admit to many university studies at the time. Judging from what Theo tells us in his *Recollections*, literature was what interested him most even back in high school, but his particular diploma ruled out degree studies in the humanities.⁶³

Money cannot have dictated the choice of the HBS for Theo because it must have been made several years before the 1903 business reversal. In addition, both kinds of schools charged tuition, so that the gymnasium option would not have increased family overhead significantly. Most likely, Theo was a mediocre student in elementary school, in which case his parents would have been officially encouraged to send him to the HBS. Even today, schools issue such formal advice to parents, who too often heed it to the lasting detriment of their children.

The decision for HBS over *gymnasium* settled the choice of Theo's specific school. His brothers attended Het Amsterdamse Gymnasium, housed at 29 Weteringschans in a splendid Neo-Baroque building of 1885.⁶⁴ Theo's slightly less prestigious alternative was called "the first five-year HBS of Amsterdam." It was established in 1867 at 177 Keizersgracht, in a double house of the seventeenth century that is now home to Amnesty International.⁶⁵ Theo's school was therefore only a short walk from his parental home at 101 Keizersgracht, especially when compared to the mile or so that his brothers had to cover on their way to classes.

Of course the Van Hoorn boys also went to church, both for services and religious instruction. Though Paul van Hoorn does not mention religion in his short biography of his father, almost no one was raised without it in the late nineteenth century. Given their origins in East Friesland, it is not surprising that the Van Hoorns were Baptists. The *Recollections* tell us that they took their faith very seriously. Jacobus Gerritsz. served on his church council for many years and Theo himself joined their congregation only "after years of serious spiritual preparation." Theo identifies his family only generically as Protestant, however. He must have been loath to foul his own nest too openly, as he characterizes his fellow Baptists as an ungracious, hierarchical, sectarian and intolerant lot.

The United Baptist Community of Amsterdam had only one church, so that we can pinpoint Theo's place of worship and religious instruction just as surely as his parental home or his secondary school. It was (and is) located at 452 Singel, within the renowned concentric crescents of Amsterdam's Prinsengracht, Keizersgracht and Herengracht. Just about any spot in that whole area must have been breathtaking at a time when there were only a modest number of horse-drawn vehicles and almost no cars or bicycles to contend with. The experience

is echoed in the *Recollections* at Theo's return to the city at the end of the Second World War:

And the next day, as I wander for a long time along canals and ramparts that I have known well since childhood, all radiant in fresh spring tints, a great feeling of happiness comes over me as I see that the irreplaceable and unique urban beauty of my city of birth has been preserved completely intact.

Theo got to visit many other beautiful and important places, including the Dutch dunes, Swiss Alps, Riviera coastline and "blessed hills" of Paris, but his roots always remained in his native city.

In stark contrast to the importance that both Paul and his father attached to Amsterdam, neither of them took the trouble to mention the foreign town in which Theo was obliged to pursue his career as a junior banker. It was small and rural Bad Bentheim,⁶⁶ a favourite resort for Dutch tourists seeking out its curative mineral waters, large castle and nearby Teutenberg forests. This explains why such a small town (which still has only about fifteen thousand inhabitants) had a branch of the Algemene Handelsbank. Bad Bentheim is situated just across the German border from Enschede, a little more than a hundred miles due east of Amsterdam. Even so, the distance was too great to permit regular visits home, especially because people still worked six days a week back then. Theo presumably returned to Amsterdam only for longer holidays and truly important reasons, such as his father's death on 5 October 1910. Bad Bentheim was significantly closer to the Nijmegen Van Hoorns, but not in actual travelling time. Theo was therefore left to his own devices for months on end. The independence fostered by his German years no doubt served him well upon his return to Amsterdam, when he badly needed to stand up to his mother and brothers.

The soccer and cricket mentioned by Paul may have made life more bearable for Theo, but they did not prevent his health from failing in 1912, when he was twenty-five years old. According to the *Recollections*, his ailment, no doubt pulmonary tuberculosis, initially announced itself in 1908. In that year Theo put in a first stint in Davos, though not yet in a sanatorium. A subsidiary throat complication of 1912, which necessitated two years of complete silence on Theo's part, was tuberculosis of the vocal cords, or laryngeal tuberculosis. It is possible that the silence was of no help whatsoever,⁶⁷ but Theo believed that it had saved his life. The important point with respect to the *Recollections*, and Theo makes it emphatically, is that he was never able to count on a strong constitution. Crediting his wife with the connection, he argues that his Davos experiences and

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fragile health fostered a rare detached attitude to life that equipped him for his work as Sufi chronicler.

Was Davos as important for Theo van Hoorn's self-education as his son Paul suggests? Curiously, the *Recollections* mention open air, slow breathing, conversation, a concert, an outing in a sleigh, four winter-sport events, and many chess games, but not a single specific book other than a French edition of *Crime and Punishment*, "which I read some time ago." Theo does say that "when alone, I study literature. Several libraries are at my disposal," but his *Recollections* also report that his reading came in at least three phases, the first being "in school" and including "Byron, Shelley, Vondel, Perk, Schiller and Heine." Presumably, Theo was already fairly well-read when he left high school and continued reading in the remaining pre-Davos years. Young men working abroad, away from their families, tend to have a great deal of time on their hands. If people are bookworms at home, as was likely the case with the Van Hoorn family, reading becomes an obvious way to fill the void in a young life.

Theo van Hoorn never once mentions music-making as a way of passing his time, whether before, during, or after his convalescence in Davos. His brother Piet, we shall see, had become a highly-accomplished cellist by the time he was fifteen. That implies a musical family, as do Theo's faithful concert attendance and love of music, as vouched for his by son Paul and his own *Recollections*. Yet it is a safe assumption that Theo never learned to play a musical instrument at all well. Given the great importance that Hazrat Inayat Khan attached to musical training in the upbringing of each and every child, Theo would surely have managed some reference to his own musical proficiency — or that of his son Paul — had there been any to report.⁶⁸

Davos was not just any place to convalesce. Thomas Mann visited his wife Katja there from 15 May to 12 June 1912. Over the next twelve years, Mann used Davos as the setting of his renowned novel *Der Zauberberg*. It would be dangerous, however, to try to relate the intellectual odyssey of Hans Castorp, Mann's seeker on "the magic mountain," to Theo van Hoorn's interest in the occult. Hans studies psychoanalysis in a serious way, for instance, whereas Theo, who loves dream analysis, does not once mention Freud and even presents his wife's subconscious as a character playing a part in one of his own nightmares. In fact, Theo appears to have avoided just about all non-fiction except for some travel accounts and history of religion. Nor was Theo informed about science, not even that of his hero Goethe. He was an unsystematic reader without the historical acumen or the intellectual inclination needed to approach the Western tradition with critical discernment. What primarily interested him was poetry, which he read ravenously, memorizing those passages that struck a particularly strong emotional chord with him.

Paul van Hoorn gives only the bare bones of his father's post-Davos experiences in Amsterdam, including his intensive study of commercial sciences and accountancy leading to his 1917 qualifying examination for the Dutch Institute of Accountants, which are particularly well fleshed out in the *Recollections*. Paul does not even mention that his father was not medically out of the woods after leaving Davos, so that continued silence had to be supplemented by dramatic surgical treatment exacting still more self-control. Theo tells us that he did not speak until August of 1914, and then only to pass a vital oral examination for his teaching certification in bookkeeping. He did not truly return to society until May of 1915, when he passed an important series of preliminary accountancy exams.

Theo van Hoorn further tells us with appropriate pride that shortly before becoming an accountant on 15 December 1917, he won an essay competition issued by a monthly trade periodical, *De Accountant*. Theo's effort was not published, but we learn from a short notice in *De Accountant* itself that it was in the field of accountancy and that he submitted it under a pseudonym, so that he had to be asked to come forward and identify himself as the winner. As a surprise twist to this first venture into writing, Theo asked for Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* as his book prize.⁶⁹ It is an unexpected choice in view of the lack of social engagement shown by Theo in his Sufi memoirs.

The *Recollections* leave no doubt that Theo's cousin Dien was his best friend and indispensable helpmate. Not only is the book dedicated to her, but he repeatedly stresses her crucial contribution to its genesis. He had known Dien all his life, from the time they were children and near neighbours in Amsterdam, but it appears that they first drew close during his difficult Amsterdam years, while she was attending the city's Academy of Art.⁷⁰ Theo informs us that they corresponded from 1916 to 1920, while Dien was living in Laren, one of the most popular painter's colonies of The Netherlands. The two published their banns of marriage in that village on 29 March 1921 and celebrated their wedding there on 26 April.⁷¹ Dien must then have joined Theo at 187 Johannes Verhulststraat in Amsterdam Zuid.⁷² In January of 1922, we shall see, Theo and Dien were on a belated honeymoon on the Italian Riviera. By that time they were expecting their first child.

Paul van Hoorn probably did not even know that he had an older brother, named Frank Richard. Born on 20 September 1922,⁷³ he was severely handicapped by meningitis as an infant and eventually had to be institutionalized in Nijmegen. The struggle of the Van Hoorns with their first-born child coincided with the arrival of Hazrat Inayat Khan in their lives. One would love to know whether Sufism provided the couple with perspective or helped ease the burden, but the *Recollections* contain only one buried reference to the experience. When, on one of his arrivals in Suresnes in the summer of 1926, Theo notes that "it is much too

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early to wake up my wife, who really needs her sleep after the past few strenuous years," it is probably little Frank who is casting his shadow on their Sufi paradise. We can imagine their delight with the healthy Paul on 12 June 1929. All their doting parenthood is completely comprehensible in this light.⁷⁴

Paul mistakenly reports that his father first met Hazrat Inayat Khan in 1923. According to the *Recollections*, Theo thrice saw his Murshid in the late winter of 1923 and early summer of 1924, but only met him in Suresnes in July of the latter year. Cautious by nature, he was following in the wake of his wife Dien and her sister Lucie, who had been initiated by Inayat Khan almost at once, before the close of 1923. Beyond that, as we shall see, Paul was quite right; his father's conversion to Sufism changed his life. By opening his home to his fellow Sufis, as he did almost immediately after his initiation, he was emulating distinguished mureeds, most notably Sirdar (Hubertus Paulus) baron van Tuyll van Serooskerken (1883-1958). That Theo van Hoorn gave financial advice to his fellow Sufis (not "later," as Paul has it, but at once, starting with the 1924 Summer School in Suresnes) is one of the main themes of his *Recollections*.⁷⁵

The Second World War is the subject of numerous pages of the *Recollections*. Particularly the hunger winter near Vinkeveen receives Theo van Hoorn's close attention, so that I see no need to supplement his son Paul on those months. One correction is in order, however. During the five weeks preceding the spring of 1943, Theo stayed on the Groenlandsekade in response to a perceived threat of personal persecution, but he then returned to his routine in Amsterdam. In September of 1944, he chose the country over the city for reasons pertaining to food, fuel and health, and not, as Paul suggests, because the Germans were hot on his heels. Theo is romantic enough on his own without his son needing to add embellishments.

The independent practice and accountancy firms mentioned by Paul van Hoorn are not detailed in the *Recollections*. Theo's pre-war Amsterdam office was located at 106-108 Leidsestraat, a brilliant address and close to where he was raised. In addition, Theo had an office at 105 Parkstraat in The Hague from the late twenties to the mid thirties.⁷⁶ The *Recollections* confirm that he was still self-employed in 1944, when his last contacts with his Amsterdam business were being severed. After the war Theo continued to work for himself, though he had relocated his business premises to 58 Rokin by May of 1946.⁷⁷ The Rokin was not as fashionable then as it is now, so that Theo may have moved there to trim his overhead in what were hard times for business in general.

Paul van Hoorn specifies "a few years of changing partnerships." This is certainly inaccurate but possibly not entirely so. It could well be that his father was briefly associated with Van Dien, Van Uden & Co, an important firm located

at 5 Sarphatistraat, but that he left with some unpleasantness. That would explain why he was running his business from his home at 5 Mozartkade in April of 1948.⁷⁸ By May of 1949, however, he had joined that final, large firm alluded to by Paul. It was Preyer & de Haan (Bakkenist, Spits & Co from 1956), situated at 10-12 Museumplein, near today's Van Gogh Museum. Contrary to Paul's claim that his father retired in 1955, Theo apparently remained an active Bakkenist partner to the end of his life.⁷⁹

As Paul van Hoorn was an economist who specialized in business administration,⁸⁰ he might have mentioned that his father was more than a perfunctory member of his young profession. Theo himself tells us that he attended major business management conferences in Amsterdam in 1932 and in London in 1935. In addition, research informs us that he wrote an incisive piece on the predictors of success in his profession, which appeared in the *Maandblad voor Accountancy en Bedrijfshuishoudkunde* [Monthly Journal for Accountancy and Business Management] in 1934.⁸¹ By 1948 Theo had developed an expertise in international tax matters, commenting on the benefits of curbing double taxation, as also promoted by the European Recovery Program. That interest blossomed in 1951, 1954, 1955 and 1956, when he attended and reported on meetings of the International Fiscal Association held in Monaco, Paris, Cologne, London, and Amsterdam.⁸² Theo's modest professional publications are of little interest in the context of Sufism, but their sobriety and lucidity do support his claims to an analytical and critical mind.

Paul also ignores a surprising postwar development, one already hinted at in his father's *Recollections*. Theo mentions that during the hunger winter, his sister-in-law and cousin Lucie van Hoorn had found a "soul mate," who "is determined to stay with her." He adds that she is a keen Sufi, initiated by none other than Mohammad Ali Khan. This mystery person soon became Theo's soul mate as well, as he tells us that she was the first person to whom he read his entire *Recollections*. It was the young and beautiful Loes Copijn, who had been in the Resistance and spent the winter months hiding with Lucie at 147 Euterpestraat (soon to become the Gerrit van der Veenstraat) in Amsterdam. Six years later, Theo divorced Dien and married Loes, who bore him his second son, Jan Lucas Inayat.⁸³

Life went on, however. Gawery Voûte carried Jan Lucas to the altar for his Sufi "baptism."⁸⁴ Loes and the baby lived with Lucie on the Gerrit van der Veenstraat. Theo and Dien sold 5 Mozartkade and moved to 98 Nicolaas Maesstraat, while a disgruntled Paul continued on his own elsewhere in Amsterdam.⁸⁵ Ever the best of friends, Theo and Dien had divorced but not truly separated. Instead he maintained two families or, perhaps more correctly, one extended family. From the spring of 1954 to the spring of 1956, Theo, Dien, Loes, Jan Lucas and Lucie van Hoorn were all registered at the latter's ample rented home.⁸⁶ Though that

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does not prove that both Theo and Dien were actually living there, it does indicate that they remained close.⁸⁷ On 28 March 1956, Dien registered at unit II of 33 Favaugeplein in Zandvoort, this being one of two apartments, overlooking the beach, that Theo had must have bought using the proceeds from the sale of 5 Mozartkade.⁸⁸ The address list of 15 July 1956 in *De Accountant* still has Theo living on the Gerrit van der Veenstraat, but for reasons unknown, he registered at number I of 33 Favaugeplein, next door to Dien, on 23 July.⁸⁹ Though that is the last official address on his *persoonskaart*, he was at 147 Gerrit van der Veenstraat when he died.

Certainly there is no reason to believe that Theo van Hoorn lost his equilibrium or productivity in the few years following his divorce, as he found the concentration and energy needed to attend several international conferences and add two more chapters to his *Recollections*. When he presented his manuscript to the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation in 1956, it cannot have been because he sensed that his days were numbered. His enviably sudden death from a lung embolism on 29 September 1957 must have taken both him and his loved ones by surprise.⁹⁰

Clearly Theo van Hoorn prospered with the years. He does not make that point explicitly or vulgarly, but dozens of hints, such as his international travels of the twenties and thirties, the precious anthracite coal still stored in his Amsterdam residence in 1944, and the valuable items that Dien was able to trade for food during the hunger winter, would not have been wasted on contemporary readers. Theo's two consecutive Amsterdam homes — the upper stories of a rented town house on the Johannes Verhulststraat, a few blocks behind the Concertgebouw, and a newly constructed semi-detached villa to the southeast, on the Mozartkade — underscore this picture of financial success. On the other hand, Theo was mostly self-employed, and the economy collapsed during his working life. The Great Crash of October 1929 followed closely on the purchase of his new home and probably hurt his accountancy practice.⁹¹ The economy was only beginning to pick up around the time that Theo faced the financial consequences of his divorce. In addition, he lived in the days before serious pension plans, so that it is understandable that he continued to work all through his sixties. He had spent as he went and saved too little, leaving neither of his wives well provided for.⁹² It is perhaps the last thing one might have expected from the financial advisor of three decades of Western Sufism.

The Consummate Insider-Outsider

Paul van Hoorn's few sentences cannot convey the seismic magnitude of the change that Sufism brought to his father's life in 1924. Theo was simply bowled

over by Sufi style. Repeatedly, in both The Hague and Suresnes, he was at first sceptical of the ideas and practices of Inayat Khan's disciples but then argued to himself that people of such grace, dignity and substance must surely have the right idea. Then Murshid said: "From the moment I saw you, I knew you would be one of us." Theo had come home.

About half a year had passed from the time Theo van Hoorn first saw Hazrat Inayat Khan in Amsterdam to that moment of surrender in Suresnes. According to what contemporary mureeds have reported, or what has been reported about them, Theo held out much longer than others, who at once recognized in Inayat Khan all that they had ever hoped for.⁹³ Theo was aware of the difference, discussing it in his introductory chapter. He had been intellectually slow to embrace his Murshid, but his experience of Sufism was all the more rich because it involved a lasting process of discovery and assimilation. The important distinction lay at the heart of how he defined his insider-outsider position in the Movement.

In the early summer of 1924, a still sceptical "Th. van Hoorn" arrives at the Hague residence of "H.P. baron van Tuyll van Serooskerken" and is greatly impressed by his superior social grace. By 5 February 1927, Theo's distinguished host has become his old friend Sirdar, who visits him in his Amsterdam home.

Sirdar's appearance leaves us in no doubt about the grief and dismay that have taken hold of him. His ruddy face is deeply etched. It seems as if his hair has turned more grey since his last visit. When he is alone with me in the small room in which he puts on his yellow robe, a personal gift from Murshid to a few chosen mureeds, we are both overcome by emotion for an instant. I lay my hand on his shoulder. His body is convulsed by a contained sob. I observe him with some concern. Familiar as I am with his noble but by no means stable nature, I ask myself how he will find his way in life without Murshid, who always brought out the best in him, and without the support that has given deeper meaning to his life the last several years.

All distance is gone, with deep personal concern shifting almost imperceptibly into inadvertent condescension. Knowing the *Recollections* allows us to spell out the subtext: Theo has become the financial *éminence grise* of Western Sufism. He is not only able to reach out to the aristocratic, yellow-robed Sirdar as an equal but, owing to his own slow conversion and persistent substratum of outsider perspective, he is better equipped to bear up under the grievous loss of Hazrat

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Inayat Khan than poor Sirdar, who had grasped at Murshid like a spiritual straw. When we re-encounter Van Tuyl in Katwijk about fifteen months later, he seems to have carried on with his customary grace and authority, but Theo's point has already been made. He was the consummate insider-outsider of the Sufi family.

Though Theo van Hoorn wrote his *Recollections* from what he believed to be a personal perspective on Western Sufism, they are not primarily about his own life. He included only those events that he assumed would help us understand his experience of his Sufi circle and mission. Theo's detailed account of his struggle with tuberculosis from 1912 to 1915 might look like an exception to the rule, but it is in fact a prime case in point. As a consequence of his self-imposed mandate, Theo's memoirs virtually ignore his relationship to his family and his involvement in social and intellectual pursuits outside Sufism. As for his life as an accountant, the little that he tells us is almost inextricable from his travels to and from Suresnes and its Samadhi Silences.

Beyond a few references to concert attendance and the game of chess, the *Recollections* contain only two indications that Theo van Hoorn had an important social life beyond his interaction with his fellow mureeds. The first is his discussion of a supportive Amsterdam friend and his "young wife" who help him cope with the crushing isolation brought on by his vow of silence around 1914. This couple, who shared Theo's literary interests, is shown to have played a role in his life long after Hazrat Inayat Khan had put in his brief appearance. As I have not been able to identify them, it is impossible to tell whether their names would have rung a bell with Theo's fellow Sufis.

The embodiment of Theo van Hoorn's non-Sufi private life was a celebrated expressionist dancer named Gertrud Louise Leistikow (1885-1948),⁹⁴ who was a particular favourite of Dien as well as her teacher of dance. Trained at the Dresdner Kunstgewerbe Schule, Gertrud first Dutch performance was early in 1914 in Amsterdam's Centraal Theater.⁹⁵ Then, while the Germans were pouring into Belgium, followed performances from 1 to 8 August 1914 in Scheveningen's Kurhaus with the renowned cabaret of Max van Gelder (1873-1943) and Jean Louis Pisuisse (1880-1927).⁹⁶ Still married to her first, German, husband at the time,⁹⁷ Gertrud returned to Germany for part of the war. She was again dancing in Holland in late 1917 and throughout 1918,⁹⁸ but she also danced in Karlovac, Croatia, in February of the latter year.⁹⁹

In August of 1918, Gertrud Leistikow performed at wild artist party ("a Pompeian evening") in Laren, where Dien was living at the time.¹⁰⁰ Possibly the two met at that time. The event introduces us to an aspect of Gertrud's career which Theo understandably failed to mention when he praising her powers of

expression, this being her penchant for dancing and posing while wearing very little.¹⁰¹ By then she had probably met Pieter Jongman (1890-1939), a planter and a writer by avocation.¹⁰² It was sometime in 1919, in horticultural Aalsmeer-Oosteinde (just south of Schiphol Airport), that the two couples first met and began their long and close friendship.¹⁰³

On 9 June 1921, not long after Theo and Dien van Hoorn were wed, Gertrud Leistikow married Pieter Jongman. That same year Gertrud apparently opened dance schools in Amsterdam, The Hague and Rotterdam.¹⁰⁴ We know from Theo that she also worked at the Amsterdam Muzieklyceum, which was officially founded in 1921. Initially the school was located in a large house on the Gerard de Laressestraat, very close to Theo and Dien's place on the Johannes Verhulststraat. *Het Vaderland* of 22 October 1928 offers a brief description of "the domain of Gertrud Leistikow" on the fourth floor (i.e., the attic) of a brand-new building, designed by D. Greiner, on the "Albert Hahnplantsoen near the Willem Witsenstraat."¹⁰⁵ That was very close to the Van Hoorns once they moved to 5 Mozartkade a few months later.

Everything went Gertrud's way around the mid-twenties. First, mentioned by Theo van Hoorn, came a triumphant tour of the Dutch East Indies in the spring and summer of 1924.¹⁰⁶ Then she and Pieter moved from Aalsmeer to Loosdrecht in May of 1925, around the time that their only child, Igor Bogdan (1926-2003), must have been conceived.¹⁰⁷ Gertrud's Loosdrecht place was no humble cottage like the one in which Theo wrote his Sufi memoirs. It was designed by Wouter Hamdorff (1890-1965),¹⁰⁸ a fashionable architect who specialized in converting farms to studio-dwellings for successful artists. When Theo writes that he and Dien often visited Gertrud, Pieter and Igor in Loosdrecht over the years — meaning 1925 to 1935 — we may assume that they encountered all the creature comforts to which they were accustomed at home.

From 1923 to 1929, Gertrud and Pieter also ran an atelier at 270 Albert Cuypstraat, in a working-class neighbourhood called "De Pijp."¹⁰⁹ A newspaper interview in *Het Vaderland* of 23 February 1927 shows us Gertrud in this studio at the zenith of her career, fully content with her regular performances, many students and one-year-old son Igor.¹¹⁰ Only two years later, however, things were looking a lot less promising. Her retirement from performing, as discussed in detail in *Het Vaderland* of 6 June 1929, inevitably meant loss of income. She also gave up her atelier on the Albert Cuypstraat by 1929, suggesting additional financial retrenchment. Though she still had her job at the Muzieklyceum, it paid badly,¹¹¹ so that she must have been grateful to Dien and Theo for offering her a place to stay whenever she was in Amsterdam.

Gertrud remained active, however. In 1931 she and Corrie Hartong (1906-1991) founded the Rotterdamse Dansschool (later the Rotterdam Dance

Academy), from which she withdrew in 1934.¹¹² In July of 1935 came a move from Loosdrecht to Schoorl, which is touched on in the *Recollections*. What Theo does not mention is that the move was not voluntary but a financial necessity. Around 1932, when little Igor is to have saved tiny Paul from drowning in the “treacherously deep water” of the Loosdrechtse Plassen, the conversation may at times have touched on the fiscal sword of Damocles hanging over their shared haven.

We have arrived at Gertrud Leistikow’s daring plan to recoup her financial losses by running a dance school in Malang, in the Dutch East Indies.¹¹³ *Het Vaderland* of 11 July 1937 tells us that “yesterday several former pupils and friends gathered in the lower hall of the City Theatre to say farewell to dancer Gertrud Leistikow, who is to leave for the Indies on 19 August by Belgian [*sic*] freighter to teach dance classes there.” A photograph of the gathering shows Pieter Jongman, Igor Jongman and Gertrud Leistikow sitting in front, with Paul van Hoorn standing to the left of Pieter. Dien is at the far right of the second row, beaming in the direction of her son. Theo is nowhere to be seen, though he did sign the guest register.¹¹⁴ The bearded man at the left is Piet Kramer. His ex-wife Moenie is at the far right, behind the woman with the crocheted hat.

The *Recollections* are our best source with respect to the departure of Gertrud, Pieter and Igor from Antwerp in August of 1937. The freighter, Theo informs us, was the German Kurmark. During the next two years, the families kept in close touch. Clearly Gertrud confided in her old friends, since we learn from one of Dien’s letters that the Malang school was not nearly as profitable as Gertrud had expected, so that she decided to abandon her colonial venture.¹¹⁵ On 27 April 1939, Theo replied to a brief missive from Gertrud, written nine days before, announcing the unexpected death of Pieter. Theo commiserates with her and recalls that “for almost eighteen years [up to 1937], we met each other much more often than was the case with any other family members or friends, and the friendship between Igor and Paul opened up many further prospects for togetherness.” Theo specifically recalls Pieter’s integrity and their many long conversations over the year. With his usual know-how in such unhappy situations, he informs her that “I have made sure that the two attached announcements appeared in the *Telegraaf* and the *Handelsblad*.”¹¹⁶ When Gertrud returned to The Netherlands shortly thereafter, she found refuge with the Van Hoorns for a while before moving on to her final home and studio at 89 Stadhouderskade.¹¹⁷

Despite the overwhelming evidence for intensive interaction between the two families during almost all of the interwar period, Theo van Hoorn never mentions Gertrud Leistikow or Pieter Jongman by name. Only Igor’s Christian

name is divulged. Theo needed the Jongmans to set the stage for his son Paul's special relationship to Suresnes and Vilayat Inayat Khan, but he drops them the moment Paul, Dien and he have seen them off for the Indies in the summer of 1937. Not only is Theo silent about Gertrud's return in 1939, but he fails to report that she and Dien had ceased to be friends by the time he wrote his *Recollections* during the last winter of World War II. This was because Gertrud had joined the Nazi artists' union (de Nederlandsche Kultuurkamer) early in the war to be able to work and provide for herself and her teenage son. In his fragmentary memoirs of about 1980, Igor recalled the ensuing situation.

Especially in those days, people were pro or con, and the most insane rumours were making the rounds. Result: Dien van Hoorn, who was among the 'friends' who had turned their backs on Gertrud, asked me half believing and half disbelieving when I happened to be there [at 5 Mozartkade] one last time, whether I was a member of the '*jugendsturm*' of the NSB or another such body, and I was truly dumbfounded [...]. What else was done, I believe by Dien, was to visit Gertrud and attempt to 'convert' her, as if that were necessary! Naturally these essentially *accusatory* ideas were like dagger thrusts to her, and she did not say another word.¹¹⁸

It is a useful supplementary insight, but Theo apparently did not see it that way. Nothing as negative as the alienation of a dear family friend could be allowed to distract us from his Sufi narrative.

Another celebrity of the twenties and thirties was Gertrud Leistikow's accompanist Hendrik Endt (1902-1954), whom Theo van Hoorn mentions in connection with Gertrud's 1924 tour of the Dutch East Indies and Ali Khan's 1938 radio broadcast for HIRO. Gertrud and Henk probably met at the Muzieklyceum, where she taught and he likely studied.¹¹⁹

Hendrik Endt developed into a truly international figure on 26 April 1938, when the renowned violinist Yehudi Menuhin (1916-1999) signed him up as his regular accompanist.¹²¹ Menuhin and Endt played together in England, Holland and America during 1939.¹²² Theo may well have attended the last of their Dutch performances, which took place in the Concertgebouw on 20 April. The two artists were in Sydney, Australia, in May of 1940, while the Germans were invading the Netherlands.¹²³ Endt then returned with Menuhin to the USA, where he continued his career until the late forties.¹²⁴ But though Theo was rightly proud of this "eminent" Sufi pianist, he did not follow his life any farther than was necessary in connection with his own contribution to the Movement.

Via Gertrud Leistikow, the Van Hoorns probably met the fashionable painter Jan Sluijters (1881-1957), who had a summer house in Loosdrecht and repeatedly portrayed the famous dancer.¹²⁵ Sluijters has no place in the *Recollections*, however.¹²⁶ A peripatetic painter-friend who touches base with Dien and Theo in Paris in 1937, still remains to be identified with any certainty.

The most puzzling actors of the *Recollections* are the few Sufis whom Theo van Hoorn discusses without giving their names, implying that they were somehow extraneous to his mission. I think of a Dutch singer in “Maheboob Khan,” who remains anonymous even though she is shown to be a keen and perceptive Sufi. Most likely, she was not an Amsterdam mureed, so that Theo hardly knew her. Neither he nor Dien could think of her name during the hunger winter and, quite typically, Theo failed to add it at a later date.

More important are a Sufi couple who were house guests of the Van Hoorns in Bergen aan Zee in the summer of 1933. Theo also tells us that he and Dien in turn visited this compatible pair on the Côte d’Azur in the winter of 1936, but he does not mention that the two friends were Salamat (Louis) Hoyack (1893-1967) and his third wife, Johanna Daniëla, or Ella, Cramerus (1891-1979), who lived in Théoule-sur-Mer from 1932 to 1939.¹²⁷ Hoyack was the son of Friedrich Carl Hoyack (1860-1916) and Brigitte Pauline baroness Sweerts de Landes Wyborgh (1864-1941), who married in Rotterdam in 1891. Clearly there was money in the family, as Louis did not need to work, allowing him to become a creative polymath and prolific author. He studied in Leiden and Utrecht, but never graduated, burying himself in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris before settling down in Théoule with Ella.¹²⁸

Both Van Hoorn and Hoyack became Sufis in 1924, and they were both regulars in Suresnes during the twenties and thirties. Clearly they made a concerted effort to strengthen family contacts in Holland and France. It seems highly unlikely, therefore, that neither Theo nor Dien could recall the names of this important pair. We might conclude that Theo thought of Louis and Ella as friends more than as Sufis, so that he decided to respect their privacy in the *Recollections*. More likely, however, Theo was being his tactful self. Like other Dutch Sufis, he must have known that the couple had split shortly before World War II, with Louis returning to Holland and Ellen heading for Italy instead.¹²⁹

There is another possible factor to be considered. We know that shortly before Theo van Hoorn wrote his *Recollections* he perused the Smit-Kerbert collection, including the contribution by Louis Hoyack, in which Salamat points out that his own Messianic expectations of Murshid had grown out of Theosophy.¹³⁰ Theo may not have welcomed this relativizing insight because, judging from his two added chapters of the early fifties, he had himself been

growing in the conviction that Murshid was truly a Messenger of God. In addition, Theo accepted everything Inayat Khan said without question, so that he may not have appreciated Hoyack's unmistakable stance of intellectual superiority relative to his fellow Sufis. Possibly, therefore, Theo van Hoorn and Louis Hoyack had intellectually split ways by the 1940s, so that the true believer was distancing himself from the philosopher.

Similarly, it is surprising that Theo van Hoorn does not identify the pivotal figure in "Initiation" who encourages him to seek contact with Hazrat Inayat Khan in Suresnes. It is clearly a well-informed Dutch mureed, one who is able to tell Theo that Murshid remembers him from Amsterdam. Yet the formality of their exchange indicates that this person did not know Theo well and came from one of the other Centres of The Netherlands. Without solid evidence, I think of Kadir (Theodoor Karel, or Theo) van Lohuizen (1890-1956), who became a Sufi in January of 1924, about six months before Theo himself.¹³¹ Though Kadir lived in Rotterdam at that time, his parents resided at 185 Johannes Verhulststraat in Amsterdam, next door to Theo.¹³² Kadir moved to Amsterdam in 1928, leaving for Bussum only in 1937,¹³³ so that he and Theo must have run into each on a weekly basis for most of a decade in Amsterdam's Sufi community,¹³⁴ of which Kadir soon became Deputy-Leader. In addition, their paths must have crossed in Suresnes on many occasions. Finally, Kadir belonged to a minority of Suresnes Sufis whom Van Hoorn professed particularly to admire because they played "an important part as [...] active member[s] of our western European society." As Van Lohuizen combined strenuous careers in city planning and university teaching with great devotion to Murshid, Theo could surely have mentioned the distinguished mureed in this important context. But far from praising Kadir's excellence, Theo observes with pointed peevishness that "the Western Sufi Movement cannot point to a single scholar of note."

There can be friction even within the best of families, and Western Sufism was certainly no exception. It is possible that Theo van Hoorn, with his forceful nature and decided establishment leanings, did not mix well with Kadir van Lohuizen, who was hesitant even as a university lecturer and also politically to the left of Theo.¹³⁵ It is dangerous to start looking for hidden agendas, however, turning what may have been an accidental oversight into a deliberate snub. In his "Younger Generation" chapter, Theo does mention that Dien and he placed young Paul in a Montessori elementary school at the recommendation of Azmat Faber and Enne van Lohuizen, Kadir's wife, who was arguably farther to the left than her husband.¹³⁶ The only chapter in which Theo surveys the Amsterdam Sufi community is "5 February 1927," in connection with the death of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Had Kadir and Enne moved to Amsterdam a little sooner, they would certainly have shown up on Theo's doorstep on that fateful day.

One Day Her Prince Did Come

The most important mureed of Amsterdam seems to have escaped Theo van Hoorn's attention altogether. It was a statuesque singer who styled herself Khourshed de Ravalieu until she became Raden Ayou (or Ajoë) Jodjana (1888-1981) by marrying the renowned Javanese dancer Raden Mas Jodjana Soerjodiningrat (1893-1972). Jodjana was an aristocratic young man who had been raised in the ambience of Hamengkoe Boewono VII, Sultan of Djokja (ruled 1877-1921), in central Java. Jodjana's name reflects his background, "Raden Mas" meaning "prince of the lesser court nobility."¹³⁷ Wanting to serve his people in some administrative capacity or another, he arrived in The Netherlands in June of 1914 to enrol in the Rotterdamse Handels-Hogeschool, a post-secondary institution specialized in trade and commerce.¹³⁸ He was an amateur courtier-dancer until a triumphant performance at two benefit concerts on 15 and 17 March 1916 in The Hague's Royal Theatre inadvertently laid the foundations for his professional career of the twenties.¹³⁹ Though he was sometimes criticized for being "more Hindu than Javanese" or for putting on "schoolish imitations of Buddhistic art,"¹⁴⁰ Jodjana quickly rose to international celebrity, with famous friends such as Isadora Duncan (1876-1927), Wanda Landowska (1879-1959) and Pablo Casals (1876-1973).¹⁴¹ In 1923 Henri Berssenbrugge (1873-1959) published photographs of the dancer in action, so that we can get some idea of why he filled halls wherever he went.¹⁴²

Raden Mas Jodjana was also an accomplished visual artist, who studied painting and drawing with Isaac Israëls (1865-1934), woodcutting with Chris Lebeau (1878-1945) and sculpture with Johan (Jan) Coenraad Altorf (1876-1955) in The Hague around 1920, as well as sculpture, wood cutting and Chinese and Vietnamese lacquer techniques with Jean Dunand (1877-1942) in Paris a few years later.¹⁴³ He was portrayed by Israëls and Altdorf, but also by Anton van Anrooy (1870-1949), Jos Croin (1894-1949) and Rudolf Bremmer (1900-1993). It was his friendship with Israëls that recently brought him back to the public eye.¹⁴⁴

The perennial celebrity of Raden Mas Jodjana assured that Raden Ayou (lovely wife of a Raden Mas) was destined to spend much of her life in his shadow. She is mainly remembered because she was part of Hazrat Inayat Khan's immediate family circle in London by 1915, as recalled by Raden Ayou herself in her *Book of Self Re-Education* of 1981.¹⁴⁵ Unlike Murshid's other mureeds, who took only slight interest in non-Western music, she sought him out for serious instruction in Indian vocal practice in its esoteric context, and she reciprocated by teaching Western music to his children and to the Brothers. She remains by far our best source of information about life and politics in Murshid's London headquarters during the First World War. Only she, for instance, touched on the struggle for

primacy between two key British Sufis, the nervous and insecure Zohra (Mary) Williams (dates unknown), who lost grievously, and the austere and imperious Sharifa (Lucy Maria) Goodenough (1876-1937),¹⁴⁶ who prevailed to become the revered Murshida Goodenough of Theo van Hoorn's *Recollections*.

While other mureeds around Inayat Khan pursued their own agendas, Khourshed was primarily interested in him and the Brothers. Perceiving a dichotomy between his intentions and the pursuits of his disciples, she twice claimed that Murshid explicitly instructed her *not* to join the Sufi Order, and suggested that its establishment, as well as its mode of operating, were imposed on him by his more ambitious mureeds at the expense of his own freedom of choice and action.

I witnessed different people beginning to frequent
Inayat Khan's house.

Not in search of a Sufi message,
but eager to introduce into their lives
something very attractive by its beauty,
and by its unique artistic expression.

They tried to create a closed circle of people
under the gentle guidance of a great artist,
beginning to be known in Europe for his art.

Inayat Khan was the head of a family group
stranded in London when the First World War broke out,
without any means of livelihood.

The group of adepts in London began to lay down
restraining rules for those becoming members of their circle.

They fixed a contribution, imposing the responsibility
of paying for housing the centre,
sheltering Inayat Khan's family,
and assuring their livelihood.

Inayat Khan never created the Sufi Order in London.

He accepted the offer of a group of people
who made the proposal.

He was then told by the board of the circle
to give lectures and lessons,
as they wished to know more
about the still unknown secrets of Hindu Yoga.

They wanted him to teach by word
and explain clearly what it was all about.¹⁴⁷

Raden Ayou understood that a guru teaches mainly by example, not words, and that it behoofs a mureed to follow, not try set the tone. Hers may not be a particularly welcome perspective, but we shall see that is a plausible part of a broader picture.

Raden Ayou also offers us rare insight into the personality of Hazrat Inayat Khan, showing that he could be a terrible practical joker. He once instructed the Brothers to play out of key and upset the rhythmic structure of her songs during a rehearsal. On another occasion, he unexpectedly took over her “small solo part” in an actual performance. This first Dutch disciple of Inayat Khan can therefore be seen to occupy a special place in the history of Western Sufism, similar in importance, if not in kind, to that of Murshida Rabia (Ada) Martin (1871-1947), Murshid’s first American mureed of several years before.

Despite her major contribution, the identity of Khourshed de Ravalieu, later Raden Ayou Jodjana, has remained a secret among Western Sufis until now. And that was not by accident, as she did everything she could to relegate her Dutch background to the twilight of history. We now know, however, that she was born in Breda on 1 February 1888 as Elisabeth (Betty) Anna Carolina Pop, the only child of Gerrit Jacob Christiaan Andries Pop (1856-1924) and *jonkvrouw* Caroline Philippine Wilhelmine Serraris (1861-1931).¹⁴⁸ Gerrit Pop was a second lieutenant teaching at Breda’s Royal Military Academy at the time of Betty’s birth. He moved his family to The Hague in 1895, when Betty was seven years old. Shortly after having been promoted to the rank of Major, he became “director general of postal and telegraphic services” for The Netherlands (from 1902 to 1913) and “head of postal and telegraphic services” for the Dutch East Indies (from 1913 to 1921). The incongruity of Betty Pop’s bourgeois name and exotic pretensions must explain her determined effort to bury her stodgy Dutch origins.¹⁴⁹ That “Pop” means “doll” in Dutch can only have encouraged her in this venture.

On 27 March 1907, when barely nineteen, Elisabeth Pop married a stylish young art dealer named Anthony (Tony) Theodoor Alexander Artz (1884-1941),¹⁵⁰ the youngest son of the successful painter David Adolf Constant Artz (1837-1890) and a half-brother of Constant David Ludovic Artz (1870-1951), another accomplished artist.¹⁵¹ Though Tony was only twenty-three years old when he married Betty, he was already a veteran of the art trade, with five years of experience, mainly in America, working for his gifted mother, Helene Sues-Schemel (1850-1907), who had founded a gallery called *Maison Artz* in 1893.¹⁵² A photo taken in 1904 shows the cosmopolitan connoisseur in an sumptuous setting at the World Fair in Saint Louis, where he was assistant manager of The Dutch Fine Art Section.¹⁵³ Around the time of the wedding, Tony took over his mother’s gallery, located at 14 Lange Vijverberg (across the pond at the back of the

Mauritshuis), when she perished in the sinking of the S.S. Berlin on 21 February 1907.¹⁵⁴ There can be no doubt about it; Tony was truly a catch!

Betty Artz soon gave birth to two daughters, Elisabeth (Lislie) Ida Helena Magda on 5 September 1907 and Marjorie Helena Carolina on 18 October 1908. Two years later she enrolled at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague. Under the heading “previous studies,” she was given credit for eight months of study at the Conservatory in Brussels and for three months in Berlin.¹⁵⁵ In 1912 she received a diploma in solo singing, pedagogy and “play,” presumably meaning the piano. In that year Maison Artz — called Artz & De Bois by then — was being run by Anthony and his newly acquired business partner, Johannes Hendrikus de Bois (1878-1946).¹⁵⁶ Anthony worked hard and travelled a lot, spending much of 1912 in Canada and America. The firm Artz & De Bois was dissolved on 15 July 1913, with Maison Artz revived in The Hague and with De Bois continuing on his own in Haarlem.¹⁵⁷ Maison Artz mounted its last exhibition, featuring eighteen portraits by George Birnie (1879-1955), in June and July of 1914.¹⁵⁸ The firm ceased trading within a few months, in what were hard times for international commerce.¹⁵⁹

In November of 1914, Anthony Artz took his family to England, but we do not know why.¹⁶⁰ It was in London that Betty took up her stage name, Khourshed de Ravalieu, though why she needed it is not clear. First came the Sufi name Khourshed, or “brightest light.” Inayat Khan must have given it to her fairly soon, as the September 1915 issue of *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine* mentions that Miss Rose Benton and “Mrs. Khorshed Artz” had sung on 5 July, Murshid’s birthday and what is said to be (perhaps by counting back to his training of Rabia Martin in California) the fourth anniversary of the Sufi Order. Though Anthony Artz is not mentioned, he must have been around, as that same September issue mentions “A Sufi Wedding” along with “a Sufi Benediction given to Mr. Tucker and Miss Artz on their marriage.” Miss Artz was Tony’s younger sister Helene (1888-1924), showing that Betty’s new-found Sufism had become a kind of family affair.¹⁶¹

Rose (Bahar) Benton is virtually forgotten today, but she was a leading mureed in London of the teens. A group photograph taken in the summer of 1918 confirms her place at the very heart of the Sufi circle. Readily identified by her large curved nose and small pouted mouth, she is located immediately to the left of Murshid.¹⁶² Khourshed’s performance with Rose on Viladat day 1915, like the inclusion of her husband and his family in the festivities, confirms that she had become an intimate of Murshid and his family by then.

Shortly thereafter Elisabeth Pop must have begun to claim her independence from her husband, or at least from his name. In the November 1915 issue of *The Sufi* we learn that Mr. Anthonie [*sic*] Artz has been elected “as the representative of the literary section (Sufi Order) in Holland” and “Madame

Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist

Khourshed de Ravalieu as the representative of the musical section of the same country.” In April of 1916, “Madame Khourshed” is praised for her singing of Indian ragas. From then on, through to June of 1919, there is no more mention of singing but Mr. Anthonie (or A.) Artz and Madame Khourshed de Ravalieu continue to be representatives and, as of July 1918, “authoritative representatives” of literature and music in Holland.¹⁶³

It is hard to discern the reality behind this semi-public facade of a supportive husband and a wife who would not carry his name. One suspects, however, that their marriage was disintegrating on the home front while she was bonding with Inayat Khan and his family at 100d Addison Road and 86 Ladbroke Road. Much later, in her *Book of Self Re-Education*, she proposed that the rest of her life had been envisaged and shaped by her great master, who had understood that poor Tony Artz was no more than an incidental figure and that someday her prince would come.

Inayat Khan, my Guru, foretold my future meeting
with another being
with whom I was to enter the path of destiny.
He told me exactly the signs that would be given
to me, and to that other human being.
It was a symbol of seven crowns with seven stars.
We met, were united and married;
and were guided by the same inner Presence,
together bringing the message, not in word, not in music
but in pure movement.
Raden Mas Jodjana, my husband, had come from Java
to Europe with a mission.
It was the same message as Inayat Khan’s
not given out by music
but in the language of pure movement.¹⁶⁴

The Artz family returned from England to The Netherlands in October of 1918. They first moved in “with the mother,” being *jonkvrouw* Mirandolle-Serraris. Elisabeth soon headed for Amsterdam but was probably back in The Hague not much later.¹⁶⁵ Then, in the spring of 1919, Raden Mas moved from Rotterdam to The Hague.¹⁶⁶ As the musician and dancer moved in the same circles, they were bound to run into each other. They had certainly met by 27 September 1920, when the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* announced a cultural evening planned for 6 October in Rotterdam’s Tivoli theatre, with “Oriental songs by Khourshed de Ravalieu” and dances by Jodjana.¹⁶⁷ In the first four months of that year Raden

Mas had danced in The Hague on three occasions.¹⁶⁸ It may have been after one of these performances that Elisabeth Artz and Raden Ayou Jodjana fell in love with resounding finality.

When I met my husband for the first time,
When we discovered what was going to link us forever
in life, and hereafter;
he told me that for the past nine years
he had not shared a single moment
of intimate contact with anyone.
Not spoken one word about his inner life.
Not even with his own people
When he met them in Holland.¹⁶⁹

On 7 March 1921 Raden Mas Jodjana, Elisabeth Artz-Pop, and Lislie and Marjorie Artz officially moved into 61 Obrechtstraat together, whereas Anthony Artz arrived at 40 Riouwstraat that same day.¹⁷⁰ The Artz-Pop marriage was dissolved on 4 June 1921, thereby sealing an already completed chapter in their lives. Elisabeth soon became an expert on the life and art of Raden Mas, witness a well-written article by “Kourshed (formerly de Ravallieu [*sic*])” on “Jodjana as Dancer” that appeared in the September 1922 issue of a short-lived cultural monthly entitled *Het Masker*.¹⁷¹ In the first half of 1923, “Mrs. Kourshed de Ravalieu” repeatedly accompanied performances by Raden Mas in The Hague and Paris while also singing “Oriental songs” of her own.¹⁷² Finally, on 1 August 1923, Betty married Raden Mas, becoming Raden Ayou Jodjana in the bargain. Having become an authentically exotic personage by association, she retired the counterfeit Madame de Ravalieu from active service.

The Jodjanas soon expanded their family. A son, improbably named Raden Bagus Bhimo, was born on 16 January 1924. A daughter, Raden Roro Parvati, followed on 15 May 1926. In keeping with Raden Ayou’s adoption of her husband’s name and title according to Javanese usage, “Raden Bagus (for a boy) and Raden Roro (for a girl) are the titles carried by young Javanese nobles before their marriage.”¹⁷³ Both children must have been born in Paris, where the Jodjanas resided almost continually from December of 1922 to August of 1926.¹⁷⁴ When in The Hague, they rented rooms within a few blocks of the Laan van Meerdervoort (which was decidedly more attractive back then),¹⁷⁵ indicating that the dancer was able to make a good living from his art.

Lislie and Marjorie Artz were in their teens when Bhimo and Parvati Jodjana were born. As an unexplained curiosity, Lislie officially left the Jodjanas and The Hague for Paris on 29 June 1928, while her sister Marjorie headed for

New York on the same day. Possibly their remarried father had begun to play a greater role in their lives by then, as he had extensive American contacts.¹⁷⁶ Though Bhimo and Parvati were still small when Lislie and Marjorie left home, they cannot have remained totally unaware of their half-sisters. Parvati, however, appears to have repressed all knowledge of the Artz-Pop marriage in her inherited pursuit of a coherent family legend.¹⁷⁷

The Jodjanas were still in The Hague when Betty's mother died on 28 November 1931, with "R.A. Jodjana-Pop" placing the funeral announcement. They had been joined by a young man from Ambon, named Roemahlaiselan (1902-1990) or Roemah for short, who became a faithful disciple of Raden Mas and a good friend to Raden Ayou.¹⁷⁸ Together they toured all over Europe, taking Bhimo and Parvati with them.¹⁷⁹ By 1934 the Jodjanas had also turned their attention to founding a summer school in southern France, culminating in their permanent move to Vergoignan in the spring of 1936.¹⁸⁰

According to Marcel Bonneff and Pierre Labrousse, the Centre Jodjana was inspired by "the methods of [Rabindranath] Tagore [1861-1941] and the way of life that he introduced at Santiniketan" but also by "the spirit of a Tagore or a [Jiddu] Krishnamurti [1895-1986]."¹⁸¹ As Bonneff and Labrousse knew that Hazrat Inayat Khan was the lodestar of Raden Ayou, they implied that she played a subservient role in the eclectic three-year summer programme in Vergoignan.¹⁸² Like Inayat Khan, however, Raden Mas was a Muslim by birth and an admirer of Hindu culture by conviction,¹⁸³ so that there can hardly have been an important conflict between the orientation of the Jodjanas. The only substantial exposition on the aims and methods of their centre, which Raden Ayou published in 1939, mentions no authority whatsoever but can be taken to reflect Inayat Khan's insistence that every mureed is different, with his or her own path to spiritual maturation.¹⁸⁴

The outbreak of World War II forced the Jodjanas to move to Ozenx, near the Spanish frontier, where they ended up being distrusted by the Germans and French alike, so that they were forced to work the land and home-teach their children. By far the worst development, however, was that young Bhimo was deported and died in Buchenwald on 8 June 1944.¹⁸⁵ That blow was worsened because, for five long years, Raden Ayou hoped against all hope that her "beautiful boy" might still be alive. It was then that she succumbed to negative thoughts of a kind that Theo van Hoorn excluded from his *Recollections*.

I made too many sad discoveries
about the dehumanization of people.
I became bereft of all illusions.
So-called good people, or bad people
play the same game.

Almost at once, however, she came to her Sufi senses, but with a complexity of perception that was apparently foreign to Theo.

Evolution is not a choice to be good and destroy the bad
and thereby destroy balance.
There is in all of us the same strife —
to gain power, to impress, to dominate, to exploit.
Evolution creates in all human beings
the taste, the awareness and consciousness of perfection.¹⁸⁶

Shortly after the war, Raden Mas and Ayou toured The Netherlands with Parvati and then returned to France before settling in Amsterdam in the fall of 1947.¹⁸⁷ For the official data card, which had become mandatory by then, Betty Pop gave “Jodjana (Radèn AJoe)” as her name. Though an uncharitable bureaucrat scratched out that information, typing in “—Pop— Elisabeth Anna Carolina” instead, she remained Raden AJoe Jodjana to everyone else. It was in that final phase of her life, which lasted for more than three decades, that she taught Henk van Ulsen (1927-2009) and Ramses Shaffy (1933-2009),¹⁸⁸ talked to Musharaff Khan, Mahmood Khan, Elisabeth Emmy Keesing (1911-2003) and Simon Vinkenoog (1928-2009), and worked on the book that was at last published shortly before she died on 29 December 1981, nine years after her husband.¹⁸⁹

The notorious iconoclast and celebrated poet Simon Vinkenoog, who thought of Raden Ayou Jodjana as his “wise spiritual mother,” posted his recollections of her on the internet. They are priceless in every respect. Vinkenoog describes how he first met the Jodjanas in 1950, at his “small home” on the Avenue Victor Hugo in Clamart, just south of Paris. He recalls a “frail and retiring” Raden Mas in the company of “a tall and imposing, if not [outright] abundant or exorbitant figure” who borrowed his duffle coat and fell back in theatrical exhaustion on the bed of his unheated guest room. Much later he “visited her on a weekly basis for a few years,” noting down pearls of wisdom of the kind he quotes online and that still fill a fat folder in his possession.¹⁹⁰ These meetings must have taken place at 41 Valeriusstraat, where Raden Ayou lived from 10 July 1957.¹⁹¹ That was probably also where Elisabeth Keesing, Inayat Khan’s biographer, and Mahmood Khan, his nephew, questioned her about her recollections of Murshid and Western Sufism. Mahmood still recalls how Raden Ayou meandered incessantly but never wavered in her testimony concerning her years spent with Murshid and his family at the heart of the nascent Sufi Order.

Raden Ayou Jodjana continued to proclaim her profound debt to Hazrat Inayat Khan to the last, believing that she had used his wisdom to help westerners harmonize through movement the impressions gained from the inner and outer

life.¹⁹² Everything she professed was her personal extension of Murshid's great dictum — well-known to Theo van Hoorn — that “the essence of today's Message is balance.”¹⁹³

Though Khourshed de Ravalieu left her extended London family in October of 1918, she reestablished contact with them in The Hague. She relates how she encountered Inayat Khan's wife Begum there at the home of *jonkvrouw* Ekbal Dawla (Maria Johanna Florentina) van Goens-van Beyma (1880-1972), a keen early Sufi who had met Murshid as her guest in August to September 1921 and who lived at 25 Frederik Hendriklaan in Scheveningen's “Statenkwartier.”

Begam [*sic*], whom I had known young and smiling in Addison Road,
changed entirely living in the centre of the Sufi Order.
She lost her radiance
and avoided contacts with the Western adepts.
It was in Holland, in the house of Mrs. van Goens
whose daughter Maheboob was later to marry,
that I saw Begam leading a family life again,
just as in Addison Road.¹⁹⁴

The wording indicates that this meeting took place sometime after 15 May 1919, when Ekbal Dawla was widowed, and before 10 June of 1924, when her daughter Shadiby Khanim married Maheboob Khan. But Raden Ayou should have written “whose daughter Maheboob was about to marry,” as Begum's only visit to The Hague was when Murshid brought his family there to attend the wedding.¹⁹⁵ Certainly Maheboob and his family never lost sight of Raden Ayou, who had earned her place as a friend of the family. She herself reports that she “knew Musharaff to the very last,”¹⁹⁶ meaning until his death in 1967. With Mahmood Khan, Maheboob's son, the connection continued into another generation.

It follows that Theo van Hoorn could have learned about Raden Ayou Jodjana at almost any time after he became a Sufi in the summer of 1924. In the twenties and thirties, however, Theo had not yet conceived of his memoirs, so that he was not on the lookout for information, and while he was writing his *Recollections* during the 1944-45 hunger winter, the Jodjanas were well out of reach in southern France. Around 1952, however, when he travelled to Mahtab van Hogendorp's deathbed in Amersfoort to gather additional information for his two added chapters, Theo could also have hiked, biked, or taken the tram to 23 Vondelstraat, where Raden Ayou lived from 6 December 1947 until 10 July 1957, a month before his own death. Though she still worked and travelled in those years, she would surely have found time to share her precious memories

with Theo, allowing him to extend his picture of Hazrat Inayat Khan back in time by about seven years. But Theo probably still did not know of her existence, leave alone her importance. And even if he had, it would probably not have mattered. He was much less interested in the life of Inayat Khan and the history of Western Sufism than in his own pre-conceived notions about Murshid and the Movement, so that she could not have given him the kind of information that he wanted to hear.

A Shattered Planet

Theo van Hoorn virtually ignores the family connection. Not a parent or sibling is introduced by name. Van Hoorn does mention the deep concern shown for him by his mother upon his return to Amsterdam from Davos in May of 1913 and, as a flashback, he reports on a kind old gentleman who had enjoyed many years of serving on a church council with his father. As for Theo's brothers, they show up collectively for an instant at the Amsterdam railway station, and then never again. Not even the suicide of Reinhard, who had only just turned twenty-eight when he took his life on 15 January 1922, is mentioned.¹⁹⁷ In essence, Theo dismissed some of the most important people and experiences of his life.

Possibly Theo's mother and brothers were among the unnamed individuals who were offended by his vow of silence and who would have been a factor in causing his death by making him speak, but his father, who had died by then, cannot have been guilty of that crime. More likely, Theo believed that his family had contributed little or nothing to his eventual self-realization through Sufism, as he mentions his inhibiting "fear of resistance or disapproval from friends and relatives." We should always remember that Theo was writing an autobiography only in so far as his life revolved around Hazrat Inayat Khan and his disciples. The point of his father's appearance, for instance, is not the seemingly decent man himself, as we learn almost nothing about him, but the way in which the gracious behaviour of his old friend showed Theo how to handle a disaffected young Vilayat to best effect.

Van Hoorn did keep in touch with his family, however. When his two-year-older brother Petrus Franciscus, known as P.F. to all and as Piet in the family circle, died at work of a heart attack on 18 September 1937, Theo contributed a four-page obituary to a published commemorative booklet.¹⁹⁸ It establishes that a shared passion for chess brought both men to the Vereenigd Amsterdamsch Schaakgenootschap (United Amsterdam Chess Society), which met in the Café de Rode Leeuw at 93-94 Damrak, for many years on end.¹⁹⁹ The *VAS Clubnieuws* establishes that Theo and Piet lived together at 187 Johannes Verhulststraat from about 1917 to 1919, while Theo was courting Dien. In addition, Theo's obit tells us

that Dien and he visited Piet in Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera, early in 1922, and that his gifted but restless brother joined them between his travels.²⁰⁰ The Italian trip plays an important proto-Sufi role in the *Recollections*, but Piet is not mentioned in connection with it. Nor did his brother's premature death make its way into Theo's material for 1937.

Theo's obituary makes it clear that his brother Piet was a brilliant cellist, who had his triumphant debut in the large hall of Amsterdam's renowned Concertgebouw at the age of fifteen, and an equally brilliant student, especially of mathematics, who earned his high grades effortlessly. In addition, P.H. Ritter jr. (1882-1962), a celebrated man of letters of the time, wrote that Piet had introduced him to the charms of literature while they were both still students in the Amsterdam *gymnasium*.²⁰¹ Most importantly, Piet van Hoorn was one of Holland's very best chess-players, and dozens of pages of the commemorative booklet were devoted to his most brilliant games.²⁰² He even had the Saturnine good looks to go with his startling intellect, with fine and regular features that must have had Theo eating his heart out. This gives a useful indication of what Theo was up against in the way of sibling rivalry. His fierce and un-Dutch pride at the top grades he earned while pursuing his professional training, may well have been a kind of "So there!" to his university-educated siblings. The numerous learned quotations of his *Recollections* presumably drove home the point with a vengeance: I may be an autodidact but I, too, am a member of the intelligentsia.

If so, the message came too late for poor Piet, who died seven years before Theo started writing his *Recollections*. Nevertheless, a comparison of the two men is highly revealing. The *VAS Clubnieuws* informs us that Theo was playing serious chess both before and after he became a Sufi in the summer of 1924. That much, of course, we might have expected from Paul van Hoorn's brief introductory biography, which mentions that Theo played strong chess until late in life. What we cannot learn from Paul, however, is that Theo's strategy with regard to the VAS was about the same as the one that he adopted with respect to the Sufis; he made himself indispensable. While Piet won esteem with his brilliant chess, Theo played only competently but served on the VAS board from 1922 to 1926 and was especially in demand as treasurer of important committees.²⁰³ It appears that he was soon familiar to one and all as an effective fund-raiser. On Saturday, 10 January 1931, for instance, the *Clubnieuws* reports that B.J. (Boudewijn) van Trotsenburg (1874-1938) presented a laurel wreath to Dr. Max Euwe (1901-1981) who was the best player of both the club and the nation.

Then the word was given to Mr. Th. van Hoorn, treasurer of the committee that will organize the Capablanca-Euwe match. Everyone is familiar with Mr. van Hoorn's suggestive way of wringing his

hands. The speaker therefore did not need to present proof for his confidential claim that the commission is ever so poor. (Do we all have Mr. van Hoorn's account number? Here it is: 57019).

We perceive that Theo van Hoorn was engaged in what we would call networking. As member of the VAS executive, he got to rub elbows with key business figures, including Emanuel van Dien (1865-1943), a fellow accountant and the founder of Van Dien, van Uden & Co, who was the club's Honorary Chairman and one of its movers and shakers.²⁰⁴ As an added bonus, Theo was in a position to meet some of the great chess-masters of his time. The *Recollections* establish that he particularly admired Alexander Alekhine. Predictably, given his high profile, it was Theo, not Piet, whom Boudewijn van Trotsenburg introduced to Amsterdam's more exclusive Parkwijk chess club.²⁰⁵

Theo also outstripped his older brother in the world at large. Though Piet was so brilliant at mathematics that he could function as an accountant without formal training, he still found himself working for Theo on occasion. Theo made sure he was soon at the helm of his own business, whereas Piet remained an employee all his life.²⁰⁶ Theo moved only once, to a nicer home of his own, while Piet rented a series of rooms and apartments.²⁰⁷ Theo was a family man, whereas Piet remained single. Most importantly, Theo was steady and persevering where Piet was restless and erratic.

In truth, some of the contributors to the 1937 commemorative booklet suggest that the brilliant Petrus Franciscus had virtually self-destructed even before his heart gave out. Max Euwe, who had briefly been World Chess Champion, called Piet an "apostle of truth," with too much integrity to thrive in society.²⁰⁸ More ominously, Piet's early friend Ritter referred to his chess playing as "a shining fragment of a shattered planet." In *De Schaakwereld*, a chess-fanatic periodical for which Piet wrote a regular column, Th. Liket (the co-author, with Theo van Hoorn, of the commemorative booklet) spoke of "a hypersensitive human being" who could not be expected to play consistent chess. Theo may have been a lesser planet, but he was in a more stable orbit.

The death of Piet van Hoorn occasioned the usual funeral announcements, in his case in both the *Algemeen Handelsblad* and *De Telegraaf* newspapers of 20 September 1937.²⁰⁹ The notices convey a great deal of information in very little space. As the parents of Theo and Piet had died in 1910 and 1917, they are not mentioned. Also long gone was Reinhard, the youngest of the Van Hoorn boys, who had committed suicide in 1922. Living in Utrecht was the first-mentioned and therefore oldest brother, Gerard. He had become adjunct professor of Archaeology at the Universities of Utrecht and Groningen.²¹⁰ The oldest surviving Amsterdam

sibling was Hendrik, the only one of the four brothers to have entered the family business.²¹¹ Then follow Theo and Dien. The unspecified “nephews and nieces” of the announcement naturally included their son Paul, who was only eight at the time. Gerard had no children, but Henk had two daughters, Helga (born 1919) and Elly (1917-1978), who was to spend the 1944 to 1945 hunger winter with Theo, Dien and Paul in Vinkeveen. Presumably the whole group made its way to Zorgvlied to place Piet in the family grave.

The impressive correspondence address at 10 Raphaëlstraat in Amsterdam Zuid belonged to Hendrik, as the oldest Amsterdam brother. He therefore lived within walking distance of Theo and Dien’s residence at 5 Mozartkade and only a few yards north of the Euterpestraat on which, across the street and just to the left, his cousin Lucie, Dien’s sister, lived and ran her medical practice at number 147. According to the *Recollections*, Elly was already tutoring Paul in classical languages before the war. We can imagine her biking south along a bit of the Raphaëlstraat, turning left on the Euterpestraat, going past Lucie’s house, located almost at once to the right, and straight on for several blocks to the Apollolaan, immediately behind the Mozartkade and Paul’s home. Obviously this was not an estranged family by any stretch of the imagination, but only Lucie, as dedicated Sufi, and Elly, as Theo’s indispensable Vinkeveen assistant, earned their place in the *Recollections*. And if Henk ever poked fun at his younger brother’s Sufism, Theo had the last laugh, because Elly became a Sufi.²¹²

The False Idol

There was a second chess-playing genius who was dear to Theo van Hoorn and came to a sad end, namely, Dr. Alexander Alekhine, the World Champion from 1925 to 1935 and 1937 to 1946. This stylish Russian émigré gave Theo his treasured pocket chess set, “my inseparable travelling companion on the farthest and most monotonous journeys.” In “Yussouf van Ingen,” Theo introduces his hero as “a youth in years, an old man in wisdom,” much like the exemplary Yussouf himself. “Of all those I have met in my life,” Theo adds in his “Samahdi Silences” chapter, “Alekhine is the one who is rightly called a true genius, both in mental powers and behaviour.”

That was high praise coming from Theo van Hoorn, especially considering that Alekhine was not a Sufi and should by all rights have been excluded from the *Recollections*, like Theo’s brother Piet, instead of being credited with stellar qualities that might seem to threaten the preeminence of Harat Inayat Khan himself. Still, Theo van Hoorn loved chess and Alexander Alekhine was one of the greatest grandmasters of history, whose mental powers have continued to astonish lovers of the game to this day. As for Theo’s assessment of Alekhine’s

behaviour, it was probably to be expected around 1926, when our Sufi chronicler was engaged in chess analysis in “the green hills behind St. Cloud.” His adulation of Alekhine’s style corresponds to what we read in a supplement (probably written by Boudewijn van Trotsenburg) to the *Algemeen Handelsblad* of 15 January 1927, which was entirely dedicated to the grandmaster:

Then Alekhine arrives: tall, pale, aristocratic in appearance and style. [...] He is one of those young men, now thirty-four, who has seen and experienced the horrors of eastern Europe but whose manner, unlike that of so many Russians who have found deliverance in Western Europe, is one of reserve and resignation.

Van Hoorn’s attachment to Alekhine becomes even more understandable once we know that the World Champion personified one of the great personal triumphs of his life. For it was Theo himself who was instrumental in bringing this international media star to Amsterdam. We know from Evert Straat (1899-1972), a chess-loving journalist with the best possible connections, that it was “at the insistence of Mr. Th. van Hoorn” that the VAS executive came to reward Max Euwe for his outstanding chess-playing by offering him a match against a top-ranked player of his own choosing. Emanuel Lasker (1868-1941) declined. Efim Bogoljubov (1889-1952) proved too expensive, but Alexander Alekhine was at once prepared to play a match of ten games against Euwe.²¹³ It was the beginning of a highly publicized train of events that extended over more than a decade and gave an immense boost to the game of chess in The Netherlands.

The trouble is that Van Hoorn may show himself ruminating in 1926, but he was writing early in 1945, and in the present tense at that. Theo must have known by then that Alekhine had written a few blatantly racist pieces purporting to expose the negative historical impact of Jewish greed and tactical cowardice on “Aryan chess ideals.”²¹⁴ This astonishing journalistic effort concluded with an attack on Max Euwe as an alleged “plaything of the Jews.” The essays were published in the first months of 1941, both in France and The Netherlands. Germany followed almost at once, though without the Euwe diatribe. In fact, so huge was Alekhine’s prestige that his articles appeared, again minus Euwe, in the British magazine *Chess* later in 1941 and early in 1942.²¹⁵

Almost all of Alekhine’s text is offensive, though often fascinating and rarely without his incisive intelligence. His concluding material pertaining to Max Euwe brought it all home to Theo and Amsterdam.

Only in my first match with Dr. Euwe in 1935 did the Jewish question, in a manner surprising to me, come back once more

Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist

into the foreground. How could I anticipate that the peaceful, businesslike and sporting Aryan Euwe would let himself be abused as the plaything of a whole Jewish clique? And yet then came the unbelievable fact: the match was organized by a committee composed exclusively of Jews. I was urged to take as second the Jewish-Dutch master Samuel Landau, who at the decisive moment in the match could abandon me on 'personal grounds', and Euwe's private secretary, the Viennese master Hans Kmoch, married to a Jewess, was appointed as technical director of the match. One could see what sort of 'impartiality' could be expected here. And despite all I lost this ill-fated match by the narrow difference of only one point. I can in all tranquillity assert that, had I known at the right time the peculiar spirit in which this match would be organized, Euwe would never have been able to call the title his own, even for so brief a time.

With his next paragraph, Alekhine switched from self-serving folly to outright Nazi propaganda.

Again in the 1937 return match with Euwe the collective chess Jewry was aroused. Most of the Jewish masters mentioned in this review attended as press reporters, trainer and seconds for Euwe. At the beginning of the second match I could no longer let myself be deceived: that is[,] I had to fight not the Dutchman Euwe, but the combined chess Jewry, and in the event, my decisive victory (10:4) was a triumph against the Jewish conspiracy.²¹⁶

Given Alekhine's rabid attack on the highly-esteemed and gentlemanly Euwe, news of his statements must have spread like wildfire through the Dutch chess community. Alekhine's opinions were published in a Nazi-sponsored newspaper which few people can have liked but which everyone could obtain, read, and pass on without any risk whatsoever.²¹⁷ In addition, the material must have been of great personal interest to Theo van Hoorn, who knew and admired both Alekhine and Euwe.²¹⁸ We may safely assume, therefore, that he was aware of the controversy.²¹⁹

As Theo van Hoorn could easily have left Alexander Alekhine out of his *Recollections* without anyone missing him, why should he have risked placing him on a pedestal instead? Most likely, he assumed that Alekhine had written under great duress and had deliberately gone over the top with his opinions so as to

distance himself from them. That point of view was repeatedly voiced by Baruch H. Wood (1909-1989), a distinguished British chess-player as well as the editor-in-chief and manager of *Chess*. When garbled news of Alekhine's statements about Euwe first reached Britain, Wood wrote: "This sounds like a desperate attempt to placate the Nazis, probably in the hope of securing the release of Madame Alekhine from Occupied France, and few of the World Champion's many Jewish friends will think anything of it." Then, as introduction to the first instalment of "Jewish and Aryan Chess," Wood opined that "If Dr. Alekhine indeed wrote this article, we can have no doubt he was in the grip of merciless circumstances." Finally, after having published a third piece in the relative certainty that Alekhine was its author, Wood responded to rebuke from some of his readers, who resented the publication of "Fascist propaganda" in their chess periodical.

We believe few readers would vote against the opportunity to see these articles; that anybody should take them seriously, however, astonishes us. We only ask readers to exercise a little of the imagination they apply to their chess — to place themselves in Dr. Alekhine's position and then — read between the lines of his articles. It would not help him at the moment to disclose all that we know in his favour.²²⁰

It would appear, however, that B.H. Wood knew little about Alekhine's plight, whatever it may have been. The real problem for Wood — and for just about everyone else — was that nothing about Alekhine's admirable conduct and publications had prepared him for the opportunism of 1941, so that the reality of Alekhine's terrible mistake simply would not sink in.²²¹ Like B.H. Wood before him, Theo van Hoorn must have followed his own experience and instincts in the matter. He took a courageous stand by affirming his faith in his paragon of intellect and behaviour.

In November of 1944, as things were beginning to look grim for Hitler and his Third Reich, Alexander Alekhine began to disown his racist pieces, claiming he had not written them or that they had been doctored, whether with or without his consent.²²² It was to no avail, however. When the official organ of the Royal Dutch Chess Association resumed publication in the early fall of 1945, Alekhine was at once raked over the coals by Leonard G. Eggink (1881-1959), one of Theo's fellow VAS players, who exposed the grandmaster's distortions and lies. Eggink was well-qualified to comment, as he had been one of three Aryans on the five-man "all Jewish" organizational committee of 1935. He observed that Alekhine had attacked the English (his other target) and the Jews as they "were fighting for their lives at a frightening, wellnigh hopeless time of the war." Pending some sort

of satisfactory explanation or atonement, Eggink concluded, Alekhine had “signed his own death sentence as an international grandmaster and world champion.”²²³ That verdict went down in history,²²⁴ but it came three months too late for the *Recollections*.

The Message in Distress

In Amsterdam Oost lived Julius Barmat (1888-1938), a larger-than-life figure who cries out for a book-length biography or an historiated novel.²²⁵ Though Barmat was a close contemporary of Theo van Hoorn, and though money was their common expertise, they probably moved in different circles. Yet Theo must have thought of Julius with some frequency throughout the entire interwar period. That must explain why we encounter the financier in the middle of a nightmare that oppresses Theo in August of 1942, when he has temporarily lost all hope for Sufism under an ever-worsening German occupation.

Uncertain about what I ought to do, I approach the dark hole. Then my hand rests on something that I recognize as a banister. Carefully I extend my foot and notice that I do in fact feel a second tread. Gradually I have become a little more accustomed to the dark and begin to discern a stairwell below me.

Suddenly I know where I am. Julius Barmat, one of the most fantastic and brilliant swindlers of world history, once had the separating wall between two stately residences on the Oosterpark removed to have a grand stairwell, richly furnished with sculpture, constructed in the middle of the double house, spending large sums in the process. I recognize the wide mahogany railing on which I rest my hand, as I slowly descend by touch.

At the bottom of several flights of stairs, which Theo goes down ever more rapidly, awaits an Ophelia-like, white-clad female figure who has been crying out his name. It took Theo most of three years to work out that he had been called upon to rescue the Sufi Message as personified by his wife's best friend Camilla Schneider, who had brought that Message to their lives. The question Theo never asks himself is why Julius Barmat's stairwell should have featured so prominently in a dream of such signal importance for the future of Sufism.

Julius (born Judko) Barmat was a kind of half-Dutch incarnation of Augustus Melmotte, the anti-hero of Anthony Trollope's *The Life We Live Now* (1875). Born in Uman (or Umanj), Russia, in 1888, Julius came to The Netherlands in 1906

from Petrikan (or Petrowski), in Poland.²²⁶ In 1908, while still only a bank clerk, he became engaged to Rosa de Winter of Rotterdam (1886-1982), marrying her in London two years later.²²⁷ Their son and only child, Louis Izaak, was born on 12 June 1911. During the First World War, Julius imported food supplies from belligerent Germany into neutral Holland from a Rotterdam office, building both his fortune and reputation for sharp business practices.²²⁸ In 1917, the year Theo became a full-fledged accountant, Julius was joined by an older brother, Salomon, and three younger siblings, Hershel (Henri), Izak (not Izaak) and David, who had fled from Lodz, in Austrian-occupied Poland, to escape corruption charges there.²²⁹ The brothers formed an Amsterdam trading consortium called AMEXIMA (Amsterdamsche Export en Import Maatschappij), with offices on the Keizersgracht. Around this time Julius also developed an interest in Dutch and Belgian socialist politicians and newspapers.²³⁰

With the end of the First World War, Julius extended his business ventures to Germany and was soon courting sundry politicians of the Weimar Republic from his imposing castle on Schwanfelde-Werde Island, in the Wannsee. All four of his brothers were on hand as well, with Henri living on Unter den Linden and Salomon on the Kurfürstendam.²³¹ Using everybody and everything to full advantage, their Dutch Amexima soon swallowed up several German and Austrian factories and banks.²³² Well within two decades Julius Barmat had grown from a poor eastern European refugee into a major international financier.

Holland remained important for Julius and Henri, however. In 1921, a well-known and prolific Jewish architect named Harry Elte (1880-1944) joined and renovated two ample late-nineteenth-century houses for Julius.²³³ Located at 77 and 78 Oosterpark in what was still an enviable spot back then, they formed the venue for Theo's nightmare. On 7 February 1923, Henri Barmat and Helena de Winter, Rosa's sister (1893-1944), announced the birth in Amsterdam of a daughter, Sonja Manja.²³⁴ According to the Amsterdam telephone directory of December 1925, the offices of Julius and Henri had remained at 717 Keizersgracht. Julius is said to reside at 77-78 Oosterpark, with Henri living more modestly at 243 Tweede Oosterparkstraat, a block to the south. Berlin was where the Barmat brothers carried on business; Amsterdam was their home.

In 1925 Julius and Henri involved the Social Democrat government of Germany in a colossal corruption scandal. It turned out that the brothers had secured 34.6 million gold marks in credit from the Preussische Staatsbank under false pretences.²³⁵ Though most of the suspects were arrested on the last day of 1924, the trial could not begin until January 1927. It lasted for a full year and worked its way through 648 pages of evidence and 198 court sessions. In March of 1928, Julius was condemned to spend eleven months in prison (in addition to his three years on remand), but he was released by August on account of his weak

heart. Julius then headed for Amsterdam, where his debacle had been followed in detail by the Dutch press.²³⁶ Henri, who presumably served his full six-month term, soon followed his brother home.

Though Julius and Henri were convicted felons and foreign nationals, they were able to return to The Netherlands because they both had a Dutch wife and child.²³⁷ During and after their trial and imprisonment, the family kept a low profile.²³⁸ On 30 January 1931, three generations of Barmats assembled for the funeral of Abraham (born 1866-67), Julius' father.²³⁹ By that time it must again have been business as usual,²⁴⁰ though Julius had turned his attention to Belgium. In 1932 the Barmats vacated their Oosterpark home and headed for Brussels. The next year Rosa Barmat-de Winter returned to Amsterdam, where she repeatedly changed addresses in the following few years and where Julius was able to rejoin her when things got too hot for comfort south of the border.²⁴¹

On 30 January 1937, the Dutch authorities extradited Julius Barmat to Belgium to stand trial on major fraud charges involving the faked demise of two banks, Goldzieher en Penso and De Noorderbank. The books must have been cooking for years, as the defence tried, in vain, to use Belgian statutes of limitation to evade some of the charges. The sums involved were again stupendous, including 136 million francs in near-worthless bills of exchange.²⁴² Naturally all the juicy details showed up in the Dutch newspapers as soon as possible.

Julius was guilty as sin and sick as a dog. He died in Vorst, near Brussels, on 6 January 1938, shortly before the court was to rule on his case. A week later, Henri was condemned in *absentia* to four years in prison. In addition, there were large fines and court costs to be paid, as well as restitution to be made.²⁴³ Obviously the charges against Julius had to be dropped with his death, so that his widow, Rosa Barmat-de Winter, escaped some of the financial consequences of his dirty dealings. She had been allowed to speak to her husband shortly before he died, as he sat in a wheelchair, with paralysed hands and legs. After waiting a few days for his body to be released by the Belgian authorities,²⁴⁴ she shipped his remains by rail to Amsterdam, to be hurriedly buried near his father Abraham in the Jewish cemetery of Muiderberg.²⁴⁵ Rosa herself moved to 167 Zuider Amstellaan (later the Rooseveltlaan), just to the east of Theo and down the street from her son Louis.²⁴⁶

I only tell the rest of Rosa's story for the sake of closure and because it illustrates a notorious historical development that Theo must have known about but totally ignored in his *Recollections*. On 15 December 1943, after two unexplained wartime moves within Amsterdam, Rosa was sent to Westerbork, a notorious transit camp on Dutch soil. There, remarkably, she must have been visited by her son Louis, who was able to come and go as an employee of Amsterdam's

controversial “Jewish Council.”²⁴⁷ Nine months later, Rosa was shipped on to the infamous transit ghetto in Theresienstadt. But then her luck turned. Instead of succumbing to pneumonia (1 April 1944) like poor Harry Elte, or perishing in Auschwitz (14 October 1944) like Elte’s wife Elisabeth, Rosa returned home to live for many more years in a comfortable service flat in Amstelveen, a few blocks to the south of Amsterdam proper.²⁴⁸ In 1982 she died and at last joined Julius in Muiderberg.

Amsterdam’s Oosterpark was constructed in the English style in 1891 and remains much the same to this day. Julius’ double house overlooks the park from its south-eastern corner, close to where the street that is also called Oosterpark meets the Linnaeusstraat. When he joined 78 and 77 Oosterpark in 1921, Harry Elte replaced the two busy 1888 façades with one severe white-plastered front. Never truly attractive, it was further spoiled in 1934. Numbers 76 and 75, to the right, are still in their original condition, showing the architect’s point of departure.²⁴⁹

The stairwell described by Theo has survived almost completely intact.²⁵⁰ Like most Amsterdam houses, 78 and 77 Oosterpark are relatively narrow, so that the unifying central stairwell is not truly imposing. Its overall effect is relatively warm and domestic, in a way reminiscent of William Morris (1834-1896) or the early Frank Lloyd Wright (1867-1959), and not at all like Theo’s Gothic-novel ambience. The wood is oak, not mahogany, and there is less sculpture than Theo would have us expect. Nor does he mention the door that closes off the flight of steps leading to the basement. In fact, Theo’s stairwell is sufficiently arbitrary that he could have known it by reputation only. In addition, the double house was turned into a school after Julius and Rosa moved out,²⁵¹ so that it must have been readily accessible in the mid-thirties to almost anyone with any determination. There is no good reason, therefore, to speculate about when or why Theo might have called on the banker at his private residence.

Even if Theo van Hoorn never met Julius Barmat, he certainly knew him well by reputation. People must have talked about the financier almost continually from his spectacular rise in the early teens to his sensational fall in the late thirties. Especially Theo, who was professionally trained to grasp the finer points of financial malfeasance, must have marvelled at Barmat’s startling surfeits of enterprise and mendacity. Theo presumably also knew all about Barmat’s creative Dutch bookkeeping, which was already under investigation by 1927 and which contributed to the collapse of the Dutch-Swiss Mendelssohn & Co bank in the summer of 1939. That scandal precipitated the formation of an accountancy service within the Dutch National Bank on 15 February 1940.²⁵² The first head of this service, one A. Harms, shows up briefly and enigmatically in Van Hoorn’s second dream.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the nefarious Julius burrowed his way into Theo's subconscious. It is inconceivable, however, that he admitted the financier to his public or private life. Theo did not have to claw his way up out of nowhere, coming instead from the kind of impeccable family that has an "apostle of truth" as its problem child. In addition, he was part of a young profession that was still seen to be above financial traffic, not as part of it. Everything that Theo stood for and admired is expressed in his praise of his Sufi friend *jonkheer* Yussouf (Carel Frederik Eduard) van Ingen (1899-1933), whom he helped with his finances for nine years.

But what impresses me most is his great integrity, which I am able to deduce time and again from all sorts of details. This seems self-evident to Van Ingen. How could his work be blessed if the result were not achieved entirely by honest means? And he would certainly no longer be able to turn to Murshid for advice and illumination if he were not morally impeccable!

Julius Barmat no doubt had many enviable qualities, including courage, imagination and perseverance. He may have been charming and generous as well. But as he lacked integrity, there could be no place for him in Theo's life. As for Theo's nightmare, what could be a more appropriate location for the Sufi Message to face its moment of supreme peril than in the dismal depths of a house of deception?

The Ballad of East and West

The intellectual propensities of Theo van Hoorn were part of a late-Romantic intellectual current of the interwar period. At one point, Theo characterizes himself as "entirely" a child of the nineteenth century, in which he was born. Though he elsewhere prefers to spotlight his modern empiricism for an instant, it is best not to put too much importance to this aspect of his thinking, as there is very little that he does not manage to romanticize in some way or another. He is exquisitely attuned to those moods and forces of nature that have always set off Romantics everywhere. People, too, can be exalted. Especially Paderewski, a true superman who dominates a whole chapter, was grateful grist to Theo's ardent mill as a worthy foil for his revered Murshid.

Van Hoorn was by no means a nebulous figure, however, as his romanticism was generally informed by a tenacious mind. Basic to all the thought of the *Recollections* is a great respect for the pronouncements of Hazrat Inayat Khan, which Theo embraced with alarming literalism. Like a dogged fundamentalist, he pores over the published lectures as if they are divinely received texts, expecting

to extract concrete information. Nothing suggests that he was prepared to look to Murshid's Indian frame of reference for answers or to entertain a metaphorical interpretation on occasion.

Theo's approach becomes almost comical when he puzzles over *Education*. When Hazrat Inayat Khan says that a child ought to be exposed to "its country," Theo feels obliged to argue that this advice may legitimately be extended to include the three countries (Holland, Belgium and France) that feature in a planned vacation with Paul.²⁵³ Even with this lesser lecture series, which can hardly have been Murshid's particular favourite, Theo could not figure out that his paragon was propounding common sense on occasion, so that there was no need to weigh every last word.

And yet a part of Theo knew better, as witnessed by a moment in his chapter on "Architecture" when he seems on the verge of realizing that Inayat Khan's "books" are in fact printed collections of improvisations that were processed by secretaries of varying degrees of competence.²⁵⁴

One of Murshid's books includes a brief consideration of this topic [of the attitude to life of a Master as opposed to that of a prophet] which deviates from what I am sure I remember. This is hardly surprising on the face of it. The content of a lecture was as rule recorded in shorthand, making it quite possible that a secretary failed to comprehend a few words or was later unable to decipher all of her annotations.

It is also possible that Murshid sometimes had to treat a topic concisely, for lack of time, but was able to elaborate upon on another occasion. Whatever may be the case, I am aware that the printed text misses something of the essence of what Murshid told us in the lecture that I was able to attend in 1925.

Theo's account is substantially different from the published one, so that his theory of alternate versions works best in this instance.²⁵⁵ The secretarial problems went much deeper than the kind of sporadic incompetence described by Theo, however. Murshid intended his pithy admonition, "Do not change my words," to stop the endemic interpretative interventions of early secretaries and editors who, like Theo, had ideas of their own and too little understanding of his deep cultural reservoir or profound underlying intentions.²⁵⁶

Van Hoorn does not think things through to their consequences, so that he does not profit from his momentary insight. When, on his final day of his last prewar visit to Suresnes, someone comes up with a truly helpful proposal, Theo has to scramble for his intellectual footing.

This lecture offers me a fresh perspective on one of Murshid's pronouncements. The third of the Sufi thoughts reads as follows: "There is one Holy Book, the sacred manuscript of nature, the only scripture that can enlighten the reader." I have never been altogether able to accept that Murshid's concept of nature excluded mankind, although I have had to admit that numerous other passages in his works do substantiate that viewpoint. [...] I have, therefore, come to accept that "the Holy Book of nature" refers to the cosmos, without its human inhabitants.

Now, in the lecture that I attend this afternoon, I encounter the thought that "nature" ought to be expanded to embrace "human nature" and that Murshid must certainly have intended that the study of human nature is a subject which can enlighten the reader. It goes without saying that I shall not risk an opinion. Possibly this lecture can be studied by those who are better qualified to judge. The quotation from *Education* near the beginning of this chapter seems to me to constitute proof that a literal interpretation is the correct one, even if the aspect elucidated by Madame de Watteville opens many possibilities.

Sundra de Watteville-Madier was right, of course. For Inayat Khan, "nature" was virtually synonymous with "life," including human nature.²⁵⁷ There was no need for Theo to be so wary or to let his hand be forced by an out-of-context passage from *Education* which merely proposes, very sensibly, that children profit from exposure to the out of doors.

Paradoxically, Theo van Hoorn also propounds ideas that he himself brought to Sufism, ones that did not originate with Hazrat Inayat Khan. The paradox is only apparent, however, as we may be sure that Theo did not suggest a single idea in the entire *Recollections* that he did not believe to have come from Murshid or to be fully consistent with his intentions. Much the same can probably be said of other mureeds, but Theo did have a special hobbyhorse, namely, to erect a bridge between Western literature and the Sufi tradition and, more specifically, to advance Goethe as an important forerunner of Western Sufism. In a broader context, Theo's interests were far from unique, as Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831-1891) and others had been looking for Eastern wisdom in Western writings for decades. As far as I know, however, Theo's specific proposition was original. Certainly only he took the trouble to mount an explicit argument in writing.

The roots of Theo's intellectual enterprise can be traced all the way back to his schooling in Amsterdam, about two decades before he adopted Sufism. As

mentioned, he was not given the opportunity to enjoy the prestigious *gymnasium* education of his brothers, with its heavy concentration on Greek and Latin. That could help explain why he mentions no Classical literature or mythology. Modern figures interested him all the more, however. Though Theo quotes William Shakespeare (1564-1616) and mentions the Dutch cultural icon Joost van den Vondel (1587-1679), he clearly specialized in the late eighteenth, nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Whereas he did not neglect French, English and Dutch authors (as well as Scandinavian ones in translation), the Teutonic tradition, notably Goethe, Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805) and Rainer Maria v. Rilke (1875-1926), was his particular strength.

German was also Theo's strongest foreign language. He mentions that he spoke it more fluently than English. Sometimes he can even be shown to have used a German edition of a work that was readily available in Dutch. Of course Theo had spent years working in Germany and convalescing in German-speaking Switzerland, but that alone does not fully explain his strengths and preferences. It must be considered that German culture dominated Dutch intellectual and artistic life before the Second World War. Theo's archaeologist brother Gerard, for instance, wrote his doctoral dissertation for the University of Bonn. Theo's reconstruction of a four-way conversation in the Parc de Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, shows that there were other Dutch people in the twenties who could quote Rückert and Rilke at the drop of a hat. In short, Theo was less of an anomaly and more a child of his times than we might think.

The visual arts clearly interested Theo van Hoorn little but, as stated by his son Paul, music and concert life meant a great deal to him. Theo mentions Bach, Chopin, Mahler, Paderewski, Schubert and Wagner, this being a decent range of Romantic composers. Of course Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) belongs to the Baroque period, but Theo approaches him as if he were a proto-Romantic figure, relating him to Franz Schubert (1797-1828), his own overall favourite. Paderewski, on the other hand, was a near-contemporary composer but nevertheless a late Romantic one, who was in any case indispensable to the *Recollections* for other reasons.

Theo's musical and literary preferences were linked by the song and operatic repertoires, notably the poems by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) that Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) set to music in his renowned *Rückert-Lieder* and the libretto that Richard Wagner (1813-1883) wrote for his own *Tannhäuser*. Within these propensities one can discern a pattern that underlies everything Theo van Hoorn professes to like. For instance, one would not expect him to be fond of the Goethe-Schubert *Erlkönig* and the Rückert-Mahler *Kindertotenlieder* because they are altogether too dark for his pervasively optimistic view of the world.

Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist

Resorting to poetry at beautiful moments is a relatively harmless habit. If Theo van Hoorn could not fully admire an Italian landscape without calling on Goethe's flowering lemon trees, who are we to quarrel? The problems begin with Theo's more ambitious associations, as nobody appears to have taught him how to analyze poetry, whether before, during or after he memorized it all. Not surprisingly, some of Theo's quotations weaken or obfuscate a given point instead of reinforcing or illuminating it. The most obvious example is a haunting poem by Rilke, recited by Zulaikha (Johanna Classina, or Joop) van Ingen-Jelgersma (1892-1969) for Yussouf van Ingen, Theo van Hoorn and a fourth, unidentified, Dutch mureed (a young female singer) in the summer of 1926 as part of a concerted effort to define the particular genius of the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Maheboob Khan.

Longing means living in ebb and flow
and being homeless in Time.
And wishes are a soft dialogue
between everyday hours and Eternity.

And such is life until, out of some yesterday,
the most solitary of hours looms up
and, with a different smile than her sisters,
faces the Eternal in silence.

Yussouf affirms, and everyone appears to agree, that these words capture Maheboob to perfection. And yet the poem is a *non sequitur*; nothing in the preceding discussion prepares the reader for the existential despair of Rilke's second stanza.

After such a bad start, what are we to expect from Theo van Hoorn's proposal to link Western poetry to Sufism? To begin with Goethe, Theo's key figure, we should understand that he was an important preromanticist,²⁵⁸ whereas Theo himself was part of a late-Romantic intellectual current of his times that was often less rationalistic than Goethe's world-view. Both Goethe and Van Hoorn wrote about the music of the spheres, for instance, but it was a time-honoured metaphor for the former, and a living reality for the latter.

Goethe, of course, was drawing on an age-old Western cosmography which had the sun, moon and planets circling the earth in their respective orbits, or spheres, according to the inexorable laws of an inaudible music which was, in fact, a Pythagorean mathematics of numbers and intervals. By the Christian Middle Ages, the mathematical underpinnings had become the work of God, making Him the great geometer of the universe, even as the music of the spheres

had become audible to the angels. Goethe used this tradition to magnificent poetic effect, but he did not believe in it in any literal sense.

Theo van Hoorn was altogether different. If he was consciously aware of a specifically Western tradition, he certainly did not understand it in its historical and metaphorical contexts. Instead he assimilated it into a related intellectual tradition, one that Hazrat Inayat Khan had brought from India. It is best introduced by the cautionary words with which Murshid himself opened his chapter on “The Music of the Spheres”:

By this title I do not mean to encourage any superstition, or any idea that might attract people into fields of curiosity. My aim is to direct the attention of those who search for truth towards the law of music which is at work throughout the universe, and which in other words may be called the law of life, the sense of proportion, the law of harmony, the law which brings about balance, the law which is hidden behind all aspects of life, which holds this universe intact and works on the destiny of the whole universe, fulfilling its purpose.

Despite the superficial similarity of two schemes that both stress the fundamental importance of music, it appears that Inayat Khan feared regression to the obscurantist Medieval cosmography that has a Judeo-Christian God, armed with a compass, creating planets that produce music as they orbit the earth. Inayat Khan instead raised “the music of the spheres” to a more abstract and universal level, in the sense of a music of the universe and a universe of music. “The spheres,” also called the “angelic heavens,” become everything that is higher, celestial and eternal, with a Creator who belongs equally to all religions. The music of the spheres, being the sound of the universe, is experienced here on earth only by mystics in a receptive state of mind.

Theo van Hoorn followed Inayat Khan closely in such matters. Unwittingly, however, he embellished Murshid’s ideas along traditional Christian lines by adding his own contradictory notion of “the heavenly music of the angelic choirs that proclaim the glory of the Creator” (cf. Luke 2,13-14). The paeans of “the angelic choir” (both singular and plural), which Theo also calls “the invisible choir,” apparently consist of “tones” that stand in unexplained relationship to Murshid’s fundamental sound of the universe but that do resemble music as we know and love it. For instance, “Some of the melodies by Schubert can [...] be considered to have been inspired by that composer’s contact with the heavenly spheres, succeeding in conveying an approximation of the sounds of the angelic choir in earthly music.” Theo also mentions “the deep organ tone of the invisible

choir,” which might have one imagine a host of angels collectively hooting one of the sustained low notes of the great Toccata and Fugue in D minor by Johann Sebastian Bach, the other composer whom Theo associates with the music of the spheres. Though problematic, the concept is at least compatible with Murshid’s single fundamental sound. But how can Schubert’s melodies be an inexact representation of a deep organ tone approximated by a choir? Predictably, the absurdity is entirely of Theo’s own making. Neither the term “angelic choir” nor anything like it occurs in the collected works of Hazrat Inayat Khan.²⁵⁹

Of course angels do sing in Goethe’s *Faust*. Not content to accommodate its resplendently archaic Christian cosmography, Theo fully assimilated its author into his own version of Sufism. At one point, Theo shifts seamlessly from Hazrat Inayat Khan’s *Mysticism of Sound* of 1923 to James Lane Allen’s *The Choir Invisible* of 1897. Ignoring the reality that Allen (1849-1925) was a post-Goethe and pre-Murshid Christian westerner writing metaphorically, Theo suggests that “it may well have been the tones of this same invisible choir that Goethe wished to absorb when he sought out silence in the depths of the forest [...]” Illustrative of Theo’s wishful thinking is his incorrect quotation of Goethe’s “stille Haine” (silent glades) as “stille Walde” (silent forests). Nor does Goethe say anything about the depths of glade or forest. As far as Theo is concerned, however, any Romantic soul who ever communed with Nature can only have been hoping to experience Murshid’s fundamental sound of the universe as produced by Theo’s own invisible choir. After all, what else is out there?

Moving right on to the Symbolist poet Paul Verlaine (1844-1896), Theo advances his crying nature and talking trees as *avant la lettre* allusions to Murshid’s mysticism. Astonishingly, he even proposes that such references might well have been more explicit but that “neither Goethe nor Verlaine was probably able to express himself altogether freely in a world that had as yet no place for mysticism.” Basically, Theo assumed that universally valid beliefs must also be universally revealed throughout time, so that Inayat Khan’s ideas could have been espoused by Western poets even before he brought Sufism to the West. Of course, Goethe and Verlaine could have been influenced by Eastern Sufism, but Theo offers no solid historical connection, only a few points of similarity taken over from Van Brakell Buys.²⁶⁰ Goethe turns out to have been a precursor of Western Sufism only in so far as he influenced Theo, who in turn embraced Murshid.

To give Theo van Hoorn credit, he probably surpassed most of his fellow mureeds by grasping that music and poetry are indispensable to Sufism. As a genuine lover of Bach and Schubert, he must also have noticed that great music could put him in a receptive frame of mind for meditation. Obviously, however, Theo might more profitably have looked to the music and poetry of Persia and

India to improve his understanding of Inayat Khan's nexus of musical discipline and mystical harmony. But Theo, we may assume, felt no particular affinity to the kind of music that Inayat and the Brothers played and adored.²⁶¹ As for the poetry, what could Theo have known but a few translated fragments culled from Van Brakell Buys' work on Persian mysticism and Jalal al-Din Rumi (1204-1273)?²⁶² In essence, Theo turned to Goethe and Schubert for Western poetry and music that he deemed worthy of Western Sufism. Though his effort to link the two traditions was inventive and deserves further exploration, it was mainly a reflection of his failure to engage the appropriate intellectual context. He had a good mind, but it was rooted in the West and homeless in Time.

A More Hopeful Fate

A love of Western poetry and music was not the only intellectual baggage that Theo van Hoorn brought to Sufism. He was steeped in Baptism well before he became a student of literature, accountancy or Sufism. Nor did he need to renounce this faith to become a Sufi. On the contrary, Western Sufism is open to people of all faiths and even encourages them to join in celebration of their underlying religious ideals. Theoretically, therefore, Theo could have remained a Baptist and taken up Sufism as a supplementary esoteric activity. But though Hazrat Inayat Khan would have applauded such a course of action,²⁶³ everything else within and around Theo conspired against it.

Most obviously, Van Hoorn thought of himself as a rational Western individual, and he was no doubt substantially correct. Whereas educated Indians are able to draw a distinction between public religion and personal spirituality, so that an adherent of one faith can adopt a guru or the mystical ideology of another, cerebral westerners are rarely comfortable with such incongruity. We generally believe we ought to make up our minds, which is precisely what Van Hoorn required of himself. In addition, Theo lacked appropriate role models. Catholicism has its great mystics and a substantial body of mystical theology, but Protestantism had no tradition of mysticism to speak of.²⁶⁴ A Baptist mystic may therefore have seemed like a risible proposition to Theo.

It is also easy for us to underestimate Christian hostility to Western Sufism in its early stages. Whereas Sufism is an acceptable alternative to all sorts of other religious or humanistic leanings in today's Netherlands, it was nothing one advertised around 1924, when Theo van Hoorn joined the Movement.²⁶⁵ In fact, it was nothing to write home about either, presuming one had his orthodox kind of family. Only the most ecumenical of Christian communities would have embraced an avowed Sufi like Theo. Judging from the *Recollections*, however, Theo himself had no interest in liberal Christian alternatives to the Baptism of

his youth. For him, tolerance and universality required a truly different approach, not some kind of retooled version of Christianity.

Most importantly, Theo Van Hoorn must have recognized that the restrictive tenets of traditional Christianity are fundamentally incompatible with the universal religious philosophy of Hazrat Inayat Khan. For Theo, or for anyone at all like him, Christian Sufism would have necessitated serious dilution of either the Gospel of Christ or the Message of Murshid, which must explain why few Western Sufis were also practising Christians.²⁶⁶ Inayat Khan, I believe, never fully faced up to the problem. Instead, he postulated that all religious thought aspires to one universal truth, even though he was clearly not thinking of the verity that has been tenaciously professed and proselytized over many centuries by an overwhelming majority of ordinary Christians. Whereas Murshid was aware of core Christian doctrine, he preferred to ignore it or to give it universalizing twists, as with his pronouncement that “This ideal Perfection called *Baka* by Sufis, is termed *Najat* in Islam, *Nirvana* in Buddhism, *Salvation* in Christianity, and *Mukti* in Hindooism.”²⁶⁷ But though heavenly bliss may be much like nirvana, it is still belief in human imperfection and Christ’s sacrifice that is required to attain it.²⁶⁸ It was no doubt such specific and exclusive negativity that Theo could not help but associate with the faith of his fathers.

For Theo van Hoorn, therefore, his move from Baptism to Sufism was like exchanging night for day. As he mentions correctly, the Sufi Message is one of Love, Harmony and Beauty (the psychological counterparts, according to Murshid, being will, balance and focus). He also quotes Inayat Khan’s adage that “the essence of today’s Message is balance.” But his most treasured Sufi words were: “The natural state of man is happiness.” Spoken by Murshid in the summer of 1925, they proved one of the great revelations of Theo’s lifetime, shaking his “largely negative view on life.”

Everything in those days pointed to a happy growth in the spread of Murshid’s idea and teachings. And it was against this background of full summer splendour and joyful expectation that, at one of his talks in the Lecture Hall, Murshid suddenly pronounced the words that we would always keep in our hearts, “The natural state of man is happiness.”

At such moments, with Murshid radiantly before us, it was as if bright sunlight had suddenly entered the Hall and as if the world promised new possibilities.

The great Goethe, Theo argues, was for once badly mistaken, having been altogether too pessimistic about the human condition. “The sunny silence of the

Lecture Hall in Suresnes resounded to a visionary prediction of a more hopeful fate: The natural state of man is happiness.”

Theo van Hoorn subordinated his Protestant background to his new-found Sufi optimism. The *Recollections* are virtually silent about the long-term prospects for sinners (meaning all of us), as laid out in the Gospel. After a brief account of his falling out with the religious community in which he was raised, nothing but an appreciative reference to Bach's *Matthäuspasion* again alludes to the central Christian doctrine of Jesus Christ as Saviour of the World. In this respect Theo took his cue from Hazrat Inayat Khan, who often quoted Christ as the last of several prophets who had paved the way for Muhammad's "final statement of Divine Wisdom" (discussed below), but who studiously ignored His claim to being "the way, the truth and the life" (John 14,6) (much as he disregarded Muhammad's insistence on Allah as severe judge).²⁶⁹ Murshid believed that the Grace of God is everywhere and freely accessible to all. Not even perseverance is required to obtain the things of heaven. All we need to do is look up from our own "little shell" to the immeasurable gifts of the universe.²⁷⁰ From such an open point of view, the restrictive claims of traditional Christianity could not be countenanced.

Van Hoorn also fully embraced Inayat Khan's third Sufi Thought of 1917: "There is only One Holy Book, the sacred manuscript of nature, the only scripture which can enlighten the reader." In fact, Theo is more Catholic than the Pope on this point. Inayat Khan mentioned the generic wisdom of the Bible on hundreds of occasions to help clarify his ideas for his Western audiences. In fact, Murshid even discussed the doctrine of the Trinity several times, usually in connection with the more ancient Trimurti of Hinduism. For Theo it seems to have been all or nothing, so that the Bible play almost no role in his *Recollections*.

At the same time, Theo van Hoorn kept the more comforting aspects of Christianity, which he blended with Sufism. Whereas Inayat Khan embraced a supreme being permanently pervading the universe,²⁷¹ a part of Theo appears to have clung to the more anthropomorphic and intervenient Jehovah of the Judeo-Christian tradition. As a considerable novelty, we shall see, the *Recollections* show God to be primarily interested in Sufis, granting Theo and his friends miraculous privilege and protection over the years. Along the same lines, true terrestrial happiness was probably unthinkable for Theo without the prospect of eternal life in some corporeal sense. Murshid, we read, "said farewell to this earthly existence" when in remote India, but his eyes had already taken leave of Theo back in Suresnes, "a farewell until a reunion in a better world." Mahtab van Hogendorp, Theo tells us, "was at last reunited with her Murshid," and he expresses the same expectation for Yussouf van Ingen. Inayat Khan believed in the reawakening of the soul from death to eternal life,²⁷² but Theo's references to

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meetings in the hereafter are surely also reflections of the Christian tenet of the resurrection of the body.

Theo van Hoorn was not the only Western Sufi who adulterated the Inayatian concept of God with Christian and/or Theosophic notions. No doubt many of his fellow mureeds had similar mental habits. We shall soon see, for instance, how Hayat Kluwer thanked God for introducing her to Murshid. We can find less innocent and more representative examples, however, reaching to the very top of the Sufi hierarchy. Especially Sirdar van Tuyll, who was for several years the National Representative of The Netherlands, sought continually to turn Murshid's immanent Allah, who permeates nature and is best experienced through mysticism, into a more traditional God who is best worshipped through the theology and ritual of organized religion.²⁷³

To be fair to Van Hoorn and his circle, Inayat Khan left the door wide open to misunderstanding on occasion, as is illustrated by the following passage from *The Inner Life*, Theo's favourite Sufi reading.

Now, as to the way in which man establishes this relationship, which is the most desirable to establish with God, what should he imagine? God as Father, as Creator, as Judge, as Forgiver, as Friend, or as Beloved? The answer is, that in every capacity of life we must give God the place that is demanded by the moment. When, crushed by the injustice, the coldness of the world, man looks at God, the perfection of Justice, he is no more agitated, his heart in no more disturbed, he consoles himself with the justice of God. He places the just God before him[self], and by this means he learns justice; the sense of justice awakens in his heart, and he sees things in quite a different light.²⁷⁴

Thinking in the Platonic tradition, Inayat Khan was advising his followers to develop efficacious mental images that might enable them to find solace in the inexhaustible fatherhood, beauty, justice, forgiveness, friendship and love that are embodied in their perfect essence in a God who is one with his creation, even though ultimately beyond it. It was to be expected, however, that many of his followers would lack the imagination to comprehend anything as abstract as justice permeating the universe, so that they would instead be confirmed in their familiar dualism of creation and creator, with the latter being a transcendent personage — as opposed to an immanent intelligence — who is endowed with qualities such as justice.²⁷⁵ That Murshid believed in an immanent God, but prayed as if addressing a distinct personality,²⁷⁶ can only have fuelled the confusion of his mureeds.

The interpretive challenges posed by some of Inayat Khan's pronouncements are perfectly illustrated by his colourful plea, voiced during the 1925 Summer School, that a Sufi temple had to be built in Suresnes, and nowhere else.

My blessed mureeds, when you look at things from a mystical point of view, you will realize the meaning of that verse in the scripture that says, 'Not one atom moves without the command of God.' When your Murshid was brought here, destiny settled him here. Spirits were moved to take this piece of ground, that a temple be made here. [...] Never think that if Murshid was offered the sultan's palace in Constantinople he would change it for his hut in Suresnes. Where a mystic sits, he sits; where he stands, he stands. [...] Things of great significance are beyond what we call our practical point of view.²⁷⁷

"The scripture" — which is loosely quoted in this instance — is the Koran (10: 61 or 34: 3): "Not an atom's weight in earth or heaven escapes your Lord [...]" In a closely contemporary discussion of "Spirit and Matter," Murshid explained what is involved:

We read in the scriptures that every atom moves by the command of God. In other words, behind everything that exists, be it large or small, in every motion it makes, even the slightest, there is the hand of the Spirit. It cannot move or act otherwise. Jelal-ud-Din Rumi describes this in his *Masnavi*, where he says that fire, water, air and earth all seem to man to be dead things, but before God they are living beings, ready to answer his will.²⁷⁸

If all things answer to God's will, then nothing can be accidental and everything must have some higher purpose. Taken literally, this means that wherever a mystic ends up sitting or standing will necessarily be his place of destiny. That is hardly a proposition to conjure with, leave alone to have people reach for their wallets. Inayat Khan was a poet, however, and presumably intended to suggest that if mere atoms move for good reason, the significance of his own migration to Suresnes had to be momentous indeed. His followers, on the other hand, were likely to read right over the Muslim determinism and understand that God had brought Western Sufism to Suresnes just as surely as He led the chosen people to Canaan. As Theo van Hoorn put it in his "Younger Generation" chapter: "Is it not as if Murshid not only saw the promised land [...] but actually entered it, a privilege denied even to Moses?"

Inayat Khan's call on God and destiny was echoed in the summer of 1956 by a next generation of Sufi leadership. When only one last, desperate legal appeal held off the expropriation and destruction of Suresnes' Sufi Land, the Research Committee of International Headquarters in Geneva concluded fatalistically that "whatever comes to pass will be His Will, and therefore also the Will of our Master."²⁷⁹ Murshid, it would appear, had posthumously converted from Islamic determinism to Calvinistic predestination. Nor was this an isolated slip or careless metaphor. When, shortly before Theo's death in September of 1957, the last Sufi hopes for the future of Suresnes had been dashed, an anonymous Dutch spokesman for International Headquarters told his distressed fellow mureeds that "it is no use clinging desperately to the past. The Sufi Movement will have to look to the future and trust in Almighty God to ordain all things for the better in the end."²⁸⁰ Here, surely, we have reencountered Theo van Hoorn's providential God, who can be counted on to look after Sufis.

The Dutch word "tenslotte" (meaning "finally," "ultimately," or "in the end") used by our anonymous spokesman implies some kind of final reckoning. Theo van Hoorn heeded Murshid and resolutely excluded the Judgement Day, but our unknown Sufi eminence may not have got that far. Certainly Vilayat Inayat Khan had not, when, in the winter of 1956, he struck a transcendental blow below the belt of Kadir van Lohuizen.

In the light of these considerations, I would take the liberty of advising you some deep reflection upon the moral issues, for you know that God is the great Witness, to Whom we [shall] all have to render account one day [...].²⁸¹

Compared to a gaffe of this magnitude on the part of Murshid's own son, Theo's minor lapses may be forgiven.

The Religion of Healthy-Mindedness

Theo van Hoorn's newfound optimism was bound to find expression in his history writing. It is very much a romantic optimism that sets the tone, with Van Hoorn soon becoming his own romantic hero. Almost everything seems to happen to him for some higher reason — Murshid's "cause behind the cause" — related to the future of Sufism or to his own unique Sufi mission. He repeatedly dwells on the self-doubt that made the eventual triumph of his distinctive genius all the more memorable. Even the world-shaking events of the Second World War become, quite explicitly, the turbulent backdrop to his own personal but equally epic struggle to record his Sufi recollections. The hunger winter was horrible;

Theo would have granted you that. But his immediate family was miraculously protected so that he might have that unique, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to clear his days for his glorious avocation.

Fixated people tend to take life too seriously, and Theo van Hoorn was no exception. Levity is rarely allowed and never applies to his own person. Self-mockery is altogether outside his range. Nor are sarcasm, pessimism or the absurd worthy of his mission in life. Instead he is like a middle-aged Candide, who repeatedly concludes that things have been for the better. Read his mind in the gardens of La Mortola in January of 1922, after a harrowing decade: "I believe that my predominant feelings may be characterized as inexpressibly enormous gratitude for life and all that had come my way in the form of privilege and protection." Similarly, survival in Vinkeveen had its nasty patches but still "the four of us [are] agreed that time and again our small community enjoys a measure of protection that can only surprise and delight us."

Most tellingly, listen to Theo in Amsterdam in May of 1945. He is gratified to see his beloved native city still largely intact.

And this grateful mood only increases when I am able to locate almost all my friends and acquaintances, who have braved cold and hunger to stay alive. Sadly many of them, especially the older ones have changed almost beyond recognition. [...] In these days I reencounter many mureeds who have survived. Dildar, Monie, Fatimah, all still in their own surroundings. What wonderful protection Amsterdam and her population have been granted in these months!

Clearly, Theo is talking nonsense here. Sufis changed almost beyond recognition by hardship cannot truly be said to have enjoyed wonderful protection. Even less is Theo talking about Amsterdam's population at large. The city did see damage beyond the felled trees and damaged bridge railings spotted by Theo. Especially the Jewish quarter, near the Waterlooplein, suffered horrendously. Theo also knew all about the terrible famine that had just scourged the city.²⁸² Writing about five months before, he observed that "hundreds of thousands will face death by starvation." At that time, however, his hyperbolic but otherwise accurate prediction served as contrast to the godsend Vinkeveen protection of "a substantial harvest of beans and peas but also a decent quantity of potatoes" as well as "a daily supply of cabbage and beets, impossible to come by in the city [...]" Returning to Amsterdam, the unmentionable demise of so many people made the survival of Dildar Hartzuiker and the others all the more miraculous.

Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist

Theo van Hoorn's romantic optimism brings to mind the great William James (1842-1910) and his two brilliant lectures on "The Religion of Healthy-Mindedness."²⁸³ Obviously, Hazrat Inayat Khan was advocating a kind of mental hygiene whenever he guided his disciples away from the mud and misery of self-involvement and toward the beauty and harmony of the universe.²⁸⁴ But though Theo appreciated Murshid's message of redemption through Beauty, the applied optimism of the *Recollections* is also reminiscent of the gospel of the Protestant "New Thought" movement that swept America in the late nineteenth century.²⁸⁵

Western Sufism was not an offspring of American New Thought, but the similarities between the two movements warrant close attention with respect to Theo van Hoorn, if only because New Thought was the first stream of Protestantism to embrace methodical mysticism. I believe it was William James who first identified it as "a genuine religious power," with the four Gospels, Emersonian or New England transcendentalism, Berkeleyan idealism, spiritualism, the optimistic popular Science evolution and Hinduism as its varied doctrinal sources.

But the most characteristic feature of the mind-cure movement is an inspiration much more direct. The leaders in this faith have an intuitive belief in the all-saving power of healthy-minded attitudes as such, in the conquering efficacy of courage, hope, and trust, and a correlative contempt for doubt, fear, worry, and all nervously precautionary states of mind.²⁸⁶

Armed with its resolute optimism, New Thought turned against the traditional Christian dogma of original sin and the "chronic anxiety" that it had engendered "in the evangelical circles of England and America,"²⁸⁷ so that James was able to reproduce personal accounts of dramatic conversions from the old sickness of the soul to the new healthy-mindedness.²⁸⁸ Clearly something closely analogous was at work with Theo van Hoorn when he renounced his Baptist pessimism in favour of the "more hopeful fate" promised by Hazrat Inayat Khan. But it is especially when Theo writes about the relevance of Sufi mental discipline to modern commercial life that he reveals a close kinship with key New Thought figures such as Horatio W. Dresser (1866-1954) and Ralph Waldo Trine (1866-1958).²⁸⁹ What is interesting about Theo, however, is that he can relapse to his former pessimistic self, which he dreads more than despises. At times his memoirs read like a battle of virtues and vices, with Sufi courage, hope and trust pitted against the doubt, fear and worry of his Baptist background.

Theo van Hoorn knew the USA very little intellectually and not at all physically, so that we can hardly claim him for the New Thought movement. Still, he was probably touched by it. A key exposition of New Thought doctrine, Ralph

Waldo Trine's *In Tune with the Infinite*, was translated into Dutch in the first years of the twentieth century. A second edition followed almost at once, proving its popularity.²⁹⁰ In addition, two competing London centres claiming to represent the New Thought movement advertised in Inayat Khan's *Sufi...Quarterly* of 1915 to 1919.²⁹¹ This suggests that Murshid himself perceived a community of interest between Sufism and New Thought, of which he may have become aware while travelling in America early in the decade. Thus, in a belated and relatively independent way, and with the teachings of Hazrat Inayat Khan as his personal doctrinal departure point, Van Hoorn can be seen to have been a remote Dutch cousin of the great transatlantic New Thought family.

Even if we assume that Theo van Hoorn was unaware of the New Thought movement, he still belongs with William James' many and varied case studies of "the tendency which looks on all things and sees that they are good."²⁹² Surprisingly, however, positive thinking did not come naturally to Theo, as he confesses at the absolute ebb in the Allied fortunes of war:

It is in those days that I am hit by a wave of depression and hypochondria, which run, remotely, in my family. Reason and resistance do not help. Impotence is the bane of such a frame of mind. Temporarily everything seems pointless. My wife, who has run into these moods before and has always countered them with cheerful and trusting optimism, consoles me with quiet sympathy and redoubled dedication. She is always totally convinced that everything will turn out alright.

We see that the Van Hoorn marriage included the two major Jamesian categories of healthy-mindedness, the "involuntary" and "systematic" varieties. For Dien, healthy-mindedness was "a way of feeling happy about things immediately." With Theo, it was "an abstract way of conceiving of things as good."²⁹³

The plot thickens as James explains that "systematic healthy-mindedness, conceiving good as the essential and universal aspect of being, deliberately excludes evil from its field of vision."²⁹⁴ Going by that definition, the gap between New Thought and Western Sufism narrows precariously, as Hazrat Inayat Khan also saw good as a universal verity while arguing that evil does not exist!

In ancient times many have tried to help the imagination of those who sought goodness by teaching them belief in Satan, saying that God is all goodness and Satan all badness. [...] In reality badness is only the shadow of goodness, and as a shadow is non-existent[,] so evil is non-existent.²⁹⁵

Inayat Khan said this repeatedly, allowing for no significant exceptions. Of course, neither shadows nor evils are literally non-existent; Murshid presumably intended to say that they are *insubstantial*. He characterized evil as an incidental shortfall of good that we should put behind us as quickly as possible in our ongoing pursuit of essential goodness. He was able to accommodate even the First World War to this way of thinking by taking it for a kind of collective folly that the wisdom of Sufism could combat in the present and overcome in the future.²⁹⁶ Truth be told, one can hardly get more systematically healthy-minded than that.

Even so, Hazrat Inayat Khan differed substantially from the nominally-Christian positive thinkers of his time. Their optimistic new faith, which centred on the pursuit of health, wealth and happiness, evolved in reaction to a pessimistic obsession with sin and its consequences on the part of a preceding generation of Protestants. Inayat Khan, by contrast, hardly needed to get past sin because it scarcely figured in his intellectual tradition. In virtually equating God and goodness with love, harmony and beauty, he was building on his Sufi heritage, not trying to negate it. Health and happiness, for him, were not ends in themselves but byproducts of spiritual growth, and though he appreciated ancestral wealth and privilege, he had no use for the pervasive Western materialism that he had encountered in America.

Most importantly, Western Sufism was not a faith, like New Thought. Inayat Khan did not intend to provide large numbers of people with guidelines on how best to think or behave, so that it is a mistake to interpret his pronouncements on the nature of good and evil in terms of “message,” along the lines of the bodies of truth disseminated by sundry Christian denominations or his own equally moralistic Muslim religion. Inayat Khan was thinking in the context of *mysticism*, with its very specific and highly personal “esoteric” discipline and psychological training of adepts “on the path” in its own law, superior to the “law of science” and “the law of morals,” the question being what position the individual mureed ought to take with respect to the afflictions of life.²⁹⁷ Though he stated his concepts in general terms, he nevertheless conceived of them as being attainable only by “advanced souls.”²⁹⁸

Naturally, the transition from the rigours of the time-hallowed adept-discipline cultivated by Inayat Khan to the dreams of a twentieth-century world-message pursued by his Theosophical “leading followers,”²⁹⁹ had a thoroughly disruptive effect, with Murshid seen to be proclaiming precepts for humanity in general and with the modernizing relativization of his thinking lost from sight. Theo van Hoorn, for instance, clearly interpreted Murshid’s pronouncement that “the natural state of man is happiness” as having implications far beyond the spiritual maturation of individual Sufi initiates. And the confusion is understandable. For when a mystic goes into the business of lecturing to groups

of people, including marginal adepts, he is too easily seen to be a “preacher,” as Theo van Hoorn actually calls Murshid on several occasions. In other words, the realities of Western Sufism as they had evolved by the mid-1920s, virtually condemned Murshid to courting misunderstanding.

Putting aside speculation about the precise origins and constitution of Theo van Hoorn’s healthy-mindedness, it is undeniable that his history writing excludes unpleasant matters from consideration, concentrating instead on the fundamental rightness of things. There are all sorts of unfortunate things that Theo does not mention, starting with the horrors of the First World War (1914 to 1918), which overlapped substantially with his own four years of professional training (1913 to 1917). True, the Dutch managed to remain neutral during that great cataclysm, but a flood of Belgian refugees arrived at its beginning, and the poor went hungry near its end. Theo must also have known that countless young men in nearby Flanders would gladly have traded places with him. And if all that was not worth mentioning, did Theo consider how difficult the war years must have been for Inayat Khan, as a man of peace stranded in an England where the word “peace” had come to mean “appeasement”? It seems unlikely. As we shall see, Theo was little attuned to Murshid’s trials and tribulations.

The Great War brought with it the so-called Spanish Influenza (1918-1919), a monstrous pandemic which originated in America and was not a flu at all. Though it killed about thirty thousand Dutchmen (as opposed to ten million Indians), it did not extract one word from Theo van Hoorn. Later in date we have the complete erasure of Theo’s handicapped son Frank and of his troubled brothers Rein and Piet. Arguably lesser excluded items include the sundry Sufi divorces, most notably that of his good friend Moenie Kramer and the architect Musawwir (Piet) Kramer (1881-1961),³⁰⁰ Manohary Voûte’s years-long battle with tuberculosis,³⁰¹ and the permanent emotional collapse of Pirani Ameena Begum (1892-1949) after the death of her husband Inayat Khan in 1927. Theo managed to disregard the latter tragedy even though it was right under his nose when he visited “Fazal Manzil” in the late summer of 1937.

It is also perplexing that a social study of the interwar years, especially one written by an accountant who had asked for *Das Kapital* as his essay prize in 1917, should ignore the Great Crash of 1929, an economic earthquake that caused widespread misery and shook the very fundamentals of capitalism. Its tremors reached the ranks of the Sufis, including Theo van Hoorn himself, but not the pages of the *Recollections*.³⁰² Only a few lines in Theo’s “HIRO” chapter hint at the social ferment of the Great Depression — or “the crisis years,” as the Dutch call them descriptively — whereas several paragraphs celebrate the steady growth of the Sufi Movement.

Theo van Hoorn did include a mishmash of information about the global conduct and local impact of World War II, all of it presumably needed to convey the full extent of the threat posed by National Socialism to Western civilization and its finest flower, Western Sufism. Even so, Theo was being selective. For instance, he must have mourned with his fellow Sufis when Robert Blaauw, a son of Kafia Blaauw-Robertson, was shot by the Germans in the summer of 1943,³⁰³ but he somehow lost sight of that tragic death while recalling the positive turn of world events of that time. Similarly, Theo mentions in “Victory” that his sister-in-law Lucie is “beginning to recover from her serious breakdown.” The reader has learned to care about this compassionate and holistic physician while reading “The Samadhi Silences” and would therefore love to know what happened to her. We may surmise that the acute misery of the past few years engulfed both her medical practice and Sufi optimism, but the *Recollections* do not tell.³⁰⁴

More importantly, Theo van Hoorn kept silent about the most sinister aspect of the war, namely, the destruction of the European Jews or, as it figured in his personal experience, the Jewish community of Amsterdam.³⁰⁵ This distressing subject is illustrated by the fate of about fifty Jewish members of the VAS, Theo’s principal chess club. Unlike the inhabitants of Amsterdam’s Jewish quarter, these individuals were generally part of a professional or commercial elite that lived interspersed with the rest of the city’s comfortable middle classes. A stellar example is the aforementioned Emanuel van Dien, the VAS Honorary Chairman and Holland’s very first accountant, who resided on the De Lairesestraat, close to Theo’s former residence on the Johannes Verhulststraat and across the street from Paul’s Montessori school.³⁰⁶ The VAS had a prestigious Van Dien Cup, which was awarded annually for the best match of the year. In 1924, for instance, it was presented to Benjamin Frank (1892-1942?), who later became the tournament physician of Alexander Alekhine, Theo’s hero.³⁰⁷ In the VAS matches of the 1923 to 1924 winter season, *dokter* Frank beat Theo van Hoorn in twenty-six moves, as discussed by Boudewijn van Trotsenburg in the *Algemeen Handelsblad* newspaper of 1 March 1924. In short, the VAS was a prominent model of tolerance, which — in a spirit related to Sufism — united two races and several religious convictions in a social pursuit of the abstract beauties of chess.

Van Dien and the others were made to leave the VAS on 22 October 1941 by “decree no. 199,” which prohibited all club membership for Jews.³⁰⁸ The occupying authorities actually published such edicts in the newspapers of the time. People complied because it was both dangerous and pointless to object.³⁰⁹ It would be absurd, therefore, to blame Theo van Hoorn for making his fellow chess-players stay at home. In addition, Theo may have ceased to be a regular at the VAS by 1941, so that the absence of almost a third of the club’s membership may not have made much of an impression on him. In truth, no one would be likely to

take notice today if it were not that many of the expelled VAS members were subsequently deported and ended up perishing in sundry Nazi death camps.

Though the appalling facts had been fully documented within two years of the war,³¹⁰ the systematic extermination of millions of human beings would still have been altogether unthinkable and unimaginable when Theo van Hoorn was writing his *Recollections* during the winter of 1944-45. Even so, Theo must have been aware of the methodical and public removal of countless Jews and numerous gentiles from Amsterdam during the three war years preceding his move to Vinkeveen. In addition, his comments on a notorious political camp near Amersfoort establish that he had no illusions about the Nazis as jail keepers. It was not for nothing that courageous people were hiding Jews at the time! Just one sentence acknowledging the disappearance of many thousands of men, women and children into a menacing void, would have added an important moral dimension to the *Recollections* as an historical record.³¹¹

I do not think that Van Hoorn failed to write that sentence because he did not care or — much the same thing — because he forgot. Nor is it likely to have been fear of reprisal that held him back, as he would scarcely have incurred additional risk by adding a few telling words to his clandestine manuscript. Almost certainly, knowing Van Hoorn, he shied away from the subject because it defied positive thinking. Note, also, that he nowhere mentions the VAS in any context, whether positive or negative, indicating that he believed his chess club to be extraneous to his Sufism. That conviction, for what it was worth, helped him to disregard the one aspect of the war that might have proved a formidable obstacle to his determined healthy-mindedness.

Even for someone who is spared knowledge of an industrialized descent into hell for millions, death may still be the least palatable reality of all. Theo van Hoorn avoids the subject completely with respect to his biological family and as much as possible in connection with his Sufi one. Obviously the passing of Hazrat Inayat Khan could not be ignored, but Theo stresses the rightness, tranquillity and beauty of Murshid's remote departure. Nor could Mahtab van Hogendorp's deathbed be excluded, because she proved strong and lucid enough in her last days to make an essential contribution to the *Recollections*. Theo also touches on the death of Mahtab's daughter Lakmé, and he mentions, early on, that "Murshidas Goodenough, Fazal Mai Egeling, and Green [are] already gone," but nothing else of the kind sounds a troubling note in the entire book.

The one great exception to the rule is the sad demise of Yussouf van Ingen. Theo knew precisely how *jonkheer* Carel van Ingen had died, as did everyone with an interest in sensational crimes at the time. Though almost unthinkable in those more law-abiding days, the inebriated general manager of Yussouf's own tile and

brick factory shot him in his head and heart in the early morning of 5 September 1933. This well-dressed, middle-aged, financially comfortable, and respectably married gentleman of German nationality had a rendezvous with a German maid employed by the household but wandered into the bedroom of Van Ingen, who was not expected to return from Amsterdam until the next day.³¹²

De Telegraaf of 6 September reports that during questioning by the police, the killer “had volunteered that he would have given his life so that this might be undone, as he and *jonkheer* van Ingen had been good friends.” There is macabre irony here, given Theo’s claim in his “Haras de Longchamp” chapter that “Yussouf was one of those rare figures who made friends for life wherever he went.” But Theo was not a man for irony and saw no beauty or harmony in such tawdry and arbitrary events. For if a provident God grants miraculous protection to Sufis, what on earth was He doing when Yussouf was shot? Perhaps most distressing from a Sufi point of view was that Yussouf’s tragic flaw had been a lack of balance. The same man who managed to defuse numerous Suresnes quarrels over the preceding decade, had continued to argue with his manager and even punched him in the face after he had worked him out of his home and off his property.³¹³ Knowing Theo’s concern with self-control and strategic silence, we can imagine how he must have cringed and despaired every time his thoughts turned involuntarily to the folly and waste of a man he and others had loved so dearly.³¹⁴

Talking about Yussouf in “Haras de Longchamp,” Theo still asks rhetorically: “Who knows of what great things he might have been capable had not a violent death put an end to his life in 1935, at a relatively young age?” But when he gets around to that death in “Yussouf van Ingen,” Theo avoids the violence by alluding euphemistically to Yussouf’s “sudden passing” and concentrating instead on gloomy but soothing speculation about his friend’s premonitions of his own death and passage to the spheres, complete with a poetic reference to Richard Wagner’s “Song to the Evening Star.” In this way Theo turned an ugly and senseless death into a beautiful and meaningful one while leaving Yussouf’s status as a true Sufi untarnished. As evidence of his horror of the actual events, Theo reports that “it was in the summer days of 1935 that I saw Yussouf for the last time.” The twice-repeated incorrect year guarantees that it is no typographic error. It is the only important chronological lapse of the entire *Recollections*.

What about Theo van Hoorn’s family members? Why could he not admit that Murshid was doubly needed in 1923, given the recent suicide of young Reinhard and the ongoing calamity of baby Frank? Assuming one simply did not talk about such things back in the 1940s, why could Theo not have mentioned that the radiant summer of 1937 had ended with the sad death of his dear brother Piet?

Surely there was something for Theo to be learned about the workings of fate. And assuming there was, why was he not prepared to share it with his readers?

In such instances, it appears, Theo van Hoorn's pervasive healthy-mindedness was complicated by a fundamental incompatibility between his understanding of Sufi ideas and his conception of his Sufi mission. Of all the mureeds of Western Sufism, only Theo undertook to synthesize a fragmentary biography of Hazrat Inayat Khan with a far-reaching autobiography centred on life in the Movement, so that Theo alone faced the problem of having to reconcile the Sufi ideal of *fanà*, or passing beyond the empirical,³¹⁵ with an art form — the memoir — that invites self-involvement. The outcome of his struggle was an historical record that is very much an ego document in that Van Hoorn, not Inayat Khan, is on stage most of the time. Theo included all sorts of mundane or outright inconsequential information about his own movements and circumstances, all of it admissible because he was on his way to Sufi enlightenment or acting on behalf of the Sufi Movement, and yet he ignored crucial relationships and tragic milestones in his life because he did not intend his *Recollections* to be about himself, but about Inayat Khan and Western Sufism.

Nowhere is this paradox more evident than with Van Hoorn's "Episode," which is entirely about himself and not at all about Murshid. Theo justifies the inclusion of this straightforwardly autobiographical material by splicing it into the middle of his review of the genesis of his *Recollections* and then arguing that his wife had astutely come to appreciate how his years of struggle with tuberculosis had equipped him to become the best possible chronicler of Western Sufism. She somehow manages to convey this belief via her subconscious to his subconscious, giving him the portentous dream that helps motivate him to commence his Sufi memoirs. It is a desperate contrivance, but Theo apparently thought it preferable to admitting that his trials and tribulations were worthy of consideration for their own sake.

Both Hazrat Inayat Khan and Theodoor van Hoorn were positive thinkers, but Theo was burdened by a residual sense of evil that was foreign to his Murshid. No doubt this dissimilarity was rooted in the differing backgrounds and natures of the two men, but it must have been intensified by their respective lives. Inayat Khan died in 1927, whereas Van Hoorn lived to experience the Second World War. It is true that Murshid had felt the horrors of the Great War and yet accommodated them to his profound optimism,³¹⁶ but Theo's experience with its successor was fundamentally different. Not only did National Socialism literally invade his beloved Suresnes and Amsterdam, but its obscene excesses were highly deliberate and overwhelmingly associated with one man who still personifies evil for most of us.

Understandably, therefore, Theo returns to approximate Baptist form only in connection with Ozymandias, being Adolf Hitler, who ends up “so to speak, cast into the hell that he made such a horrible reality for so many millions on earth.” The qualifying “so to speak” is highly significant in that the same man who seems oblivious of metaphor in the context of Western literature or Inayatian writings, is letting us know that he is speaking figuratively in this instance. Theo was likely deferring to Inayat Khan’s insistence that evil does not truly exist, that no one is entirely devoid of goodness, and that to understand all is to forgive all.³¹⁷ But Theo had seen Ozymandias and his henchmen in action, and a part of him knew that evil can be terribly real, virtually absolute and totally unforgivable.

With depravity vanquished and Sufism restored, Theo admits that he has spent the last few years of his life under a monstrous cloud of fear and apprehension that has at last lifted. Then, in an abrupt turn-about, he lays claim to a more fundamental experience of the primacy of goodness.

But for me, through all these years, there has always been that other voice, which throughout the dark days consistently brought the comfort and trust that have now triumphed over need and terror.

Having regained his precious Sufi balance, Theo hung on to it for dear life. Treating the conclusion date of his *Recollections* as a kind of heuristic Maginot line, he resolutely excluded all the disasters of the following decade.

The first post-war year brought the disgrace and death of Alexander Alekhine and the worst possible tidings about many of those Amsterdam chess-players whose departure Theo had failed to mention, but whose return he must have hoped for fervently. The same ill winds carried news about the tragic fate of Noor-un-Nisa Inayat Khan, alias Madeleine (1914-1944). The events have become legendary well beyond Sufi circles and are now discussed in detail online. In fact, Noor has become an even greater celebrity than her father. Though deeply spiritual and a confirmed pacifist, she did in time commit herself to the Allied war effort. Trained as a wireless operator in London, she was parachuted into France in 1943. After three months of heroic work, she was betrayed. Tortured by the Gestapo, she was executed in Dachau on 12 or 13 September 1944, shortly before Theo commenced his recollections of her father.

Theo had watched Noor grow up from a child of ten to a young woman of twenty-three, and he knew her well. News of her death may not have reached Holland by the time he signed off on 5 July 1945,³¹⁸ but what if it had not? If anything should have compelled Theo to amend his *Recollections* during the decade that he continued to add chapters, it was surely the heroic and heartbreaking death of Murshid’s oldest child. But this particular death was also horribly wrong and total

anathema to Theo's healthy-mindedness. No wonder he preferred to leave Noor where he had last seen her in happier days, graciously welcoming him at the front door to "Fazal Manzil" in the summer of 1937.

Still another calamity that Theo chose to exclude was the death of Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Pyarumir Maheboob Khan, which caused great consternation and badly destabilized Western Sufism. Theo clearly had profound respect and deep regard for Murshid's brother and successor as leader of the Sufi Movement, whom he mentions dozens of times in the *Recollections*. Maheboob was only sixty-one years old and the picture of health when he died suddenly of a heart attack in The Hague on Saturday, 3 July 1948. Given the nature of the Sufi world, Van Hoorn must have attended the funeral on the following Thursday. Though that was well after the events (1926 to 1933) and time of writing (1944 to 1945) of Theo's "Maheboob Khan" chapter, it was also a year before he wrote his "Architecture," in which he returned to the Summer School of 1925, with Maheboob still alive and well. That not one line or footnote records his death, is surely a statement of sorts.

With Maheboob gone, Fate and Folly soon joined forces to dash Theo's fond hopes for a restored Suresnes and unified Western Sufism under the leadership of Vilayat Inayat Khan.³¹⁹ To make things worse, Ozymandias had barely bitten the dust when new clouds of belligerence began to darken the sky. The Indonesian War of Independence (1945-1949) claimed a second son of Kafia Blaauw-Robertson,³²⁰ whereas the Cold War (1945-1991) drove Sirkar van Stolk and Wazir van Essen to remote South Africa.³²¹ Particularly the loss of Sirkar, Theo's confidant of many years, must have weighed heavily on him. Presumably less distressing but all the more embarrassing was the failure of his marriage to the indispensable soul mate who had guided him through the dark years and inspired him to write his Sufi memoirs. But Theo was to admit to none of it, clinging instead to his remembrances of an intelligible world in which all had been well because all had ended well. Seen in this light, the *Recollections* are truly a monument to one man's religion of healthy-mindedness.

The Murshid Who Never Was

A combination of late Romanticism, Christianity and Sufism makes for a rich broth, but it still does not suffice to explain all of Theo van Hoorn's picture of Hazrat Inayat Khan. A fourth important ingredient was Theosophy. Theo himself reports that he was a belated Romantic, lapsed Baptist and dedicated Sufi, but he mentions Theosophists only in passing, as people who are on the right track but who have yet to see the superior light of Murshid. It is likely, however, that Theo was more familiar with Theosophy than he was prepared admit in his capacity of

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loyal supporter of the Sufi Movement. Anyone who, by the late teens, had “read a great deal” about Buddha’s followers, could hardly have got around Madame Blavatsky’s *The Voice of Silence* of 1889, which came out as *De stem van de stilte* in 1907.³²² Significantly, “De stem van de stilte” is also the title of one of Van Hoorn’s most mystical chapters.

In addition, Theo informs us that he examined all sorts of things that have nothing to do with Baptism but that do suggest a Theosophical orientation.

And then the following proposition occurs to me: Could it be that Goethe was so universal in this respect that in the cramped atmosphere of Weimar life, he turned his attention increasingly to the East, so that I, who had been so immersed for so many years in his work and personality, saw within myself the occasional manifestation and eventual fruition of an interest in the East, in the mysterious figure of Buddha, in the long-gone atmosphere of Baghdad and the inaccessible highlands of Tibet, which I had visited so often in so many travel accounts?³²³ And can this explain how, after so many spiritual peregrinations, I appear to have found rest in Murshid’s Sufism?

We also know that Theo’s wealthy and slightly older brother-in-law Hendrik van Hoorn was a prominent Theosophist.³²⁴ This may well have led to fertile discussions around the time that Theo married Hendrik’s sister Dien. Finally, Theo’s decades of exposure to former Theosophists were bound to effect his view of Murshid and his Sufism.³²⁵

It should be said that there was one aspect of Theosophy that does not appear to have interested Theo van Hoorn and his fellow mureeds any more than it occupied Hazrat Inayat Khan, namely, racial theory. Murshid explicitly welcomed people regardless of nationality, race, creed, or class to his Sufism. Helena Blavatsky also professed to believe in a Universal Brotherhood of humanity, but she often thought in terms of racial evolution and hierarchy, connecting physical race with spiritual attributes. I do not know of a single Sufi who erred in this way, indicating that it was one realm in which Inayat Khan effectively rooted out all misunderstanding. Significantly, Sufism was forbidden by the Nazis because it embraced Judaism and had no ideological affinity with National Socialism.

There can be no doubt about the survival of other aspects of Theosophical thinking within Western Sufism, however. To begin with, there was numerology, a subject I will touch on later, in connection with the evolving structure of the Sufi Order. Suffice it to say for now that neither Hazrat Inayat Khan nor Theo van

Hoorn showed any interest in such speculation. Less harmless and more tenacious was the Theosophical belief in reincarnation, which Murshid did not share³²⁶ but which he never effectively discouraged.³²⁷ Sirkar van Stolk, for instance, managed to remain partial to the notion to the end of his life, arguing that Murshid had believed in reincarnation but avoided talking about it because the subject tends to distract people from living in the present.³²⁸ Sirkar's position could reflect the deliberations of Sirdar van Tuyll, who had published on the topic back in 1923, when he could still have sought guidance from Murshid himself. Sirdar observes that "the books of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan do not give a clear answer to the question of karma and re-incarnation" and eventually concludes that what matters is "a life of surrendering to God," so that "neither the law of karma nor the doctrine of re-incarnation has therefore any importance to the Sufi." But Sirdar also assures us that "of course it lies in God's Hand and one [individual] perhaps will re-incarnate and another will not. But all things are possible with God; and as one can touch the ever-living Presence of God in one's heart, all possibilities and paths of development are open for one."³²⁹

Here we have a combination of everything Sirdar van Tuyll needed to believe in, a composite Western and Eastern God who resides in the Sufi heart and decides in His infinite wisdom who gets to come back to earth in another body. Sirdar could have beaten Sophia Saintsbury-Green (died 1939) to a book about "the Sufi Message as I see it," which would have become still another link in a chain of interpretive volumes which assume that the lucid and profound words of Hazrat Inayat Khan are not enough, so that the world needs to be told what he meant to say or ought to have said.

Be that as it may, there is no suggestion of reincarnation in Theo van Hoorn's *Recollections*. Perhaps it was the uniquely Baptist aspect of his background that somehow inoculated him against that particular misinterpretation of certain Hindu-Buddhist concepts. But Theo does appear to have contracted a bad case of the Avataristic Messianism of the Theosophists. The most celebrated example of this phenomenon was Jiddu Krishnamurti, a brilliant protégé of Annie Besant (Annie Wood: 1847-1933), the Adyar-based second international president of the Theosophical Society, whose newly-created World Order of the Star in the East began to promote the boy as a "world teacher" by 1911. The notion of Hazrat Inayat Khan as world teacher must have arisen only slightly later, as it can be traced back to London of the mid-teens. In fact, there was almost certainly a direct connection. Sophia Saintsbury-Green was a friend and former associate of Annie Besant and presumably envied the apotheosis of Krishnamurti,³³⁰ so that the Murshida emulated it in her own promotion of Inayat Khan. As might be expected, this development was resented by his Christian followers — notably

Zohra (Mary) Williams, who soon withdrew from the Movement altogether — as well as by his Muslim friends.³³¹

Inayat Khan would not have dreamt of advancing himself in competition with Jesus, or any other great master, but within three years of his death,³³² Murshida Green thoroughly sanctified him in her *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*.³³³ She orchestrated a sequence of ascendant movements entitled “The Man,” “The Murshid,” “The Saint,” “The Master” and “The Prophet,” referring to Murshid with a degree of reverence that one might sooner expect in connection with Jesus Christ than with a modern mystic. Almost every paragraph of Murshida Green’s virtuoso performance begs to be quoted, but I start with the great crescendo of her final chapter.

Always there has been a Divine Embodiment of Truth suited to the evolution of the world at that time; and not erroneously does the Hindu Religion speak of the Divine Incarnations guiding the Cosmic Changes even in the pre-human Ages. To such embodiments the name of Saviour or Messenger has been given by those to whom They came, and in the Name men have seen the Object of their adoration, oblivious of the One-ness of the Light They brought. It was in this sense that the Master was the Messenger, and in this sense He was Divine and Human both; the Bodhisatva, the Rassoul, the Christ, the human vehicle bearing the Light ‘that lighteth every man that cometh into the World’; the Spirit of Guidance which is the Searchlight pouring from the bared Heart of God in Manifestation.³³⁴

Bodhisattva (with two t’s) is Sanskrit for “one whose essence is perfect knowledge” or “one who is on the way to the attainment of perfect knowledge.” It can be used in connection with any number of Buddhist saints, but it especially the name of Gautama Buddha himself.³³⁵ Rasul refers to “the one who represents God’s perfection through human limitation,” being the prophet Muhammad as “messenger.”³³⁶ Jesus Christ, of course, is the Christian exemplar of such spiritual excellence. In short, Murshida Green is alluding to a kind of Buddhist-Islamic-Christian unity of revelation, with Hazrat Inayat Khan as a Divine Embodiment of Truth and a Messenger of God. To use the more customary and less neo-Christian terminology of Murshida Green’s Theosophist contemporaries, Murshid was a “world teacher.”

Predictably, given her Anglican childhood, Inayat Khan’s resemblance to Jesus Christ is the key to Murshida Green’s exposition. Like Christ, Murshid was a great healer, who cured “the disciple” (as the Murshida calls herself throughout

her slim volume) even though “four doctors gave it as their verdict that without an operation, no cure was possible.”³³⁷ Shortly before that momentous event, she had “perceived a large circle or disc of white light” similar to one she had seen a year before, “when lecturing on the universal expectation of the second Coming of Christ.”³³⁸ Much like Christ, Murshid had a “heart overburdened and borne down by the sins of the world.”³³⁹ Though Murshida Green could not reasonably claim that Murshid had died on the cross to atone for those sins, she made a valiant attempt to evade even that obstacle.

Truly it was a *Viâ Crucis* that He trod, though it was not a visible cross that He was to bear as He passed through the jostling crowds of men, calling as of old His own in every land, and otherwise unnoticed and unknown.³⁴⁰

After Murshida Green and a fellow disciple have seen Murshid stand beneath a fir tree that bent and swayed on a windless day, “one of them says, upon a breath of awe: ‘It is as if we saw Him bear the Cross as once before men saw it borne in royal Humility before their eyes.’”³⁴¹

Nobody has ever been able to match Sophia Saintsbury-Green’s combination of wayward learning, contrived connections, effulgent prose and abuse of capital letters, but other, simpler souls expressed much the same dubious sentiments. Hayat Kluwer, who wrote the contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection that Theo van Hoorn professed most to admire, explicitly made Murshid the new embodiment of divine Grace:

While we were calmly waiting, I suddenly felt a physical pain in my heart and, looking over my shoulder, I saw Murshid, who strode through the hall and looked at me. A great and powerful feeling coursed through me. Things became very quiet inside me and my entire being said ‘yes’ to this encounter. What did Murshid talk about? I really can’t say. I probably only half listened. But I felt enveloped in an atmosphere in which I felt completely at home. ‘Oh God, this is what my soul has yearned for; this is Mercy. I thank you for this meeting.’

Hayat closed her short essay with a consideration of what Murshid had meant to her over the few years that she had known him.

Sometimes my father, then again my spiritual Leader, often a faithful Friend, another time my King. But he was ever the most

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perfect embodiment of humankind on earth, in the same way that Jesus Christ had been for me since childhood.

Moenie Kramer, who was particularly close to Theo van Hoorn, also professed to have known Murshid as her friend and King, one who could light up a room and perform a great miracle on occasion. Murshid, she believed, was destined to come, as “the times [had] cried out for the aid of a Messiah.”³⁴²

We see that for Murshida Green, Hayat Kluwer and Moenie Kramer, the new dispensation of Christ had in effect been superannuated by the blessed advent of Inayat Khan. Similar chiliastic sentiments were expressed by numerous other contributors to the Smit-Kerbert collection. Of all these individuals, only Salamat Hoyack showed some self-knowledge.

The axis around which all my relations with Inayat Khan revolved, and still turn today, was my Messianic expectation. This was because Theosophy had accustomed my mind to the idea of a World-Teacher in general, and in particular to the coming of the World-Teacher in our time.³⁴³

That Murshid had no Messianic pretensions whatsoever, apparently did little to discourage his mureeds.³⁴⁴

Obviously, there was a lot at stake here for someone such as Theo van Hoorn. We are talking total anathema from the point of view of all orthodox Christians, who are already bound to be intractably opposed to Inayat Khan's propositions that Christ and the Bible are no more than worthwhile options. Speculation about a Sufi Messiah can only add insult to injury from their point of view. Van Hoorn must have known this perfectly well, having moved relatively quickly from the harshness of Menno Simons to the benevolence of Hazrat Inayat Khan. For the first three decades of his life, Theo had been required to profess that it is only through belief in the Passion of Christ that anyone can hope to escape eternal damnation. He actually tells us how he weighed his strong attachment to his religious community against the appalling implications of “the core of its ruling notions” for the many millions of Buddha's followers, whom he had come to admire. Dien van Hoorn apparently shared his misgivings. Together they made a last-ditch effort at a reconciliation with the faith of their fathers, but they were unable to allay their doubts.

Theo van Hoorn's rejection of the Gospel was therefore relatively recent and thoroughly considered, meaning that he fully understood the magnitude of his betrayal from the point of view of his former co-religionists. Unlike Murshida Green, Hayat Kluwer and Moenie Kramer, he must therefore have appreciated that

even implied comparisons of Murshid to Christ were potentially inflammatory and best avoided. Nor was Theo writing personal observations intended for the eyes of an initiated few only, as was the case with the contributors to the Smit-Kerbert collection, or expecting to be published anonymously, like Murshida Green. Finally, and again unlike his fellow mureeds, Theo prided himself on being a relatively detached and cerebral individual. Given these factors in combination, is it no wonder that he should have shied away from obeisant references to Murshid as his Master or King, adopting a less adulatory tone instead.

Despite first appearances, however, Theo van Hoorn's personal view of Hazrat Inayat Khan probably differed little from that of his fellow mureeds. I have already mentioned that Theo professed to admire Hayat Kluwer's testimony, and we shall see that he repeated Moenie Kramer's claim that Murshid had miraculously healed her infant son Tammo. It is also telling that Inayat Khan should have quoted Christ on hundreds of occasions but that Van Hoorn did not follow his example. In fact, Theo shows Murshid drawing on a bit of Christ's wisdom only once, and even that instance is edited and taken out of context.³⁴⁵ If it were not for an adulatory Swiss girl who mistakes Murshid for Christ, that would be it for the name of Jesus in the entire *Recollections*. It is as if Theo resented the transplantation of his familiar man from Galilee from the clamour and agonies of the Holy Land to the serene metaphysical realm of Murshid's Sufism. But the issue was more basic than that. Whereas Inayat Khan recognized Christ as a great sage from whom we can all still learn, Van Hoorn saw Him as no more than his inherited saviour and the forerunner of his current and chosen one. The wisdom that still shone bright for Murshid had become *passé* for his mureed.

Other indications of Theo's veiled sympathies are his added "Mahtab van Hogendorp" and "Paderewski, the Mastermind" chapters of 1952 and 1953 to 1955, which concentrate mainly or entirely on events that Theo had not witnessed himself. In the case of "Mahtab van Hogendorp," with its laborious closing tale about a Swiss girl who begs "to see Christ, who is in the house," we can speak of an uncomfortable process of Christologizing. "It was one of those special moments," Theo tells us, when "a child gives clear expression to what an occasional adult may well have felt intuitively, but without daring to express this spontaneously and enthusiastically." One can easily assume on a first reading that Murshid's regal bearing, dark eyes, long hair, splendid beard and exotic cloak had reminded the little girl of Christ, and that she was young and unsophisticated enough to react in an obsessive but entertaining fashion, but that was not what Theo had in mind. To catch his drift it helps to know that he was taking up a demonstrable cliché of Western Sufi zealotry, one that we also encounter in the guise of an overawed young nurse in Moenie Kramer's Smit-Kerbert testimony:

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When Murshid dropped in again, the nurse entered unexpectedly and, seeing Murshid, suddenly sank to her knees with folded hands and bowed head while crying 'Oh, oh!'. Murshid raised her to her feet and left the room. When he was gone, the nurse, who was a simple girl, said 'Oh, who was that, and what was that? Can you imagine; I thought I saw Christ.'

The earliest recorded version of this Sufi topos is Murshida Green's description of a simple Cockney girl in a train compartment filled with noisy and blasphemous young people.

The Master remained unmoved and did not attempt any interference; only, after a few moments, He removed the black *Fez* that he always wore when travelling, and which acted as a partial disguise, covering as it did, the noble upward sweep of the brow. After a minute, a girl of about sixteen looked towards the corner where He sat, and gave a startled cry. Putting her hands over her eyes as if to hide the vision that broke upon her, she shrank back against the lad next to her, saying in a hoarse whisper, as if to herself, 'O! my Gawd! it's Jesus Christ!'³⁴⁶

The message is continuous as well, being that "much which is hidden from the learned is revealed to the simple and to babes" or, as Theo was to put it more than two decades later, that "out of the mouths of children, thou shalt learn the truth!"

Theo does not hand us that truth on a platter. We can tell that it must be something crucial, as it "could shed new light on my deepest mystical experiences, the Samadhi Silences of 1926." And as with those Silences, "it is again a matter of some doubt if these events should be committed to paper, or whether oral transmission might not be preferable [...]" But Theo does not articulate what insight could be all that important or sensitive. Fortunately Sophia Saintsbury-Green did not share his reticence and spelled things out for us: Like Jesus Christ, Hazrat Inayat Khan was no mere mortal but a Messenger of God, with huge harnessed powers, who moved almost unrecognized amongst ordinary men and women in this vale of tears.³⁴⁷ It was that momentous truth that the little Swiss girl could perceive and acknowledge spontaneously.³⁴⁸ That, astonishingly, is also what lies behind the rude doubting Thomas, cap in hand, instantly converted by Murshid's glance.³⁴⁹

There is surely something unexpected about Hazrat Inayat Khan's church attendance and sacerdotal words, which might have reminded Theo van Hoorn of Inayat Khan in Rome, ravished by the light and choir of St. Peter's,³⁵⁰ just as his

idol's splendid performance as Christlike priest might have alerted Van Hoorn to the possibility that Murshid was not above playing a part on occasion. Theo, however, was not delving for anything other than his great Truth, with all his effort going into the detailing of his laboured upstairs-downstairs story-line. Yet even this honeyed hand-me-down is redeemed by its endearing view of Inayat Khan as impish conspirator holding up four fingers to Mahtab in mock triumph at the four French words that he has managed to master in church without her knowing: "*Que Dieu vous bénisse.*" Murshid, we understand to our relief, took neither the events nor himself all that seriously.

"Paderewski, the Mastermind" is likely to be misread as a stirring battle of Titans, but its true theme is intimately related to that of "Mahtab van Hogendorp." Of course Van Hoorn was trying hard to make Inayat Khan come alive, using his personal experience of the man, and there is certainly plenty of drama to be had. But Theo's Murshid is generally better than life, whereas "Paderewski" makes him *larger* than life, as a true match in mind and will for the formidable Polish pianist, composer and statesman. The hundreds of descriptive details of the "Paderewski" chapter form no more than a prelude to one intense denouement.

At that moment the unexpected happens. While Paderewski and Mahtab are engaged in apparently fruitless discussion, Murshid has finally got up after hours of calm repose on the terrace. Without anyone noticing Murshid approaches. Erect, stately, almost majestically, he strides into the music room through the open terrace doors. For a moment a great shadow glides through the sunlit room and just as abruptly Paderewski begins to sense that something is happening. Suddenly he notices Murshid approach.

Momentarily Murshid's imposing dark figure, set against the golden radiance of the evening sky as if it were surrounded by a resplendent aureole of late summer glow, looks like an almost supernatural apparition. For an instant Paderewski stands as if turned to stone. Half-blinded by the phantasm of light and suddenly confronted by the inexpressible dignity of Murshid as he strides slowly into the room, Paderewski is scarcely able to comprehend the momentous meaning of the moment.

The important understanding that we see dawning on the great Ignace Jan Paderewski, is that this is no mere mortal standing before his eyes. Though a true "mastermind," as well as rich and famous, the saviour of Poland was ultimately no more than a towering human being. He never stood a chance in a contest with Hazrat Inayat Khan.

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A less obvious reflection of Theo's underlying orientation is his brief account of Inayat Khan in the coastal village of Katwijk in September of 1922. It warrants close examination because it touches on matters that remain of vital importance to Western Sufism to this day. According to Theo, Inayat Khan was hiking in the coastal dunes with two unidentified disciples when he sped up like a man possessed, followed with great difficulty by his two mureeds. Urged on by some higher force, Murshid homed in on a blessed place in the heart of the dunes, which he identified to his two companions as a destination "indicated to him" for future Sufi pilgrimages in remembrance of himself. This was presumably the very spot to which Sirdar van Tuyl van Serooskerken led an excursion in June of 1928, as described in detail in Theo's "Katwijk" chapter, and on which a Sufi temple, the Universel Murad Hasil, was erected in 1969.

We know that Theo first heard about Inayat Khan in the winter of 1923-24. Obviously, therefore, he did not attend the Katwijk Summer School of the preceding year. Our only eyewitness and authorized account of the events in question is found in Sophia Saintsbury-Green's *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*.³⁵¹ Murshida Green identifies "the disciple who writes" as one of Murshid's companions in the Katwijk dunes. The other mureed, she informs us, was Murshid's host, whom we know to have been Sirdar van Tuyl, the very man who led the Katwijk trip of 1928.

Murshida Green tells an equally remarkable but quite different story. Inayat Khan was inexplicably restless at breakfast. After lunch he asked the two mureeds to go out with him. Once in the dunes, "He" instructed them to wait for him near a flagstaff and then headed off briskly, looking dishevelled like the Prophet Elijah, and disappeared from sight. When Murshid returned after about three-quarters of an hour, the three talked about ordinary things and not about where he had been. Later that day, at the evening meal, he asked his host to help identify his private destination, "a tiny basin green and fresh with grass," and called it "*Morad Hasil*, the Mount of Blessing." The two mureeds divined that Murshid must have headed for "the place of tryst, He kept it there — with Whom?" Of course anyone who has read Murshida Green's *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan* knows that his assignment must have been with God. This tendentious notion is still faintly recognizable in Theo's more concrete but badly distorted myth of Katwijk, with its two eye witnesses to Murshid's explicit consecration of a site "indicated to him" as a destination for future Sufi pilgrimages.

If we know both the situation and the Murshida well, we may arrive at still another scenario. Continually in the company of adoring disciples, Murshid badly needed solitude. That, of course, is precisely what one might expect of a mystic. He tried to make his escape but Murshida Green and Sirdar van Tuyl, being the two most important mureeds of the Katwijk Summer School, latched on

to him, so that he had no choice but to tell them to remain behind once they had entered the dunes together. Murshida Green was wont to attend to her master like a spaniel while interpreting his every move on an elevated plane. She could not grasp anything so mundane as her Murshid's need to be alone on occasion, so that she developed the exalted hypothesis of a mysterious tryst.³⁵² Knowing that great prophets like Elijah conversed with God in high places and that Christ instructed his key disciples to wait for him in the Garden of Gethsemane before climbing the Mount of Olives by himself (Matthew 26,36-39), Sophia mistranslated "Morad Hasi" as "the Mount of Blessing." But Murad Hasil was literally a "wish fulfilled" for Murshid. It was in that beautiful and secluded spot that he enjoyed a substantial stretch of mystical communion with the Creator through His creation. In that immanent sense, Murshid turns out to have had a tryst with God after all.

As we read in Van Hoorn's "Murshida Green" chapter, he admired her *Wings of the World* for its rare wisdom and fine style. If he also owned her Memories, however, he does not say so. Clearly he did not consult the booklet while writing his *Recollections*, as that would mean that he deliberately deviated from its account, forgot to mention that Murshid called the site Murad Hasil, and failed to figure out that Sirdar van Tuyll, his own guide in 1928, had been one of the chosen disciples back in 1922. Probably Theo's story is merely a reflection of what passed for historical fact within Sufi circles by the mid-forties. With this kind of mythology in circulation, Theo's fellow mureeds were unlikely to challenge his understanding of Murshid.

Looking at the *Recollections* as an historical record, Theo's passage devoted to the 1922 Katwijk Summer School was a mistake, given that he had not been there and had nothing but hearsay to contribute. His added chapters on Mahtab van Hogendorp and Paderewski were no mere indulgence on his part, however, but a wasted opportunity and major disaster. He could have used his leisure of 1952 to 1955 to edit his core material or to add the insights gained from another decade of life in and around Western Sufism, but he succumbed instead to a compulsion to promote Hazrat Inayat Khan as a Messenger of God. As a consequence, Theo undermined his many valuable insights into the historical Inayat Khan by tipping the balance of his Sufi memoirs in favour of a Murshid who never was, except in the fertile imagination of his followers.

Your Brother and Your Servant

It is easy to proclaim that Theo van Hoorn and his fellow mureeds misinterpreted the person and intentions of Hazrat Inayat Khan, but it requires a substantial digression to prove that this was indeed the case. Many of the sources that we need

to consider predate Murshid's arrival in Suresnes in 1922 and are little known compared to the large body of material that forms the Collected Works and that is readily available both in print and online. Certainly Theo van Hoorn appears to have been completely ignorant of Murshid's vital utterances of his second London period, from the summer of 1914 to the fall of 1920.

We know that Murshid did not want to be a Messenger in any truly Theosophical, God-like sense, witness his position on prophethood as he articulated it in his *Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty* of 1914, the first and most important publication of his ideas.

Each Prophet had a mission to prepare the world for the teaching of the next; each one prophesied the coming of the next, and the work was thus continued by all the Prophets until Mohammed, the *Khatimal Mursaleen* (last messenger of Divine Wisdom and the seal of Prophets), came on his mission, and in his turn gave the final statement of Divine Wisdom. That is: *La ella ha el allah hoo*. (None exists but Allah.) This message fulfilled the aim of prophetic mission. This final definition is a clear interpretation of all religions and philosophies in the most apparent form. There was no necessity left for any more prophets after this divine message, which created by its Pantheism the spirit of democracy in religion. By this message, man received the knowledge that he may attain the highest perfection under the guidance of a perfect *Murshid* (Spiritual Teacher).³⁵³

Five years later, Inayat Khan recast this statement, making it clear that "a perfect Murshid" means an ideally enlightened and accomplished teacher, not one with some kind of superhuman status.

There was a cycle of spiritual mediation during the minority of the world's life, and, when it came to full age, that was the epoch of the coming of Muhammed. All who came before him, [such] as Abraham, Moses, Christ, promised the world that another would come [...]. By Muhammed's proclamation of the sacred statement, 'None exist save God,' he confides to the world the knowledge of unity, which hitherto had been continually and gradually disclosed step by step. [...] This is what is meant by the seal of the prophecy, that after this culmination there begins the new era, when the spiritual hierarchy [...] may work without appearing as a spiritual government, and teachers may advise as counsellors, not as regents or mediators.

Two pages on in the same article, Inayat Khan identifies Solomon, Joseph, David, Moses, Abraham and Christ as figures who brought the divine message as appropriately attuned to their particular times, thereby paving the way for Muhammad, the ultimate message bearer.

[...] and when democracy was necessary, Mohammad gave his message as the Servant of God, one like all and among all; this put an end to the necessity for more prophets, because of the democratic nature of his proclamation and message. He proclaimed *La elaha ill' Allah*, None exists but God. God constitutes the whole being, singly, individually and collectively, and every soul has the source of the divine message within itself. This is the reason of there being no more necessity for mediation, for a third person as a saviour between man and God, when man was evolved enough to conceive the idea of God's being all and all being God, and when he was tolerant enough to believe in the divine message given by one like himself, who is liable to birth, death, joy and sorrow and all the natural vicissitudes of life.³⁵⁴

The high degree of repetitiveness suggests that Inayat Khan was desperate to ensure that his followers would not be able to misconstrue his meaning. Nor were his apprehensions misplaced, for the first of his two paragraphs was to be excised from the collective *Sufi Message* along with several other sentences that illuminate the position of Muhammad as the last of the Prophets.³⁵⁵

It is tempting to interpret the puzzling stress on the element of democracy in terms of religious egalitarianism. And indeed, monotheistic Islam had offered underprivileged Indians the chance of a more egalitarian alternative to Hinduism, with its multiple gods and rigid caste system. Inayat Khan, however, would not have dreamt of mentioning anything that could be interpreted as critical of Hinduism. He summarizes Muhammad's democratic message as "God constitutes the whole being, singly, individually and collectively, and every soul has the source of the divine message within itself." It was this universal Pantheistic breakthrough, Murshid tells us, that laid the foundation for all further teachers such as himself, who — no matter how "perfect" — are human like the rest of us.

Obviously Hazrat Inayat Khan's pronouncements on prophetship served to address the extravagant hopes of his Theosophical followers. The seventh of twelve points stating "WHAT THE SUFI ORDER AIMS AT ACCOMPLISHING IN THE WORLD," as Inayat Khan published them in 1915, should have made it clear from the start that he had no intention of living up to their expectations.

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The Sufi Order aims at neither glorifying a past master, nor is it a believer in any present one, neither does it wait for the coming of another; but considers the self as its master and the world [as] its school. It learns its lesson from each experience in life, thus being free of a chief or leader.³⁵⁶

The conclusion may seem baffling, as Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan was by definition the head of Western Sufism. Clearly, however, it is not leadership but the exaltation of leaders that is to be discouraged.

By 1918 Hazrat Inayat Khan had begun to focus explicitly on the Theosophic expectation of a World Teacher. At first he lampooned the notion.

I personally think that if an individual or a multitude believe that a teacher or reformer will come, he will come to them [...]. Those who expect a man to come, to them a man will come with a message, those who wish a woman to come, to them a woman will deliver a message. Those who call on God, to them God comes, those who knock at the door of Satan, them Satan answers. There is an answer to every call.³⁵⁷

Two years later, however, Hazrat Inayat Khan issued a formal manifesto on “THE IDEA OF THE COMING OF A WORLD TEACHER,” arguing in most of a thousand words that the final message of Muhammad had eliminated all further need for world teachers. As Murshid knew he was preaching to the unconvertible, his words took on an atypical hectoring tone. Not only did he repeat his published observations on the history of prophetship, but he also censured the folly of all would-be prophets in a modern era.

There have been many since the delivery of the final message, who, in spite of Muhammad’s democratic proclamation, wished to claim to be a Messiah, a worldteacher, a prophet, an incarnation of God. Many have tried this means of notoriety, thinking by this to make their community or religion conspicuous before the world, but so far none have been successful. It is absurd to think for one moment that at the stage at which the world has arrived at the present time, with the national, social and religious distinctions and competition, it will surrender itself with faith to one teacher, taking him as the divine messenger.³⁵⁸

Of course a “final statement of Divine Wisdom” is by definition a truly universal

and enduring one, and therefore as much applicable in our times, and wherever we happen to live, as it was in the days of Inayat Khan himself.

The final message given by Muhammed was given at the period when the course of the divine message to humanity was finished. It was a law for the multitude, but the message individually received will never come to an end. The question then arises, 'How could Muhammed's be the last message when there is yet a great part of the world that has not accepted Islam?' The answer is that the community formed by Muhammed for the evolution and betterment of his people in Arabia may not have embraced the whole world and the forces which prepared for the support and spreading of Islam [...] may not have conquered all parts of the earth, but the spirit of his message has undoubtedly influenced all the world's religions and stirred up all the world's nations for their betterment. The ideal of the divine oneness which was the main object of his message has inspired the world, its influence being in some parts known and in some parts unknown. *The light of guidance shines as brightly as it shone before, and will ever be the same* [italics mine].³⁵⁹

They are words that we may want to ignore but that can hardly be misunderstood.

Hazrat Inayat Khan returned to the personal implications of his views in his *Unity of Religious Ideals*, which was published shortly after his death:

The Messenger has five aspects to his being: 1) the Divine, 2) the Ideal, 3) the Prophet, 4) the Message-bearer, 5) the Teacher. Four of these aspects have been terminated, so that only one is distinguished, which is the Teacher.³⁶⁰

For those who are lost, the Divine aspect consists of the Hindu "Avatars," or incarnations of God. The Ideal aspect includes Gautama Buddha, Lord Mahavir of the Jain religion, and Jesus Christ the Messiah ("Isa" de "Masih" or "Isa ibne Maryama"). Though a prophet for Muslims, he was invariably called "Ruh Allah" or "the Spirit of God." The third or Prophet aspect is comprised of Zarathustra, the several Old Testament biblical prophets, the Arab proto-Islamic prophets, such as Salih and Hud (and including Adam and Noah), and numerous unspecified "prophets" of other peoples — in line with Koran 10: 48: "Every nation has its messenger." Muhammad, called *rasul* and *payghambar*, or "message-bearer," in Arabic and Persian respectively, constitutes the fourth aspect all by himself. What

is left are the Teachers or “enlightened souls” of varied stature, such as Adi Shankara or Shankaracharya (possibly 788-820), the first philosopher to consolidate the doctrine of Advaita (non-dualism) Vedanta, and Guru Nanak Dev (1469-1539), the founder of Sikhism. With the first four aspects already “terminated,” Murshid unmistakably ranked himself with the gurus.

Well, “unmistakably” may be stretching it a little. More than thirty years later, Floris baron van Pallandt (1903-1977) returned to the passage for the ninth of the so-called “orange volumes” of *The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan* and changed the second sentence, producing a fundamentally different version: “Four of these aspects have already been mentioned, so there remains only the last, which is the aspect of the teacher.”³⁶¹ As Inayat Khan might have said, “Do not change my sentences!” It must have been the complexity of Murshid’s later statement, born of endless lecturing to his Theosophical mureeds, that encouraged Van Pallandt to reverse its meaning, thereby granting a new lease on life to Avatarist-Messianic obscurantism.³⁶² Fortunately, Murshid had repeatedly made his point more bluntly by 1920: the ultimate Divine Revelation belongs to Muhammad; the time for prophets, world teachers, or messengers of God is gone.

The controversy seems destined to live on, however. Zia Inayat Khan recently quoted the original 1929 version of Hazrat Inayat Khan’s text, claiming that it is “more nuanced” than his grandfather’s earlier statements on the topic because “He asserted that prophecy itself was not terminated with Muhammad, but only specific aspects of it, albeit the preponderance of aspects.”³⁶³ But that summary explication again obscures the general import of Murshid’s complex statement, which is (to repeat) that all prophetic categories save that of the gurus are a thing of the past. What matters most, of course, is that Murshid had no ambitions beyond being a great and caring teacher.

Pir Zia also presents the complex quotation as a step towards a related passage in Murshid’s posthumous “Review of Religions,” in which he supposedly wrote “still more candidly.”

Moslems have closed the doors of the mosque by saying that Mohammad was the seal of Rissalat[,] which they interpret as the last of the prophets. They do not seem to realize that it does not mean that he was the last prophet to come, it only means that he was the last of claimants to prophecy, and that according to the nature and character of humanity after this time it would not be advisable for his successor to make an open claim, for it would be against the rule of the time. There is no seal that cannot be opened, though it must not be opened by everyone, but only by the one who has the right to open it.³⁶⁴

Though this statement may seem to undermine everything else that Inayat Khan had to say on the subject, it is entirely in line with historical Sufism. The Koranic description of Muhammad as “*seal* of the prophets” evolved ideologically into the orthodox doctrine of his being “the last of the prophets.” With the later flowering of Sufism, its masters therefore had to find subtle ways of rationalizing its individual intuitive illuminative experiences, which could still only be conceived of as “prophetic” but which could no longer be acknowledged as such. A distinction therefore needed to be drawn between purely personal divine illumination and the revelation of divine messengers (or between what we would simply think of as mysticism as opposed to prophecy). The first was defined as a “general,” “absolute,” or “acquired prophethood” (“nubuwwat”) of Sufi saints; the other was rendered as the “prescribing,” “legislative,” or “elite prophethood” of truly divine revelation for the collectivity. Generations of Sufi theorists laboured hard to achieve optimal clarity in this regard, both in comprehension and expression, within the limitations of the technical terminology and linguistic range then available to them.³⁶⁵ With time the distinction between mystical Sufi sainthood and religious Islamic-sense prophethood became too clear for confusion except by ultra-orthodox hardliners.³⁶⁶

That venerable distinction, which Inayat Khan understood to perfection, explains the apparent anomaly of this one quotation. He was allowing for worthy successors to Muhammad, but not in His capacity as universal messenger. Far from doing a complete about-face, moreover, Murshid was claiming neither kind of prophetic status for himself. As Pir Zia rightly concluded, his grandfather never asserted “an objective prophetic claim,” so that he “remained fully within the circumference of traditional Sufism.”³⁶⁷

Pir Zia’s heart was not in it, however, as he also adduced a Chishti tradition of “extreme veneration of the spiritual guide,” in which “the disciple is expected to recognize the Prophet in the master, and God in the Prophet.” That expectation, which Zia also attributes to Hazrat Inayat Khan, is ostensibly “evident from the tentativeness of his answers to mureeds who asked him whether he was Christ.” What’s more, Zia suggests that Murshid would have been less cautious if it had not been for the restraints imposed on him by the teachings of Islam.³⁶⁸

Such counterproductive tactics seem unlikely in connection with a Murshid who insisted on being “liable to birth, death, joy and sorrow and all the natural vicissitudes of life” and who strenuously disclaimed his own right to prophet or messenger status. And how does the Second Coming relate to the pervasively Muslim frame of reference of both the Chishtis and Hazrat Inayat Khan, as distinct from the chiliastic fantasies of his Western disciples? Or are we to suppose that Inayat Khan — who was a modest man and lucid thinker — permitted himself a self-gratifying conflation of Christ and Muhammad into

some kind generic holiness that he expected his followers to discern in his person? I think not! Here, as in other examples to follow, we are better off looking to Murshid's demonstrable unwillingness to challenge his mureeds directly, as well as to their aversion to all things Islamic and their gift for hearing only what suited them.

Inayat Khan himself tells us that he was appalled by the obtuse persistence of westerners, especially Theosophists, who badgered him with queries about his supposed powers.

It is something which in the East a sage does not expect. For a real sage all these powers are outward plays, little things. Some people claim them and the Theosophical influence made it even more difficult for me to answer people. Some directly asked me if I was a Master. It left me speechless. What could I have said, the truth or a lie? Could I have claimed, and have become one among the various false claimants, as there are so many in this world? Even I was reluctant to say "No." If I ever said anything, it was: "My good friend, I am your friend, your brother and your servant, if you take me to be so, for it is not any claim, but service which is both my privilege and honour."³⁶⁹

A blunt correction in each and every instance would have been much preferable and might have saved Murshid a lot of grief in the long run. For reasons to be explained, however, a simple "no" was not a viable option for him.

To the Ends of the Earth

Despite the intentions of Hazrat Inayat Khan, many Western Sufis wanted the Messiah, or else some kind of Hindu Avatar, as opposed to a mere Muslim Murshid. Certainly Theo van Hoorn was so imbued with the idea of Inayat Khan as World Teacher that it could distort what he remembered. An indisputable case in point is his melodramatic picture of Murshid addressing a select group of disciples on the dark and ominous evening of Tuesday, 31 August 1926.

Murshid *knew* that it was by no means certain that he would return. What must have he have felt, sharing his Message for what might be the last time with such a small assembly of followers, of whom he must also have known that some would abandon his mission after his departure and that others would fail to dedicate themselves completely to the continuance of his work?

Whatever may have been the case, Murshid was so deeply, almost deadly, serious that night that we all listened to his words breathlessly and motionlessly, even though not one of us was then likely to have contemplated the possibility of an imminent separation. And it was in that mood, in that solemn moment that Murshid, having let several moments of complete silence follow on his closing words, suddenly exclaimed: "My mureeds! Help me to spread my Message!" And he told us how over all the years he had done everything in his power to help the world by delivering a new Message; how much response he had enjoyed but also how relatively few he had been able to reach, and why he therefore needed his followers to assist him in his work.

And with great emotion and deep gravity Murshid asked us to support his work and spread his teaching, after which he emphatically, almost passionately, repeated: "Go all who are here present, help me! Help me to spread my Message!"

The incident, Theo tells us, was of great importance for him personally because it was in part to atone for his failure to follow the example of "many others" who were present, who at once heeded Murshid's words,³⁷⁰ that he set out to write his Sufi memoirs almost two decades later.

Elsewhere, Theo van Hoorn insists that Inayat Khan was invariably serenity personified. But even ignoring that blatant contradiction, there is something thoroughly wrong about this Christlike figure and his deeply emotional charge to the apostles to go forth and spread his teachings. The reference to "My Message" is totally unlike Inayat Khan and the culture in which he was bred and which always remained his standard of behaviour. And though it is true that Murshid took satisfaction in the modest successes of his mission, he was not remotely ambitious in that respect, as Theo should have known from one of the "Gamakas" in *Gayan* that he quotes in his "Samadhi Silences" and then has Moenie Kramer point out to himself in his "Younger Generation" chapter:

At the moment when I shall be leaving this earth, it is not the numbers of followers which will make me proud; it is the thought that I have delivered His [not "my"] message to some souls that will console me, and the feeling that it helped them through life that will bring me satisfaction.³⁷¹

But Inayat Khan was not merely relaxed about the dissemination of a Sufi message, he was strongly opposed to proselytizing of any kind. Consider, for instance, the first of twelve points of his manifesto of 1915:

Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist

The aim of the Sufi Order is to bring about an understanding between the followers of all different religions by revealing the essential truth which underlies them all, so that for the future all attempts at the conversion of others should cease.³⁷²

A year later, Murshid reminded his flock of “WHAT THE SUFI MOVEMENT WANTS TO ACCOMPLISH”:

Do we want the world to have faith in a certain master or scripture?
No.
Do we want to enforce a certain Worship, Devotion, Principle, Law, Ceremony or Dogma upon the people. No.
Then! We reveal unto man the main truth in the realm of his own belief.³⁷³

The unidentified offenders were the Christians, with their incessant and insensitive missionary activity. Murshid’s emphasis on universal love in the opening sentences of his seminal *Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty* of 1914, constitutes a typical Muslim-mystical response to the proprietary claim of evangelical Christians to a God of love, as opposed to what they denigrated as the mere judge of the Muslims.

Beloved ones of Allah, you may belong to any race, cast, creed or nation, still you are all impartially beloved by Allah. You may be a believer or an unbeliever in the Supreme Being, but He cares not. His mercy and grace flow through all His powers, without distinction of friend or foe.³⁷⁴

This is about as confrontational as Inayat Khan ever got. Without even mentioning Christ, he was saying that the restrictive claims of the Gospel are without foundation.

The misguided Christian outreach went hand in glove with the “white man’s burden” of the British Empire, including “the jewel in the crown” that was India. That fact is worth considering in connection with a treasured belief among Western Sufis that Murshid Mohammad Sayyid Abu Hashim Madani (died 1907) ordered Hazrat Inayat Khan to spread the wisdom of Sufism in the West. As Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Mahmood Khan has amply demonstrated that the notion of a “Madani injunction” turns an historical blessing into an apocryphal charge,³⁷⁵ it may seem futile to hypothesize about the hopes that Sayyid Abu Hashim entertained for

his young mureed. Still, there was widespread suspicion of things British in colonial India of the early twentieth century, and this was in part because the Raj was associated with Christian disdain for the various “heathen” practices of the subcontinent. That helps explain why the normally nonjudgmental and circumspect Inayat Khan betrayed a strong dislike of missionaries. In a letter he wrote to Rabia Martin in 1911, he notes that “America is spending such a lot of money by sending missionaries there in India who instead of doing service, do harm to people,” and he further suggests that the efforts of Western missionaries might be better invested in improving “the religious and philosophic ideas of their own people [...]”³⁷⁶ Equally telling are the acerbic observations that were published posthumously in *Biography*.

Among the existing religions of the world[,] Islam is the only one which can answer the demand of Western life, but owing to political reasons a prejudice against Islam has existed in the West for a long time. Also, the Christian missionaries, knowing that Islam is the only religion which can succeed their faith, have done everything within their power to prejudice the minds of Western people against it.³⁷⁷

It would be injudicious to associate this focused argument with Sayyid Abu Hashim Madani, who had no direct knowledge of the West, but he no doubt knew that missionaries meant trouble. Considering also that young Inayat styled himself as a modern Anglo around 1903, so that other gurus proved unwilling to take him on as a mureed,³⁷⁸ it is conceivable that Sayyid Abu Hashim saw his disciple as someone strategically gifted and placed to help counteract Western prejudice against Islam and its mysticism.³⁷⁹

It is virtually inconceivable, on the other hand, that either guru or mureed thought in terms of a body of Sufi ideas in pressing need of dissemination in the West, so that, in the unintentionally ironic words of Louis Hoyack, “Murshid felt like a missionary from the moment he shipped for the United States on 13 September 1910.”³⁸⁰ We know that Inayat Khan already dreamt of visiting the West more than a decade before he first laid eyes on Sayyid Abu Hashim³⁸¹ and that he did not depart for America until three years after his guru’s death.³⁸² We should also consider the words of Murshid himself at the conclusion of a lecture of 22 November 1907, as printed in *The Mysore Herald* six days later.

I visited many important Districts in India and I am on my way to the rest of the parts. After finishing my tour in India I intend to visit foreign countries if life permits. My sole object of travel

is to admire the works of God by appreciating music as exists in the different parts of the civilized world, and thus come into close touch with God's high power. Besides, I have my better and superior interests to do good to my fellowmen and enable them to improve by means of this Art, and I wish to realize this object of picking up foreign music and given them to my friends. I hope to find my salvation only in this satisfaction of mankind by means of performances.³⁸³

One's fingers itch to italicize the entire passage. This is impeccable evidence coming from Murshid's own pen and dating to the critical period between Abu Hashim's death and Inayat Khan's departure for the West. It is much more worthy of trust than the later, sometimes posthumous, material that was recorded and edited by Murshid's followers and secretaries. Nor is it isolated evidence. *The Indian Patriot* of 8 September 1908 tells us that "Professor Inayath Khan is at present on a tour around India, Burma, Ceylon and Japan with a view to introduce and encourage the study of Professor Moula Bux's system of notation for Indian music."³⁸⁴ There is no hint of a Sufi injunction.

Confirmation is provided by a pamphlet containing Inayat Khan's own brief and casual account of his mystical training, as told to Dr. Oskar Cameron Gruner (1877-1972) in Leeds around 1919 and at last published in the form of a lecture in the centenary year of Murshid's birth.³⁸⁵ Dr. Gruner, who was exceptionally intelligent and had a special rapport with Murshid, knew stenography and clearly refrained from editing in this instance. Reassuringly, the style of Murshid's testimony is not at all literary or polished à la Murshida Goodenough, being much more reminiscent of Musharaff Khan's rambling *Pages in the Life of a Sufi*.³⁸⁶ Most importantly, Murshid describes his wonderful days with Sayyid Abu Hashim without mentioning any charge or blessing whatsoever.

To sum up, Inayat Khan's view of God, the world and his own identity during his last few pre-Western years centred on music – which for him was virtually inseparable from mysticism – and not on some kind of missionary outreach. We also know that Murshid and the Brothers expected to return home via London in 1913 and Russia in 1914, before the birth of the Sufi Order, and that their life in the West continued to resemble a picaresque and low-budget grand tour until they settled in Suresnes in 1922.³⁸⁷ Inayat Khan's movements and personal development in the West were demonstrably contingent on his circumstances and interaction with his followers. To interpret the period from 1910 to 1927 as the fated fulfilment of a Sufi mission envisaged by Sayyid Abu Hashim, is to disregard the unmistakable biographical evidence.

For a better understanding of the Madani pronouncement we must trace it back to its likely beginnings, which are to be sought with Inayat Khan himself while he was in America in 1911. After a lacklustre start in New York, “the Royal musicians of Hindustan” seized a brilliant opportunity to tour the USA with the celebrated dancer Ruth St. Denis (1879-1968). Musician and dancer parted company in San Francisco on 15 April 1911. Almost at once, Inayat Khan found himself attracting serious followers, most notably Rabia Martin, who wished to pursue esoteric training, so that his Western adventure took on a quite different complexion for a while. On 16 August, Murshid wrote the adulatory Martin a letter in which he more or less excused himself for having sold out to St. Denis, whose performances were not remotely authentic, thus neglecting his mission to found a “Sufic Order in America” and ignoring the “command” of his revered Murshid.³⁸⁸

Though the letter in question contains only a vestigial version of any pronouncement, Inayat Khan’s choice of the word “command” could seem highly significant to “injunction” believers. Most likely, however, he was thinking of the Persian-Indian word *firman* in the common Indian sense of “esteemed wish,” by which he intended to convey his high respect for Abu Hashim as opposed to Western-style coercion of his own person. Murshid’s claim “that my connection with music or theatre was just to keep up my mission by the financial help of my art,” presupposed hindsight and the new vision that he had come to share with Rabia Martin. As Inayat and the Brothers were still receiving their modest Indian stipends at the time, his allusion to financial exigency was doubly suspect,³⁸⁹ though typical of the way he continually improvised in new situations and put the best possible face on things.

Three years separate these embryonic beginnings from the earliest published version of the Madani pronouncement, as reported by “T’SERCLAES” (Ryckloff-Michael Cunningham baron de T’Serclaes de Kessel: 1873-1935) in his introductory biography to Inayat Khan’s 1914 *Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*:

Go my child, into the world, harmonise the East and the West with the harmony of thy music; spread the wisdom of Sufism, for thou art gifted by Allah, the most Merciful and Compassionate.”³⁹⁰

The words “This command” which open the next sentence, confirm that Rabia Martin was t’Serclaes’ ultimate source of information, but the precise process of transmission and embellishment may never be recovered. The prominent prefatory place of the Madani injunction in Inayat Khan’s first and most important Western publication suggests that he endorsed the myth. But Murshid may merely have condoned it, however. We shall see that he exercised little

control over what his followers said or wrote, and that he never challenged them directly.

T'Serclaes dated the Madani pronouncement to Inayat Khan's "accomplishment of his course in Sufism" (i.e., to 1906), which suggests a congratulatory blessing rather than a parting command.³⁹¹ Nor does t'Serclaes say that Sayyid Abu Hashim expected his pupil to leave India. Certainly both the promotion of Sufism and the harmonization of Eastern and Western music were badly needed on the fragmented subcontinent itself.³⁹² Inayat Khan sometimes despaired of the state of Indian music³⁹³ and even considered abandoning his first American followers to rush to its defence.³⁹⁴ What is most at issue, however, is that t'Serclaes' version centres on music, with the vague reference to "the wisdom of Sufism" of secondary importance. This fully accords with the words of Murshid himself, as quoted above.

Come 1915, however, Miriam Regina Bloch (1889-1938) paraphrased the words of t'Serclaes, omitting their context and heightening the aspect of foreign mission:

Fare forth into the world my child, harmonize the East and the West with the harmony of thy music. *Spread the wisdom of Sufism abroad*, for to this end art thou gifted by Allah, the most merciful and compassionate [italics mine].³⁹⁵

Four years later Zohra Williams quoted Bloch in Murshid's *Quarterly Sufi Message* but edited out the harmonious redundancy by substituting "the music of thy soul" for "the harmony of thy music."³⁹⁶ More importantly, where Bloch had identified the Madani pronouncement as a blessing, Zohra prefaced it with the word "injunction." Presumably she was influenced by t'Serclaes' appended "command," which she took literally but did not deem satisfactory. Finally, Nekbakt (J.E.D., or Kinna) Furnée (1906-1973) and/or Kismet (Dorothea) Stam (1893-198?), who edited Murshid's autobiography, returned to Bloch's version while keeping Zohra's "injunction," thus launching the ubiquitous "foundation myth" of Western Sufism.³⁹⁷

Any myth worth its salt is more evocative and satisfying than a mere conglomeration of dry facts and inconvenient truths. That is certainly true of what I would call "the myth of the Message," which helps make the origins and identity of the Sufi Movement readily comprehensible to insider and outsider alike.³⁹⁸ And what does it really matter anyway, except to a trained historian? Though it is not literally true that Inayat Khan headed West to disseminate the wisdom of Sufism in obedience to his Chishti murshid, he did in fact introduce Chishti wisdom to the West, going on to transform it into a still more universal

vision of his own. Given the chain of editorial changes to the Madani injunction, however, our wisest course of action is to return to t'Serclaes and his emphasis on music, as corroborated by the words of Inayat Khan himself.

Even in Bloch's *Confessions* and Nekbakht's *Biography*, the Sufi "laying on of hands" occurs as a kind of pre-departure afterthought, quite separate from the interaction between guru and mureed, creating the distinct impression that Inayat Khan called on the blessing to justify his journey to the West to his family, especially his Anglicized uncle, father-in-law and mentor, Dr. Alaodin Khan Pathan (died 1949).³⁹⁹ We must consider that long after 1910, going West without scholarly or social focus and specified return was considered about as reprehensible as for an orthodox Dutch Calvinist of the time to go running off to Paris. Alaodin himself had returned to India armed with a doctorate in Musicology, thereby justifying his Western indulgence. From that same point of view, performing for money at public concerts was roughly equivalent to setting up as tradesmen. That is doubtless why the Sufi "Message" as a sanctifying dimension to Murshid's revered Indian music, and an ostensible charge to bring it to the West, were stressed even in the early literature, before Theosophic theology had taken hold, in self-defense and as social justification.

Music, however, still dominated the face of Sufism in the West during the teens. A few issues of *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine* of 1915 quote a compromise T'Serclaes-Bloch statement below a photograph of Inayat Khan and the Brothers as "the Royal musicians of Hindustan," who "have persevered in establishing the Order of Sufism by touring throughout the world."⁴⁰⁰ When we also consider the contemporary "Seven Sufi Teachings," which tell us "that music is food of the Soul and the source of all perfection";⁴⁰¹ the "five objects of the Order," which propose "to harmonize the East and West in Music, the universal language";⁴⁰² the seven "aims of the Sufi Movement in the West," intended "to reveal the Beauty of God, the Unseen and the Unperceivable, in the realm of music and poetry";⁴⁰³ and Murshid's identification of music as "my very religion, [which] was much more to me than a mere profession, or even than my mission, since I looked upon it as the only gateway to salvation,"⁴⁰⁴ it becomes clear that Western Sufism stood mainly for beauty and love through musical and mystical transport. With the "ideal of the divine oneness" already adequately disseminated by Muhammad's followers,⁴⁰⁵ nothing dear to Murshid's heart was complex, crucial or communicable enough to require anything approaching missionary zeal.

Nevertheless, Western Sufis from Theo van Hoorn's time up to the present have tended to assume that the pursuit of music mattered less to Hazrat Inayat Khan than the dissemination of an evolved Sufi Message.⁴⁰⁶ Initially, however, there was no Message. Shortly after his arrival in New York, Inayat Khan talked about "a Sufi message of spiritual liberty for America" as a kind of catchy counterpart

to the secular tradition of the Statue of Liberty “idol” and the President’s Message to the Congress of the United States.⁴⁰⁷ Inayat Khan’s first published work, *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty* of 1914, left out the American emphasis, but explained — very concisely — what Sufism is about, including the importance of Islam and music and excluding any mention of outreach or activities. The title of Inayat Khan’s Sufi periodical of 1915 to 1920 (initially *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine* but then *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*) demonstrates the adoption of a relatively artless use of the word “message.” Under Theosophical influence, however, this evolved into “the Sufi Message” and, finally, just “the Message,” padded with all sorts of secondary ecumenical, metaphysical and ritualistic concerns (discussed below) but largely stripped of the seminal nexus of music and mysticism. Finally, Murshid was then thought to have brought this evolved Message to America in 1910 and to have viewed its dissemination as his mission in life.⁴⁰⁸ It was this fundamental misconception that must have prompted Theo van Hoorn to speak of “the Western Sufi Movement of 1910 to 1940” even though there was no Sufi Movement before 1915, and none to speak of before the incorporation of the Sufi Trust Ltd. on 1 October 1918.

The time may have come to embrace a more plausible paradigm. Hazrat Inayat Khan went to America to explore the West, as he had intended to do from early childhood, and to expose westerners to the highest cultural good of his revered aristocratic background, namely, Indian music. Lectures were needed to explain the intellectual and ideological background of this sacred music to people who had no notion, and further served, along with the articles and interviews which (beginning with his Indian tours) Inayat Khan published in the newspapers of the cities he visited, to protect his precarious status as a gentleman-scholar, thus saving him from falling into the dreaded “public performer” category. The emphasis on mysticism evolved out of the lectures. Last of all came the Order and then the Movement, which constructed the Message as Theo van Hoorn and his fellow mureeds understood it.

We may safely conclude by now that Theo van Hoorn’s crepuscular and emotional happening has little to do with Inayat Khan’s convictions and must have been inspired by Theo’s own deeply ingrained Christian associations, overlain by his more recently acquired Theosophical Messianism. With his emphasis on Murshid’s deep gravity and emotional insistence, Theo was saying that, like the Gospel before it, the religious philosophy of “love, harmony and beauty” was a vital new message that the world needed badly.

Such an interpretation cannot be the whole truth, however. Though Van Hoorn may well have engaged in revisionism on occasion, it was not like him to create such an incident out of whole cloth. As just about every word that Inayat

Khan uttered in public was taken down by one or more secretaries, it follows that there must be related material on record. The search leads to several highly problematic paragraphs that show Murshid talking wildly out of character about the Message as the birthright of every last soul on this planet. The time is January of 1924, not August of 1926, whereas the venue is the drawing room of Sirdar van Tuyl in The Hague,⁴⁰⁹ not the Lecture Hall of Suresnes, but the sense of urgency and missionary zeal are very similar and equally improbable.

No doubt over-enthusiasm upsets a person's balance. So I would not ask you for an over-enthusiasm on your part. Although I must appeal to your deepest hearts, that we surely need ten thousand workers to begin our movement. Until we have got this, we have not developed. I do not consider we have made a beginning. A cause which is for the whole [of] humanity at least needs the number I have mentioned. [...] One might ask whether in any case quality is not more than quantity. That might be true for an esoteric school but not for a world cause. If it were for an esoteric school it would be quite a different thing. But it is a world service, and we can never have enough work done, it can never be enough. And there is a large part of the world which should be touched, which is still untouched. [...]

The message is for all nations, and for every soul living on earth. Not one soul there is, either of friend or sinner, that has nothing to do with the message, nor one nation in the world which will be kept untouched by it. [...] When a worker who is working in another country writes to me that this place is difficult to work in and that people are not ready yet, I think that particular mureed-worker is not yet ready himself and the difficulties surpass his faith. If I were dwelling in the forest where no man was to be seen, I would still have worked among the animals and have dug deep into the rocks in order to bring out the spirit. [...]

What attitude must we then have? We must not allow ourselves to become discouraged. We must not allow any pessimistic feeling to rise in our souls. If the whole world stood against us, we shall still stand firm without being disappointed, for the Message is the promise of God, and its domain is all the domain which belongs to God, and is in every heart. And its work is in every nation. No people are to be left out. And you my mureeds, who stand by my side in this world at this moment when it [the spread of the Message] has not yet begun, your response must be great;

you must realize this every day and be ready to do all in your power to make the message of God spread and to make your Murshid's task easy.⁴¹⁰

Just imagine! The Sufi God — who is love and beauty pervading the universe — promises His message to the monks of Tibet and the pygmies of equatorial Africa! But first no fewer than ten thousand dedicated workers must be ready to serve God (though without excessive enthusiasm, mind you) by devoting their lives to Murshid's arduous missionary work! These notions are classically absurd in the sense that they have been carried to such extremes that they are deaf (*surdus*) to reality. They show Inayat Khan on rhetorical riffs, responding extemporaneously to a growing and distracting preoccupation on the part of his followers with Sufism as a world cause and his own person as World Teacher. We have seen how Inayat Khan had repeatedly controverted these notions from 1915 to 1920, but apparently no one was listening. Incapable of confronting his mureeds, Murshid censured their futile creed of global outreach by pretending to a great leap forward while in fact sending it up mercilessly.⁴¹¹

To savour the full extent of Hazrat Inayat Khan's delicious irony, we must consider that his mureeds were generally spoiled and impractical men and women of independent means, who rarely worked for a living. Even as Sufis they were hardly workhorses, tending to concentrate on peripheral activities because a serious pursuit of mysticism requires genuine effort. In addition, very few of them ever ventured outside their immediate circle, whether socially or geographically. Spreading the Message only appealed to Inayat Khan's Theosophical followers because they believed that the ends of the earth could be reached via mental vibrations. All in all, it would have been optimistic to expect even ten of their numbers to line up for demanding service in foreign climes. To insist on ten thousand dedicated workers was to postpone the brave new future until the twelfth of never.⁴¹²

Hazrat Inayat Khan no doubt knew his mureeds well enough to realize that they would manage to take his words at face value. Why, then, would a wise man have adopted such a seemingly injudicious strategy? To answer that question, it helps to remember that Inayat Khan was an Eastern poet and performer rather than a Western philosopher, so that theatricality was part of his range.⁴¹³ In addition, he conceived of a true mystic as someone who could be like any parent enjoying play with children, pretending to operate at the level of lesser men in preference to correcting and embarrassing them.⁴¹⁴ The children, in this instance, included the thoroughly Theosophical Sirdar van Tuyl, in whose home Inayat Khan was speaking. Nor, being an accomplished courtier, was Murshid averse

to manoeuvring wealthy mureeds like Sirdar into doing what was needed for the cause.

What was most urgently required, as far as Hazrat Inayat Khan was concerned, was a Sufi congregation hall, or *khankah*, for Suresnes, thereby at last realizing — at least approximately — the second of the prophetic twin proposals made by Mrs. Halima (Jane) Reynolds and Miss Shirly at the General Meeting of the London Sufi order of 26 September 1918: “a Summer School of Silence” and “a Sufi Church or Temple.” In addition, Inayat Khan may have been thinking of a future location for his *durgah*, the obligatory funerary monument for Muslim mystics and saints of stature. He made a first, awkward pitch to his mureeds during the Summer School of 1923, when everything else still seemed more or less to be going his way.

The other need just now is [...] a Temple for the Universal Worship. There is no doubt that one day this will be accomplished; it is even possible that it will be before one can imagine. But now that destiny has made your Murshid settle here in Suresnes, not very far from here, in this vicinity a miniature temple may be erected, and on such a model, however small, that it may be copied in the different countries. There are many ideas for this question, but when the outline is engraved in your hearts the rest will follow. So I hope all mureeds, with their devotion and sympathy will think of this whenever they can.⁴¹⁵

By mentioning the Universal Worship and allowing for a small temple (surely not a “miniature” one) to be copied on a larger scale in other countries, Murshid was keying his appeal to the favourite Activity and the global ambitions of his followers. His own dreams must have centred on an appropriate *khankah* for his Order instead of on a temple for the Universal Worship, which did not even exist before 1921. By 1923, however, homage to this Activity had become the key to making some kind of Islamic-, Moorish-, or Indo-Saracenic-style *khankah* palatable to the Theosophical minds of potential donors.

Knowing this prehistory, it is telling that Inayat Khan’s 1924 call for ten thousand dedicated workers followed immediately on his explanation that “the Sufi cause is a temple for this time built, a temple built for the worship of the future,” and that his mureeds were like the indispensable architectural elements of that fated edifice.⁴¹⁶ Murshid, it would appear, was continuing with the groundwork for his full-blown appeal of 1925 (as quoted above) for a temple in Suresnes, the place where destiny had brought him. He must have believed that by urging his disciples to take up their World Message as an impossible cause,

they might be encouraged to demonstrate their loyalty in a more practicable way, by giving him the temple that he wanted so badly.

By the Summer School of 1925, the Lecture Hall was finished and in use, but this modest and utilitarian structure cannot have been remotely what Inayat Khan had envisaged as his *khankah*. Remarkably, our only proof that his entreaties did not fall on deaf ears, comes from Theo van Hoorn's *Recollections*, which inform us that around 5 February 1927, Musawwir Kramer was completing his architectural drawings for Murshid's temple.

The past summer he frequently attended discussions with the Temple Committee to help realize a dream to begin construction of the Sufi Temple in Suresnes. Piet Kramer is to be the architect. He has repeatedly discussed his designs, which are now virtually complete, with Murshid. Not only could this temple become the architect's greatest masterpiece, with which his name would be connected for eternity, but he would also be able to create a work in which his predominantly Eastern imagination could triumph without being frustrated by Western considerations.

Piet Kramer was a member of the so-called Amsterdam School of architecture, with an expressive and exotic formal language,⁴¹⁷ so that it is great fun trying to visualize what his untrammelled "Eastern imagination" may have produced. Whatever it was, however, it probably represented a distinct and final phase of the abortive history of the Suresnes temple. From 1922 to 1926, the Great Mosque of Paris was being constructed in the Andalusian Mudéjar style, so that expert Moorish builders and artisans were potentially available to help realize Murshid's dream.⁴¹⁸ President Gaston Doumerque (1863-1937) inaugurated the handsome edifice on 15 July 1926,⁴¹⁹ whereas Ahmad al-Alawi (1869-1934), the Algerian founder of the modern and populist Darqawwiyya Sufi order, led the first communal prayer and seized the opportunity to visit Inayat Khan in Suresnes.⁴²⁰ All this concluding activity indicates that the Moroccan craftsmen that Murshid needed for his *khankah*, must have flown the coop by the summer of 1926. The formation of a building committee and the choice of Piet Kramer as architect probably meant a reinterpretation of the Islamic, Taj Mahal-like structure that Inayat Khan is likely to have envisaged,⁴²¹ in the direction of a more generically Eastern edifice favoured by his leading followers.⁴²²

By 31 August 1926, when Theo's melodramatic incident is to have taken place, Inayat Khan had become sick and tired of the endless bickering and incessant demands of his pampered followers. The experience of a building committee, with

its inevitable disagreement and compromises, can hardly have helped, just as the promise of a foundation stone, to be laid thirteen days later, must have been cold comfort for him. Naturally Murshid expressed his frustration to the Brothers, but it also spilled over into his lectures. Worn out and poised to leave for India, he may well have issued a last call for missionary outreach in the hope of compelling his mureeds to realize the plans for a *khankah* and to nurture his legacy in the more modest form of an esoteric school. That is what he had founded, and that is what mattered to him.

Burnishing the Legacy of Muhammad

Much of Theo van Hoorn's obfuscation of the person and thought of Hazrat Inayat Khan stemmed from his failure to understand that Western Sufism is not a religion, but — as Murshid never tired of telling his mureeds — “a group of people belonging to different religions, who have not left their religions but who have learned to understand them better [...]”⁴²³ Inayat Khan himself was born as a Muslim and died as a Muslim who happened to have become a great Sufi mystic. Van Hoorn, on the contrary, was born into a devout Christian family but did *not* die as a Christian. Though he shares his grave with his Baptist parents and brothers, Van Hoorn rejected Christianity before joining Western Sufism, which he mistakenly thought of as a new faith founded by Inayat Khan. There in a nutshell, you have the great irony of their intersecting lives; they were fundamentally at cross purposes.

The founder of Western Sufism favoured Hinduism as the most perfect religion, in the sense of complete, all-round and comprehensive, it being the only system in which mysticism already pervades the religious level, whereas in most other faiths it forms an antithesis, or at most a counterpart.⁴²⁴ But that was in the realm of ideas.⁴²⁵ In terms of his all-important family identity, he belonged to Islam from cradle to grave. In India, one is defined by one's inalienable caste, which is inseparably linked to a religion and legal system, so that he could not possibly have secularized himself outside Islam without virtually ceasing to exist in the context of his beloved homeland. Nor did Inayat Khan have reason to renounce his ancestral faith, given that he understood Sufism to be an Islamic legacy, “intellectually born in Arabia, devotionally reared in Persia, and spiritually completed in India.”⁴²⁶

It should be understood that like other evolved Muslims, Inayat Khan believed in two Islams, the first being monotheism, as old as Adam, which we could call prehistorical Islam, and the second being the historical revelation of the Prophet. Murshid largely identified the antediluvian Islam with natural human spirituality or experience of God, meaning mysticism or, for him, Sufism. In

addition, he recognized that the ultimate origins of Sufism are shrouded in time. But Murshid also believed that as an historic phenomenon (i.e., the spirituality-cum-mysticism of the historical Islam), Sufism was “shaped and advanced by Muhammad, Ali and Siddiq” (i.e., by the prophet, his nephew, and his first khalifa).⁴²⁷

Inayatian Sufism evolved seamlessly out of Islamic Sufism. Where to Islamic orthodoxy, everything is determined by the will of Allah, to classic Muslim mysticism (i.e., “Tasawwuf” or Sufism), everything is permeated by the being of Allah — in either case as the very condition of its existence. Predictably, that shift brings us close to the immanentist position of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Similarly, his formulation of Muhammad’s ultimate world-message as “God constitutes the whole being, singly, individually and collectively, and every soul has the source of the divine message within itself,” embraces key elements of both Islamic and Inayatian Sufism. Inayat Khan also believed that “the spirit of that message undoubtedly influenced all the world’s religions [...] for their betterment.”⁴²⁸ It follows that Muhammad’s universality must underlie the wisdom shared by those several faiths. In fact, that is what Inayat Khan had already said, if somewhat opaquely, in his *Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*: “This final definition [of Muhammad’s message] is a clear interpretation of all religions and philosophies in the most apparent form.”⁴²⁹ As Murshid summed it all up a few pages later, “the idea that Sufism sprang from Islam or from any other religion, is not necessarily true; yet it may rightly be called the spirit of Islam, as well as the pure essence of all religions and philosophies.”⁴³⁰

We have, of course, arrived at Hazrat Inayat Khan’s renowned “unity of religious ideals.” Because this concept ended up at the heart of the Universal Worship Activity and the ecumenical profile of today’s Movement, Western Sufis may want to see it as a startlingly new aspect of the Message. Clearly, however, a thought can be brilliant and influential without needing to come out of nowhere. Nor is it at all paradoxical that the Universal Worship should celebrate the underlying unity of several world religions even though the concept of their oneness evolved out of one of those faiths. Regardless of what we may prefer to suppose, Murshid believed he was burnishing the legacy of Muhammad. It is precisely because he had a realistic view of his own contribution relative to that of “the seal of Prophets,” that he postulated the obsolescence of world teachers.

With Inayat Khan a born-and-bred “Moghul” Muslim, and with Sufism an Islamic tradition (Indo-Islamic in his case), only Murshid’s more consistently immanentist insistence on the primacy of “the sacred manuscript of nature” distinguished his Inayatian Sufism from mainstream Islamic Sufism. That fact became apparent in the early winter of 1919 thanks to a public question put

to Murshid by the distinguished British novelist, journalist, linguist, Koranic translator and pedagogue Marmaduke Pickthall (1875-1936), who had officially converted to Islam two years before and who had recently become an honorary member of the Sufi Order.⁴³¹

I find on the back of the 'Sufi Magazine' a statement to the effect that the Order accepts no revealed book except the book of nature. I have come across a great many Sufis in the East, and I have read a great deal of Sufi literature from early times, and I have never yet heard of any Sufism which was not definitely Islamic, nor of any Sufi who did not accept the Koran as the final revelation. That is why I was led to believe that in joining a Sufi community I was associating with Muslims, of my own religious faith Is the Sufi Order really Muslim, or to put it in the strictest terms, Mohammedan?⁴³²

We may assume that Inayat Khan did not want to deny that the Sufi tradition is Islamic, and he was the last person on earth to disown Muhammad, but he saw the revelation of the Koran, like that of all earlier such sacred texts, as part and parcel of divine self-expression through nature, which he equated with "Life." His reply to Pickthall was a measured masterpiece.

The Koran from beginning to end points to nature as the testimony of the truth it contains. The seers to whom the truth has been revealed have read it in the book of nature. So, far from not accepting the Koran, we are ready to recognize scriptures that others disregard.

As to the Sufi literature, there has never been a book which a Sufi is bound to follow, and all Sufis, among them the shining ones, such as Attar, Shams-Tabriz, Rumi, Sa'adi, and Hafiz have expressed their free thought with a complete liberty of language.⁴³³

We see that though Inayat Khan balked at confirming the supreme sway of the Koran, he still thought entirely in terms of the mystical tradition of Islam, though in a very broad sense. Inayat Khan's teacher, Sayyid Abu Hashim, was a Chishti (who also trained Inayat in three other schools of mysticism), but Murshid had virtually abandoned that aspect of his apprenticeship by about 1915, in line with his search for a form of mysticism for modern seekers in a secular society, and he continued to weaken and discard the association to

the end of his life.⁴³⁴ Murshid was instead reaching out to the great classical Sufi masters quite independent of any Order structure, being originators in philosophy, theory and practice themselves. Elsewhere, he recalls that Hafiz said of Rumi, “he is not a prophet, but he is one who brought the Sacred Book,” and he emphatically quotes Sa’adi to the effect that “When the eyes open and begin to see with the divine light and divine sight, even the leaves of the tree become as the pages of the sacred Book.”⁴³⁵ No doubt these famous quotations were the point of departure and justification for Murshid’s own “sacred manuscript of nature.”

In addition, Inayat Khan’s more universal alternative to the Koran was closely based on his understanding of Koranic scripture. He conceived of “the sacred manuscript of nature” as an advanced mystical interpretation of the Koran’s “ayatullah” or signs of God. The Koran itself (Kor. 50: 16 and 51: 20-21) confirms that its verses are such signs, but also that all life is permeated by them. Paradoxically only in appearance, Inayat Khan developed those religious and poetic-spiritual concepts in a direction both more exclusively mystical and deliberately secular, these being exactly the two halves of what he sought to achieve.

Marmaduke Pickthall must have been too orthodox to be convinced, as he dropped out of the Sufi Order.⁴³⁶ That was a small price to pay, however. For had Inayat Khan acknowledged the Koran as the ultimate authority for all Sufis, just about everyone but Marmaduke might have bolted. At the same time such a position would have diverted Murshid from his search for a mystical dimension to modern secular life, one that required a measure of independence from earlier contextual considerations, however dear and still methodologically relevant to his Indo-Islamic self. Inayat Khan’s “sacred manuscript of nature” was an innovative and elegant concept that averted rupture with his own Islamic background while opening the way to Sufism for most of his Western followers. Whereas Islamic Sufism had rarely been confessionally restrictive, Inayat Khan took an evolutionary step beyond his great predecessors and explicitly made Sufi mysticism accessible to people of all religious persuasions.⁴³⁷

The Muslim faith of Hazrat Inayat Khan presented no obstacle to his first American followers. In fact, he instructed Rabia Martin in the prayers and practices that he had learned from Sayyid Abu Hashim.⁴³⁸ In France, his music dominated his public persona, whereas in Russia, Islam was widely accepted. It is only with his return to England in August of 1914 that Murshid encountered serious discrimination.⁴³⁹ The English had long ago come to distrust Islam as a proven enemy of the British Empire.⁴⁴⁰ Then, two months after Inayat’s return to London, the so-called “young Turks” drove Muslim Turkey into the First World

War on the side of the Germans (and against the will of the Sultan), leading to the cruel disaster of the battle for Gallipoli (March 1915 to January 1916), which represented the first defeat of the Empire, with more than half of the 500,000 troops landed on the peninsula ending up dead or wounded. Nor did the end of the war bring an improvement in the image of Islam. British support of Arab revolt against the Turks backfired because millions of Indian Muslims deeply resented the betrayal of the Ottoman Empire and the Sultan-Caliph of Islam, setting the stage for a Hindu-Muslim alliance in pursuit of Indian independence. All Indians had become potential saboteurs of a Pax Britannica that had been regained at enormous cost.⁴⁴¹

Even so, Inayat Khan made no effort to hide the Muslim origins of his person and Sufism. His *Sufi...Quarterly*, which he edited from 1915 to 1920, had thoroughly Islamic-looking covers — framed by the Arabic calligraphy for “Allah” — and several faithful advertisers from London’s Muslim community. In addition, Murshid wrote about “Allah” and “Mohammed” throughout his 1914 *Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, as when he tells us that “According to Sufic tenets, the two aspects of the Supreme Being are termed Zat and Sifat — Knower and the Known. The former is Allah, and the latter, Mohammed.”⁴⁴² In that same seminal booklet, Inayat Khan argues that though there were Sufis before Islam, “The openness of Mohammed’s essential teachings paved the way for them to come forward before the world without the interference that they had previously experienced [...]”⁴⁴³ Finally, we have seen how, over the next five years, Murshid repeatedly deferred to the final message of the Prophet Muhammad to debunk Theosophical expectations of a World Teacher.

Not only did Inayat Khan virtually advertise the Islamic roots of his Sufism in his publications, but he went so far as to found a parallel movement, the Anjumani (or Anjuman) Islam,⁴⁴⁴ which was intended for London Indians who sympathized with his ideas but had no wish to join the 1917-18 Sufi Order, which, in their eyes, was composed of ignorant British outsiders who were not, like themselves, steeped in Indo-Islamic culture.⁴⁴⁵ The Anjumani Islam can look like a relatively harmless cultural exchange and foreign aid venture⁴⁴⁶ until we spot the second of its seven “objects,” namely, “to spread the teachings of Islam for the benefit of humanity in general, it being the final expression of truth as divine message.” In other words, the movement paid explicit homage to Murshid’s pivotal conviction that Muhammad was the final world messenger.

Closer inspection reveals that the Anjumani Islam was primarily intended to counteract the negative image of Islam in the West. The July 1918 issue of *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, for instance, praises the secretary of the movement, a young but formidable-looking Barrister-at-Law named Khwaja Ismaël (dates unknown), for his contribution to the cause.

Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist

He has made every effort to break down the prejudice existing against Islam among those who are unaware of the truth of the teaching of the Holy Prophet, and whose minds are corrupted by the false representation of Islam made by its rivals.⁴⁴⁷

We have seen that Murshid identified Christian missionaries as the determined and devious enemies of an estimable Muslim faith which, in his opinion, could have brought spiritual renewal to the West.

Nothing could have been further from the minds of Inayat Khan's Western disciples, who were no doubt eager to hush up the Islamic connection.⁴⁴⁸ Despite Murshid's promotion of racial and religious equality, lingering disdain for the Muslim faith cannot have been foreign to the ranks of his mureeds. Such feelings were bound to survive into the Suresnes phase of Western Sufism. Like Murshid's English mureeds, the Dutch ones were establishment citizens of a colonial empire with countless supposedly underdeveloped Muslim subjects. In addition, by explicitly and repeatedly identifying Muhammad as the last of the Messengers and the reason why no more world teachers were needed, Inayat Khan also identified his revered "message-bearer" as the one great obstacle to his own apotheosis to world-teacher status, as fervently wished for by his Theosophical mureeds. No wonder Murshid's brilliant cynosure became a vexing liability for his followers.

The assault on the Islamic foundation of Inayatian Sufism was launched by Lucy Goodenough, who was arguably the most important early follower of Hazrat Inayat Khan. She saw to it that *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty* was never republished and that "Allah" was replaced by "God" in her own pioneering Inayatian publications of 1918 and 1919.⁴⁴⁹ The same relatively innocuous change is increasingly encountered in *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine* after 1915, even as it (and its successor, *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*) continued to serve as an effective personal platform for Murshid's pro-Islamic convictions. The problem was that he had too little editorial control, while figures such as Goodenough pretended to respect his every word. The earliest edition of *In an Eastern Rose Garden*, for instance, is said to consist of "verbatim reports of extempore discourses given by Murshid Inayat Khan at different times during 1918, 1919, and 1920 [...] approved and authorized by him." Yet this volume has Sa'adi refer to "the pages of a Bible" instead of "the pages of the sacred Book."⁴⁵⁰ To put a stop to such preposterous editing, Murshid would have needed to review every last word about to be published by the Sufi Order.

Things came to a head in the fall of 1920, when Hazrat Inayat Khan's espousal of Islam put him on a disastrous collision course with a wealthy follower who, almost literally, threw him and his family out of house and home. I will

leave the circumstances until later, but the upshot was that the Islamic-looking *Quarterly Sufi Message* ceased publication with its October 1920 issue, whereas the Anjumani Islam faded away after Murshid exchanged London for the continent around that time of the year. From that point on, he virtually stopped making an overt case for Muhammad, having been forced to accept that Islam was not wanted by his mureeds and had no future in the West.⁴⁵¹

Well before Theo van Hoorn commenced his *Recollections*, the Islamic origins of Western Sufism had become its best-kept secret, having succumbed to a conspiracy of silence, collective amnesia, or outright ignorance. Even Zulaikha van Ingen, whom Van Hoorn advances as the intellectual showpiece of the Dutch Sufi Movement, used to refer enthusiastically to her “Hindu Murshid Inayat Khan,” so that she had to be told by her sister Bertha Titia Kiewiet de Jonge-Jelgersma (1890-1975), who had lived in the Dutch East Indies for many years, that the naming pattern is distinctively Muslim.⁴⁵² Given Theo’s excursion on Goethe and Rumi, he is not likely to have harboured such basic misconceptions, but he probably did not rise substantially above Zulaikha’s level of ignorance either. Significantly, he does not correct his friend when she prattles: “And do you know what the Koran says? Once a year a believer may commit an act for which he will not be called to account!” If Theo was in fact more closely informed than his fellow mureeds, he must have repressed what he knew. The *Recollections* show that he deeply admired Murshidas Goodenough and Saintsbury-Green, and that his perceptions were both shaped and limited by their kind of Theosophical revisionism. Nowhere in his many reflections on the writings of Inayat Khan does Theo show any awareness of the explicitly Islamic publications of 1914 to 1920. Not once does he mention Islam in connection with Murshid’s person or thought.

It is important in this connection that Dr. W.R. van Brakell Buys, who was Theo’s scholarly ideal and expert on Persian mysticism, repeatedly lamented a persistent and arrogant refusal to acknowledge the close historical connection between Sufism and the Muslim faith.⁴⁵³ Theo no doubt read Van Brakell Buys with care, but he presumably saw no reason why the latter’s observations about Muhammad and Islamic Sufism needed to be extended to Hazrat Inayat Khan and the West. For someone such as Theo, who conceived of Western Sufism as having superseded his own Christian background, it must have made sense to assume that the new faith had also supplanted (as opposed to supplemented) the Muslim convictions of its founder. In addition, the mental habits that linked Theo to the Baptism of his youth and the colonial mentality of his contemporaries probably included deep-rooted misgivings about Muhammad and his followers.

In short, Theo van Hoorn was virtually programmed to ignore the Islamic aspects of Inayat Khan's person and teachings. Inayat Khan, on the other hand, never wavered in his conviction that Muhammad had brought the final universal revelation. Though he knew that his mureeds were allergic to the topic, Murshid returned to it during his last Summer School in a lecture on "Abraham, Moses and Muhammad" of Tuesday, 29 June 1926 and, most eloquently, in his "The Prophetic Life" of Tuesday, 7 September, only a week before he left Suresnes for Geneva and India, never to return.

And the moment that the Prophet began to receive the message of God, do you think that it came only from one side? It came from everywhere. The voice from within was so strong that the Prophet heard its resonance in the wind, in the fluttering of the leaves, in the running of the water, in the sky, and on the ground. The whole atmosphere was full of the resonance of words that came to the Prophet from within. It seemed as if the absolute was speaking, as if the moon was speaking, as if the air was speaking, as if there was nothing in space except the living word that began to come, that he began to hear. No doubt if he had been an ordinary man he would have been bewildered. But Muhammad saw that he could not for one moment have been able to withstand the strain on his nerves, on his mentality, on his spirit. Only the spirit of the Prophet was meant to hear the voice of God that he heard.⁴⁵⁴

The Mureed Who Knew Too Little

Theo van Hoorn shows no interest in plumbing the complexities of Hazrat Inayat Khan, whom he parachutes into Amsterdam as a complete and universal holy man. His Murshid remains both socially and emotionally deficient because he has neither a concrete past nor a realistic present. Though the first biography of Inayat Khan had yet to be written when Theo van Hoorn penned his *Recollections*, he could have turned to the Brothers for insightful information instead of depending on scraps of common knowledge and received wisdom. As with textual matters, however, it apparently never occurred to mureeds to consult Maheboob, Ali, or Musharaff Khans about biographical facts. It may seem innocent, but the work became shrouded and the historical truth forgotten.

Aside from ignoring Inayat Khan's Muslim background and religion, Theo van Hoorn does not appear to have understood that Murshid was an aristocratic East-Indian expatriate.⁴⁵⁵ He glosses over the social and cultural background of his mentor, mentioning only a few recycled facts about his grandfather, Maula

Bakhsh (1833-1896), “who has been called the Beethoven of India,” and his early career as a professor of music and “celebrated singer at the courts of the Maharajahs.” Even if Inayat’s “Indian Subcontinental, Hindu-Islamic, Vedantic-classical Sufi, Bhakti-poetic Sufi, musical-mystical home base and background” were too complicated for Theo,⁴⁵⁶ he might at least have grasped that Murshid’s westernization was only skin deep,⁴⁵⁷ given that he had moved almost instantly from upper-class security in Baroda to life as an itinerant musician in New York. Inayat and the Brothers always intended to return to India. Indeed, they almost did go home in 1913 and 1914, and again in 1918,⁴⁵⁸ in which case the miracle of Suresnes might never have happened. Though they are generally supposed to have definitively struck root in the West by their settlement in “Fazal Manzil” in Suresnes in 1922, not even that much is true.⁴⁵⁹ Hints regarding their return to India continued to be dropped, revealing an abiding aspiration. By 1925 that had turned into the firm resolve realized in 1926.⁴⁶⁰

Hazrat Inayat Khan was a member of a numerically small, thinly stretched and surprisingly secularized network of rulers, courtiers and landowners who together nurtured cultural and spiritual values across an immense land that had virtually no middle class and teeming lower classes. Members of this feudal elite generally took their responsibilities very seriously. Though there were inevitably some black sheep, cultural identity, caste status and patriarchal authority complemented by grace and benign solicitude, without condescension, were their guiding ideals.

The point is perfectly illustrated by an incident in the *Recollections* that takes place in the winter of 1924, at Theo’s home on Amsterdam’s Johannes Verhulststraat. Just when Murshid and his mureeds are ready to settle down to the evening’s interviews and Silence, a stranger rings the doorbell, urgently needing Murshid to answer his questions. Theo spares little effort to let us know that this man does not belong. He is drenched from an hour’s walk “in wind and rain,” meaning he has come from a less fashionable part of town and has no money for any other means of conveyance. He is socially inept, being irascible and aggressive, and poorly educated, knowing no English. Nor is the man terribly bright, as everything has to be repeated to him at least twice. But with the hearing-challenged Salima (Adeh) van Braam (1883-1965) acting as translator, Murshid gives the visitor his undivided attention while letting all the fashionable mureeds of Amsterdam wait, and wait some more, until the man has at last understood what he craves to know and can leave, fully content, for another thorough drenching. Even Salima’s patience has been stretched to the limits, but Theo, who never once questions anything that Murshid says or does, marvels at his priorities. Moenie Kramer, who observes the incident with her friend Theo, points out that Murshid is acting completely in character. But the two friends do

not realize that the miracle of Christlike forbearance that they have just witnessed is in fact a fine demonstration of the deep concern that any upper-class Indian guru could be expected to show for one of the less fortunate and yet spiritually hungry of this earth. For Inayat, ever the feudal aristocrat, it was mainly a matter of *noblesse oblige*.⁴⁶¹

Inayat Khan's aristocratic background proved both a help and hindrance throughout his years in the West. He came from a courtly culture that enshrined courtesy and tact while prohibiting confrontation of any kind. That no doubt helps explain how he came by the flawless manners that recommended him to one and all wherever he went. As a subsidiary twist, his elaborate and much appreciated deference for indispensable matrons such as Baroness Mahtab van Hogendorp and *jonkvrouw* Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, was the gallant strategy of a man who grew up without any experience with women in public life.⁴⁶² But the downside of this same courtly background was that Inayat Khan had great difficulty saying "forget it" to wrong-headed followers who counted on his kindness and courteousness to help win him for their personal ideas and initiatives. He never criticized or controverted his mureeds directly, preferring to employ silence, faint praise, exaggerated compliments, or farcical irony instead.

It is not easy to prove that Inayat Khan sometimes said one thing when he might have wanted to say something quite different. Still, he demonstrably damned Miss Margaret Skinner (discussed below) with faint praise. Though she had supported him munificently and then let him down abysmally, Murshid merely noted that she had "helped in many ways." Elsewhere, he alluded to Miss Skinner's high treason but left her anonymous.⁴⁶³ As a fine illustration of an exaggerated tribute, consider "Miss Goodenough," who "has collected, preserved and produced the record of my oral teachings and guarded them from all corruptions. She has kept them for the coming generations in the most authentic form, which act of service the sincere followers of the Message will retain gratefully in their memory."⁴⁶⁴ Inayat Khan could hardly have failed to notice that Lucy Goodenough took liberties with his words, but we may be sure that he never reproached her directly. Finally, Murshid's preposterous plea for ten thousand dedicated workers is an indisputable instance at the farcical end of the scale.

A measure of irony is the common denominator of these three examples, and there must have been many more like them, in all sorts of situations. Irony, with Inayat Khan, was much more than saying the opposite of what he meant now and then; it was a recurring and exalted form of melancholy.⁴⁶⁵ But most, if not all, of the mystic's mental state and subtlety must have escaped Theo van Hoorn and his fellow mureeds. In fact, one can hardly imagine Theo doubting the earnestness of Murshid's praise of Lucy Goodenough, considering his own adulation of the Murshida. Nor is Theo likely to have questioned Inayat's call

for large-scale missionary outreach, given that he had swallowed the myth of the Message hook line and sinker. Yet in his contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection, he shows that Murshid sometimes used ironic humour to cut off listeners with patently silly questions, and that he could even be outright cunning if need be. A little less adulation and a little more of such insight might have done wonders for the *Recollections of Inayat Khan*.

Much the same criticism could be levelled at just about all Murshid biography to date. Any future study of his life will need to consider how his Indian training as a courtier, musician and mystic informed his behaviour and thinking in the West. We may wish to believe that any great spiritual leader will necessarily be forthright and speak his mind at all times, but such a working premise turns Inayat Khan into the kind of fool who might deprecate missionary outreach at one moment and profess to crave it the next. It is much preferable to face up to Murshid's multi-layered personality and appreciate the courtier's circumventive strategies and the mystic's readiness to make allowances for the folly of his followers. Though Murshid never lied or betrayed his fundamental convictions, he habitually improvised with a fine sense of what his mureeds did or did not want to hear and of what he had to concede to them to protect his family and esoteric school. In the end, the cumulative weight of numerous small concessions caught up with him and contributed to the deep frustration of his last year in the West.

Theo van Hoorn also demonstrates little understanding of the specific experiences that shaped the man he worshipped. Knowing, for instance, that Inayat Khan had already lost his revered grandfather as well as his beloved mother, younger brother and two wives before heading West,⁴⁶⁶ might have helped give him a more human aspect than the *Recollections* offer. Such omissions should not surprise us, however, as Van Hoorn and others tended to fixate on what they perceived to be the lofty aspect of Inayat Khan. A married holy man must have been problematic enough for some of Murshid's mureeds without needing two additional wives to complicate matters.

Van Hoorn does allude to the "near-insurmountable obstacles" of Inayat Khan's Western travels, but he demonstrates no grasp of the nature of the hurdles and their consequences for the Movement. Theo was a very safe kind of traveller, undertaking only modest western-European jaunts, with a brother, friend, or business conference as destination, so that the kind of drastic dislocation experienced by the Brothers was beyond his experience. Far from home, they were almost entirely dependent on each other to keep their bearings among people who thought of them as coloureds (America), natives (England), or aliens (France).⁴⁶⁷ Given their aristocratic background, we can imagine how performing with the likes of Ruth St. Denis and the equally unauthentic Mata Hari (1876-

1917) must have humiliated them,⁴⁶⁸ so that the very activity that helped put food on the table, ate away at their security of identity.⁴⁶⁹ Similarly, it must have been very difficult for them to adjust to the public practice of mysticism that prevailed in the West. Lecturing in English, and on ever-new topics, no doubt also posed significant challenges to Inayat Khan, turning his pre-Suresnes years into a continuous and strenuous learning experience.

Some of the formidable obstacles of the West were financial. As Theo van Hoorn helped Fazal Mai Egeling plan for the future of Inayat Khan's family, he must have known that his mentor had been relatively poor, but he presumably interpreted this sad fact as a voluntary concomitant of Murshid's Sufi mission. The facts were more complicated and menacing than that, however. Inayat Khan's family was rich but did not adequately bankroll his venture because they thought it was frivolous to undertake such a journey without some scholarly or social purpose, as well as potentially shameful publicly and commercially to proceed as musicians.⁴⁷⁰ For the first few years, Inayat, his brothers Maheboob and Musharaff⁴⁷¹ and their cousin-brother Ali prospered by supplementing their family income with the proceeds from their music-making. In 1914, while still in Moscow, they grandly renounced their modest Indian remittances, expecting to return home as rich men, but they soon found themselves in London, living from hand to mouth instead. With their music in decreasing demand, they became increasingly dependent on Inayat's lectures, which were thinly attended during the war years. Obviously Murshid's rapidly growing family, with four children born in five years,⁴⁷² cannot have made things any easier for him. Asking to have their Indian remittances reinstated had become almost unthinkable by then because reconciliation with their proud uncle Alaodin would have entailed eating large portions of humble pie.⁴⁷³ The upshot was Murshid's painful over-dependence on his wealthy disciples,⁴⁷⁴ with disastrous consequences for his Sufism.

The traumatic conclusion to Inayat Khan's second London phase came in the fall of 1920 and was personified by Miss Margaret Skinner, a rich mill owner and prominent Sufi who was paying the rent on a huge house at 29 Gordon Square, which she had put at the disposal of Murshid's family and followers in the spring of that year.⁴⁷⁵ Master and patron had a falling out, however, because he courteously but resolutely refused to heed her demand that he disband the Anjumani Islam.⁴⁷⁶ Miss Skinner turned Murshid out on short notice while saddling him with a substantial bill for unpaid rent.⁴⁷⁷ Virtually destitute, Inayat Khan was left to depend on faithful followers such as Nargis (Jessie Eliza) Dowland (died in 1953) in Southampton⁴⁷⁸ and, eventually, on other, new friends in Geneva.⁴⁷⁹ The incident taught him the hard way that unlike any Indian guru, he would have to work hand in glove with those of his mureeds who became his leading followers, allowing them to pursue their own preferences.

The Skinner episode also taught a lesson to Inayat's wife Begum and to the Brothers. Sooner than risk another disaster in Switzerland, which they did not know, they for once defied Murshid's wishes and insisted on remaining in familiar France instead.⁴⁸⁰ Indirectly, therefore, Margaret Skinner nudged Western Sufism in the direction of Suresnes. What's more, she eventually got to have her cake and eat it too. In 1923 she apologized to Inayat Khan and was soon grazing with the rest of the flock in the Sufi Garden while her *bête noire*, Muhammad, was nowhere to be seen, living only — though most nobly — in the hearts of Murshid and the Brothers. The irony, one assumes, was not wasted on them. Miss Skinner was forgiven, but she was not forgotten.⁴⁸¹

The Sufi Order created in London between 1917 and 1918 should have provided a buffer zone between Inayat Khan and unreliable patrons, but the Skinner case proves that it was not up to the task. The founding of an International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement in Geneva between 1921 and 1923 proved more effective, but it also institutionalized pressure from within the Movement. The endemic meddling of Inayat Khan's leading followers came to a fateful climax in September of 1925, when Sirdar van Tuyll and Mumtáz Armstrong (1892-1978) set out to engineer a shift in the balance of power at Geneva whereby Inayat Khan and his Executive Committee would have lost their controlling plurality of votes.⁴⁸² Inayat was deeply disturbed by this unwarranted attempt to frustrate his expectation of personal and family control of his movement along traditional Indian dharmic lines.⁴⁸³ When Theo reported on "a more hopeful fate" in the radiant summer of 1925, his Murshid was about to enter the autumn of his discontent. Maheboob Khan had to beg his brother not to throw in the towel and depart for home.⁴⁸⁴ Luckily for Theo and others, Maheboob prevailed, so that Murshid took a long trip to America instead.⁴⁸⁵ Inayat Khan's final departure was only postponed by one year, however. All the exertions of 1926, including the gruelling demands of his last Summer School, were part of the final contribution of a man who was above doing anything by halves. When Murshid at last left for India, he was probably undecided about returning to Suresnes, but he had certainly vowed to retire from his heavy responsibilities there.⁴⁸⁶

It is hardly surprising that Theo van Hoorn did not identify these developments, which were known only to Inayat Khan's closest circle, but something of Murshid's mood must have been in the air.

If one could compare the Summer School of 1923 in Suresnes to early spring, and that of 1924 to a slowly unfolding early summer, then 1925 is the high summer of the flowering of Sufism, followed by 1926, which carries the marks of a slow late summer, interspersed

here and there with the threads of autumn that are unmistakable signs of an inevitable demise of this wondrous period.

The word “inevitable” is the key to this elegiac metaphor. Theo consistently blamed fate instead of looking to his Sufi actors, including himself.

It may be instructive to contrast the story of Hazrat Inayat Khan to that of Jiddu Krishnamurti, Annie Besant’s boy wonder. Krishnamurti soon repudiated his World Messengership but then continued throughout a long life to lecture to adulatory crowds of the same Theosophical westerners whose illusions he had flouted so explicitly.⁴⁸⁷ Inayat Khan, on the contrary, never disavowed his leading followers and those who shared their fond hopes, trying instead to prevail by humouring them and condoning their naive and outlandish notions. But that was only as long as these remained confined to peripheral romanticizing antics. When, by 1925, they sought to secure their own preferences by taking control of the machinery of the International Headquarters and, therefore, of the structure of the organizational Movement and Initiatic Order that secured the authenticity, or substance, of essential Sufi ideas and values, Murshid’s last stand was uncompromising. Ironic humour, caricatural exaggeration and guarded admonitions had all proved ineffectual as tools for coping with the programmed enthusiasms of his adherents. And so, finally, there remained only the option of a dignified and resigned withdrawal, leading, barely a year and a half later, to a wholly premature and universally lamented death.

The *Recollections* present a mere caricature of the complex forces that shaped Hazrat Inayat Khan and Western Sufism, as seen through a darkened glass of collective myth. When reviewing recent Sufi successes in his “HIRO” chapter, Theo reflects on how greatly the importance of Murshid’s “Cause” was once underestimated.

Supported by only a few small groups of followers, Murshid had to make his way through thorns and thistles. As long as he lived in the world as a musician, he was honoured and celebrated. Once he had fully distanced himself from his music to dedicate himself to his work as preacher, the world almost completely forgot him.

Inayat Khan has become a prophet who sacrificed all fortune in men’s eyes to the needs of his small flock by putting aside music and concentrating on the Message. In this Romantic myth of a bipartite Murshid,⁴⁸⁸ we can scarcely appreciate the personal loss or collective gain of his difficult years in the West. Nothing suggests that he was at times a victim of circumstances beyond his control, that he may have made errors of judgement, or that his leading followers contributed to his

troubles. Nothing hints at the truth that it was much more the mureeds than their Master who abandoned music in favour of other pursuits.

Music was an essential component of Inayat Khan's approach because for him and the Brothers, nothing could match it as a means to concentration and mystical transport. By about 1917, however, the musical foundations had begun to fall victim to occidental erosion because most mureeds loved and admired their Murshid but were not willing or able to come to grips with anything truly demanding or new.⁴⁸⁹ The process is sadly reflected in the change from the seven Sufi teachings of about 1914, which assign a prominent place to music, to the ten Sufi Teachings (later Sufi Thoughts) of 1917, which do not mention it at all.⁴⁹⁰ Ever creative and adaptive, Inayat Khan began to sublimate his passion for music in his evolving ideas about Beauty, culminating in his *Mysticism of Sound*.⁴⁹¹ Though Murshid eventually wrote a brief apologia making an exalted virtue out of the disheartening necessity of having to cope with too much distracting work and too little supportive interest,⁴⁹² there can be no doubt that music always remained of immense personal importance for him and the Brothers.⁴⁹³

Unencumbered by facts or understanding, Theo van Hoorn brings his simplistic model home to his own immediate circle. When the Sufis of Amsterdam gather at Theo's home to mourn Inayat Khan's parting, Sirdar van Tuyll, as Dutch National Representative, embarks on a long and moving review of a wonderful life.

With mounting emotion I watch Sirdar lose himself completely in his reconstruction of Murshid's immensely versatile personality. In no way does Sirdar allude to what he has done for Murshid in return; all the difficult pioneering work in a critical and often antagonistic world and the generous and wholehearted hospitality that he so often extended to Murshid.

The rich and privileged Baron van Tuyll van Serooskerken has become a self-effacing disciple who braved some of the same indifference and hostility that oppressed poor Murshid himself. Elsewhere, in his "Reunion" chapter, Theo goes so far as to have the alleged triumph of Message over music consecrated in the drawing room of Sirdar van Tuyll and his wife Saida at 78 Anna Paulownastraat in The Hague, only thirty-five miles from his own home in Amsterdam.

When Murshid decided to stop practising his beloved music, his original calling, for the sake of his work as Preacher, he initiated Saida into the secrets of the Vina, as thanks for all the kindness she and her husband had shown him on his repeated visits to Holland.

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Nowhere does Theo consider that Sirdar's obtuse preoccupations must have stretched Murshid's patience to the limits on occasion. Most importantly, he does not appear to know that Sirdar's self-centred Geneva politics may have precipitated Murshid's departure for India. If it had not been for Sirdar van Tuyll and others like him, it might have been Inayat Khan himself addressing his mureeds on 5 February 1927.

Why should it matter that Theo van Hoorn overlooked so much of Hazrat Inayat Khan? After all, they are his *Recollections* and his perceptions of Murshid. It is important, because Van Hoorn mainly personalized and reinforced an existing romantic picture of Inayat Khan. Like many of his contemporaries, Theo ignored most of the realities and consequences of Inayat's Eastern background and Western history so as to construct a dauntless and flawless Master whose every step from Baroda to Suresnes was part of his mission to bring the Sufi Message to the West. But Inayat Khan's own point of departure always remained his sense of a gradual but irrevocable erosion of his most trusted values, so that he tried to safeguard the primacy of music and the indispensable sociocultural contribution of the aristocracy by pursuing a kind of restoration through mysticism.⁴⁹⁴ Suresnes was the embodiment of that noble venture.

Tragically, Suresnes is no more, at least not in any guise that Murshid would be likely to appreciate. We see, therefore, that our story has repercussions to this very day. The Gordon Square *khankah* was lost because a rich mureed disapproved of the Anjuman Islam. The Suresnes Sufi grounds were lost because a collection of rich mureeds refused to support the construction of a Muslim-style *khankah* on account of their resentment of the second part of their guru's Indo-Islamic roots. Only the splendid and authentic edifice that Murshid envisaged could have provided a compelling argument against the demolition of the Sufi Camelot.

The Best of All Possible Murshids

By far the best part of Suresnes for Theo van Hoorn was the presence of Hazrat Inayat Khan at the Summer Schools of 1924, 1925 and 1926. Theo cannot be faulted for his love and esteem for Inayat Khan, whom he predictably placed in a romantic light on occasion. His Murshid is "always completely in control, calmly trusting, and never irritated or agitated, no matter what." That is the figure we also know from Amsterdam, keeping his mureeds waiting while patiently attending to a difficult but spiritually hungry old man. Only Murshid as emotional proselytizer does not fit the picture (with good reason, we have seen). Theo's paradigm moves through his flock slowly, often lost in thought

and occasionally bestowing a few kind words on one of his mureeds. He speaks deliberately as well, as might be expected of someone whose every word is being recorded. In fact, Theo probably produced a globally accurate portrayal of a man who was under constant scrutiny from mureeds who had very high and closely-defined expectations of his behaviour and who had helped set forth his demanding role over the past several years. Sporadic evidence of Murshid's great sense of humour, especially in Theo's contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection, enhances this picture but does not provide adequate depth or balance.

I have already mentioned Theo van Hoorn's failure to grasp the complexity of Inayat Khan's Indian background and the obliqueness of his courtly mind. Beyond that, the most obvious failing of Van Hoorn's portrait of Inayat Khan is that it excludes his private life. Though Theo tells us that Maheboob Khan needed time to work on his musical compositions and attend to his bride Shadiby Khanim, he affords us no such insights with respect to Inayat himself. The *Recollections* touch on Murshid's role as husband and father only very indirectly, via Theo's interest in *Education*. Pirani Ameena Begum is not even introduced to the reader and has only a cameo role, sitting next to her husband at a play. Their youngest child, Khair-un-Nisa (born 1919), is never mentioned at all. The eldest, Noor-un-Nisa, puts in her only brief appearances in 1937. Vilayat and Hidayat are mentioned both before and after Murshid's death, but not in connection with him. It is the maternal Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling, not their father, who gets to whisper in the ears and stroke the "jet-black curls" of his two boys. It is tempting to postulate that the humdrum humanity of someone who fathered children and raised a family like just about everybody else, was too easily overlooked by Theo, but it could also be that he deemed it disrespectful or imprudent to mention the little he had seen or heard.⁴⁹⁵

The *Recollections* do show that Inayat Khan could shed his regal public persona in the company of the Brothers. Certainly Mohammad Ali Khan could have him rolling off his chair with laughter at a play. Similarly, Inayat could visibly transform into a quite different, less careworn man at an unexpected reunion with his cousin-brother.

Angela Alt's gesture has also caught Murshid's attention. He turns around slowly to see what is happening, and suddenly a great change comes over him. He stands taller. His face glows in happy surprise. His arms relax, hands open, and the next moment he is headed toward Ali Khan with buoyant steps.

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Theo rightly treasures the surprising development, which lasts for some time, but he does not think things through. He should have understood that Murshid had a private persona that was capable of registering the sorrows and frustrations of his past and present, and that only the Brothers, who truly understood him, were normally privy to a man who could be “irritated and agitated” like the rest of us.

Numerous other mureeds treasured and romanticized their Murshid. What makes Theo’s version unique, I believe, is his insistence on three things: drama, reciprocity and fellowship in destiny. Inayat Khan cannot make a move, or even sit still, without Theo turning it into theatre, with loving attention to detail. Most notably, Theo’s blow-by-blow account of Murshid’s telling of the story of Emperor Akbar and the dervish, is much more evocative than the summary that what was handed down to us via Sufi secretaries and *The Alchemy of Happiness*.⁴⁹⁶ Not only is Theo’s story-line more complete, but he adds Murshid’s cadence, pacing, facial expressions and gestures in a way that deliberately emulates the effect of a colour and sound film that Theo regrets was never made, and that we would give our eyeteeth to see.

The drama persists as Theo van Hoorn turns to his personal interaction with Hazrat Inayat Khan. He presents an effective little play based on the events leading up to his own initiation, shortly after his first arrival in Suresnes. The critical moment comes when Sakina (later Nekbakht) Furnée obstinately tries to turn him away from Fazal Manzil because Murshid is already badly overextended. Though Theo recognizes that Sakina’s protective measures are justified, he continues to insist on speaking to Murshid. Then the interior door of the house opens, the sound of voices grows louder and the indignant Sakina freezes in her tracks as Murshid is suddenly present, looking on with composed curiosity. Theo then more or less bullies Murshid into changing his schedule to accommodate his own important timetable for the next day. All of Theo’s assertiveness is presumably justified by his sense of destiny, believing as he does that Murshid attaches great importance to his becoming a Sufi, having already envisaged the essential contribution that he will make to the Movement. Understandably but misguidedly, Sakina tried to stand in the way of Fate.

Even in the silence of the darkened Lecture Hall, Theo is not passively receptive, having things that he needs to communicate to Murshid, things that Murshid needs to learn from him.

And a great wave of satisfaction and gratitude comes over me. I have the feeling that I am fully understood. This gives me the courage to repeat my thought that I had really come that night only as closure to all the blessings that I had been allowed to experience;

not to ask for more but to give thanks for what Murshid had given me since we were first together. And I still see Murshid before me as a trusted friend with whom I wished to share my joy about unexpected and undeserved happiness.

Then at last I have the feeling that I have said all I have come to say. And because I have already asked so much of Murshid's time, I expect that he will now bring our meeting to a close. But Murshid remains motionless even now, completely enveloped in deep peace. And I think I understand him.

Once the two men have reached this remarkable apotheosis of reciprocal understanding, Murshid's eyes say farewell. The stage is set for his final departure for remote India and for Theo's embarkation on a lifetime of Sufi service. The dictates of two intersecting destinies have been satisfied.

These three examples of Hazrat Inayat Khan in action form a sequence from a relatively public and objective situation to an intensely private and subjective one. Van Hoorn clearly observed Inayat Khan's lecturing style very closely, giving us a fine sense of what it was like to see the great teacher in action. Theo no doubt read this material to other mureeds who were present at this or other lectures, and who were therefore able to confirm the general accuracy of his description. His rendering of his confrontation with Sakina, as resolved by Inayat Khan, is already more problematic, however. It could still be substantially accurate, but it is also informed by Theo's sense of his personal calling, which he believed had originated with Murshid. When we get to Theo's most intimate impressions of his beloved mentor and friend, he is altogether beyond critical scrutiny. It is impossible to assess recollections of thought processes and feelings. But though subjectivity and projection predominate in Theo's poignant reconstruction, it scarcely matters. He had certainly known the best of all possible Murshids.

Theo van Hoorn's relationship to Hazrat Inayat Khan was not as idiosyncratic as one might think. For much of what we meet with in his *Recollections* is what we also encounter in the history of early Western Sufism in general, including in the multiple testimony of the Smit-Kerbert collection. Other early Sufis sensed that there was a very special bond and level of communication between themselves and their Murshid. I have already quoted Hayat Kluwer, who "felt a physical pain" and "a great and powerful feeling" when Murshid looked at her for the first time. Inayat Khan had such palpable charisma that the medium was truly the message for many of his disciples. But like Hayat Kluwer on her first encounter with Inayat Khan, his mureeds were not really listening. The same Inayatian magnetism and

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nobility that engendered their immense love and admiration for their leader, also fed their obliviousness of his limited ambition and vulnerable humanity, leading to extravagant expectations and incessant demands, without due regard for his health and welfare.

Certainly Theo van Hoorn appears to have been blissfully unaware of the only worrying human frailty of Hazrat Inayat Khan, namely, his weak constitution. Though he had a philosophical disposition and helped others to heal, Murshid's years of travel and public life, as well as his tendency to sacrifice sleep to meditation, took their toll on his own health. Most of us have heard that he died when he was only in his forty-fifth year, succumbing to a fever that turned into pneumonia. It may be less well-known that he had a history of pulmonary and other health problems that persisted into his Suresnes years.⁴⁹⁷ By the summer of 1926, the hugely charismatic and wonderfully accessible Murshid had become a harried wreck. His mureeds could not grasp that their perfect leader could be a sick man, however.⁴⁹⁸ That Theo had no notion is demonstrated by his attempt to join a Samadhi Silence at the last moment.

When Djalilah [Moore] comes down, I immediately speak to her and make my request. She raises her eyebrows and says meaningfully: 'It is overcrowded tonight.' But she is prepared to go to Angela Alt with me without delay. There a great disappointment awaits me. Angela firmly refuses to admit anyone: 'There are already more than sixty.' When I hesitate, she says, almost sadly, 'You will agree with me that we must not kill Murshid.'

Luckily for our determined mystic, it happens that his wife Dien is prepared to give up her place to him that night. Though Theo knows that Silences can be hard on Inayat Khan, so that Angela (Phyllis Innocent) Alt (dates unknown) gives him a fright for a second, he does not offer to bow out along with Dien to help trim this particular session to less than marathon length.

Even at the close of 1944, when writing about the death of Inayat Khan back in 1927, Theo had not grasped the simple truth that he and his fellow mureeds had contributed to Murshid's sad demise.

What an elevated and incredibly rich life has come to an end there [in India], after so many years of staunch dedication and spirit of sacrifice, too great, it now appears, for human endurance. May we all arrive at the conviction that what has come to pass is for the better, so that we may be resigned to the inevitable.

What might have been averted is assumed to have been both inevitable and for the better. Any responsibility is assigned to Murshid's own "spirit of sacrifice" and – one ventures to guess – Divine Wisdom. Involuntarily, one is reminded of the strains of Händel's *Messiah*: "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" (Isaiah 53,3). "A man of sorrows" is too melodramatic in connection with Murshid's radiant life, but he was certainly acquainted with grief beyond the comprehension of Theo van Hoorn and his fellow mureeds.

Oh Fractious Joy!

Theo van Hoorn loved Suresnes deeply, and his impressions and observations are of immense importance for those who wish to gain a feeling for what it was like to be there from 1924 to 1926, and again in 1928, 1932, 1933 and 1937 (to mention only the times documented in the *Recollections*). The years that Theo attended are representative of the "classical" Sufi period of three-month-long Summer Schools, which ran from June to September of 1922 to 1926 and which continued after the death of Hazrat Inayat Khan until 1939. But though Theo covers an ample amount of strategic ground, it would be doing Murshid and Sufism a disservice to take everything he says at face value. Most importantly, Theo observes well but rarely looks below the surface. And when he does, his determined romanticism and optimism stand in the way of insightful connections.

We know Theo van Hoorn well enough by now to understand that for him, Suresnes was fated. Though it is in fact conceivable that there might never have been any Summer Schools at all, or that London, Geneva, Wissous, Katwijk or some other place might have ended up being the favoured site, Theo saw Suresnes as part and parcel of what he believed to have been Murshid's prophetic vision for the future of Western Sufism. Other mureeds, such as Sophia Saintsbury-Green and Talewar (Émilien) Dussaq (1882-1954), had much the same ideas about Geneva as a Sufi place of destiny,⁴⁹⁹ but Theo took his lead from Murshid himself, who privileged Suresnes over all other locations. It was probably no accident that Theo submitted his manuscript to the Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation in 1956, the year that the Municipality of Suresnes expropriated the Sufi lands, as that dismal development made most of his conjectures untenable.

In his 1949 chapter on "Architecture," however, Theo could still believe in the future of Suresnes.⁵⁰⁰ He gushes over the Sacré Coeur, that Neo-Byzantine ice sculpture, as a magnificent marker in the Parisian landscape, which would one day find its worthy counterpart in the Universel, the Sufi temple for which the first stone had been laid shortly before Inayat's departure for India. Along the way, Theo espouses a potpourri of things that are not remotely part of Sufism, such as the cultural vibrations of Notre Dame Cathedral, to demonstrate that Paris and

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Suresnes were truly places of Sufi destiny. Theo even suggests that Murshid may have read the prophecy of the apocryphal Saint Odilia that Paris would be spared in the Second World War:⁵⁰¹ “Is it possible that Murshid learned of this through her writings or else that he felt it intuitively when he designated Mont Valérien, which crowns this protective range of hills, the location of the future?” Clearly, Theo had grown more credulous and tendentious with the years.

One great advantage of Suresnes is that it took relatively little effort to sustain what William James called “the tendency which looks on all things and sees that they are good,” because most aspects of the place were in fact splendid. Even so, Suresnes had a major problem. There was only one Hazrat Inayat Khan while there were many mureeds, with many needs, notions and demands. An unexpected strength of Theo van Hoorn’s chapters on Suresnes is that, cumulatively and perhaps inadvertently, they convey a sense of a split between the central, unifying presence and activities of Inayat Khan and the persistent bustle and fragmented interests of the many privileged mureeds around him. Theo mentions the bewildering discussions on spiritual topics over meals in the Corner House and the deviating notions and monumental egos of mureeds such as Rabia Martin, David Craig and Mumtáz Armstrong. In the summer of 1937, during a conversation with Akbar (Halvor) Egeberg (died 1939), the Norwegian National Representative, Theo reviews the numerous quarrels that have threatened the peace of Suresnes during his own thirteen years as a Sufi. Apparently Theo’s beloved friend *jonkheer* van Ingen repeatedly managed to rise above the fray and calm the troubled waters between 1923 and his death in 1933.

And then I tell him how Yussouf was often called in to act as mediator in Suresnes, which he visited for ten years on end, whenever still another difference of opinion had arisen which, at first sight, seemed insoluble. And how he had always maintained that such conflicts, which is what things sometimes threatened to turn into, were never of a material nature, but always a matter of principle or personality. And how he was able to convince those involved that these apparent collisions merely required the polishing of the sharp edges of opposing egos and how, no matter how great a difference of opinion, a rapprochement can be born that leads to wider understanding, provided there is reciprocal appreciation of each other’s sincere position. And how he could then reconcile the two parties with his half-humorous, half-psychological and awareness-creating manner: “And why do you think Murshid has brought you two together if not to teach each other harmony and understanding?”

Given his pervasive optimism, it is truly surprising that Theo's admiration for Yussouf seduced him into letting on that the bright days of Suresnes could bring forth an adder or two on occasion. He returns to form by proposing to Akbar that all disputes will eventually be surmounted in the spirit of Murshid and a greater international Sufism of the future. Alas, time has proved him dead wrong.

How, the reader may ask, could so much friction have been generated within a smallish circle of highly civilized people dedicated to the pursuit of harmony? What could have been the nature of these matters of principle that they defied resolution and sometimes threatened to erupt into open conflict? Why, early on, did Yussouf need to mediate when Pir-o-Murshid could surely have dictated the terms of peace himself? Why, subsequently, did Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh Maheboob Khan not intervene?⁵⁰² True to form, Theo asked no such difficult questions, avoiding the risk of encountering inconvenient truths.

We have to consider at least three facts of Suresnes life to come to some understanding of Theo van Hoorn's testimony. As a commonplace factor, people gathered in comfortable retirement have all the time in the world to raise mischief to a fine art. It could be argued, moreover, that members of the aristocratic classes of the early twentieth century felt politically marginalized in the public domain and were therefore all the more determined to have their say in any more circumscribed world in which they still mattered. The mentioned challenge issued to Hazrat Inayat Khan by national representatives in pursuit of a greater share of Geneva power, is a perfect illustration of the phenomenon.

Another example concerns Theo's friend Sirkar van Stolk and Sirkar's "factotum" (Theo's word) Wazir van Essen, who together controlled just about every practical aspect of the Suresnes Summer School. Clearly someone has to do such work, and Sirkar and Wazir apparently did it to Theo's complete satisfaction. Still, Sufi International Headquarters in Geneva set out in 1934 to investigate Sirkar's conduct, suspecting him of running up deficits so that he could settle them personally, thereby increasing his own influence at the expense of Geneva.⁵⁰³ Van Stolk was more or less vindicated but withdrew as director of the Summer School, and eventually Khushnasib (Elouis) Hübner (1884/5-1959) took on the onerous job instead. When he reports on meeting Hübner in the summer of 1937, Theo disguises the awkward development by identifying him as Maheboob Khan's secretary, and not as the Summer School director.

A closely related difficulty of the Suresnes family was its sibling rivalry. Within the rarefied atmosphere of the Movement's inner initiatic Sufi Order, the "mureed in the class" was the counterpart of "the man in the street." Becoming an authorized initiator, or a Cherag, ranked as a veritable ennoblement. Centre Leaders rose to become Shaikh, and Order Deputies of the Head, to Khalifa. The

ultimate distinction was to become Murshid or Murshida, a creation accompanied by great rejoicing and invested with huge prestige. These, at the time, were the Sufi knights and counts.

Inevitably some mureeds became envious while others worked hard to rise in rank and influence so as to be, or be seen to be, close to Murshid. Retrospectively and naively, Theo van Hoorn contributed to the contest. In five of his chapters (“Introduction,” “Haras de Longchamp,” “Samadhi Silences,” “Architecture” and “Katwijk”) he supports the claims of Murshida Sharifa (Lucy) Goodenough, the ramrod daughter of a British general and an Austrian countess, exaggerating her saintly dedication, secretarial skills and linguistic prowess, promoting her as *prima inter pares*, and going so far as to grant her the nonexistent title of “Silsila Sufian.”⁵⁰⁴ As Theo endows her with all the charm of a robot and warmth of a fish, while admitting that he was not able to come close to her, it is not clear why he undertook to become her posthumous propagandist and hagiographer.⁵⁰⁵ I believe, however, that he was morbidly fascinated by her precisely because she was totally out of his league and altogether immune to ingratiating.⁵⁰⁶

Only the affable Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling trumped the glacial Goodenough in Theo’s estimation. He stages another of his bits of theatre, in which these two great Murshidas happen to approach the door of the Lecture Hall simultaneously:

Then they see each other. Both stop at the same time and each wants to give the other the right of way. Murshida Goodenough is now truly motionless. She only lowers her head for an instant as a sign of respect for Fazal Mai, who is so close to Murshid in her unfailing dedication to his children and his life’s work. Murshida Fazal Mai instead radiates her ever-present friendliness. A courteous smile invites the other to go first. Even in this solemn atmosphere she shows some of the joyful expectancy that could characterize a village girl on her way to Holy Communion. Immobile, totally determined, Murshida Goodenough bows her head just a little farther to indicate that she wants to give priority to the older mureed.

Meanwhile several others have approached and calmly watch this spectacle with me. Now that Murshida Fazal Mai sees this, she smiles amiably and a little shyly, but with an almost childlike gesture she excuses herself, as it were, for the delay that she has caused. Then she with whom Murshid meets several times a day, happily and cheerfully joins this gathering from which she still expects new blessings and inspiration.

Murshid hated having to accept money, especially large sums, from his followers, but he trusted Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling so completely that he could give in to her great generosity.⁵⁰⁷ Theo eventually got to know Fazal Mai quite well, as she relied on him to help implement her plan to secure the financial future of Murshid's children, and he clearly liked her immensely. But as personal and charming as Theo's sketch of Fazal Mai may be, it also demonstrates that Suresnes high society had its disparate personalities and distinct pecking order.

A third key to understanding the fractious Sufi community is nothing as common as ambition or envy, being historical and structural in nature. It is that Hazrat Inayat Khan had founded the Movement but had not been able to control it. A man of inborn simplicity and magnificent austerity, he advocated personal and collective harmony through music and meditation.⁵⁰⁸ Music, we have already seen, met with little interest or support from Inayat Khan's following. In addition, typical Indian expectations with respect to the application and aptitude needed for the serious pursuit of mysticism were largely Utopian in the context of London of the teens.⁵⁰⁹ Inayat Khan responded by devising a more logical and streamlined method to help bring a modest measure of mystical competence within reach of the growing ranks of his western acolytes.⁵¹⁰ The outcome was a new branch of Sufism, with Inayat and the Brothers as the true adepts at integral mysticism and with many affiliates who were "wholly content" with Murshid's teachings "alongside some collective meditative sessions and a minimal routine of personal exercises."⁵¹¹ This kind of two-tiered Sufism was well-suited to the aristocratic persuasion of Inayat and the Brothers, but its more important compensation was the wider dissemination of his thought.

The fat fly in the ointment was that Inayat Khan's converts, who had often been Anglicans and/or Theosophists, wanted to cling to just about everything they had held dear before they met him. Though he was profoundly mystical, Inayat did not care for occultism, which he rejected as "love of phenomena" or "wonder working."⁵¹² But once his conception of Beauty had become estranged from the disciplines of India's music and mystical practice, his Sufism lay wide open to invasion by followers who craved some kind of artistic, bureaucratic, esoteric, hierarchic, magical, mysterious, recondite, ritualistic, or supernatural embellishment to his core concerns.

The pervasive problem, to which I have already alluded, was that Hazrat Inayat Khan could not say "no," so that his followers were able to manoeuvre him into accommodating their addiction to ritual and the occult in the ceremonies that they expected him to approve and the lecture themes that they wished him to address, with Murshid under constant pressure to stretch the limits of his movement and to plumb the depths of his intellectual reservoir. To make things

worse, the invasive initiatives were soon advanced as responses to his wishes. “Murshid told me, ‘Murshid wanted me to,’ became standard expressions among leading Sufi representatives for decades on end. What had been elicited became understood as having been granted.”⁵¹³ The outcome of this ongoing process was that the joint presentation of Western Sufism turned into a kind of neo-Christian “Theosufism” in the sense that it combined the pragmatic mysticism of Inayat Khan with the liturgical splendours of the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer*⁵¹⁴ and the abstruse occultism of Madame Blavatsky’s publications. We need only compare Murshid’s brief *Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty* of 1914 with the encyclopedic collected works compiled in the 1960s and 1980s to get a sense of the magnitude of the explosion of the Sufi Message.⁵¹⁵

Had Hazrat Inayat Khan’s followers come to Suresnes purely to participate in a rigorous esoteric school that closely reflected his background and convictions, there would have been a great deal less to frustrate him and to provide further bones of contention for his followers. The *Recollections* indicate that Theo van Hoorn would have preferred such a Summer School as well. As things were, however, the diversity of entrenched interests and pursuits inevitably contributed to the kind of family squabbling mentioned by Theo. We know that such discord had already become an integral part of Sufi life before the first Suresnes Summer School of 1922⁵¹⁶ and that it continued after Murshid’s death in 1927.⁵¹⁷ If Inayat Khan had been a determined disciplinarian and financially independent, things might have been different, but he was neither. The best he could hope for given his nature and circumstances, was to channel developments and achieve a measure of damage control. By the time Inayat’s heavy mantle fell on the shoulders of his younger brother Maheboob, the divisive die had been cast. Virtually all disagreement among today’s Western Sufis can be traced back to Theo’s idyllic Sufi Garden.

The Progress of Ritual

That the history of Western Sufism was marred by discord and division is known to all informed mureeds, but that key activities of the Movement were less the brainchildren of Hazrat Inayat Khan than the hobbyhorses of his leading followers, will come as unwelcome news to many. Yet there is good reason to believe that though Inayat Khan sanctioned the Universal Service, Spiritual Healing and Confraternity of the Message, he neither initiated nor much appreciated them. In theory, these pursuits should have served to keep his mureeds occupied without adding significantly to his own heavy workload, but as the Sufi elite tried to involve him as much as possible in the planning and observance of their creations, they added stress to his life while diluting its focus.

Overwhelmingly, it was Inayat Khan's Theosophical followers who introduced ritualistic thinking and practices to Western Sufism. Elisabeth Keesing gives an amusing early example of the persistence of their mental habits.

With all their admiration for the East, most Western admirers [of Inayat Khan] were Western down to their fingertips, for instance in intellectual classification and recording, as seen in the 1917 *Rules and Regulations for the Sufi Order*. Headquarters was called Khankah, an allusion to the title Khan, considered to be the family name [whereas it was in fact a Turki caste designation: 'Yuskhan(e)'=Hordekhan], and at the same time an existing [Persian] term for an oriental monastery which has living rooms, guest-accommodation and an office too. Theosophists are fond of counting in sacred numbers. The Khankah was supposed to have seven kinds of rooms, and the committee also consisted of seven members; to complete another series of seven, the accommodation 'departments' were counted in with the managing departments. Votes were taken in the meetings, but the chairman's vote counted as 7, the general secretary's as 6, and so on.⁵¹⁹

Such numerological games can at best have caused Inayat Khan wry amusement. They were part of a veritable smorgasbord of silliness, including Sharifa Goodenough's attempts to introduce phrenology (the study of the shape and size of the cranium as indications of character and intelligence) and telergy (the physical measurement of "vital force") to the Order.⁵²⁰ It all fits in with the testimony of Khourshed de Ravalieu, later Raden Ayou Jodjana, including her claim that Murshid himself did not create the Sufi Order.⁵²¹

The Theosophical pastimes did not stop with the London phase of Western Sufism but were exported to the Continent, where they were given additional impetus by a rapid increase in the bureaucratic complexity of the Movement. Writing from Amsterdam on 14 September 1921, Inayat Khan observed that "the Message is forcing its way out; it is I who am holding it back with all my might."⁵²² Though Murshid recognized that it is impossible to run an international movement without some organization, he was also an overworked Indian mystic who dreaded administrative entanglements. Some of his leisured Western followers did not share his reluctance, however. One outcome of this imbalance was that they were able to rewrite the organizational structure of Western Sufism according to their own insights.

The original first three Sufi "Activities" (eventually expanded to five) incorporated under the 1923 International Headquarters Constitution, closely

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mirrored the structure of the Theosophical Society, replacing the latter's Esoteric School, Universal Brotherhood and Free Catholic Church, with The Esoteric School of Inner Culture called the Sufi Order, the World Brotherhood, and the Universal Worship. The first of these three was simply a more Theosophical and clumsy name for what had been the Sufi Order back in London (though the overall organization shifted from a horizontal to a vertical initiatic model).⁵²³ The World Brotherhood and Universal Worship were also offspring of their Theosophical cousins. London's distinctly Sufi activity called the Eastern Music Society was not transferred to Geneva, thus consummating the disturbing trend of the preceding seven years. Only the superstructure of IHQ and the Movement itself — monarchial as opposed to merely hierarchic in the Theosophical sense — still gave Hazrat Inayat Khan's Sufism an original Indian characteristic not rooted in the Theosophical tradition. No wonder the events of September 1925 were the last straw for poor Murshid.

To turn to the Sufi "Activities" themselves, I begin with the anomalous Healing, which was not one of the original trio of the 1923 Constitution and also more an Anglican than a Theosophical hobbyism. Not only was it marginal from Hazrat Inayat Khan's point of view, but it had escaped his control by the time Theo van Hoorn attended his first Summer School in 1924. To leave the matter of control until later, it is important to recognize that Inayat Khan was not particularly interested in healing.⁵¹⁸ What he did came out of India and involved his great gifts as a psychologist as well as an ancient central Asian "Bakhshi" or Shamanic tradition.⁵²⁴ Within that framework, Inayat Khan's primary concern was with helping a patient gain the understanding and faith needed to tap into the infinite Grace of God so as to cure her or his own particular illness.⁵²⁵ Most importantly, Murshid was a very private healer, one who shunned publicity and feared sensation.

In defiance of Inayat Khan's known antipathy to "miraculous tales," Theo van Hoorn could not resist mentioning that his friend Moenie Kramer "owes the life of her youngest son entirely to a miraculous healing by Murshid which baffled medical specialists of the day." Theo offers no particulars, whether useful or otherwise, but he had no doubt talked to Moenie and read her emotional description of the events in her contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection. For a relatively dispassionate and published summary of that account, we can turn to Elisabeth Keesing's Murshid biography.⁵²⁶

Moenie's physician and an earlier-consulted specialist expected her youngest child Tammo (born 2 January 1924), who was only one week old, to die of pneumonia, but the boy revived after a visit from Hazrat Inayat Khan. A radiant Murshid had repeatedly blessed and comforted Moenie while stroking her

hands, assuring her the child would get better and that he would return. Moenie in turn touched her infant, passing on the blessing and the healing energy. As the specialist did not bother to investigate the miracle, we can hardly speak with Theo of “baffled medical specialists,” which misleadingly suggests a perplexed medical profession as opposed to, more likely, a dismissive one.

Theo is more circumspect when he mentions that Sirkar van Stolk “recovered from a lengthy illness under the healing influence of Murshid,” in which instance we can consult the published testimony of Sirkar himself.⁵²⁷ This happened in London in 1923, after Western physicians in Switzerland and England had failed Sirkar. Neither Theo nor Apjar identified the nature of the illness, but the long duration of three and a half years and the Swiss connection suggest tuberculosis.⁵²⁸ We have no way of knowing, however, just what the state of Sirkar’s health was by 1923. According to Apjar himself, he underwent a few days of spiritual healing, felt much worse by Sunday, but improved dramatically later in the day, after Murshid had left for church.

The two incidents are fundamentally dissimilar, the only common denominator being that Inayat Khan was no longer present at the time of recovery. We might reasonably expect an adult like Sirkar to have rallied under Inayat Khan’s sustained spiritual guidance. Nor did Sirkar fully recover his health in 1923, as he reports that Murshid was still healing him in St. Cloud in the summer of 1924, so that his health was “gradually returning” at that time.⁵²⁹ The case of Tammo Kramer is totally different, involving the virtually instant healing of a doomed infant by a laying on of hands by proxy. Presuming we can all accept that Inayat Khan helped Sirkar, and others, to heal, Theo’s case for Murshid as a miracle worker stands or falls with the testimony of Moenie Kramer-van de Weide.⁵³⁰ Whatever we make of it,⁵³¹ we had best respect Murshid’s likely wishes in the matter. The less said about tiny Tammo, the better.

Inayat Khan preferred to leave the physical healing to Mohammad Ali Khan, his musical and athletic cousin-brother, who had been formally trained in India.⁵³² Not even Theo, it appears, expected outright miracles from that genial man and his “almost incredible healing powers.”⁵³³ His brief discussion of Ali Khan’s massage treatment of Dien van Hoorn (in The Hague, not Suresnes) indicates that Ali was an effective practitioner who was able to help someone whose “life was being ruined by uninterrupted pain. At night, she did not know whether to recline, sit or crawl.” Van Hoorn is more explicit with respect to a Paris-based Yogi, whom he says Inayat Khan recommended to some of his mureeds during a temporary absence of Ali Khan. The Yogi stimulated the life force through massage, and assigned detailed physical exercises coupled to applied wisdom, including some basic stress management through silence and slow breathing. But again, this is perfectly innocent stuff except to a hawk on the issue of alternative medicine.

Suresnes had a second celebrated healer, however, namely Kefayat (Gladys Isabel) LLOYD (born 1866). Quite unlike Ali Khan, she requires closer scrutiny than Theo was prepared to give her. In 1921, while visiting London, Inayat Khan is to have sanctioned Kefayat's treatment of sickness of the soul, or "Spiritual Healing."⁵³⁴ A few years later, the *Recollections* tell us, she had become a Summer School fixture whose work included an important physical component:

At that time Suresnes was a place where, during the summer months, after a long and difficult winter, people sought not only spiritual but also physical healing. Large numbers of them will think back with gratitude on their visits to Kefayat and the benefits of her treatments.

What Kefayat did for all those grateful mureeds has to be deduced from Theo's appreciative description of her treatment of young Paul's erratic sleep habits in the summer of 1937, which involved an exotic and hypnotic cocktail of prayer healing and magnetic therapy. As far as Theo was concerned, it not only made beautiful sense, it worked. Nor was he alone in his appreciation of Kefayat. Listening to a conversation between his own wife Dien, Sirkar van Stolk's wife Anita, and Sirkar's sister Bhakti, Theo is "most deeply struck by the conviction that those who are highly attuned to the ceremony of the Healing, will, while in the magic circle, feel a continual current course through their bodies, which they then can pass on for the healing of the sick."⁵³⁵ In his *Mysticism of Sound*, Hazrat Inayat Khan speaks metaphorically of "an electric current running from soul to soul," but if the three mothers had this in mind, they were engaged in an obscurantist misapplication of Murshid's metaphysics to Kefayat's alternative medicine.

Kefayat LLOYD came out of an Anglo-Saxon tradition of ostentatious faith-healing, and her sumptuous and soothing approach no doubt found a ready response among the coddled mureeds of Suresnes. Inayat Khan may well have been less enthusiastic, however. At one point Theo is about to detail some of Kefayat's cures but thinks the better of it as "it was not in the least Murshid's intention to propagandize for Sufism by means of miraculous tales." But Theo never truly understood the problem. Far from profiting from his vaunted insider-outsider distance in the presence of this aristocratic "Christmas tree,"⁵³⁶ he endorsed her High Church flimflam without reservations.

The "Universal Worship Activity," we recall, was already enshrined in the 1923 Constitution of the International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement, so that it is at once clear that Hazrat Inayat Khan must have sanctioned the ceremony. It is equally clear, however, that he did not initiate it.⁵³⁷ Of course he believed in "the

unity of religious ideals,” and he also conducted casual weekly prayer meetings in London in the late teens.⁵³⁸ But the move to combine, augment and institutionalize these two elements only came later, from Inayat Khan’s Theosophist converts in London shortly after he and his family had relocated to France.⁵³⁹ In May of 1921 Murshid joined Sophia Saintsbury-Green and Angela Alt in a kind of dress rehearsal of their “Universal Worship,”⁵⁴⁰ which was refined in the following few years by Sirdar van Tuyl and others.⁵⁴¹

It was an understandable and arguably inevitable development. The perceived need for a substantial and structured service must have been overwhelming among Inayat Khan’s Western disciples, who had all come from traditions of worship that centred on sequentially fixed public celebrations. The Universal Worship, with its candle lighting, scripture reading, sermonizing and prayer intended to honour the six world religions,⁵⁴² fit the bill to perfection. Given his own background, Inayat Khan cannot have felt much affinity with formal Sufi services, but he presumably understood that his constituency was not to be denied.⁵⁴³ One wonders, however, whether he was distressed to notice that the fundamental and universal idea of “the divine oneness” was no longer being linked to Muhammad’s final message. The Universal Worship tells us that all the great religions have the same underlying ideals, but Murshid believed that the foundation for that common wisdom was Muhammad. It is one of the bitter ironies of Western Sufism that the same mureeds who constructed the Universal Worship Service, also expunged the Islamic origins of Murshid’s universality.

The *Recollections* offer useful insight with respect to the early history of the Universal Worship. Significantly, Theo does not mention this category of worship in connection with the Summer Schools of 1924 to 1926, when Murshid was still at the centre of all things. Come the summer of 1937, however, Theo does at last focus on a Universal Worship Service, or “Sufi church service” as he calls it tendentiously. To complement this promotion of the event, he places the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik and his family in the front row instead of in the back, where they actually sat “as a clear indication of dissociation with the ceremonial proceedings.”⁵⁴⁴ But despite Theo’s ploys, the Universal Worship remained only one of several Sunday events in the rich weekly offerings of Suresnes. These included the venerable and crucial Sacred Meetings and Silences, both led by Maheboob Khan.⁵⁴⁵ Thus, we see Theo’s Suresnes experiences come full circle when Maheboob conducts a Silence, “a quiet and solemn gathering which, for many of us, stirs up memories of evenings with Murshid, and all that is associated with them.” And when Maheboob reads one of his brother Inayat’s lectures at a Sacred Meeting, his intonation reminds Theo of a voice from the past. He and Dien exchange meaningful glances: “Twelve years before we heard Murshid himself pronounce the words of this reading.”

Still another contender in the Suresnes' calendar of 1937 was a weekday "service of the Confraternity of the Message." As Theo explains, Hazrat Inayat Khan had appointed his elder son Vilayat as head of this brotherhood in 1926, when the boy was in his tenth year.⁵⁴⁶ Theo, does not say, however, that this was again an initiative of the indefatigable Sophia Saintsbury-Green, who, as the first Warden of the Confraternity, invented a repetitive ritual involving Guardians of the Message and then secured the acquiescence of an exhausted Inayat Khan.⁵⁴⁷ Theo may not even have known that Murshida Green had earlier concocted yet another Sufi Activity, which remained in the planning stages when Inayat Khan died. It was an improbable secret society, called Zira'at, which emulated Free Masonry, but along the theme of agriculture.⁵⁴⁸ It was that same Murshida menace, we recall, who was to turn her Murshid into a Christ-like demigod within a few years of his death.

In his "Introduction," Theo links the Confraternity of the Message to his reasons for writing the *Recollections*:

There also remains the consideration that our son Paul, who as an eight-year-old living with us in Suresnes in 1937, fell deeply under the spell of a service of the "Confraternity of the Message," led by Murshid's eldest son Vilayat. The future will tell if this first seed of Sufism, virtually choked out by the events of 1939 to 1944, will ever come to fruition. Were this to happen, the present lines will help him better to understand both Sufism and his father.

Elsewhere, in his "Younger Generation" chapter, Theo professes to be deeply impressed by Vilayat's maturity and style but overlooks the fact that the young man was not coming to grips with his father's teachings and mysticism, preferring to play to the galleries and consolidate his niche in the activities and outreach aspects of the Movement. In the summer of 1937, however, Theo was clearly full of the notion of outreach himself. As he is openly critical of Vilayat in a different context in the same chapter, it does not seem likely that he saw the young man's chosen focus as a problem, but its limitations could not escape the attention of the Brothers and discerning mureeds.

As Theo van Hoorn may have come to realize only a few years after he wrote this chapter early in 1945, he had stood in worship at the cradle of the Great Schism of Western Sufidom. The adulation apparently went to Vilayat's head, so that on 16 September 1948 he unilaterally laid claim to his father's preeminence in the Movement. In essence, Vilayat tried to sweep aside Pir-o-Murshid Ali Khan, who was deemed by International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement to be Maheboob's Khan's legitimate successor.⁵⁴⁹ The kind of shortcomings that I imply above were clearly on the minds of the members of a Committee of Investigation

of the IHQ when they repeatedly questioned Vilayat's qualifications for the high honour and demanding job: "When Vilayat wishes to receive the training which he is lacking, he will have to return to his Father's ways, and to his Father's organization, and follow his Father's instructions."⁵⁰ What Theo remembered during the hunger winter, however, was that young Vilayat had inherited his father's enviable charisma, making him the great hope of the future.

All the Suresnes activities were conducted in The Netherlands as well. Still, the *Recollections* show that the Universal Worship Service, or "Sufi church service," ruled the Dutch roost, playing a much more prominent role in Holland than in Suresnes. This was not merely a manifestation of a social need to join others in church on the Sunday of a normal Dutch work-week (as opposed to a Suresnes study week); the underlying conception no doubt played an important part as well. Whereas the validity of all religious aspirations was self-evident to someone of Murshid's Indo-Islamic Sufi background,⁵¹ the notion came as a revelation to his Western followers. Especially for The Netherlands, where society suffered under compartmentalization (known in Dutch as *verzuiling*, or "columniation") according to religious or social orientation, it was a truly revolutionary proposition. And while Murshid's pursuit of harmony through meditation was a suspect notion and hard sell outside a select circle, the "unity of religious ideals" offered a distinctive doctrine of tolerance that stood a real chance in the world at large. No wonder it quickly became the ecumenical flagship of the Movement.

The Universal Worship Service was already important in Holland around the time that Theo became a Sufi. We read in his "Younger Generation" that Murshid himself attended an observance in Amsterdam in the winter of 1924 before giving interviews and leading a Silence at Theo's home. The Universal Worship continued to dominate Dutch Sufi life from then on, as we understand from Theo's "5 February 1927," "The Younger Generation," "HIRO" and, most eloquently, "Chitrani."

And yet, many years later, our paths crossed once more. During the Sufi National Convention [of 1938], held in the School for Philosophy in Amersfoort and honoured with the presence of Maheboob Khan, the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik of the Sufi Movement, a Universal Worship was held in the Forest Chapel in Bilthoven for hundreds of Sufis and non-Sufis. Zulaikha van Ingen as Cheraga, with Salar Kluwer and Wazir van Essen as Cherags, performed their tasks to such perfection that one could in all truth say that they 'had held aloft the light of truth through the darkness of human ignorance.'

Sufi life had become unthinkable without such communal outreach and celebration. It is difficult to integrate the mystical pursuit of harmony into a Western way of life. For all those who need something more social and structured, there is always the Church of All.

Not all mureeds took the shift from mysticism to ritual for granted, as Theo van Hoorn appears to have done. With the 1950 jubilee of forty years of Western Sufism, Mrs. Munira Lehner swam against the current, singling out esoteric discipline as the important contribution of Inayat Khan and the Brothers.⁵⁵² She went on to mention the collected teachings of Murshid but pointedly ignored the Activities, including the Universal Worship. Seventeen years later Floris baron van Pallandt felt called upon to explain the “increasing stress on religious universalism in the Sufi Movement, so that the Universal Worship has now grown into its best-known aspect.” Van Pallandt rightly attributed the change to the preferences of Inayat Khan’s mureeds but, as a mitigating factor, he also adduced Murshid’s own growing understanding of “the condition of [...] religion itself in the West, where most religious communities claim that their way to salvation, redemption, or eternal bliss, is the only valid one.”⁵⁵³ But though he likely identified a subsidiary factor that predisposed Inayat Khan to accommodate the Universal Worship, Van Pallandt need not have looked beyond his fellow mureeds to understand how the sumptuous tail had come to wag the ascetic dog in the four decades after Murshid’s death.

Lehner and Van Pallandt were Sufis, writing in Sufi publications, and therefore had to be circumspect. It took an outsider to openly challenge the progress of ritual. Writing around the same time as Theo van Hoorn, Michiel Christiaan van Mourik Broekman (1878-1945) — a liberal Protestant theologian who greatly admired Hazrat Inayat Khan and his ideas — warned of the danger of the Universal Worship.

It all seems worthwhile to me, symbolically, as a sign of appreciation for the Divine Truth embodied by the various religions of the world, and as a warning not to become overly attached to one’s own religiosity. But human beings, with their limited capabilities, can only experience deeply what is dearest to them and what they have truly absorbed. Could that be, for Sufis, the realm of thought of the Scripture of Pir-o-Murshid Hazrat Inayat Khan [the *Gayan*, *Vadan* or *Nirtan*], which is placed in the middle of the altar under the central and most elevated candle? If so, a new religion will have been formed after all, against the intention of the Master.⁵⁵⁴

The *Recollections* fully confirm Mourik Broekman's diagnostic gifts. Not long after Theo's death, Azeem (Wil) van Beek (1903-1992) observed matter-of-factly that "among all the activities of modern Sufism [...] the Universal Worship as a religious activity has appealed most strongly to Sufi members and non-members alike."⁵⁵⁵ In fact, from the moment that Inayat Khan sanctioned the Universal Worship on 7 May 1921, it had become difficult to argue that Western Sufism was *not* a religion. As Pir Zia Inayat Khan wrote recently, "the advent of the Church of All marks a watershed in the transmutation of the Sufi Order from a traditional esoteric school into a new religious movement."⁵⁵⁶ Only one more step, from "religious movement" to "religious faith," would undermine the very fundamentals of Murshid's legacy.⁵⁵⁷

Heaven and Murshid forbid that this discussion should end on a negative note. As a much-needed corrective, we should consider that most of the promising ideas that have ever been advanced by seminal minds, were diverted into unexpected channels by others. Inayat Khan's Western Sufism is no exception; it is mainly unusual because the events are recent and circumscribed enough to allow us to identify precisely when and how things went askew. But Western Sufism also stands out because it derailed relatively little. Though the Sufi Message and Activities were demonstrably constructed by Murshid's followers, they were also generally based on his ideas and approved by him. Those ideas — which evolved over time and should not be seen as a tidy package that he brought with him from India — are so humane and wise that they simply could not be perverted.

In addition, we should consider that if Hazrat Inayat Khan had been in a position to accept only mureeds with genuine aptitude and appetite for a demanding pursuit of mysticism, his would probably have remained a very small movement indeed, one that might not have survived as a healthy entity to this day. The Theosophical initiatives of Murshid's leading followers secured a social framework for his ideas, opening the way to a substantial following and a bright future.

In short, the ecumenical faith of Western Sufism may not be the esoteric school that Hazrat Inayat Khan intended, but it still stands as a beacon of sanity and hope in a troubled world. It can do no harm, however, to improve our understanding of the priorities of Inayat Khan himself, as opposed to the preoccupations of his followers. As we approach the centennial celebrations of his arrival in the West, it may be a good time to reflect on the fundamental "three M's" of Inayatian Sufism, namely Murshid, Music and Mysticism. If we wish to add a fourth M, for Message, we should remember that Inayat Khan repeatedly credited the final and universal message to the prophet Muhammad, whose "light of guidance shines as brightly as it shone before, and will ever be the same."

Mixed Blessings

Almost everything about Suresnes Sufism meant a compromise for Hazrat Inayat Khan in the sense that almost nothing was entirely as he would have wanted it. The Samadhi Silence, for instance, was an activity that was firmly rooted in his Indian past, as well as one that was central to his personal experience and convictions, but as Theo van Hoorn shows in detail, the Silences eventually turned into an excessive and oppressive form of Western mass mysticism that threatened to destroy his Murshid.

Just figure it out, as Theo does at one point. With sixty people, each exposed to only a few minutes of Murshid for the Indian “darshan” or Sufi “tawajjoh” (the illuminating focus or flash of inspiration), you already have a three-hour Silence. In addition, Murshid was in place long before his mureeds entered the Lecture Hall, needing first to reach a state of Samadhi himself. Theo’s estimate of five to seven hours per Silence is therefore no exaggeration. Only sleeping on the job could have protected Inayat Khan from excessive stress on such occasions. But as Theo knew, Murshid was not snoozing.

Murshida Green explained to us that during all this time Murshid entered so completely into contact with the higher spheres that he was at times connected with this earthly existence by the thinnest of threads. Any serious rupture in the blanket of silence could therefore expose him to the great danger of his being unable to stand it, with serious, possibly fatal, consequences.

Aside from the dangers of being rudely startled out of his trance by a mureed crashing into a chair, there was the risk of “kemal rhythm,” a kind of spiritual overheating. Finally, just sitting on a pillow in one pose for several hours on end proved so taxing that Murshid had to be laboriously lifted out of his position by Ali and Musharaff Khans. No wonder some elderly mureeds were of the opinion that “if Murshid keeps this up, his days are numbered.”⁵⁵⁸

The *Recollections* further show that Hazrat Inayat Khan invested a great deal of time and energy in the triweekly “Sacred Meetings” of Suresnes. They were intended for initiated mureeds and included an extemporaneous discourse by Inayat Khan that was opened by a prayer recitation by a senior mureed, such as Djalilah Moore, Kefayat LLOYD, or Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, and followed by a question period and closing prayer. Theo mentions such gatherings in connection with Murshid’s varied subject matter, Mumtáz Armstrong’s idiosyncratic way of holding his hands while praying, Kefayat LLOYD’s Anglican-style chanting of those prayers,⁵⁵⁹ and Murshida Goodenough’s alleged

apotheosis from pupil to Master. There were also meetings of this kind reserved for Cherags and Cheragas (and those of still higher rank), which encompassed distinct extemporaneous discourses by Inayat Khan and therefore increased his workload. In his “Reunion,” Theo observes several black-robed mureeds, including Talewar Dussaq, Salar and Hayat Kluwer, and Murshida Egeling, on their way to one such event, which he would no doubt have loved to attend himself. But as he writes in his “Introduction,” “I never rose high in the Sufi Movement.”

Complementing the Sacred Meetings, but of lesser importance, were the public lectures that Murshid gave once a week on Sunday afternoons. The subject matter could be much the same, but his approach was less spontaneous and poetical. As Theo relates in his Smit-Kerbert contribution (see below), the question sessions were generally less formal and even more instructive than the lectures themselves, making them of great value for him personally. As Paul van Hoorn was born well after the death of Inayat Khan, it may not have registered with Theo that Murshid also found time to teach the children of Suresnes “every Friday afternoon at four.” On those occasions, Murshida Ratan (Liesbeth) Witteveen-de Vries Feyens (1920-2006) reported in her old age, Murshid expected the children to do most of the lecturing.⁵⁶⁰

Theo van Hoorn repeatedly praises Inayat Khan’s gifts as a lecturer. All of the lecture topics appear to have interested and impressed him about equally, and he never asks how Murshid decided on the theme and timing of a given Suresnes lecture series. Theo probably knew that Inayat Khan’s engaging performances were the culmination of a distinguished career as a public speaker on three continents, but he does not say so outright. Nor does he reflect on its significance. All professional lecturers learn to make concessions to what is likely to tempt people into paying the price of admission, and Inayat Khan no doubt carried that part of his background with him to Suresnes. The disastrous working assumption of his mureeds was that a great teacher ought to be knowledgeable about everything, a sure recipe for overextension and stress for poor Murshid.

Ever willing to oblige, Inayat Khan agreed to lecture on subjects that did not interest him much personally but that were important to some segment of his constituency, notably the Theosophists. This process got under way almost the moment Murshid returned to London in August of 1914,⁵⁶¹ and it culminated in the metaphysical excursions that post-Inayatian Sufism from Sirdar van Tuyl and Salamat Hoyack to Karimbakhsh Witteveen and Ameen Carp has placed at the very heart of the Message.⁵⁶² Invariably, Murshid tried to bend the material back to his core interests,⁵⁶³ but he would presumably have been a much happier man if he had been able to concentrate entirely on what was dear to his heart.

Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist

As a final mixed blessing, Inayat Khan's interviews with his mureeds became too numerous and time-consuming for his own good. In addition to the traditional brief meetings with individuals, Murshid was necessitated to convene separate Collective Interviews for novices, rank and file mureeds, and the robed elite of the Cherags and deputy initiators. Judging from the *Recollections*, Theo's one and only interview with Inayat Khan took place almost immediately before his initiation. If he was aware of the proliferation of this aspect of Suresnes activity, he chose not to report on it.

Theo van Hoorn does show, however, that personal interviews could concern things as banal as money matters. Jesus Christ has been called "the founder of modern business,"⁵⁶⁴ but he has never been credited with giving sound investment advice. Hazrat Inayat Khan has, however, including by Miss Margaret Skinner, Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling and Theodoor van Hoorn.⁵⁶⁵ Almost immediately upon his arrival in Suresnes in 1924, he discovers that the dashing *jonkheer* Yussouf van Ingen has come to consult Murshid about an important business venture. Theo is understandably taken aback.

And again a certain aura of the unreal surrounds me. That this Eastern teacher has deep insight into spiritual matters, I no longer doubt, but how can he also be expected to give competent advice in purely financial affairs? Is this not once again more or less fantastical?

Theo quotes a little *Hamlet* and eventually concludes that Murshid must have good instincts in business matters. What might have astonished our Sufi accountant is not that someone should have *cared* to consult a venerated Indian mystic about the wisdom of exploiting a tile and brick factory in Holland, but that someone should have *dared* to do so. Yussouf and his wife Zulaikha were understandably eager to allay their anxiety by securing their Murshid's blessings, but neither they nor Theo appear to have had any sense of the imposition involved.

Inayat Khan's generosity and accessibility were part of the wonder of Suresnes. There was almost no problem that his mureeds could not take to him. Yussouf and Zulaikha, Theo tells us, consulted Inayat Khan on just about every step of their lives. But Murshid, not they, paid the price. Two decades later, looking back on the mid twenties, Theo saw how Murshid's workload had grown calamitously over a few years, culminating in ceaseless demands on his time by the growing numbers of Summer-School attendees, unexpected but important visitors who could not be turned away, and interminable Samadhi Silences which by necessity resembled assemblylines almost as much as spiritual gatherings. It was Azeem van Beek, however, who extrapolated from Theo's level of understanding

and fully grasped that the unreasonable expectations of mureeds such as Yussouf and Zulaikha were less indicative of the magic of Suresnes than symptomatic of its dark side:

When [Murshid] left this earth at the age of forty-four, having accomplished a superhuman volume of work, his body was practically consumed. It was used up by the uninterrupted call of his Sufi obligations and of individual mureeds, which did not leave him free for one moment.⁵⁶⁶

The Methodical Mystic

When it came to reporting on the central mystical practices of Suresnes, Theo van Hoorn showed little confidence in his own competence, asking “those with deeper insight into Sufism than I, or who are better informed about it, to supplement, improve or clarify these *Recollections*, and especially this chapter [on the Samadhi Silences], if they think this may contribute to a better understanding of the circumstances.” Theo’s hesitation, like other symptoms of modesty throughout his memoirs, is both laudable and sympathetic. The question seems as inescapable as it is fraught with danger; did he have good reason to be anxious?

Note that Theo does not ask to be corrected on his grasp of Inayat Khan’s actual teaching method. That is hardly surprising, as the *Recollections* tell us almost nothing about it. We learn that Murshid instructed his mureeds, but not how. Theo does not even give an example of a meditation assigned by Murshid. He lets us know that some of his own meditations involved his personal development, but he does not explain how. In fact, he does not bother to tell his readers what “a meditation” is. In this reticence, more than in anything else, we see that Theo was writing for his fellow Sufis, who were by definition already informed about such matters. Also, revealing the secrets of an initiatic order to the outside world, is simply not done, so that Theo was not free to attempt an exposition of Murshid’s operative approach.

It is hard to imagine, on the other hand, that anyone has ever challenged Theo’s understanding of the circumstances of the Samadhi Silences. He takes great pains to describe how these events were organized in Suresnes, with close attention to such matters as the efficient movement of people by vigilant ushers, so that dozens of participants could have their fair share of personal contact with Hazrat Inayat Khan. Even the most mundane details, such as the retrieval of shoes with the use of a flashlight, are explained by Theo. Similarly, the descriptions of what it was like to be face to face with Murshid, and of the nature and movement

of the vibrations that our reluctant mystic perceived in the darkened and silent Lecture Hall, are no doubt accurate. We can either accept his testimony outright or reject it out of hand.

In addition, the relative emphasis that Theo van Hoorn places on mysticism is remarkable. He mentions sundry meetings and services, praising their inspirational content or the refinement with which candles were lit or prayers were recited, but he does not move beyond appreciative snippets. We cannot possibly extract a coherent picture of the conduct of a Sacred Meeting or a Universal Worship from all of the *Recollections*,⁵⁶⁷ but the Silence, and especially the demanding Samadhi version, receives two whole chapters of Theo's methodical attention. We see him travelling back and forth between Amsterdam and Paris, avoiding the structured routine of typical Summer School attendance, with his mind almost continually on his next mystical experience and the logistics of making it happen. We can safely conclude, therefore, that Theo numbered among those mureeds who fully grasped that mysticism is the essential pursuit that lies at the heart of Sufism.

Still, it can hardly escape the attention of his readers that Theo van Hoorn had no particular aptitude for mysticism. In fact, it sometimes seems surprising that he was able to manage mystical transport at all. What kind of mystic soul would set out to compel his guru to receive and acknowledge gratitude via mental telepathy? More usually, whether in the Lecture Hall of Suresnes in 1925 and 1926, in the dunes near Katwijk in 1928, or even in Amsterdam's Concertgebouw over the years, Theo's mind tended to run on, sometimes out of control. Even when he achieved mental passivity, it was unlikely to last. He was acutely aware of the problem, believing his background to be too Western, his nature too analytical and his life too stressful to be conducive to meditation. But he also believed that practice would eventually address his counterproductive tendencies.

Practice, yes. But Theo van Hoorn would never have accepted the notion of meditation as a mere technique to be mastered to no particular end beyond mental refreshment, stress reduction, or a romantic thrill. For him, mysticism was a serious matter. Though aware via Van Brakell Buys of the predating traditions of Persia and Catholic Europe, Theo gives serious consideration only to the mysticism of Western Sufism.⁵⁶⁸ He insists on identifying theoretical underpinnings in Carolus Verhulst's translation of Inayat Khan's *The Mysticism of Sound*, including the ten basic sounds of the universe and the corresponding "tubes and veins" of the body, trying to nail down just what Murshid intended and precisely how this ties in with his own unforgettable mystical experiences of two decades before. And true to form, Theo believes he is reflecting on universal Inayatian truths as opposed to a traditional Hindu-Indian categorization of sounds.

Few, if any, of the mureeds who constituted Theo's immediate audience for his *Recollections*, can have needed his turgid bolstering of the Samadhi Silences. For them the proof of the pudding would have been in the eating. But that was precisely Theo's point! His material is part and parcel of his principal "insider-outsider" theme. He, alone, in the summer of 1926, had felt compelled to analyze, step by step, what he was undergoing and to ask himself: "Does everyone around me experience this?" He alone, almost twenty years later, continued to heed his self-confessed Western scepticism, setting out once more to demonstrate to his own satisfaction that everything had made better sense than might at first appear.

Theo may have been satisfied, but he was not particularly successful. His efforts to demystify Suresnes mysticism do not truly resolve his problems with Murshid's writings. In addition, his external evidence lets him down. An impressive light show off the coast of England clarifies nothing at all because there is no true analogy, just the common denominator of waves heading off into space. The swarming insects of the gardens of La Mortola prove only that Theo knew the sound of bees when he heard it. The two episodes make for wonderful reading, but they disrupt his Suresnes experiences and are ultimately no more than elaborate distractions that take us too far afield for too little insight.⁵⁶⁹ The same can be said with respect to Theo's largely irrelevant observations on Western literature and music. As for his painstaking descriptions of the actual mystical activities, they inventory what happened and what he perceived, but they fail to convey the mystical transport that drew him and his fellow mureeds to Murshid and his Silences.

And what did Theo expect? The most basic fact about mystical experiences is that they are personal and ineffable. As William James rightly concluded after expert Sufi testimony from Abu Hamid Mohammed al-Ghazali (1058-1111), the "incommunicableness of the transport is the keynote of all mysticism."⁵⁷⁰ At some level Theo actually understood this, as he repeatedly questions the wisdom of setting out to describe what "cannot be expressed in words." Significantly, it is only when he stops analyzing and at last moves poetically with the flow, that the magic of the Lecture Hall suddenly becomes palpable.

For not one of us thought of leaving; no one wished to break the silence. And so we remained together, filled with the same realm of feeling and thought, all still under the spell of this gathering, all still completely absorbed in the wonderful enchantment of these moments, all still listening to what had become perceptible to us that afternoon by indefinable paths, listening to indeterminable melodies, listening to the deep organ tone of the invisible choir, to the whisperings of a soft breeze, listening to the voice of silence.

Once again we encounter the invisible choir, but who cares? For one moment, the raptures of Suresnes are revealed to us.⁵⁷¹

To Serve Them All His Days

Though Western Sufism was truly an international movement, with Summer School attendees from four continents (if we split North and South America) and about a dozen nations, it was dominated by its English and Dutch mureeds. As we have seen, the Suresnes Sufism that Theo van Hoorn encountered in 1924 had been transplanted from London only a few years before. Since Hazrat Inayat Khan spoke no Dutch and little French, English was by necessity the lingua franca of Theo's Hallowed Hill. As only the Dutch speak Dutch, their language was in any case totally unsuited to serving as medium of communication in an international setting like Suresnes. Even in The Netherlands, Sufis switched to English whenever Murshid came to visit. We may be sure that they spoke the Queen's English as best they could, with the ersatz Oxford accent that they had learned in school and that was part and parcel of their admiration for the British upper classes. For them, becoming a Sufi must have been a little like getting to join the British landed gentry, with just about everyone in Suresnes being either to the manor born or else playing the part.⁵⁷² Only a shared pastoral idyll of this kind can explain the emergence of Zira'at, the secret Sufi agricultural society.

Theo van Hoorn must have felt right at home. Cricket, which he had played as a youth, is still the sport he discusses expertly with Djalilah Moore, a fellow aficionado who "lives in London in an apartment in the immediate vicinity of the famous cricket field called 'Lord's.'" Van Hoorn also appears to have admired Murshida Goodenough's aristocratic haughtiness of manner, which many found hard to take,⁵⁷³ but which he must have assumed to be quintessentially upper-class British. Theo's rhapsodic account of a 1935 visit to London, including a ballet performance that he and Dien attended "in the company of countless members of high society," completes our picture of a confirmed Anglophile.

The United States of America were a different story, however. Unlike Hazrat Inayat Khan, who had a distinct soft spot for Americans, Theo did not have much use for them, in so far as he gave them any thought at all. Some are hard to understand, like one unidentified individual in Suresnes who especially frustrated the non-English mureeds. Theo was probably referring to Murshida Rabia Martin, whom he tells us was unforgivably aggressive and uncharitable, albeit expert in occult phenomena and very well-educated. She is the only fellow mureed whom he does not treat with appropriate Sufi circumspection. An American woman from San Francisco (again Murshida Martin), manages to look as if "hewn from bronze," resembling "a Peruvian totem pole." Even when the

Americans come to the rescue in the Second World War, Theo compares them to the Indian tribes of his favourite boyhood reading. He tells us a little about Sirkar van Stolk's experiences in the wilds of Arizona, but nothing about America's great universities, orchestras and museums. He does repeat the claim of his aristocratic friend Sirdar van Tuyll that the "celestial inspiration" of Inayat Khan's music "left a strong impression on his listeners in America who, though to all appearances hard and materialistic, still showed a deep preference for the expression of higher spiritual values." This is a left-handed compliment, however, with Pir-o-Murshid in the role of a new Orpheus charming the transatlantic animals. Americans, we learn from Theo, are people so gauche that they will actually thank someone by name at a public gathering!

Despite his preference for British style and understatement, Theo van Hoorn most often concentrates on his compatriots, especially — and inevitably — when in Holland. When a Dutch Sufi is not a baron, baroness, *jonkheer* or *jonkvrouw*, she or he is likely to be a member of the patriciate and/or some other artistic, diplomatic or commercial elite.⁵⁷⁴ Most of the families of the *Recollections* had names to conjure with. If they had not been wealthy for many generations, they were likely to have made a great deal of money fairly recently, most often in the form of "Indische fortuinen," being fortunes amassed in the Dutch East Indies.⁵⁷⁵ The Baroda Khans were aristocrats in their own right, of course, and not in the least intimidated by their Western charges. It came natural to them to think in terms of high caste (Hindu Brahmins and Rajputs, Mogul Muslims) and leisured allodial or feudal land ownership. Of these, they felt, the European nobility, patriciate and landed gentry were natural and appropriate counterparts. In fact, it was said of Mohammad Ali Khan, the oldest and most feudal of the Brothers, that he much preferred his friends to be members of the nobility. Regrettably, the Brothers were not rich, but they did hold the key to the spiritual riches that others came to find.

Another important contribution of Suresnes' Indian contingent lay in the exotic names that they assigned to their mureeds. These Sufi names may at first seem off-putting; from Akbar to Zulaikha, they can look like so much affectation. All one needs to do, however, is study Theo van Hoorn's peers in his chess and business worlds to understand the charms of a realm of Sirdar and Sirkar. For outside their immediate family and closest circle of friends, people did not normally use their Christian names. Men, especially, tended to hide behind initials and to call each other by their last names only, but even Manohary Voûte published as C.D., not Cécile. Theo never adopted a Sufi name, but it was not for nothing that his *Recollections* identify him as Theo (from the Greek *Theos*, or God) instead of as Th. (or The.) van Hoorn, as he appears in any other context. Theo was in effect his Sufi name, in a book intended for Sufis.⁵⁷⁶

The *Recollections* indicate that Sufi names generally replaced Christian ones, serving to set mureeds off from their outer-world persona. Theo consistently omits the Christian names or the initials of friends with Sufi names, “H.P. baron van Tuyll van Serooskerken” being a lone exception on a single occasion. With individuals such as Hendrik Endt, who did not adopt a Sufi name, Theo opts for the more familiar version of a Christian name, as used within a mureed’s family. Just as Theodoor becomes Theo, so Hendrik becomes Henk. Other examples are Wim Eggink, Mary de Haan, Dien and Lucie van Hoorn, Willy Jansen and Camilla Schneider. Clearly, Theo and his Sufi friends thought of each other as an extended family.

In contrast to the European mureeds of Suresnes, Hazrat Inayat Khan and the Brothers still belonged to an Indian generation that thought it highly offensive to use any kind of proper name at all. Instead, people made do with nicknames as well as generational, family and professional indications, such as “her ladyship sister,” “mother,” “Sir Doctor,” and “the great gentleman.” Sufi names served in part as convenient cognomina that got around the problem.⁵⁷⁷ They were never Western names, however; nowhere does one encounter a Galahad or Roland. They came from Persian or Indian literature, like Yussouf and Zulaikha, who were a pair of lovers created by Hafiz of Shiraz (1320/25-1388/9), as well as from other Eastern sources.⁵⁷⁸

Inayat Khan generally took Sufi names seriously, “Sirdar” being a perfect example. Being used to Indian convention, Murshid could not bring himself to address Hubertus Paulus baron van Tuyll van Serooskerken by his first or last name and called him “baron” instead. When Van Tuyll objected to such a deferential form of address from his revered mentor, Murshid proposed to give him a “laqab” or honorary name instead, coming up with “Sirdar.” When Van Tuyll thanked Murshid and asked him what that meant, Murshid said “baron,” which was more or less the case.⁵⁷⁹ Inayat Khan repeatedly used feudal forms of address as Sufi names. For him his Indian background remained the most authentic reality, as well as the only one of which he was never critical in all his years in the West.⁵⁸⁰

Like Murshid and the Brothers, Theo saw no incompatibility between *laqab* names and the inherited titles that helped set the tone for the Sufi family. Inayat Khan was more democratic than his Western followers, however, who could be horrified when he approached a mere labourer as a fellow human being.⁵⁸¹ As we have seen, it was part of Murshid’s aristocratic persuasion that his teachings should be accessible to ordinary people, such as the difficult old man whom he answers patiently in Theo’s home on the Johannes Verhulststraat. The realities of Amsterdam and Suresnes were otherwise, however. Few mureeds were undistinguished, and none were lower class.⁵⁸²

Suresnes was exclusive but not expensive. In the picture painted by Theo van Hoorn, the problem was never the cost of lodgings, but finding space at all. The accommodations were hardly luxurious and sometimes quite spartan. Though there were servants about, that was the case in almost any middle- or upper-class household until the 1950s. The meals, in so far as we can tell, were not elaborate, and the Suresnes drink of preference appears to have been tea. Of course everyone overdressed by our standards of summer afternoon relaxation, or even study, with the men wearing suits and ties, but that, too, was nothing out of the ordinary for the times. The pleasures of Suresnes were generally simple and edifying ones. Unless one bought a house there, like Sirkar van Stolk or Sakina Furnée, or indulged oneself in excursions to Paris or elsewhere, there was no way one could go broke while attending the Suresnes Summer School. It was simply not the kind of place where money could be flaunted.⁵⁸³

A few of the Suresnes Sufis, including Theo van Hoorn and Yussouf van Ingen, still had to worry about clients or sales, but most of them were getting on and living off investment income. Too many, perhaps, as we learn from Theo when he comments on Akbar Egeberg, a praiseworthy Norwegian exception to the rule:

Figures like Egeberg are relatively scarce in Suresnes. The greater part of the visitors consists of older individuals, who have every opportunity to dedicate themselves almost exclusively to the work of the Sufi Movement, without also having to cope with a career. I therefore welcome in Egeberg a man in the strength of his life, who in addition to his task as leader of Sufism in Norway, plays an important part as an active member of our western European society.

In talking about “Egeberg,” Theo van Hoorn was underscoring his point by emphasizing the Norwegian’s outer-world persona. Of course Theo was legitimizing his own anomalous position even as he praised Akbar. Our insider-outsider wanted nothing so much as to be needed and accepted by those comfortable full-time Sufis.

It was Theo’s yearning for religious tolerance that first drew him to Sufism, but it does not require a doctoral degree in psychology to see that there was also a connection between his belated but determined quest for social and financial security and his strong attraction to precisely this exclusive and wealthy second family.⁵⁸⁴ And the price of full admission, which he paid ever so gladly and proudly, was to serve them all his days. He helped *jonkheer* van Ingen with his financial problems for nine full years, from the day after they met almost up to the

day Yussouf was killed, but even tiresome mureeds, like the old man who collars him near Katwijk in June of 1928, could count on his considered and free advice at any time. Theo clearly relished his role as the Sufi man of affairs who could be relied on to get things done. Against all odds, he even secured broadcast time for the Sufis. His *Recollections* put all of his incurable romanticism at the service of the Movement as well. To complete the miracle, Theo found Sufism of distinct benefit in the conduct of his professional life. Theo van Hoorn and Sufism were a marriage conceived by Murshid and made in heaven.

Social credentials and money tend to come paired with a conservative outlook. And yet there can have been no group of people in interwar European society who were more tolerant of each other and better able to rise above sexism and racism than Theo van Hoorn's Sufi friends. His *Recollections* repeatedly attest to comfortable friendships between men and women and a working assumption that the two sexes are of equal importance for the Movement and its future. However, the women's liberation of Suresnes and Holland was hardly the result of a well-defined and far-reaching social agenda on the part of Inayat Khan. It was largely an inadvertent outcome of his tolerant nature combined with the gender make-up and social background of his Western following and his commitment to encouraging the individual spiritual growth of his mureeds.⁵⁸⁵

Racial tolerance, on the other hand, was a part of Inayat Khan's Indo-Islamic background that he had resolutely inculcated in his followers ever since his arrival in the West.⁵⁸⁶ It should in any case be remembered that Suresnes' racial diversity was limited. Beyond four Indians, six Eurasian children and numerous gentiles, there were only a few Jews, such as Rabia Martin, the Norwegian actor Sajwar (Karl Martin) Salomonson,⁵⁸⁷ and the Dutch Pool-Polack family.⁵⁸⁸ The historical record of Western Sufism does Murshid justice, being marred only by an awkward attempt on the part of Shabaz (Carl Eric Britten) Best (1882-1974) to excuse Murshida Martin's intemperate rhetoric with reference to her Jewish background.⁵⁸⁹ Best greatly admired Judaic culture, however, and was guilty of ingenuousness, not anti-Semitism.⁵⁹⁰ Van Hoorn, we recall, can only be faulted for remaining silent about Jews when some mention of them might be expected.⁵⁹¹

Certainly Theo Van Hoorn shows great appreciation of Suresnes' Indian and Eurasian contingent. It was not that Theo became colour blind, like some Sufi Saul on the road to Damascus. He repeatedly comments on the sparkling jet-black eyes of the Khans, but they are part of a propitious magic that they brought with them from remote India.⁵⁹² And the openness went both ways. Inayat Khan's third wife, whom he married in London in 1913, was an American, so that his beautiful children were Eurasian. In addition Hazrat's brothers Maheboob and Musharaff married members of the distinguished and wealthy Dutch Sufi circle.⁵⁹³

It might therefore be said, with all due respect, that the Sufis of Suresnes looked after the two things that really matter in life, a healthy bank balance and a sound gene pool.⁵⁹⁴ The outcome was a paradisiacal refuge from the world, a place of camaraderie and security presided over by a wondrous Murshid “with a true, warm, spontaneous humanity, to which every obsequiousness, hypocrisy and arrogance is foreign.”

And there, ultimately, resides the brilliance of this book, in the unforgettable hours that Theo spent in magical Suresnes with his fellow mureeds and, above all, his beloved Murshid. Theo takes us around the buildings and the garden with what he himself identifies as a movie director’s eye. We experience the stifling heat, fragrant dusk, sultry nights and waxing moon. We hear the plopping of falling apricots, the creaking of the garden gate, the squeaking of the folding chairs, the rumbling of the last night train, the tapping of rain on the chestnut leaves and the rustling of the wind in the ivy. We see the adults and the children, their dress and their movements. We hear them converse or cry out at play. Most of all, we see and hear Hazrat Inayat Khan in many different situations. He can be personable, kind, attentive, thoughtful or introspective in daily discourse, but also penetrating in a meeting of minds, joyful at a reunion, elated at a theatre performance, and an accomplished actor himself when the point of one of his stories requires it. Hazrat Inayat Khan was “my Murshid” to other mureeds, but only with Theo van Hoorn can we repeatedly experience what it was like to be in his close presence. Only someone with Theo’s unique combination of acute observation, dazzling memory and matchless tenacity could have managed this *tour de force*. To return to the judgement of Mahtab van Hogendorp: “Yes, truly, that’s how it was.”

May this book help make Hazrat Inayat Khan live again — or live on — for many thousands in their search for Love, Harmony and Beauty in what Theo van Hoorn rightly called “our needlessly complicated Western lives.” But may it also secure the lasting reputation of Theo himself as a versatile man of substance who never failed to help his fellow mureeds and always remembered that his Murshid prayed with him.

**Recollections of Inayat Khan
and Western Sufism**

By Theo van Hoorn

Translated and Annotated by Hendrik J Horn

For my dear wife:

Rarely does one see a Padmani in life; and the man who wins her heart gains the kingdom of Indra Loka, the heaven of the Hindus.

Inayat Khan - Rassa Shastra

FOREWORD

Theodoor van Hoorn was born in 1887 in Amsterdam as the fourth son of a family with five children. He grew up and went to school in the stately old city centre, where his ancestors had lived for many generations.

A crisis of 1903, which almost destroyed his father's business, meant that, of four brothers, he alone could not go to study. Thus, after completing secondary school, he embarked on a career abroad with a branch of a Dutch commercial bank. It was during this period that he became an enthusiastic as well as successful soccer and cricket player.

A serious illness, which manifested itself when he was twenty-five, forced him to give up his post to seek a cure in Switzerland. He took advantage of this period of enforced rest by immersing himself in the works of many, especially foreign, authors and composers. Only much later would it become apparent how important this phase of his life was for him.

Returning to The Netherlands, he qualified himself in administrative matters and then set out to become an accountant. In 1917 he passed the final examination of the Dutch Institute of Accountants. After several years of changing partnerships with other accountants, he set out on his own. He carried on as a public accountant in Amsterdam until 1955, with the last years as a partner in one of the larger firms of that city. He died in Amsterdam in 1957.

Theodoor van Hoorn combined both intellectual and artistic qualities. He remained a strong and avid chess-player into old age. In addition, he was a great admirer and connoisseur of figures such as Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Shelley and Verlaine, as well as of choral and operatic literature. For decades he faithfully attended numerous cultural events, including ones in the City Theatre and Concertgebouw of Amsterdam.

His meeting with Hazrat Inayat Khan in 1923 was a turning point in his life. The events of the following years, especially his contacts with the Master and with other Sufis in Suresnes and elsewhere, gave his life fresh impetus and undoubtedly became engraved in his consciousness. After this first meeting, Theo van Hoorn put all his effort, knowledge and competence in the service of Sufism. Initially he did this by organizing numerous meetings in his home and by faithfully attending the Amsterdam Sufi church services with his wife every Sunday, even though they were at first just about the only ones to attend. Later he placed his financial expertise at the disposal of sundry Sufi bodies and organizations.

During the twenties and thirties, he most probably never considered recording his impressions of Sufism in the West. It was only in the darkest hours of the Second World War that he became convinced, after much hesitation, that he should entrust his recollections to paper so as to preserve the atmosphere of the early years in Suresnes for posterity. Fugitive and in hiding from the German

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

occupying forces, he and his family survived the notorious hunger winter of 1944-45 in a small, old, labourer's cottage on the Vinkeveense Plassen. It was there, protected from famine and violence and cut off from his busy accountant's practice, that he found a unique opportunity to write down his impressions. He then revealed a talent for writing that had not hitherto seen the light of day. Like few others, he proved able to form a bridge between the artistic expressions of his beloved writers, poets, composers and musicians, and the esotericism and wisdom of Hazrat Inayat Khan, as is readily seen from many chapters of this book. Thus originated a document which, owing in part to the proverbial good memory of the author, stands alone in its description of the ambience of the early period in which Hazrat Inayat Khan pronounced his Message to the world from Suresnes. I hope that this book will help many to form a better picture of the Message of Western Sufism and that it will encourage numerous others to investigate the Movement more deeply.

That this publication sees the light of day only now, was at the express wish of the author.

Th.P. van Hoorn

FOREWORD BY THE PUBLISHER

When the late Theo van Hoorn presented his *Recollections of Inayat Khan and Western Sufism* to the board of the Murshida-Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation in 1956, transferring the copyright, he stipulated that under no circumstances was the book to be published until twenty-five years after his death. As Theo van Hoorn died in 1957, that meant 1982 or later. After thorough deliberation, the board of the Foundation has decided to proceed with publication one year early.

Many older mureeds may remember hearing the author read passages from chapters of this manuscript and they will have been struck by his ability to evoke the atmosphere of those unforgettable years in Suresnes, when Murshid Inayat Khan was still on earth. But even for those who were not able to experience this beginning period of the Message, the reading of the *Recollections* will prove a deeply moving experience which will certainly increase their receptivity to the Sufi Message.

The quotations of foreign-language prose in this manuscript have been translated into Dutch. The foreign-language poems have not been translated, however. They would have lost too much of their subtle feeling in the process.

The undersigned changed the original title, *Recollections of Twenty Years in Western Sufism*, to more clearly convey the contents of the book to a broad public. It was also decided to publish the integral text. A bibliography and index of names were added to increase the book's usefulness.

Although Theo van Hoorn had begun to collect photographs for his book, these were found to be of too poor quality for reproduction. The current selection was made by the undersigned.

May this attractive book with its interesting character descriptions of many prominent Sufis from the first period of the Sufi Movement make its contribution to the further dissemination of the Sufi Message of Love, Harmony and Beauty!

The Publisher [L.W. Carp]

PART ONE

Introduction

The outlook of the great teachers whose doctrines have changed the attitude to life of millions upon millions, always agreed in this: that they were never inclined to point out the faults of others, not to offend those who had failed. In their regard for human dignity, and in their modesty and service, lay the beauty and greatness of their lives.

[Hazrat Inayat Khan] *Rassa Shastra*¹

I

I set out to record my recollections of my experiences with Sufism over the past twenty years only after deep and prolonged doubt about whether my timorous attempts are justifiable. This hesitation reflects the reality that I never rose high in the Sufi Movement and that, imbued with typical twentieth-century scepticism, common sense and rationality, I do not feel at all called upon to record experiences that others, better informed and closer to the heart of Sufism than I, may wish to reject as inaccurate or as poorly understood.

For those to whom the Message is revealed, Pir-o-Murshid says, there are three stages, namely, the receiving of the Message, the assimilation of the Message and the propagation of the Message. Some who receive the Message recognize it at once as what they have sought and craved for years.² They also feel that they have already subconsciously assimilated the Message long ago, so that they enter the above three stages almost simultaneously. For them, the reception of the Message virtually coincides with its assimilation, and soon they arrive at the third stage, where they proceed to spread the Message and share their joy with others.

But according to Murshid there are others (and I have always counted myself among them), for whom the receiving of the Message is akin to a constantly surging source of joy and revelation. They are continually looking for fresh inspiration and try at every turn to advance, never allowing themselves time to assimilate things gradually. The result is that they never reach the third stage, the dissemination of the Message.

It is quite possible that this is a fairly accurate picture of how the Sufi message affected me over the years. I can hardly claim that I truly digested what I experienced; on the contrary, I was continually completely baffled. Moreover, compared to most of my contemporaries of the period from 1924 to 1926, when we were privileged to be taught by Murshid in person, I contributed little to the dissemination of the Message.

Sometimes I have even had the feeling that I have been completely delinquent, as I often fell short of that unshakable faith with which many others embraced what they recognized as their task. My fear of resistance or disapproval

from friends and relatives initially only increased my hesitation. And yet this picture may be slightly distorted as well. My unforgettable friend Yussouf van Ingen³ once told me, in his affable way, that I had “done my bit in my own way, in all sorts of ways.”

Certainly I would never have begun writing these Sufi recollections had I not, in part due to the stressful circumstances of war, become increasingly convinced that my wife attached great value to this undertaking and that it would be difficult for me to find anything else that she would value more as an assertion of my almost inexpressible debt for all the goodwill, comfort and devotion she has always lavished on me.⁴ Add to this, that she thought herself totally unsuited to composing and writing recollections of her own. To her, presumably, apply Murshid’s words in *Rasa Shastra* (“The Character of the Beloved”): “Her affections are deep, and she finds them inexpressible.” It is in part because of her repeated and insistent urging that I finally gave in.

There also remains the consideration that our son Paul, who as an eight-year-old living with us in Suresnes in 1937, fell deeply under the spell of a service of the “Confraternity of the Message,” led by Murshid’s elder son Vilayat. The future will tell if this first seed of Sufism, virtually choked out by the events of 1939 to 1944, will ever come to fruition. Were this to happen, the present lines will help him better to understand both Sufism and his father.

One of the external factors that shaped my decision to record my Sufi recollections was an initiative of Shireen Kerbert, the wife of the industrialist-engineer Jan L. Smit, of Kinderdijk.⁵ About two years ago, with commendable energy, she began to assemble impressions of Murshid from many contemporaries who had known him personally. As she herself testified, she had come to the conclusion that one of the difficulties encountered by a Leader in her attempts to attract interested individuals to Sufism resided in the circumstance that they were generally taught almost exclusively by that one Leader, who often lacked comprehensive knowledge of pertinent facts, experiences and insights. She therefore attempted to assemble as many impressions as possible of the impact that meeting Murshid had on his contemporaries, displaying great energy in the process.

On the sound argument that it would be deplorable if precious material were to be lost through continued waiting, with Murshidas Goodenough, Fazal Mai Egeling, and Green already gone,⁶ Smit-Kerbert set out on a true pilgrimage and, in person or via correspondence, established contact with numerous contemporaries who had known Murshid in person. In response to her efforts, highly divergent contributions poured in from almost all of her

contacts, including some who had never belonged to the Sufi Movement, or had ceased to be active in it. Together these give a remarkable picture of how the arrival of Pir-o-Murshid appears to have impacted these totally heterogeneous personalities.

Getting to know this miscellany of impressions, which I was able to peruse in the summer of 1944 during a few relaxed vacation days in “de Vlierstruik,”⁷ Azmat Faber’s country home near Baarn,⁸ was no doubt one of the factors that made it easier for me to surmount my doubts. Still, that was not yet entirely the case at that time. I did add a contribution of my own to the Shireen Smit-Kerbert collection, but it, too, was still purely incidental at the time.⁹

Reflecting on what I have just mentioned about external factors that led to my decision, I ask myself if there was not what Murshid called a “deeper cause behind the cause” at work.¹⁰ In its pursuit, I must return to an unforgettably impressive evening in Suresnes in August of 1926, when I was for the last time present in the Lecture Hall during one of Murshid’s weekly discourses, in which he discussed “the Message” and to which only the initiated were admitted.

During my many stays in Suresnes during the summers of 1924 to 1926, I repeatedly attended these solemn evening assemblies.¹¹ Murshid was always dressed in black and, whenever possible, we followed his example. The mood was serious and Murshid was, if possible, even more markedly introverted on these occasions than usual. Much of what I heard there, as first impressions, was too difficult for me; only much later did I come better to understand these teachings, which can at times seem totally unacceptable to a westerner. Nor do I have a specific recollection of the subject discussed by Murshid on that particular occasion, but the closing moments of this assembly are all the better engraved on my memory.

It was a dark and stormy evening in the last days of August 1926.¹² The sound of the wind through the ivy of the Lecture Hall shut out all other exterior sounds. The exceedingly weak lighting, which rendered those present almost unrecognizable, made the dark and imposing figure of Murshid stand out all the more impressively against the crepuscular background. Did the future already cast its shadow on us? Several weeks later, on 14 September 1926, Murshid would undertake his final journey to India, never again to return. His disciples would be left in great disarray, no longer able to experience at his feet the celestial wisdom of his preaching. Some would turn away from Sufism, discouraged without Murshid to give them direct support in the conduct of their daily lives.¹³

Murshid knew that it was by no means certain that he would return. What must have he felt, sharing his message for what might be the last time with such a small assembly of followers, of whom he must also have known that some

would abandon his mission after his departure and that others would fail to dedicate themselves completely to the continuance of his work?

Whatever may have been the case, Murshid was so deeply, almost deadly, serious that night that we all listened to his words breathlessly and motionlessly, even though not one of us was then likely to have contemplated the possibility of an imminent separation. And it was in that mood, in that solemn moment that Murshid, having let several moments of complete silence follow on his closing words, suddenly exclaimed: "My mureeds! Help me to spread my message!" And he told us how over all the years he had done everything in his power to help the world by delivering a new [Sufi] Message; how much response he had enjoyed, but also how relatively few he had been able to reach, and why he therefore needed his followers to assist him in his work. And with great emotion and deep gravity Murshid asked us to support his work and spread his teaching, after which he emphatically, almost passionately, repeated: "Go, all who are here present, help me! Help me to spread my Message!"¹⁴

When I look back on that evening, I could ask myself why I did not at once heed the plea that reached me so dramatically. How is it possible that I apparently failed to comprehend its implications for so many years? Looking for an answer, I need first to refer to a pronouncement by Murshid himself. Once, when he was asked if it was desirable that a mureed understand why he had been charged with a given meditation, Murshid typically avoided a direct response and expressed his opinion as follows:

Among the meditations that my own Murshid once assigned to me, there was one of which I never understood why he selected it for me. But much later, when I had carried out that meditation for ten years or so without knowing why it had been assigned to me, I suddenly began to comprehend that it was precisely this meditation that had been the most important in my life.

Reflecting on this now, I think I may safely say that if someone such as Murshid needed ten years to understand a matter of crucial importance to him, it should be no cause for surprise that a Western man should require twenty years before he begins to comprehend the implications of something he has heard.¹⁵

But there is a much more immediate reason why I did not heed Murshid's call back then, at least not to the same degree as many others who were present that evening and who subsequently set out ceaselessly to spread his teachings.¹⁶ I think I can discern the cause in a statement by Murshid himself. For when he inducted me into the Sufi order in July of 1924 in his room in the house that he had named

Fazal Manzil, there came a moment when he looked at me intently, directing his glance at my forehead, and spoke these words: "Remember that you will always be of help to your fellow mureeds." This has repeatedly seemed to me the direction in which Murshid intended to guide my contribution to the Sufi movement. I have only rarely taken an initiative of my own, but I have always made an effort to be ready to help out the moment it was asked of me, and this has happened repeatedly, and not least of all by those who filled high positions in our Movement and who were very close to Murshid.

I have always thought that Murshid's suggestion was deeply considered. He had ample opportunity to observe me before my initiation. One important consequence was that my mission within the Sufi Movement was entirely consistent with my role in society, namely to provide support and information for all those who sought my advice or asked for my help. This role also eliminated the possibility of conflict between my professional activities as an accountant and my spiritual calling, which were instead able to develop and blossom in harmonious proximity. Thanks to my career, I have been able to be of service to many Sufis; inversely, my Sufi schooling has had a markedly useful and constructive influence on the way I carried out my professional duties, so that the latter gave me much greater satisfaction than might otherwise have been the case.

And, involuntarily, looking back on all this, the words of Goethe come to mind:

Oft only after years in credit growing,
Doth it appear in perfect form at last.
What gleams is born but for the moment's pages;
The true remains, preserved for later ages.¹⁷

And thus it may after all have been Murshid's insistent plea, "Help me! Help me to spread the Message!" that was the cause behind the cause that now brings me to the recording of these recollections. And here again, I hope to be of help to my fellow mureeds, and especially to those who may someday read this book to achieve clarity of insight and mastery of doubt, so as to be able to partake of the immense blessing that Sufism can bring.

"Het Wijd," Groenlandsekade, Vinkeveen¹⁸

Christmas 1944

II

In conclusion, I offer some information about the structure of these *Recollections* and the way they were written. They answered to three goals, of which the first two were intended to provide the future, and especially the distant future, with

answers to numerous questions that might arise for those who become interested in Western Sufism.

In the first place, I have tried to paint a broad picture of the situation and circumstances in Western Europe that prevailed during Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan's life on earth, including a few facts about the Sufi Movement. Those who will come into contact with Western Sufism in the future, and who will already have gained some impression of it from other sources, could well ask themselves: "Where was Suresnes located? What was the Summer School and what took place there? What was the importance of Katwijk? How, approximately, were Sufi activities conducted at a local centre? How and on what occasions were the lectures of Inayat Khan recorded? Where were the International Headquarters of the Sufi movement located? What was life like in the most important centres of Western culture before the Second World War, and which of these centres did Pir-o-Murshid visit repeatedly and at length?¹⁹ When and where was the first national Sufi convention held in The Netherlands?

In the second place I have attempted to give brief personal descriptions and, where possible, indications of the character of the most important personalities among Pir-o-Murshid's followers whom I believe I came to know well enough to communicate something useful about them and their work for the Western Sufi Movement.

Anyone who in later centuries may encounter the names of the key figures of the time in other publications may well ask: "Who was the first Shaikh-ul-Mashaik?²⁰ Who was Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling, and what role did she play in Pir-o-Murshid's family? Who were the first two Executive Supervisors and which of them drew up the first Sufi constitution? Which architect joined Pir-o-Murshid in the planning for the construction of the Universal Temple? Who were Musharaff, Vilayat and Hidayat Khans? Who was Murshida Martin? Which of Pir-o-Murshid's closest followers accompanied him on his final journey to India? Which publications help us to best know Murshida Green? Who were Sirdar and Sirkar? Who was "Auntie" Kjøsterud, and who succeeded her? What decided Pir-o-Murshid on appointing Murshida Goodenough as Silsila Sufian?²¹ Where did Kefayat Lloyd and Ali Khan carry out their work for the Healing? Who was the first National Representative of Argentina? Who played a very important part in the dispersion of Pir-o-Murshid's books in the first decades of Western Sufism?

These recollections are designed to answer these and numerous other questions, not as an arid guidebook but, whenever possible, as part of descriptions intended to make the individuals concerned come to life for the reader, against the background of the milieu in which they lived and worked for the Western Sufi Movement and for Pir-o-Murshid, who was at the heart

of everything. The reader will do well to remember that it is my intention to concentrate on the period between 1923 and 1943, with a characterization of the Western Sufis of those two decades with whom I was privileged to come into contact. These points of departure, I hope, will make this material more clear and comprehensible.

The third goal that contributed to the structure and content of these *Recollections* was completely different and of an entirely subjective nature. It further helps explain why the text contains numerous personal details about the life of the author which might, superficially considered, seem largely unnecessary. Those who are of this opinion, and who may be right from a certain point of view, are reminded that the present writer, no less than they themselves, is convinced of the truth of the words that served as motto for Van Suchtelen's *De Stille Lach*:

Nothing is less important than the human condition. Nothing is more important than the human soul.²²

But, in retrospect, this seemingly profound utterance is to some extent superficial; the connection between inner events and outer experiences is after all more in the nature of cause and effect, of light and shadow, than of an unrelated parallel development. Even in my case the things that led me to Sufism and eventually bound me to it did not reach me exclusively via a distinctly inner route. On the contrary, they were amplifications of numerous impressions and events from my outer life, with its countless rich gradations.

The cultivated westerner of the first half of the twentieth century was in many cases so intellectually oriented that he more or less refused to recognize as inner truth anything that he had not first examined and embraced intellectually. The opening pages of the chapter "Daybreak" will also have to be read from this perspective, as they might otherwise appear to contain a measure of initial deception.

For me it is the case that the last lines of what Murshid had to say about the great Teachers of the world, with which I preface this "Introduction," have slowly but steadily become a living truth:

It was in their regard for the dignity of humanity, in their modesty and service, that lay the beauty and greatness of their lives.

And the factors that "altered the outlook upon life" of the present writer were substantially intellectual in nature, even though deeper emotional impressions also played a role.

It may well have been the quiet reverence with which my wife used to pick up a booklet by Murshid; it may have been an isolated fragment of a conversation between two mureeds, which stood out by its high degree of purity and fervour; in the end the decisive factor resided in the fact that these impressions were received amidst the restless activity of the predominantly intellectual Western cultural life of a large city, with all the mixture of coarseness and refinement that are invariably part of it.

And it is the conviction of several individuals who have read and re-read these *Recollections* that it was precisely this method of presentation and description that confers a special character on these memoirs that diverges from almost everything that has been written and published on the topic in the past twenty years. As a consequence these *Recollections*, with their apparently redundant excursions of intellectual and factual nature, may well reach a certain audience that might otherwise have been virtually inaccessible, thus helping to meet my third goal. Should this judgement be correct, as only the future or, possibly, the remote future can tell, the chosen form may well turn out to have been the best possible under the circumstances.

Whatever may be the case, I will already feel amply rewarded if the attentive reader continues to cherish a feeling akin to that expressed in the closing lines, after Schiller, of *Inga Heine*:

What is past, will never return;
But if it also went down luminously,
Its light will shine back for a long time!²³

Theo van Hoorn

“Rozenhof,” Rozendaal (G.)²⁴

5 July 1945.

Daybreak

*The clouds of doubt and fear are scattered by thy piercing glance;
All ignorance vanishes in thy illuminating presence.*

[Hazrat Inayat Khan] *Vadan* [“Gayatri”] - Pir²⁵

AMSTERDAM

During the winter of 1923 Camilla Schneider, the later wife of *jonkheer* Shanavaz van Spengler,²⁶ writes to tell my wife about a remarkable easterner who has

come to Holland to lecture. The enclosed announcement mentions a lecture in the Muzieklyceum of Amsterdam.²⁷ My wife goes there that evening and meets her sister Lucie.²⁸ When I pick her up afterward, it turns out that it is in fact intermission, after which the speaker is to answer questions. Seated at the back of the hall, I see Inayat Khan for the first time; he leaves no impression on me whatsoever.²⁹

The following afternoon my wife attends a meeting at the home of the Cnoop Koopmans family in the P.C. Hoofstraat,³⁰ where I again go to fetch her. I encounter a small assembly that includes the architect Piet Kramer, Miss Hermine Scholten, Miss S.A. van Braam and Miss A. Faber.³¹ Inayat Khan has already finished lecturing but in the back room an altar has been set up, at which Mrs. Cnoop Koopmans performs sundry ceremonies, the meaning of which escapes me altogether. Inayat Khan is seated next to the altar; from time to time his eyes survey those present; once or twice he looks persistently and gravely in my direction. Involuntarily I tense up in the expectation that this will happen again, but he shuts his eyes, lost in the Sufi Service.³²

Afterward Inayat Khan gets to his feet. Once more he looks at his audience, one by one. Then he bows his head as sign of salutation and leaves the room slowly, lost in thought.

Some days later my wife goes to The Hague to visit Camilla.³³ Later I learn that Inayat Khan has inducted both her and her sister Lucie into the Sufi Order. I am not clear about what this means. Had I already been familiar with the contents of an article by Dr. R. van Brakell Buys, "Sufism, Religion of Beauty,"³⁴ I would doubtlessly have understood to what extent her initiation had opened a door to her life's calling. For when I think back on our first discussions and her first letters of 1916 to 1920, it was a search for beauty that most absorbed her even then. When, talking about the literary movement called *De Tachtigers*,³⁵ Van Brakell Buys asks "for what reason did the belief in beauty as only sanctifying power so quickly lapse into sterility in the West?,"³⁶ the question in no way pertains to my wife. On the contrary! The experience of beauty is increasingly to become her life's end and heart's desire.

THE HAGUE

In the early summer of 1924, Inayat Khan is again in The Hague. Once again my wife returns there to attend a lecture, this time at the home of H.P. baron van Tuyll van Serooskerken at 78 Anna Paulownastraat.³⁷ In those years I have an office in The Hague as well as in Amsterdam.³⁸ At the conclusion of my work I head to the lecture. The place is exceptionally crowded. The room offers seating for only a few, and newcomers continue to arrive constantly. Then something happens that greatly impresses me, in fact more than the entire lecture that follows.

Baron van Tuyll asks for a moment's silence and proposes that the regular visitors make place for those who have never before heard Inayat Khan speak. A number of those present move to the back of the room. With the arrival of still more newcomers, they move out into the hall, relinquishing their places without hesitation. How different is this from the religious congregation for which I had soon lost my enthusiasm when I saw to what degree class consciousness dominated, and with what pettiness, as a rule, the members related to each other, with reserved seats and segregated levels.

Then Inayat Khan makes his entrance. It does not escape his attention that the people in the entryway and corridors are going to miss much of his address. And again I see his glance pass over all those present, each of whom he appears to take in completely. He motions to Tuyll and exchanges a few words with him. Tuyll then announces that Inayat Khan has requested that everyone enter and find a place as best they can. Tuyll, as host, sets an example by sitting on the floor with crossed legs, right next to the podium. I take my place next to him, and a little later all of us are able to hear the lecture, even if some are standing between and behind the chairs.

This demonstration of simple camaraderie has a profound effect on me, and when the lecture, which treats the subject of "The Unity of All Religions,"³⁹ begins, I become totally attentive. Here I sense nothing of the sectarianism and pettiness that almost entirely undermined my interest in the church that I had once entered with great expectations, after years of intense spiritual preparation.⁴⁰ For three decades, without doubt or hesitation, my parents had found equilibrium and rest in that very church. But I developed inner resistance when, after my own confirmation, I began to penetrate more closely to the core of its ruling notions. Most notably, the followers of Buddha, about whose teachings I had read a great deal,⁴¹ were written off as lamentable heathens. How could anyone possibly label as heathen the devotion of many millions over many centuries? Could I have discovered a different spirit here, one heading effectively in the direction of greater unity?

In the meantime everything is still too new and unusual for me to take it in, but it does dawn on me why my wife feels so attracted to this ambience. We both made a last serious attempt to return to our congregation, of which we had after all preserved many beautiful memories from our youth. We again sought out contact and got to know one of the young preachers, a highly cultivated and very modern individual, who came to visit us on a motorcycle and who later spent a day on the seashore with us, showing himself as good at swimming as theology, and matching us in his profound appreciation of nature.

Many subjects came up in our beach tent that day, including his views on Buddhism. His reply to my question took us both by surprise. He related that when his lectures in Leiden had touched on Buddhism, his professor announced

that he would limit himself to conveying his respect and admiration for the figure of Buddha, adding with a smile that if he were to elaborate on the subject, as his heart dictated, many of his young theology students might abandon their future profession and convert to Buddhism.⁴²

And as my thoughts return for a moment to that afternoon on the beach, which once again did not yield the hoped-for solution, I am suddenly struck by a phrase that I have just heard Inayat Khan pronounce at the conclusion of his lecture on “the Unity of Religions,” seriously, with conviction and with a wide gesture: “And it expands our horizon.” Here I can connect to those broader conceptions that we always missed so desperately in our congregation, and I recall the following stanza from the splendid Viking poem *The Frithiof’s Saga*:

The gods, oh Helge, live in a sacred hall,
But not like snails in shells of mean dimensions!
As far as daylight reaches and voices sound,
As far as thoughts fly, the gods range!⁴³

During the intermission Mrs. van Tuyl pours tea, the image of gracious perfection for her many guests. I am introduced to a few of those present and the conversation turns to the Summer School which, so it appears, Inayat Khan conducts somewhere in France. At first Tuyl had tried for a castle on the Loire River but the location now, as in 1923, appears to be in Suresnes, a suburb of Paris. My wife is already gathering information about lodgings there. During that discussion I meet Mr. Sirkar A. van Stolk, who is the director of the Summer School in Suresnes.⁴⁴ Everything still seems more or less unreal to me, but when I again see Inayat Khan, who is quietly and amicably talking to one guest after another, and when I perceive how highly he is esteemed, I begin to doubt that my misgivings are well-founded. Camilla informs us that she is about to go to Suresnes herself. As soon as she has found lodgings for us, she will let us know. Van Stolk also promises to make an effort, once he has been able to take stock of the situation. Although still only half- convinced, I feel that I shall probably give in, should my wife ask me to accompany her.

A little later we receive an English circular about the Summer School. The contents again give me cause for surprise. But when I consider the serious individuals that I have already met at different gatherings, and when I observe the quiet reverence with which my wife greets all this news, I am left in a quandary. A telegram from Camilla then presents us with a *fait accompli*. She has found lodgings and asks if she should reserve them for us. A few days later we leave for Suresnes.

SURESNES

After the taxi has stopped before an iron door in an old weathered garden wall, we enter a curious house.⁴⁵ We are assigned a room on the second floor, with a loggia that looks out on a thickly foliated row of chestnut trees. Hardly have we arrived when Camilla comes to fetch my wife to attend a meeting to which only initiates are admitted. When they have gone, I look for a seat on the loggia. I have all the time in the world for reading, and my suitcase holds an ample collection of reading material: newspapers, periodicals, trade journals and chess literature. Just as I am about to make a choice, I see the small book that my wife was reading on the train. I open it to check the title: *The Inner Life* by Inayat Khan. Then my eye falls on the "Foreword" by the translator, Margaretha Meyboom, which includes the following:

Those who are entirely estranged from their inner life will probably put this booklet aside after reading a few pages. It is not intended for them.

But there are also many who often note with some amazement that there hides inside them a world that is not under their control. They feel movement inside, a rhythm, a growth, which does not correspond to their exterior circumstances.⁴⁶

Having read this, I put the book back on the table. These words have awakened something in me. I am in doubt about whether I belong to the first category or, perhaps, to the second. I therefore cannot manage to put the booklet aside altogether.

Indecisive and incapable of any course of action, my eyes wander over the chestnut leaves that glow from the ample and rich summer rain. On our way over, an electrical storm discharged over Paris, and it continues to rain softly for some time. After the heat of the past days the cool air is refreshing. But even more than this I experience the quietly melodious dripping of the raindrops on the dense foliage. Lost in thought I listen. Then I remember a day on the heath, as the edge of an evergreen forest, where I lay for a long time listening to the sound of the slowly swelling wind in the treetops. How conducive was the sound to restfulness and how much rest comes over me now, as I listen to the falling rain. I do not tire of absorbing the atmosphere that surrounds me; it is not comparable to anything else I have experienced before.

Where has my animation gone? What has happened to the impulsiveness that would certainly, under different circumstances, have had led me to decide to read or not to read? A few times I set out to pick up the booklet once more, but instead of reading, I continue to follow the play of the raindrops on the umbrella

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

of leaves, and to experience the delightful coolness after the dusty journey by train. How long I remained seated like that, I cannot say, but when I think back on it, it was as if time stood still and, upon reading those few lines, a whole new world began to open up for me. Was this moment the dawn of that inner world that I was at last to find there?

That night, however, I am again in doubt. We enjoy supper in the company of a select number of Sufis. We sit at a small table with an imposing American woman from San Francisco,⁴⁷ whose profile looks as if hewn from bronze and calls up memories of the imposing totem poles that are depicted in studies of Peru at the time of the Incas. At the other tables sit a comically red-haired Scot, a refined Argentinean and an introspective Dutch lawyer,⁴⁸ as well as a number of female Sufi Movement members of diverse nationalities. Their conversations about spiritual topics more or less baffle me. Now and then the pronouncements border on exaltation; the next moment everything is completely back to normal.

But the following afternoon I get to see a completely different side to these people. I am extended an invitation to attend a lecture by Inayat Khan, to be held that afternoon in the garden of his residence. We sit around him on the grass, in an ample semicircle, and when he begins to speak in his slow and melodious voice, looking closely at each of us in turn, I am struck by his dignified presence and by the beauty of the concepts that he formulates accessibly and with great consideration. His followers listen with close attention and deep devotion; everything is characterized by a measure of solemn respect, which is nonetheless not at all lacking in the joy of life. From time to time Inayat Khan shows psychological insight by tempering the solemnity of his subject with a touch of mild humour, this being an approach that his audience seems to expect from him.

At the end of the presentation there is a break. Some use it to greet Inayat Khan briefly. I note that he is generally addressed as Murshid. Here I again meet Camilla. She introduces us to Mrs. van Ingen, who turns out to be staying in the same house as we, along with her young son. She is looking forward to seeing her husband who, unless unexpectedly detained, is to arrive at Suresnes that evening.

With the intermission concluded, there is an opportunity to ask questions about the contents of the lecture. Here the assembly touches on ground that I am able in part to follow. A few times the phrasing of a question puzzles me. Not without surprise I discern how Inayat Khan knows again and again to address these issues. And once I am even greatly impressed as Inayat Khan, suddenly lost in deep thought about his own response to one of the questions, adds, after a moment of silence: "And the more one becomes immersed in all this, the greater one appreciates the mastery of the Creator."

As we leave, I no longer doubt that the atmosphere is as pure as it is elevated. But even on this evening it still escapes me what kind of people these Sufis really are. Though not to be dismissed as zealots, they seem to me to be largely out of place in daily life. What is certain is that I do not altogether belong here.

YUSSOUF

At that point in my deliberations something happens that is diametrically opposed to my direction of thought. It is the arrival of a new guest.

With rapid energetic steps a slender young man unexpectedly enters the small dining room and hurries directly to Mrs. Van Ingen, who jumps to her feet with a cry of joy. They embrace fondly. We are introduced; I meet *jonkheer* Van Ingen of Arnhem, who has just come here straight from the train. Everyone calls him Yussouf. A lively conversation develops at the table next to ours. I have every opportunity to observe him. He reminds me of a dashing young Florentine nobleman from the time of the Borgias.⁴⁹

I have repeatedly heard people talking about him and I soon come to the conclusion that he has nothing in common with any of the other attendees of this Summer School. Gifted and competent, witty and humorous, mystic and man of the world, he does not conform to any type. He has already been a musician, composer, poet and sculptor before going on to work in the Nijmegen office of my brother-in-law to qualify for the world of business.⁵⁰ He is here at this moment in connection with an important financial project that could be decisive for the remainder of his career. That much I can follow; but now I learn from his explanations that he has come to secure the advice of Inayat Khan in these financial matters, and that Mrs. Van Ingen fully agrees that he has done well to come to Murshid to seek out his insights and act upon them.

And again a certain aura of the unreal surrounds me. That this Eastern teacher has deep insight in spiritual matters, I no longer doubt, but how can he also be expected to give competent advice in purely financial matters? Is this not once again more or less fantastical? But when I have got that far, the Dutch lawyer has joined the company and Van Ingen proceeds openly to discuss with him all sorts of details of his financial scheme. And now my astonishment no longer knows any bounds because the figures are based on fiscal considerations only and the names of the participants largely belong to the kingpins of Dutch commercial life — bank directors and captains of industry — several of whom I have met over the years.⁵¹

But again, what useful insight might this Indian mystic have to offer? Then I hear Mrs. Van Ingen say: “Oh yes, Murshid always know intuitively what is for the best. We will in any case follow his advice. Doing that has always proved a

blessing for us!" And I wonder with growing amazement in what kind of world have I landed. More than ever before Shakespeare's lines are applicable:

There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.⁵²

That evening I once more pick up *The Inner Life*. I read a few things that, as far as I can tell, are related to what I was able to observe that day. In his judicious way, Inayat Khan expresses the following sentiments:

The inner life does not necessarily need to proceed in a direction counter to that of the worldly life, but the inner life is the fuller one.⁵³

and elsewhere:

A spiritually developed man needs to properly fill the place in which life has placed him. There he does everything with deep commitment and as well as possible in the discharge of his outer commission in life.⁵⁴

As I read this, something begins to dawn on me. For a long time I sit musing in the loggia, listening to the evening wind rustling in the chestnut leaves.

Would it have been any easier for me at the time if I had already read Dr. R. van Brakell Buys' exposition in *Figures from Persian Mysticism*,⁵⁵ including the words of Abu Said concerning the contradiction between the many seekers of god in India, who live in isolation, and the Persian Sufis, who, though immersed in daily life, are no less in the grip of an ecstasy of beauty?

The true Sufi comes and goes among people and eats and sleeps with them, and buys and sells on the market and takes part in their daily traffic.⁵⁶

But when Van Ingen approaches me the next morning and broaches the topic of my brother-in-law, I see these Western Sufis from yet another angle. Van Ingen is particularly appreciative of the humane and tactful way in which my brother-in-law at first taught him, when he still had to learn the ropes in the world of business, without ever being condescending but always in a constructive sense. I completely subscribe to his judgement. Then Van Ingen goes on to explain that he also appreciates my brother-in-law's great dedication to Theosophy, to which he has

given his heart. And Mrs. van Ingen totally agrees with her husband. She thinks it is splendid when someone is so totally absorbed in an ideal, whatever it may be.

This presents me, as it were, with still another conundrum. Here a small group is assembled, no more than a few dozen in number, who are filled with illusions about what their teacher Inayat Khan will in due time contribute to the salvation of the world. Something of this kind has happened before; in this respect, too, there is nothing new under the sun.⁵⁷ But despite their lack of importance on account of their small numbers, they not only fail to be envious of larger spiritual movements, but admire without reservation any member of another movement, provided he lives according to his chosen ideal. What a difference from the sectarian spirit of our religious denominations, which is the source of so much intolerance and lack of appreciation of others! I still cannot evade the question whether I can take all this perfectly seriously and whether these Sufis have both legs firmly planted on the ground.

I do not get much time for further reflection because Van Ingen, who has learned of my profession from my brother-in-law, asks me to consider his plans, of which he is full, and a little later we are suddenly immersed in questions of investment, cost-price analysis and cost-effectiveness estimates. Although he still has little experience in such matters, Van Ingen nonetheless demonstrates a certain virtuosity in his approach to the right norms, and it is remarkable to what degree he is prepared to heed counsel the moment he notices that someone else is better informed than he himself. But what impresses me most is his great integrity, which I am able to observe time and again from all sorts of details. This seems self-evident for Van Ingen. How could his work be blessed if the result were not achieved entirely by honest means? And he would certainly no longer be able to turn to Murshid for advice and illumination if he were not morally irreproachable!

The following day Van Ingen has been to see Inayat Khan and tells us about his meeting in good spirits. He will return to Holland in a few days, filled with newly won self-confidence. After this audience with Murshid, the die has been cast. That same afternoon Mrs. van Ingen also returns from a visit to Inayat Khan, where she has been with her young son. She, too, is radiant with new faith in life, for Murshid has assured her at her departure: "Yussouf will succeed!" At the same time, by accident I learn the name of her son, "Eric Inayat."⁵⁸ And I begin to understand that one may safely speak of a faith that can move mountains.

MURSHID

But I still approach everything with some of my typically Western doubt, and that is to remain the case even after the following memorable evening in the Haras de Longchamp. Even then I will still not have become conscious of the reality that a

future of brighter prospects will soon dawn for me and that, over the preceding months, the potter has thoroughly re-kneaded the clay so that only a spark will be needed to bring it to new life. It is a spark that will ignite when, in sole response to my doubts, Murshid will utter the words: "From the very first moment that we saw each other, I knew that you would become one of us."

Le Haras de Longchamp

(July 1924)

Dedicated to Baroness Mahtab van Hogendorp.⁵⁹

.She has been a voice in the wilderness.

Murshid [*Biography*]

Among the memories of the days in Suresnes that immediately preceded my initiation into the Sufi Movement, an important place is reserved for a beautiful and noteworthy afternoon, when Mrs. van Hogendorp addressed Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan after one of his lectures.

The setting for the gathering was a small conservatory in the Haras de Longchamp. This *haras*, or stud farm, consisted of a long row of stables for horses that were trained in the *Hippodrome de Longchamp* for the races that had come to occupy an important place in the lives of Parisians ever since the institution of the Prix Mutuel gave everyone a chance at the prize, provided of course that one had bet on the winning horse.⁶⁰ These stables, with dwellings above them, had been built along a slowly rising lane. The rear side of the Haras consisted of a long blind wall that bordered on the Sufi garden, in which, weather allowing, Pir-o-Murshid was to lecture and grant interviews in the two following years, 1925 and 1926.⁶¹ The Sufi gardens were bordered on their highest side by the Lecture Hall, where Public Lectures, church services and musical gatherings were held until the summer of 1939,⁶² when the Second World War temporarily put an end to such proceedings.⁶³

In 1924 the grounds of the Sufi garden were not yet entirely the property of the Société Anonyme Soufi.⁶⁴ Initially the lectures of Pir-o-Murshid had been convened either in his room in Fazal Manzil (the Blessed House),⁶⁵ where I was to be initiated two days after the meeting described here, or in this mansion's garden, where behind the protection of the high garden wall, Murshid addressed his followers. In the meantime the enrolment in the Summer School had slowly grown too large, and as a first transition to the later Lecture Hall in the Sufi garden,⁶⁶ a conservatory had been rented in one of the dwellings located behind

the stables of Haras de Longchamp, opposite Fazal Manzil. That was the venue of the historical gathering that I now record in these memoirs.

If the company addressed by Pir-o-Murshid that afternoon was small in number (probably no more than twenty people), it was also unusual in composition from a Sufi point of view, including that of the Western Sufi Order. For as will soon become clear from my personal descriptions, those present included three Murshidas, four National Representatives, two of Murshid's personal assistants, as well as the later publisher of most of Murshid's written legacy.

At that time my wife (who had been initiated by Pir-o-Murshid in The Hague the preceding winter) and I stayed in "Les Marronniers,"⁶⁷ later called the Mureeds' House, on the Rue de l'Hippodrome. On the corner of this street and the Rue de la Tuilerie, on which Fazal Manzil was located, stood a villa which, for the sake of convenience, was called the Corner House. There Madame de Wattebled from Brussels prepared our meals.⁶⁸ Although I had not yet been initiated back then, my growing interest in Sufism was presumably so unmistakable to my table companions that I had received an invitation to attend a lecture in Haras de Longchamp, where I was once again to belong to Pir-o-Murshid's audience. I owed this introduction to Camilla Schneider, who had once attended the painters' academy in Amsterdam with my wife.⁶⁹ Shortly before, she had made a proclamation on the occasion of Pir-o-Murshid's birthday on 5 July 1924.

When I proceed to call on my memory for a rough sketch of those assembled, it is difficult to adhere to any particular sequence. Almost all of them played an important role in the Sufi Movement and in the pioneering efforts to disseminate Murshid's ideas, especially in Holland, which were to find so much positive response in the following fifteen years.

It may well be best if I begin with the three attending Murshidas.⁷⁰ Ever since her husband had passed on in 1922, Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling of Arnhem (Fazal Mai meaning "Mother of Blessings") had lived in Fazal Manzil with Pir-o-Murshid's family.⁷¹ During all those years she contributed greatly to the material care of the family and the raising of four children. Even back then, she already saw in Vilayat, the elder son, Murshid's eventual successor in the dissemination of his teachings. Even after Murshid's departure in 1927, she carried on this task with rare fortitude, despite her advanced years. Her dedication to the family was touching to behold. She invested all her motherly feelings in these four children, who have reason to be immensely grateful to her.⁷²

On Sunday afternoons in Suresnes she usually conducted the Public Service. Over the years, she served as a link to the person of Murshid and to his family for countless mureeds. She was ever friendliness and amiability personified, and her entire being reflected her delight at having found a near-sacred fulfilment in her advanced years.

If only because of her aristocratic reserve, Murshida Sharifa Goodenough, daughter of an English general, stood in complete contrast with Murshida Fazal Mai's radiant amiability. Her introspective attitude towards life, which sometimes created the impression that she noticed nothing and no one around her, made her difficult to get to know.⁷³ Personally, I was never able to come close to her. Those whom she had admitted to her intimate circle, however, have always given unreserved expression to their admiration and respect for her noble character, her staunch dedication to her chosen ideal, and her infallible judgement.

After her departure, the French Sufi periodical *Le Message* dedicated an issue to her. The several high-minded commemorative articles and especially the portrait of her included on the front page, attest to her remarkable personality. She often accompanied Murshid on his journeys, translating his lectures for his audience when necessary. She displayed exceptional facility at this. It is incredible that someone of English birth was able instantly to recast Murshid's largely improvised sentences into fluent literary French, as if she had been given ample time to study them in advance. When she did not act as translator, she usually recorded in shorthand the words Murshid spoke in public.⁷⁴

A third Murshida who was present in Suresnes that day, who arguably contrasted even more with the other two than they did with each other, was Murshida Rabia Martin, a resident of San Francisco.⁷⁵ She played a role for only a few years in the Western Sufism of Europe. After the departure of Pir-o-Murshid in 1927, she visited the Summer School of Suresnes only once more. Her fierce notions, which would brook no opposition, soon brought her into conflict with other leaders and, after several strong differences of opinion, she left Suresnes, never again to return.⁷⁶ Because of her unbridled way of expressing her opinion, many gained an impression of Murshida Martin that was not altogether justified. No doubt she was brusque and not remotely good-natured, but her loyalty and dedication to her ideals were beyond question, whereas her certainty, which many found so difficult to accept, was a consequence of her complete honesty and sincerity, which were too little tempered by charity.

During our meals in the Corner House, Murshida Martin was our table companion. In accordance with her dominating, sometimes aggressive personality, she had the lion's share of our table conversation, which was always elevated and exceptionally interesting. She was unusually well-educated and also highly mystical by nature. It therefore never surprised me that Pir-o-Murshid conferred the rank of Murshida on her.⁷⁷

Murshida Martin lived entirely in terms of grand conceptions, and everything that seemed of lesser importance to her did not hold her interest. No wonder that she was overwhelmed by the greatness of Murshid's personality and

the universality of his ideas. As far as I am able to judge, one can only regret that it was precisely her unshakable faith in her own conceptions about Sufism that became a stumbling block to her interaction with the other Sufi leaders assembled in Suresnes after Murshid's departure.

The opening sonnet with which Jacques Perk dedicates his now immortal poem "Mei" to his readers,⁷⁸ includes the following couplets about beauty and the kind of reaction that Perk expects from the public at large:

There are those who will not accept as beauty,
That which is not revealed to them in grandeur
And I already envisage a massive defection
Of those who only treasure what is small.

I have rarely seen such a living embodiment of Perk's first two lines as Murshida Martin. And the deeper cause for her conflicts with so many, despite the grandeur of her conceptions, resided in this, that she had not yet learned sufficiently to adjust her general orientation to what Murshid wished to indicate with his words in *Nirtan*: "The essence of today's Message is balance."⁷⁹

Entirely in line with the three Murshidas, although she concentrated on a different Sufi activity, was Kefayat LLOYD, who already stood at the head of Spiritual Healing.⁸⁰ For those who were in Suresnes back then, Kefayat LLOYD will always remain an unforgettable figure. Year after year she lived in one of the garden rooms of the Mureeds' House, where she was on call almost all day long to receive her many patients. At that time Suresnes was a place where, during the summer months, after a long and difficult winter, people sought not only spiritual but also physical healing. Large numbers of them will think back with gratitude on their visits to Kefayat and the benefits of her treatments.

As a rule Healing sessions were held once a week in Suresnes, in the Lecture Hall. They were always led by Kefayat. Later she appointed Conductors for most countries.⁸¹ Once she came to visit us in Holland. In our house on the Mozartkade⁸² she met Dildar Hartzuiker, who a few years later left his job in an export office for a career as healer.⁸³ During that same visit to Holland, in Rotterdam, Kefayat appointed Latif de Ruiter as Conductor.⁸⁴

As it was not in the least Murshid's intention to propagandize for Sufism by means of miraculous tales, I will hold my tongue about the many healings that Kefayat was able to bring about. I still wish to mention, however, that at the Sacred Meetings, it was always Kefayat who pronounced the prayers. She had adopted a unique rhythm that was probably inspired by English church services and that produced such strong vibrations that it sometimes reminded one of the sounding of church bells on Sunday morning.

After the three Murshidas and Kefayat I would mention Murshid's assistants and seconds, who had followed their calling and fully dedicated themselves to the service of their great spiritual leader. Like so many members of the Sufi Movement they were known by their Sufi names in combination with their family names and were called Kismet Stam and Sakina Furnée.⁸⁵ The two were very similar in behaviour but not at all in personality. Both lived, entirely secluded, in their own little house located across from Fazal Manzil. They associated with only a few others and regularly dedicated themselves, it was said, to many hours of meditation by night and by day. They were in charge of the Murshid's daily schedule, which they worked out in great detail. One of them was always at his disposal for his contacts with attendees and the handling of all sorts of trivial details that would otherwise have taken up too much of his time.⁸⁶

Almost everything that Murshid pronounced at public or private gatherings they recorded stenographically and typed out in several copies. If they did in fact keep copies of everything for themselves, they must still oversee truly extensive and valuable documentation,⁸⁷ even though, of course, a great many of Murshid's teachings have appeared in a sequence of published booklets or in *The Sufi Quarterly* and other publications.

In this connection I now mention yet another American woman, whose Sufi name was Khushi,⁸⁸ whom we repeatedly met at the Corner House. When later years saw the temporary publication of a quarterly Sufi publication, which featured a great deal of information about the external Sufi work, it was she who looked after this periodical with great enthusiasm and conspicuous talent.⁸⁹ From the Headquarters in Geneva and the National Representatives of many nations, she collected numerous details about lectures, church services, commemorative days, courses, journeys of the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik and Ali Khan, and many other items of interest to Sufis of other countries, which she incorporated in a compelling style in her small publications.

Still another totally different figure among those present was the Baroness d'Eichthal, the French National Representative. She lived in an apartment in Paris, where she repeatedly received Murshid to give him the opportunity to lecture to invited guests. In the following winter I attended one of these lectures in her drawing room, after which I was granted a personal interview of several minutes. Without a trace of hesitation and with the same rhythm, Murshida Goodenough turned the lecture, which Murshid pronounced slowly and emphatically in the English language, into French. The Baroness d'Eichthal is said to have been a celebrated beauty at the Parisian court of Emperor Napoleon III.⁹⁰ By 1924 she was probably almost eighty years old, but this did not prevent her from being a striking and determined personality who was a great help to Murshid during those years. He always treated her with particular deference.

A completely independent group of people present had come from Switzerland and enjoyed their Corner House meals at a table of their own. First and foremost were the Baroness Mahtab van Hogendorp and her approximately twenty-year-old daughter Lakmé, as well as Mr. [Aftab] van Notten, the Dutch Consul in Geneva at the time.⁹¹ All three then lived in or around Geneva, where Murshid had established the Sufi International Headquarters. The other two members of this small group were the National Representatives of Switzerland and Argentina. Both were remarkable figures of the first period of Western Sufism. The first mureed was Madame Meyer-de Reutercona,⁹² a highly dignified but no less ebulliently cheerful personality, who did a great deal of pioneer work that led to a highly active group of Swiss Sufis.

The National Representative of Argentina and South America, R.A. Armstrong, was a young man of about twenty-five,⁹³ who immediately became the centre of attention because of his appearance. Refined and ascetic, the impression of a finely carved face with expressively penetrating eyes was heightened by a short, chestnut brown beard, something that one encounters only rarely among youthful Anglo Saxons. Armstrong was a true individualist in other respects as well, who completely followed his own convictions.

He was a highly gifted and cultivated man. As editor in chief of *The Sufi Quarterly*, he held an important place in the Sufi Movement despite his youth, something of which he was well-aware. During the recitation of the prayers Saum and Salat, usually done by Kefayat LLOYD, Armstrong did not keep his hands folded, like most others, but stretched out next to his body, with the palms open and pointed forward. He presumably intended to give explicit expression to his conviction that a Sufi need not heed forms because every method of prayer, providing it is sincere, is pleasing unto the heavens. This one peculiarity has probably adequately demonstrated Armstrong's complete independence of all forms and conventions.

If not in that year, then in the following one, Armstrong became engaged to the daughter of Baroness van Hogendorp.⁹⁴ They were already almost inseparable back then. Within this Swiss group, Mr. van Notten was a quiet figure who as a rule appears to have played a modest role in Geneva as well, even if he for many years belonged to the trusted collaborators at Headquarters.⁹⁵

The fourth National Representative was from Italy, and was named [David] Craig. He was of Scottish nationality but married to an Italian woman.⁹⁶ Craig was first exposed to Sufism on the occasions of Murshid's visits to Rome, where the latter once attended a service in St. Peter's, at which the Pope blessed those present. This ceremony appears to have left an indelible impression on Murshid.⁹⁷

Craig was a highly original personality who did not conform to the stereotype of a spiritual leader, which was not at all unusual with Murshid's

followers. Once, when he attended the mureed readings in Suresnes, Craig became convinced that too much emphasis was being placed on the emotional aspect of Sufism and that the practical philosophy of life, so important in those times, was being almost completely neglected. According to Craig, quite contrary to Murshid's intentions, one of the most important aspects of his teachings was not being done justice. When, after a lecture by one of Murshid's followers, a woman asked Craig in a somewhat exalted tone if it had not been "most wonderful," he replied, to her dismay: "I can tell you that I would be pleased finally to hear a lecture without constant references to Love, Harmony and Beauty!"

I mention this incident because I do not wish to create the impression that the Summer School in Suresnes was a place where solemn individuals were wont to greet each other with unexpressive faces and deep ceremonial bows. Far from it! Entirely in keeping with Pir-o-Murshid's own outlook on life, humour and good cheer were commonplace. Perhaps as a reaction to the spiritual tension experienced, people would sometimes joke and laugh in assemblies at which any moment could bring a change in emotional mode of expression.

At these same gatherings appointments were made for Thursdays (which were kept completely free of official meetings or lectures) to go to Paris or to visit the splendid environs, St. Cloud, le Bois Charme, Fontainebleau or sometimes even Chartres, with its historical cathedral.⁹⁸

To return to the Italian National Representative, Craig, it deserves special mention that his wife was one of the few who, years later, had the privilege of visiting the *Durgah*, the grave of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan in Delhi. In *The Sufi* of March 1933 Gisela Munira Craig gives an impressive description of this visit.⁹⁹ I quote the following words concerning her visit to Tilak Lodge, where Murshid said farewell to this earthly existence.

In that same evening I was able to find, not without some difficulty, 'Tilak Lodge', the little house along the river, where our Murshid passed away. It was very late by the time I found it, so I could not enter. But I remained a long time to contemplate it under the silence of the stars, breathing the perfume of invisible flowers. Which was the window whence his eyes looked for the last time on the sacred river as he thought of his disciples spread in the world who were trying to keep alive the delicate flames that he had ignited with so much love? I walked along the Jumna, where our Master must have accomplished his last meditations; I entered into the silent garden; and I left it with regret to return the next morning, when it still rested in the silence of the dawn, while the river sang its sacred song [...].

Along its shores silent, wandering figures of ascetics, and women, wrapped in their pink and blue 'sarīs', drew the water with their amphoras shining in the first rays of the sun. The small garden of the humble abode was all a bloom of yellow, the true Sufi colour. I had sought the symbol of the Master: was it this? Yes, I looked all over the garden: not a single flower of any other colour.

In the afternoon I was able to go again to the Nizamuddin's durgah [...]. But I went back to the tomb of my Master and took the rose petals to bring home to his children and to my dear ones [...].

On leaving the Durgah, Khawaja Nizami¹⁰⁰ [...] told me that our Master, a fortnight before he left this world, had spoken of his work amongst us, saying he had found the Western soul ready to receive his message as the plate of a camera the image.'

To return to the gathering in Haras de Longchamp, I wish to mention two additional Sufis who did not as yet occupy a position of importance but who were later to play an important part in the dissemination of Murshid's ideas, namely *meester* Kluwer of Deventer, and Miss Rahusen. These two individuals married in the following year, and years later, when I re-encountered them under their Sufi names Salar and Hayat, they became my close friends.¹⁰¹

Beginning in 1928, meester Kluwer, a board member of the publishing house Kluwer in Deventer,¹⁰² handled the publication of a whole series of works by Murshid, which have since been distributed in thousands of copies both inside and outside the Netherlands. Usually these initially appeared in English, with the Dutch translation following a few years later. By his dedication to this extremely valuable work, Salar Kluwer, staunchly supported by his wife Hayat, played a crucial role in the dissemination of Murshid's ideas. The same is true of Kluwer's publication of periodicals, such as *Mens en Kosmos*.¹⁰³

Back then in 1924 Salar and Hayat were still among those who were tentatively and modestly seeking their way to Sufism, eventually to become irresistibly fascinated by it. Over the years many Sufis were their guests in their villa "Jolijt" in Joppe, near Gorssel.¹⁰⁴ As leaders of the Deventer Centre, they contributed much to the work done for the Sufi Movement in The Netherlands.

As for the two remaining participants, I could relate so much about them that I must hold myself in check. *Jonkheer* van Ingen and his spouse, who had previously been married to Sirdar van Tuyll van Serooskerken,¹⁰⁵ the Dutch National Representative at the time, also stayed at Suresnes and took their meals at the Corner House with their only son, Eric Inayat, who had been named after Murshid and who must have been about two years old at the time. *Jonkheer* van Ingen and Mrs. van Ingen-Jelgersma, a daughter of the well-known Leiden

professor Jelgersma,¹⁰⁶ were generally known as Yussouf and Zulaikha within our movement. Both were exceptionally gifted and intelligent, contrasting yet kindred spirits, deeply devoted to Murshid and assiduous propagators in word and deed of his teachings, they scarcely knew their equals within the Movement.

Van Ingen was not merely a nobleman by birth but also by nature. One could therefore say of him what has been said of the youthful chess genius Alekhine: "A youth in years, an old man in wisdom."¹⁰⁷ Mrs. van Ingen had a fabulous memory and was also exceptionally quick of understanding, with a deeply mystical disposition that repeatedly caused her to forget everything around her. Their appearance and aptitude as well as their gifts and dedication made them ideal interpreters of the leading parts in Murshid's plays. They shared a marked gift for the stage, Van Ingen because of his splendidly controlled inner passion and his wife because of her clear diction and her beautifully refined gestures.¹⁰⁸

In their private lives, everything that they had consulted on and discussed with Murshid played a decisive role. Van Ingen found his way in life with an almost blind faith in his Murshid. Who knows of what great things he might have been capable had not a violent death put an end to his life in 1935, at a relatively young age.¹⁰⁹ The extremely important Sufi Centre that the Van Ingens had built up in Utrecht over the years was then managed by Zulaikha, who eventually moved to that city.¹¹⁰ Under her guidance the centre continued to retain a character entirely its own, as locus for intellectual and spiritual activities of great diversity, to which Azmat Faber, who had moved in with Zulaikha,¹¹¹ also made an important contribution for many years.

Van Ingen had briefly been a musician and composer, but after his marriage he was compelled to give up these pursuits to secure a place in the industrial business world, which initially exposed him to many difficulties. To solve these problems, at least as far as the finances were concerned, he quickly solicited my help and continued to do so over all his remaining years. We met frequently. From his hospitable home in Woerden, where his factory was located, he travelled to Utrecht, where the church services organized by the two of them attracted numerous participants and where a flowering Sufi Centre grew up under their guidance. As van Ingen travelled to Amsterdam once a week, and as I regularly visited the factory in Woerden, we became reciprocal family friends and guests.

On several occasions they stayed with us during our repeated visits to Bergen aan Zee. Zulaikha was often lost in contemplation of the play of waves, which she could watch for hours on end, meditating on Murshid's words: "There is no rise without a fall, there is no fall without a rise."¹¹²

Yussouf was one of those rare figures who made friends for life wherever he went. After him, I never again met a comparable embodiment of warm concern and effective sympathy. He understood the gift of wonder as well as the art of

life, which made others admire him. I consider myself fortunate to have been numbered among those who esteemed him.

For the sake of completeness, I record that Madame de Wattebled and Camilla Schneider were also present. I am not certain if Mrs. de Wattebled was the National Representative of Belgium, but she was certainly Leader of the Sufi Centre in Brussels. Including my wife and me as invited novices, about twenty individuals attended the lecture.¹¹³

It is wise, in connection with what is to follow, to remember that this company consisted primarily of individuals who were devoted to Murshid with heart and soul. Several of them had dedicated their lives to him, so that he knew what great sacrifices they would gladly make for the Sufi Movement. In their company Murshid could therefore count on being completely understood to a degree that is rarely encountered under similar circumstances. This may well explain why he granted Mrs. van Hogendorp permission to address him after his lecture.

I have tried to present a short description of the surroundings in which this historical gathering took place, as well as a global characterization of those in attendance. What I now wish to reproduce calls for a great deal more. I wish I could call upon the literary gifts of a Van Schendel¹¹⁴ to help describe the atmosphere that shaped this brief ceremony and that I will attempt to reproduce with the following words:

A warm, mild summer sun played through the windows of the conservatory. Everything was light and peaceful and the atmosphere was redolent of all that is captured by the words "La douce France," which so completely expresses the nurturing effect that France has on northern Europeans.

Mrs. van Hogendorp stood in front of the group, next to the lectern, from which one of Murshid's unforgettable presentations had found its way into our hearts. In the front row sat Murshid in his ample black cloak, his wavy light-grey hair hanging down to his neck, listening attentively, almost reverently to what she had to say. Mrs. van Hogendorp performed this task inimitably. Standing tall, with a clear, sonorous voice, in which her repeatedly surfacing emotion remained magnificently under control, she talked over our heads, to a visionary image of Murshid in the background as it were, as if he were not present himself.

She began by describing for us how, as a youth, Murshid had followed the call that brought him to the West; how he had braved and conquered great difficulties and frustrations; and how he now, in his own surroundings and encircled by the faithful, could carry out for us all his blessed work, which would one day benefit all mankind. Continuing, she spoke about the never flagging interest which, in addition to his essential task as Messenger, Murshid continued

to show for each and every one of his mureeds; his deep concern for them all; his wisdom in counsel, by which he was continually able to help them; his joy in their successes and his sympathy for their reversals and sorrow. And she ended with an expression of thanks and praise, entreating the blessings of the heavens on his work in the great world community and in the still tiny Sufi Movement.

After this short description I need only to relate the way in which Murshid received this address and how this made a very deep and more unforgettable impression on me. While the speaker seemed to be directing her words to a remote and, for us, invisible form, Murshid listened motionlessly. Seated like a stone Buddha, so immobile that one might almost believe that he was no longer breathing, he remained all that time lost in reverential reflection, with nothing betraying that all this concerned him. Even after the speaker had ended her address with scarcely controlled emotion, Murshid remained motionless. The following moments of frozen silence in the peaceful atmosphere of that intimate ceremony were ones of almost supernatural rest and peace.

None of us stirred until Murshid arose slowly. After a slight movement of the head to the speaker, whom he looked at for an instant, he fixed his eyes on us and after the nearly whispered words: "God bless you! God bless you all!, slowly left the room.

Initiation

(1924)

Initiation means taking a step forward in an unknown direction.

[Hazrat Inayat Khan,] *Gayan* ["Chalas"]¹¹⁵

July 1924

I have been in Suresnes for one week now. Tomorrow I will return to Amsterdam as if nothing has happened. They have been remarkable days, with many new impressions, unusual, but very beautiful and special. I still feel that much is passing over my head. I still do not feel completely at home. When the restlessness of Western life takes over once more, I will soon have forgotten almost everything. Over lunch at Corner House, a fellow diner addresses me:¹¹⁶

"I was with Pir-o-Murshid; he enquired after you. He had recognized you from Amsterdam. Should you not consider becoming a Sufi?"

"What makes you say that all of a sudden?"

"Pir-o-Murshid told me that if you were to become a Sufi, you would do much good."

“But I believe I am not at all well-suited for that.”

“Pir-o-Murshid thought otherwise: would you not like to discuss it with him yourself?”

“Naturally, with pleasure. But it may not be possible; I have leave tomorrow morning.”

“I am to speak to Murshid before this afternoon’s lecture and shall ask him.”

After the lecture I am notified that Murshid is able to receive me in Fazal Manzil.¹¹⁷ Still not knowing if I really want to go, I start on my way, through the garden gate of Fazal Manzil, across the grass field where the plays are performed in good weather and where Murshid’s children are now playing. Slowly I mount the exterior staircase that leads to the door and arriving on the landing, I ring the bell. The door opens at once. I enter and face Sakina Furnée. Politely but brusquely she asks: “What do you want?”

I reply: “Pir-o-Murshid has let me know that he can receive me.”

“Alas, that is not possible. He is occupied and has not a moment to spare for the rest of the day.”

“But he has issued a request for me to come. I shall be pleased to wait until he is ready.”

“That is totally impossible. They are discussing the casting of the play. Come back tomorrow and I shall attempt to reserve a moment; there are already so many before you.”

I hesitate. I hear several voices from behind the door. It opens. Someone leaves the room. At that moment I hear Murshid’s voice.

“I would prefer to wait,” I continue to insist, “I leave tomorrow.”

“I repeat that there is nothing to be done.” Sakina is implacable, an angel with a flaming sword.¹¹⁸ She knows that she must not give way. There is a steady stream of visitors who come unannounced, thinking themselves terribly important and creating confusion with their immodesty.

A moment of silence follows. We look each other in the eyes. I am no longer prepared to give way. Brusquely Sakina then says: “I really must ask you to leave...” She moves towards the front door to let me out, but at that same moment she pulls back. Neither of us has seen the door open. Murshid is standing there, quietly taking in what is occurring between us.

The buzz of voices in the room continues. Murshid closes the door behind him and turns to me. I greet him with a slight bow and say that I have been advised to speak to him. Murshid looks at me searchingly for a moment. Then he gives Sakina a friendly indication to withdraw. Our discussion continues in the hallway:

“I have only asked you to come to tell you that if you were to become a Sufi, it will be of great benefit to you.”

“Murshid, do you really think so? I do not think I am well- suited. But I have come to hear your opinion.”

For a moment Murshid continues to look at me with his penetrating and yet mild glance. His sole reply is:

“From the very first moment I saw you, I knew you were one of us.”¹¹⁹

I hesitate for a moment: “If you are convinced of that, I will gladly accept that it must be so.”

While the door to the room is again opened impatiently by someone checking to see what Murshid is doing, the following brief conversation ensues:

“If you could come tomorrow afternoon, I could induct you here in my room.”

“Tomorrow I have to leave for Holland.”

“Can you not return?”

“That is impossible.”

“Well, let me see; if you could come here to this room at nine sharp tomorrow morning, I will initiate you. Good afternoon.”

With these words Murshid extends both hands to me, which I take into mine and, bowing down, bring to my lips. The next moment Murshid returns to the room and I slowly and thoughtfully leave Fazal Manzil.

Much later, when reading a description of medieval customs and conventions, I discovered that when one man kisses the hands of another, it is an expression of the highest reverence.¹²⁰ Unconsciously, perhaps across many generations, I had at that moment restored that beautiful and profound gesture without giving it any thought.

Outside, I meet my wife, who is waiting for me in the silence of that beautiful summer afternoon. I approach her. She gives me a searching look. “Tomorrow morning at nine I will be initiated.” Pleasantly surprised she looks at me and squeezes my hand fondly. Filled with thoughts that defy expression, we slowly walk arm in arm towards a new future!

The evening and early morning pass in a flash, like a blur. I have to pack my suitcase, order a taxi, say my farewells, pay the bills. I am again fully a westerner. Walking back and forth in the Rue de la Tuilerie well before the appointed hour, I enjoy the radiant summer sun. Finally I decide to go ahead. In the garden of Fazal Manzil I hear Eastern music; Musharaff Khan, Murshid’s younger brother, is playing his instrument in one of the open windows.

When I ring the bell, Kismet Stam comes to let me in. She takes my measure with her penetrating eyes. “Oh yes, that is true, you were to come early. Indeed, it is almost nine o’clock. Enter and take your place; I will call Murshid.”

After she has left I follow my habit of walking around in new surroundings, taking in everything, instead of at once sitting down. One of the windows looks out on the garden. The other offers a view of the slow rise on the other side of the Rue de la Tuilerie. On this sloping terrain, the Sufi garden will one day be located, closed off at the end by the Lecture Hall, with the Haras de Longchamp to the right and the house of Murshida Goodenough to the left, where Ali Khan will carry out his work as a healer. To that Sufi garden I will return summer after summer for interviews with Murshid and to listen to his lectures, and later, for ever new and refreshing exchanges of ideas with many of my fellow mureeds. In the Lecture Hall I will attend plays, musical performances, the Informal Service and the rare Samadhi Silences. But of all this, I do not as yet have even an inkling. I merely absorb the atmosphere of the room, where all is peaceful and warm and sunny, taking pleasure in the experience.

Then, suddenly, the door opens and Murshid stands before me, his hand extended in greeting. He utters the words: "How are you?," in which he, like no other, is able to capture a whole world of sympathy, understanding and solicitude. He asks me to sit next to him. After looking at me for a long time, he begins by saying: "We will first observe a short silence." We both close our eyes and seated motionlessly, I experience the miraculous effect of this union. Unfamiliar, seemingly Eastern odours reach me. I think of sandalwood. Later I realized that I did not even know what sandalwood is but that the word stayed with me after reading about the Phoenicians of distant antiquity.

After we have observed this preparatory silence for some time, Murshid turns to me again. First he takes my hands in his, thumbs up. Then he touches my forehead, looks at me long and closely once more, and utters the words that were to have an all-powerful influence on the rest of my life: "I initiate you into the Sufi Order." Then another pause: "From this point on a new chapter of the book of your life has begun."

I am more and more impressed. Murshid continues to speak calmly. It is remarkable that no matter how many mureeds, perhaps as many as fifty, he still has to receive this day, everything proceeds at a controlled pace. This calm is communicated to me as well. As we look at each other, it is as if we have known each other for years. And again Murshid pronounces words that will in the future give marked direction to my Sufi activities: "Remember that you will always be of service to your fellow mureeds." Little do I yet realize what a privilege it will turn out to be, being allowed to go forth into life to be of help to other people.

Then something unexpected happens. Murshid produces a small notebook and begins to write. I even see him writing numbers. He turns the page. When the back is also covered in writing, he tears out the page and hands it to me, telling me

that the National Representative of Holland will further enlighten me. These are my meditations.

Then Murshid rises slowly; I already hear some movement in the hall. My time seems to be up. We say farewell and, after I have thanked Murshid, he accompanies me to the door. But suddenly he detains me and looking at me again, he pronounces these remarkable words: "Do not forget that your Murshid always prays with you." A warning knock on the door rules out all further delay. Murshid repeats his "God bless you" one more time and I make way for whoever is to follow.

Once outside, I realize that it is later than I had thought. My initiation has taken longer than I had expected. At the Mureeds' House the taxi awaits that is to take me to the Gare du Nord. After hasty goodbyes we rush downhill to the Pont de Suresnes, across the Seine, along the polo field, right through the Bois de Boulogne, along my beloved Route des Acacias, around the Arc de Triomphe to the inner city of Paris, surrounded by endless rows of other taxis. Once more I am absorbed by the frenetic rhythm of Western culture,¹²¹ with its ever absorbing enchantment.

PART TWO

Ali Khan

(1924-26)

The personality of [Murshid Mohammad] Ali Khan¹²² is engraved on my memory like a magical fairy-tale figure from the environs of the Baghdad of Harun-al-Rashid.¹²³ The voice of an archangel, the primeval power of a titan, the pride of a ruler, the inscrutability of an Oriental, the insight of a visionary, the devotion of a saint, the self-control of a yogi, the healing power of a magus, coupled with the disposition of a child and the tenderness of a mother; there you have Ali Khan as we came to know him in Suresnes.

He was still in the flower of his life back then, totally committed to his bipartite task as singer and healer, dedicated like no other to Pir-o-Murshid, who over the years had been his playmate, travel companion, bosom friend and source of inspiration. He also did indescribably much to disseminate his brother's ideas. With his powerful personality, Ali Khan reached countless individuals for whom he served as a bridge to Murshid and Sufism.

In the Paris atelier of the gifted Polish Sufi sculptress Bogdanowitsch, I encountered a bust of Ali Khan. An immense block of stone provided a masterful recreation of the very essence of his enormously multidimensional being.¹²⁴

Mohammad Ali Khan, as he called himself in full, with the self-awareness that was native to him, was back then a singer blessed by God, who transported and moved people like few others. But he was also a patient and dedicated healer, for whom no sacrifice was too great for those who entrusted their bodies and souls to his almost incredible healing powers. Indefatigable and inexhaustibly enthusiastic as singer, he could jubilantly resound with the voice of a trumpet at the Last Judgement.¹²⁵ This enthusiasm and passion, once sublimated to his mission as healer, were eclipsed by what he did for his numerous patients from day to day and hour to hour. Within him coexisted the mild humour of the wise, which has risen above the things of this world, and the childlike ebullience of someone who, despite everything, has remained young at heart. This rare confluence of qualities made Ali Khan such an attractive personality, especially in daily communication. In many instances, it could even turn a fleeting greeting, a single handshake or a sympathetic glance from him into a major event in the lives of their recipients.

When Ali Khan lunched with us, he was sometimes reticent and withdrawn, or suddenly an amusing raconteur, who could dish up the most incredible Indian stories, which he himself most enjoyed, carrying everything before him with his broad smile and uncontrollable mirth.

From the days that Murshid's plays were performed by the visitors to the Summer School, I remember an incident that evoked wild amusement, not in the

least with Murshid himself, who, seated in the front row with his wife Begum,¹²⁶ literally had to hold on to stay in his seat.

The play featured a wedding, with one player assigned the task of sounding the wedding bells.¹²⁷ This role was performed by Ali Khan, who heightened the cheerful atmosphere in a highly comical manner. He wore an ample Indian cloak of red and gold cloth, with very short and wide sleeves, so that his huge athletic arms remained uncovered. Between finger and thumb of each hand Ali Khan held a miniature silver bell, no bigger than an egg cup, which he continued to ring at a rapid tempo, with mock exertion of his impressive muscularity. Now he bent towards the bride, then toward the groom, always attempting convulsively to produce sufficient volume with the small bells, but failing completely due to the uncontrollable laughter of the public. When the bride and groom at last solemnly left the stage to commence their life together, Ali Khan was suddenly once more by their side, ringing his bells as if demented.

The curtain fell under boisterous jollity and was lifted to give the actors a chance to take their bows to reward the audience for all the clapping and cheering. Initially Ali Khan also bowed solemnly, but suddenly he again jumped in front of bride and groom and resumed his fanatical attempts to pay tribute to them with his bell ringing, as if his life depended on it. It was at this moment that Murshid, seated in an old fashioned armchair, had to hold on to the arms, totally helpless with laughter. Even the oldest mureeds declared that they had never seen him so irrepressibly amused.

The songs that Mohammad Ali Khan liked to perform at his concerts included the most sensitive compositions by Maheboob Khan after poems by Murshid, such as "Before you judge my actions, Lord," "Thy Wish," "You are my Life. It is in you that I live," and others. The most remarkable thing was that three members of this family had collaborated on these performances: Inayat Khan as poet, Maheboob Khan as composer, and their cousin Ali Khan as singer.¹²⁸ As Ali Khan sang these songs, he kept his eyes closed as if in prayer. One felt that he thought of their interpretation to be a holy task, so that nothing should be allowed to break his concentration.

Ali Khan was splendid in the tension and climax of his performance of the Largo by Händel, and exceptionally fervent and sensitive in his "Amarilli," but when he was well-disposed, each and every one of his songs became a revelation unto itself.¹²⁹ We never tired of listening to him and we gratefully accepted his generosity with encores so as to enjoy our favourite songs again and again.

For many years Ali Khan was superbly accompanied on the piano by the youthful Dutch Sufi Henk Endt, including at the radio concerts that he gave in 1938 for the HIRO.¹³⁰ Around 1933, Sirkar van Stolk and I tried once more to have Ali Khan's songs recorded on gramophone records, so that his miraculous sound

might be preserved for posterity. But our attempt failed. People were not much interested in Eastern music, whereas most of his successful Western numbers had already been recorded by the most renowned singers of the time.

Chitrani

(1924)

Chitrani is vain and she is modest; she is bold and she is exclusive. Her swift glance, the lift of her eyebrows, her slightest gesture, a movement of a hand or of a shoulder, will convey her thought or mood as no words can. ... She is Maya, the elusive one.

[Hazrat Inayat Khan] *Rassa Shastra*, "The Character of the Beloved"¹³¹

I now, with some trepidation, undertake to mention an incident which was revealed to me by accident and which for the last twenty years has been known to only four individuals and, in fact, may have been forgotten by three of them. I overcome my reluctance to broach this subject because without mention of this episode, I would be incomplete in the rendering of another facet of the true greatness of Ali Khan.

On our beloved loggia of the Mureeds' House, half-hidden in the dense foliage of the chestnut trees that inspired the name "Les Marronniers," we are conversing with Zulaikha. Someone knocks on the door: "Is Mrs. van Ingen here?" It is Wazir van Essen, who greets us in his customarily modest, courtly and yet cheerful way.¹³² It appears there is a visitor for Zulaikha. A Dutch lady is announced; a worldly and elegant figure floats into the room. Had Murshid's *Rassa Shastra* already been published back then, these words would at once have come to my mind: "Chitrani is beautiful and brilliant."¹³³

A lively discussion at once develops; our visitor lodges in St. Cloud, is greatly interested in the Sufi Movement and is in contact with the local Centre in her Dutch city of domicile. Then Zulaikha is called away and the three of us stay behind to continue to get acquainted. Someone comes to enquire if the new arrival will take her lunch in the Mureeds' House. We ask her to join us at our table. During the meal the conversation remains superficial, but we have been Sufis long enough to know that this need not mean anything. How often does such a fleeting acquaintance develop into a lasting contact with a deeper foundation? After all, Suresnes engenders miracles.

And indeed, by the next day we draw closer. And it is undeniable that on her visits to the Summer School, our visitor, whose lodgings in St. Cloud make

her more or less dependent on our room, is in some way strongly attracted to my wife. Such affection between such different feminine natures is not at all unusual; this development is entirely natural. Our guest feels instinctively that she need fear no rivalry here, and again the words of *Rassa Shastra* apply: "Chitrani is happy among women and cordial in nature."¹³⁴

In addition, the lines by P.C. Boutens,¹³⁵ with which he describes the figure of Beatrijs, also fully apply to my wife:

She had that blessed share
of happiness without blemish or tear,
Sweet as a song from the throat of a bird,
as the scent of flowers.

And all the joy to which she came
Shot up like a flower and blossomed high;
And slight was the part that she took on
Of the sorrow before which she bent.

Looking back on this brief episode, which we were privileged to observe as chance spectators, I believe that its almost melodramatic conclusion is only to be explained by the two closing lines of the above poem. In any case, the conversations between the two women become more lively and intimate. Faced with the pure and natural attitude to life of the one, the other relinquishes her affectation. For that matter, Sufism does turn out to provide a kind of bond, and then all contrivance usually melts like snow before the sun.

And the company of our beautiful guest certainly proves to have its compensations. Again I quote *Rassa Shastra*: "Chitrani is delightful and amusing in expressing her likes and dislikes." That we may be no more than pawns in her game, does not occur to us until, unexpectedly, relatively early in the morning on one of the following days, she comes into our room, making many excuses for having shown up at such an inconvenient time. She has an interview at eleven, and as the tram from St. Cloud is so unreliable, she has taken an earlier one. We exchange a few words and again I note that "Chitrani is beautiful and brilliant." Today is not only an exceptionally good one for her, but her entire being breathes a certain nervousness and excitement, expressed in all sort of minor ways.

As I still need to complete some correspondence that soon must go to Paris, I excuse myself and continue to write in the loggia, catching fragments of the conversation from time to time. Somewhat mysteriously I hear our visitor say: "I have an interview with Ali Khan and am so curious! Do you know him?" After the confirming reply she continues: "He is supposed to be so wonderful, like a

prince I have been told! Do you suppose that he might be willing to treat me?"

My wife's reply is completely unsuspecting: "Why should he not want to treat you? After all, Ali Khan's calling is his work as healer!"

Chitrani patters back and forth in our room. She pauses for an instant before a large bouquet of field flowers, picked by my wife in the park of St. Cloud and harmoniously arranged by colour gradations. "How splendid," she says while carefully choosing a flower from the vase and attaching it to her corsage in front of the mirror. Then she immediately turns the conversation back to Ali Khan. "Do you think he will also give me a massage?" she asks, with emphasis on the final word. Taken a little aback, my wife asks if she suffers from an ailment that might benefit from massage. Chitrani does not answer the question directly but she does say, slightly flustered: "It would be so interesting to be massaged by him. Actually, that is why I have come here, since I have heard about it in Holland. That massage of his is supposed to be incredible and so I thought, that is something I would like to experience. He comes from India, right? I used to be married to someone from Indonesia,¹³⁶ but I feel more drawn to people from India. They are so, how shall I put it, so mysterious, so totally different from Europeans. I am frightfully curious about what he will be like."

It is a good thing that I have finished my correspondence; the conversation is moving in a direction that is not in the least surprising. I enter and in partial reply tell her that "this winter Ali Khan treated my wife when her life was being ruined by uninterrupted pain. At night, she did not know whether to recline, sit or crawl. Just when we had given up all hope, Ali Khan arrived in the country. Twice she then travelled to The Hague and the massages sometimes made the pain worse. When she told this to Ali Khan at the third visit, he smiled broadly and said: 'That is very good, you will soon be well!' And a week later the pain had disappeared as if by magic."¹³⁷

But as I recount this, we sense that this story hardly interests her. Moreover, it is now almost eleven and Chitrani seems to be sitting on hot coals, wanting to be on time. She leaves almost at once. From our loggia we see her exit the garden of the Mureeds' House and continue triumphantly down the Rue de l'Hippodrome. My wife and I look at each other, half-quizzically, half-portentously; time and again Suresnes offers fresh surprises.

Not much later the coffee is brought in and I am again comfortably settled in the loggia when I hear the garden gate open and Chitrani return with agitated steps. Involuntarily I look at my watch. It is not nearly half past eleven; what could have happened? As a rule interviews take much longer. I just manage to see that she has a rumpled hanky in her right hand. After a few tense moments the door opens. Chitrani staggers in and falls down full length on the couch. Without explanation, she breaks out in vehement sobs, which seem to be interminable.

This denouement is not unexpected, as we have been told that our beautiful friend has bounteous tears at her disposal when the occasion requires. What does surprise us is that someone could return from a interview with Ali Khan in that state of mind.

Finally Chitrani interrupts her sobbing with a few almost incomprehensible cries like: "He has broken me! He has smashed me! I feel so desperate! What must I do?" Then she bursts into tears once more. I begin to feel totally superfluous. To give my wife the opportunity to play a consoling role without my interference, I descend to the garden of the Mureeds' House. Great merriment rules at one of the tables. Sirkar van Stolk is being visited by the young Floris van Pallandt from Paris, where he is attached to the Dutch diplomatic mission.¹³⁸ Shanavaz van Spengler has joined them, and his humorous turns evoke the usual unbridled laughter. I remain talking to them, and when Pallandt takes his leave, I return to our room.

The atmosphere has cleared up somewhat. My wife, who can always understand and sympathize with every sorrow that she encounters, has already completed this part of her task. Her totally passive attitude and soft comforting words have not missed their target. More than anything, Chitrani craves confidentiality, because she feels the need to express herself no matter what. She simply cannot keep to herself all that she has just experienced. It has to find a way out, and she has the additional feeling that we shall not misunderstand her. Hence, still interrupted by stifled tears, she gives the following account of the episode that so grievously destroyed her equilibrium.

When she arrived at Ali Khan's house, he received her quietly and cordially, which was not at all what she had expected. For, and now the truth comes out, she had asked for an interview only out of curiosity and craving for adventure, with the additional hope of making a conquest. That is why she attempted with carefully chosen words to turn the conversation in such a direction that, she imagined, Ali Khan would be obliged to return her advances. When, to her chagrin, he remained as immobile as a stone statue, she took her chances and accompanied a quasi-naïve comment with an encouraging glance and gesture that could hardly be misunderstood. But the next instant she completely lost her composure, so frightened was she. For Ali Khan had risen and suddenly stood tall before her, terrible, untouchable, inscrutable; nothing was left of his initial friendliness.¹³⁹

With the recollection of what has happened, Chitrani is again overcome by emotion. Only after repeated attempts does my wife manage to calm her down. Dismay, contrition and shame almost prevent her from speaking. She then she describes how the jet-black eyes had looked at her so penetratingly that she hid her face in her hands. And then he spoke the words that she would never forget and were so totally different from what she had expected: "The Creator has

bestowed on you a holy and valuable gift: your beauty!" And then, after a second moment of deathly silence: "If you make good use of it, your beauty could be a blessing for your and many others!"

When the full meaning of these remarkable words had got through to her, she dared look at him: amazed, enlightened and, finally, almost grateful. By this time he had almost totally recovered his initial friendliness towards her and, with a perfectly calm voice, added: "God bless you!" Then he went to the door with unhurried steps and closed it behind him, leaving her in a state of total confusion. Looking out of the window she saw Musharaff Khan heading toward Ali Khan. After a cordial greeting, the two cousins sat down on the bench in front of the house, where they were for some moments lost in deep conversation. Ali Khan then walked off, as if nothing had happened. She left the house at once and came straight to us to give vent to her pent-up emotions as soon as possible.

My wife's understanding attitude at last restores her equanimity; she exhausts herself by repeating that without my wife she would not have known what to do. When the lunch bell sounds she says that she would sooner not accompany us this time. She is not yet ready to encounter Ali Khan and remains resting on our couch. When we come back up, she has disappeared. The next morning my wife finds a bouquet of roses and a box of chocolates in our room, along with a note, in which Chitrani takes her leave with a flood of gratitude. That same morning she had commenced the journey from St. Cloud to Holland, without returning to Suresnes. She at this juncture appears to have gone from our horizons for good.

And yet, many years later, our paths crossed once more. During the Sufi national convention, held in the School for Philosophy in Amersfoort¹⁴⁰ and honoured with the presence of Maheboob Khan, the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik of the Sufi Movement, a Universal Worship was held in the Boskapel in Bilthoven for hundreds of Sufis and non-Sufis.¹⁴¹ Zulaikha van Ingen as Cheraga, with Salar Kluwer and Wazir van Essen as Cherags,¹⁴² performed their task to such perfection that one could in all truth say that they "had held up the light of truth in the darkness of ignorance." The most important organizer of this exceptionally successful convention was Azim Kerbert.

And it was after the Universal Worship in the Forest Chapel, when we were already on our way to the buses waiting for us, that Chitrani suddenly spoke to us.¹⁴³ It turned out that Sufism still continued to interest her and she, too, had been highly impressed by the service. The next moment we had to take our leave. Shortly thereafter Bhakti Eggink was able to tell us that Chitrani had written many verses,¹⁴⁴ including some highly inspired ones. It is to be hoped that these will be kept for posterity. Should Chitrani ever come to read these lines, may she forgive me for bringing her on stage.¹⁴⁵ I did so entirely to perfect my picture of the remarkable personality of Ali Khan.

**Maheboob Khan,
the First Shaikh-ul-Mashaik of the Sufi Movement**

*I have become a stranger to the world,
Where once I used to waste a lot of time;
It has heard nothing from me for so long,
It may well think that I have died!*

*In fact, I am not much concerned
Whether it thinks me dead.
I cannot even contradict it,
For in truth, I am dead to the world.*

*I am dead to the world's tumult,
And live in peace in a quiet realm!
I live alone in this, my heaven,
In my love, in my songs!*

F. Rückert
(music by Gustav Mahler).¹⁴⁶

1926

When in the summer of 1926, after an afternoon lecture given by Murshid during one of my brief visits to Suresnes, I am walking down the path to the Sufi garden, one of the young Dutch mureeds comes up from behind me with bouncing tread. Initially I want to let her pass, filled as I am with Murshid's profound presentation, but when she briefly speaks to me, we continue down the Rue de la Tuilerie together. Just as we are about to turn right at the Corner House, to return to the Mureeds' House along the Rue de l'Hippodrome, she stops me.

"What nice house that is, on the other side? 'Ekbal Dawla', that must be a Sufi name! Do Sufis live there?"

Somewhat surprised, I look at her.

"Sufis?" That's where [Mir Pyarumian] Maheboob Khan and his family live.¹⁴⁷ The older of Murshid's two brothers!"

Now it is her turn to be surprised. "Does Murshid have another brother living here? I have repeatedly met Musharaff Khan, who also lives in Fazal Manzil, but I have not seen another brother. And yet I have been in Suresnes for at least three weeks!"

I can't resist a smile. "It is quite possible to be here much longer than that without ever meeting Maheboob Khan."

But she finds this completely unfathomable in view of the accessible stance that she has always experienced with Musharaff, who sympathizes with one and all. And she continues to insist on some kind of more detailed explanation.

I hesitate for a moment and search for an indirect response of the kind beloved by Sufis.

“Do you know the compositions of Mahler? Or the songs of Friedrich Rückert?” I ask her.

“Of course I know them,” she replies, “I am a singer.”¹⁴⁸

“In that case you also know the lines of that deeply moving song: ‘I have become a stranger to the world?’”

“For sure,” she replies immediately, “that is one of my favourites!” And in her deep alto she murmurs the words:

I live alone in this, my heaven,
In my love, in my songs.

“Indeed!” I say, “then you have much of the solution! Maheboob Khan is a composer and faces the subtle as well as insoluble task of composing, in addition to his Eastern music, melodies that can convey the wonderfully poetic ideas of Murshid to a Western public. That is a bipartite task, one that requires such versatility that Maheboob Khan exempts himself from as many of the diversions of the Summer School as practicable, to concentrate on it as fully as possible.”

“And why we get to see so little of him?” she asks, still not completely convinced.

“That is probably one of many reasons,” I reply. “But don’t forget that Maheboob got married recently and that many, even in the East, at first feel less need for the outside world. In addition, Mrs. Ekbal van Goens, one of Murshid’s closest devotees and Shadiby’s mother, lives in with her and Maheboob.”¹⁴⁹

“Mrs. van Goens,” she replies, “I have already met her. She was the lady who was pouring tea this afternoon at the table near the entrance of the Lecture Hall, where Sufi books and portraits of Murshid are sold. I have already spoken to her repeatedly. She truly understands the art of sensing which book will prove most attractive to any given individual. And,” she continues, “now I suddenly understand why the house is called ‘Ekbal Dawla’. A number of times I have asked myself how a villa in Suresnes got such a name. But you just said: ‘one of the reasons’. What do you mean by that?”

“Well,” I reply, “there is still another inhabitant, and that is Ali Khan, when he’s not on tour. You do know Ali Khan, don’t you?”

“Why certainly,” is the decisive answer. “I have heard him sing in The Netherlands and he has also treated me, after which we spoke at length. What a storyteller!”

“Now,” I say, “then you will understand that when Ali Khan stays in Ekbal Dawla, Maheboob and he often have so much to talk about that they do not feel any particular need for contact with other people. It is probably with Maheboob much as it was with Rückert, who also preferred to withdraw into his art and who could say about himself: ‘I have done with the bustle of the world; I live alone in my heaven, in my life, in my song!’”

“Do you think that it’s something Eastern?,” she asks.

“I doubt it,” I reply, “because you must not forget that almost every artist, and possibly even every man, is at least to some degree so inclined. Think of Ellen Key,¹⁵⁰ when she speaks of ‘the human need for privacy’, which she even champions as a universal right and which, according to her, is too often neglected by society.¹⁵¹ And you no doubt also know that charming verse by Goethe, who represents much the same thing in a totally different manner.”

Once, from a large company,
A quiet scholar headed home.
People asked him if he had been satisfied;
If they were books, he said, I would not read them!¹⁵²

“Oh?,” she now asks with some surprise, “do you really think that Maheboob Khan avoids us all more or less on purpose?”

“That may be putting it too strongly,” I reply. “But don’t forget that in addition to Ali Khan, he is in daily contact with Murshid and his family, who live on the other side of the Rue de la Tuilerie, and also with Musharaff Khan, which adds up to a whole circle. He probably does not need all those coming and going mureeds all that much. In addition, someone who has been with Murshid from early on and has travelled with him for many years, must have lots to think about and have come to view all sorts of external things as relatively unimportant. On the other hand, you must not see Maheboob primarily as a quiet dreamer, who is not prepared to engage with the world. When in 1910, Murshid decided to go to America to propagate his ideas in the West, Maheboob Khan was immediately prepared to give up his post as professor of music to accompany Murshid on his uncertain journey which, especially at first, proved to be fraught with near insurmountable obstacles.”¹⁵³

“Oh,” she says, “now that I hear all that, I hope one day to get to know him and, if at all possible, learn much more about him.”

“Well,” I reply, “opportunity knocks. There are Yussouf and Zulaikha van Ingen. Yussouf is himself a composer and he and Zulaikha are among those who are regular guests in Maheboob Khan’s home.” At that same moment, Zulaikha sees us and, spontaneous as ever, at once comes to greet us. Yussouf at first takes no notice of us; he is immersed in studying his lines for the play that is to be performed for Murshid in the Lecture Hall that night. But a little later I hear him say: “OK, that will keep them for tonight,” and he also approaches us.

I decide to solicit their aid. “Listen,” I say, “I have a proposition! Here is a mureed who wishes to hear as much as possible about Maheboob. With you she is on the right track. Can’t the four of us go to ‘Bagatelle’¹⁵⁴ to have tea, assuming I am able to get hold of a taxi on the Boulevard de Versailles?”¹⁵⁵ This proposal at once meets with Zulaikha’s approval, and as the other two also agree, I head off. Luck is with me and soon we are driving into the enchanted garden, the only one in Paris and its environs. Surrounded by one of the most thickly wooded, older parts of the Bois de Boulogne, where splendid eucalyptus trees alternate with heavy cedars and enormous conifers, lies the park called “Bagatelle,” protected and warm in the afternoon sun. Numerous ample pergolas overgrown with a wealth of flowering white wisteria contrast strikingly, especially in early spring, with the dark-green edge of the forest. Hardly anywhere else in the world does one encounter such an unbridled excess of the full range of subtle tints of flowering wisteria, with the white flowers predominating.

During the summer vacation, when all of Paris has fled the metropolis for the Channel or the Mediterranean Sea, it can be remarkably quiet in “Bagatelle.” This afternoon, as a result, the crowd is thin. In the distance we see Salima van Braam in deep conversation with Fata van Seters,¹⁵⁶ but do not disturb them. And as I enjoy for the umpteenth time the combination of a perfectly cultivated garden with unspoiled nature, it is almost unavoidable that my thoughts find their way to the remarkable poet who, in his unforgettable verses, had the purest simplicity of expression which existed side by side with the most refined choice of words to give voice to his constantly changing moods in all their subtlety.

And then I return to our point of departure, saying: “I just made a comparison with Rückert, but perhaps when thinking of Maheboob Khan, Rilke is the better choice among Western poets.” “For sure!” Zulaikha bursts out enthusiastically. “Rilke!” And at once she recites:

Longing means living in ebb and flow
and being homeless in time.
And wishes are a soft dialogue
between everyday hours and Eternity.

And such is life until out of some yesterday,
the most solitary of hours looms up
and, with a different smile than her sisters,
faces the Eternal in silence.¹⁵⁷

Indeed,” says Yussouf, “that may be entirely applicable to Maheboob Khan.”¹⁵⁸ And in these calm and refined surroundings, Yussouf talks for some time about his first meeting with Maheboob Khan, and the impression that his music left on him, and about their many discussions on spiritual topics.

1932

Some years later, when Maheboob’s compositions inspired by Murshid’s poems had come out in print,¹⁵⁹ the conversation at one of our meetings with Yussouf and Zulaikha turns to these creative works. Yussouf gives his opinion of them. He has himself been a composer, singer and poet and is therefore the right man to understand the nature of a man like Maheboob Khan, whose deep and versatile spiritual insight, he has repeatedly let me know, he deeply admires.

“It is remarkable,” Yussouf tells us, “how completely Maheboob has succeeded, in the spirit of Murshid, in making his talents serve the spread of his brother’s teachings. After all, one will always continue to meet people for whom the written word means little and who may not even be much engaged by the spoken word, but for whom it is true what Murshid wrote in his *The Mysticism of Sound* that ‘music stands before the soul without producing any impression of any name or form to be found in this world of appearances, thus preparing the soul for the realization of the Infinite.’”¹⁶⁰

“Maheboob Khan’s compositions,” Yussouf continues, “have a power of persuasion that is entirely their own and present Ali Khan with an opportunity to convey to the listener with melodious sounds what may not have been clear to him from the lecture itself. When, in the last line of ‘You are my life, it is in You that I live’, Ali Khan utters the words ‘I lost myself, but I have found You at last’ with great emotion, half-singing, half-stammering, many will suddenly be able to comprehend the deeper meaning and by storing the melody in their memory and also will come to understand the inmost value of the text.”

“Also in the song, ‘Before you judge my actions, Lord’, the way the words ‘Before I throw my mantle’ present themselves, as it were, to the listener, will allow him better to understand how Murshid views this entire earthly life as the temporarily wearing of a cloak that one can cast off without attaching much importance to it, so as to embrace the journey ‘Toward the Goal’. And the same applies to the quiet, deeply resigned mood conveyed by the composition to the words ‘Beloved, I am contented with both Thy speech and Thy silence’. All of these

songs are deeply considered and purely experienced reproductions in tone of what Murshid intended to express by the words of his poems. It is, therefore, an exceptional and double privilege that Ali Khan has been able to convey to many something of Murshid's revelations by means of the compositions of Maheboob Khan."

"And yet," Zulaikha adds, "as far as I'm concerned 'Thy Wish' remains his most beautiful composition: 'Let Thy Wish become my desire, Lord!'"

"Yes," I then say, "that's how it goes. Each of us is particularly attracted by some special aspect of Sufism and is most edified by its reproduction."

"It is noteworthy, in that connection," Yussouf concludes, "that Musharaff Khan once told me that in India one is only considered to be a musician when one excels not just as an instrumentalist or singer but also as a composer. In fact, in India, Maheboob Khan had built up a considerable reputation in both disciplines. He was seen as a worthy descendent of Maula Bax, his grandfather,¹⁶¹ who has been called the Beethoven of India.¹⁶² That is why we should be grateful to him that in spite of his fame at home he nevertheless accompanied Murshid when he accepted his great but risky mission to travel to the West,¹⁶³ because Maheboob lent him his considerable moral support. On the other hand it must have been of great value for Maheboob Khan that in his first Suresnes period, before the departure of Murshid, he was able again to dedicate himself completely to his calling as composer, while also being able to be with Murshid."

1933

Look, we will seek out the balcony,
today, as evening nears,
and I will read you a Sicilian stanza,
slowly, one with velvet words.¹⁶⁴

Rainer Maria Rilke

"History repeats itself!"

No single proposition will provoke stronger protest from a trained historian than this one, but it still remains equally true that there is nothing new under the sun and that the facts do often seem to repeat themselves.

When, in 1933, I am once more on the Sufi field, I again meet the Dutch mureed with whom I had discussed Maheboob Khan back in 1926. Now Maheboob, as Head of the Sufi Movement, is known by his title Shaikh-ul-Mashaik (i.e., Sheikh of Sheikhs). And this time, too, our conversation runs in much the same direction. That morning she had her interview in Ekbal Dawla and shares her impressions with me.

Then I ask her whether she is as yet familiar with what the recently published and deeply inspired booklet by Murshida Green, *The Wings of the World or the Sufi-Messgae as I see It*, has to say about the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik.¹⁶⁵ She turns out not to know the book. And together we walk once more across the Sufi field and in the Lecture Hall we again find Ekbal van Goens at the collection of Sufi publications, which is much larger than in 1926. I buy a copy of Murshida Green's book and offer it to my companion. For a moment she is slow to receive it, but I ask her to accept it as token of my respect for the author, whom I have repeatedly met at sundry Sufi functions. And then I tell her numerous things about this remarkable figure in our Movement, who can be considered to be the Mystic of Reason, alongside Murshida Fazal Mai as Mystic of Feeling, and Murshida Goodenough as Mystic of Will.¹⁶⁶

I can talk almost forever about Murshida Green; about her deep worldly wisdom, already suggested by her first name "Sophia"; about her versatile knowledge and her intense interest in greatly divergent fields; about her sympathy for mureeds from all corners of the world and, finally, about her brilliant choice of words and inspired presentation that make her lectures into something unforgettable for her audience.

And then we look for a place to sit in the Sufi garden, near Murshid's tree, with a view of Fazal Manzil. And there we open *The Wings of the World* to investigate the ideas of Murshida Green on the Message as, to quote her, "I see it." And how could it be otherwise but, connecting to our 1926 conversation concerning Maheboob Khan, the first thing we hit upon are his comments on his work as Shaikh-ul-Mashaik.

After first describing how in 1927, for the second time in his life, Maheboob Khan took on an external task for the sake of Sufism, this time by assuming the leadership of the organization founded by Murshid, Murshida Green continues her description with the following words, with which I believe I should also conclude this chapter:

Yet for him, both during the life of the Master and the years which were to follow, no sacrifice was too great, and no hardship too severe, to be endured for the Cause. In the seven years that have passed since the Master left the Earth-plane the Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh has carried on the work of the Message on the same lines as those upon which It was begun; and has travelled much, visiting the leading countries of Europe, and also America.

To present him to those who do not know him is to paint a portrait in pastels, so delicate are the light and shade of his nature, so subtle and fine the personality which to know is ever more deeply to appreciate [...].

Such as he give at no time that which costs them nothing; every contact with their fellows is made at the cost of their own inner desire for the joy of creation that comes to the soul of the artist in solitude; their gift of themselves is made by the sacrifice of things infinitely prized and precious.¹⁶⁷

Musharaff Khan, the Singer of Light

(Suresnes, July 1925)

Chanter, c'est ma manière de me battre et de croire.

Rostand: *Chanteclair*

When Murshida Green and I are on our way to a lecture by Murshid in the Sufi Garden and we approach Fazal Manzil together, we hear from the open windows the sound of the Indian instrument on which Musharaff Khan usually accompanies himself as he sings his religious songs.¹⁶⁸

Musharaff Khan's singing has a character all its own, that in some ways even deviates from that of Ali Khan and Maheboob Khan. On the one hand, it strongly resembles a shout of jubilation, resulting from a feeling of liberation. On the other, it partakes of an irresistible inner urge to express something that could not remain unspoken without losing something valuable.

A moment later, from the same windows, we are greeted by the voice that I could distinguish from thousands of others by its radiant timbre. I am involuntarily reminded of what Edmond Rostand expressed in his play *Chanteclair*¹⁶⁹ with respect to the symbolic function that he assigns to the Gallic Rooster, as it transmits its morning call into the world:

Singing is my way to vanquish myself and to believe.

For Rostand this figure of "the Gallic Rooster" is identical to the call of Latin civilization, which is to bring clarity and insight into the darkness of worldly ignorance and error: "I think of the light, and not of the glory!"

The Gallic Rooster not only feels called to fight for spiritual enlightenment, in which he has unshakable faith, but even subscribes to the conviction that daybreak will not come unless announced in the darkness by his own voice.

And if of all songs, mine is the most proud,
It is because I sing brightly so that it may be bright!

In some ways it is the same thought found in Hamlet: as soon as the cock crows, the restless nocturnal spirits retreat before the approaching daylight.¹⁷⁰

Rostand described this unshakable faith with power and without ambiguity in the moving scene in which Chanteclair is so sorely wounded in combat with an enemy bird of prey that it appears as if he will not survive the consequences. When his friends at last see him regain consciousness and express their joy, the realization that he will live has but one meaning for Chanteclair, that his call will again sound forth through the night, that light will again pierce the darkness. His rock solid conviction is captured in the words: "Le jour se lèvera demain." Now that I, Chanteclair, can again sound my call, the light of the coming morning can appear once more!

And when one asks Chanteclair what goes through his mind as his radiant song resounds in the world, and why he is so convinced that his song is the proudest of all creation, he replies with the following beautiful and meaningful words, which always come to my mind when I hear Musharaff Khan's singing:

I think of the light, and not of the glory:
Singing is my way to vanquish myself and believe;
And if of all songs, mine is the most proud,
It is because I sing brightly so that it may be bright!¹⁷¹

Reunion

(1925)

The love between a man and a woman can alter like the phases of the moon, but brotherly love is as solid as a rock and as eternal as the word of the Prophet.

*Koran [sic]*¹⁷²

It is a warm and radiant summer afternoon in 1925 in Suresnes. Shortly after lunch I went to the Sufi Garden, which is generally largely deserted around that time. Today is no exception.

The Lecture Hall is still closed; Murshida Goodenough sits in a corner of the garden, immersed in her literature, unaware of anything that might be happening around her. I seek a place in the shade of the apricot trees and pull out Murshid's *The Inner Life*, my favourite of all his works. As always, what I read is thought-provoking. I can fully understand why Murshid once said that every mureed could read *The Inner Life* twenty times and continue to be inspired. In the distance, at the Rue de la Tuilerie, Djalilah Moore enters the gate.¹⁷³ With springy

steps, her ever-youthful and fresh face and white curls shining in the sun, she heads towards the Lecture Hall and opens it. That is her terrain. Day in day out she gladly executes the modest tasks of cleaning the hall and making sure that everything is ready for the other mureeds.

We exchange a cheerful greeting; we are fellow sport fanatics! She lives in London in an apartment in the immediate vicinity of the famous cricket field called "Lord's," where England has just for the first time beaten the invincible Australian team. Her interest is that of a spectator who has for many years followed the matches from her balcony. She even played the game herself at one time and during the five days that this Test Match has lasted, we have been going over the sports column of *The Times* together to learn all the details of this contest, which is truly sensational for all former cricket players. Once more the "King of Games" has us in its grip with its irresistible charms, which are completely incomprehensible to any outsider. Djalilah is overjoyed because "old England" has won at last. I am also interested in the technical details as well as in the performance of one of the English players in this match of matches, having recently seen him in action on our Dutch cricket fields as leader of a British eleven touring the continent.

Djalilah calls out to me that we will be most welcome that evening at a meeting in her room, where, at Murshid's request, she receives the newcomers and the lonesome among the attendees of the Summer School. I look forward to the event. These are always pleasant evenings thanks to their camaraderie and international character.

When she goes in, I take up *The Inner Life* once more. My eye falls on the following sentences:

Man must become aware of himself either as something or as nothing. In the awareness that he is nothing lies the essence of spirituality.¹⁷⁴

And I remember a passage from Murshid's *The Power of the Word*:

This is a thought that one can reflect on for years, each time with fresh inspiration.¹⁷⁵

How many years will it take before I will truly grasp these profound eternal truths?

Again I hear the gate open. Very slowly, looking around him from time to time, Talewar Dussaq walks up the path by the Haras. Last night he came from Geneva, where he is one of the pillars of strength of the Headquarters.¹⁷⁶ In later years I am going to be listening to him with quiet attentiveness while, in his

dignified manner, he reads the Collective Interviews, selections from questions answered by Murshid at meetings with a few of his closest followers. He has his long black Cherag robes over his arm. Now I suddenly recall that later that afternoon there is to be a Cherag meeting run by Murshid himself.¹⁷⁷ Talewar continues, repeatedly halting to breathe in the atmosphere of this blessed place after a year of absence. Then he, too, finds a chair and loses himself in meditation.

I am not able to read any longer. I look around me once more, at the high Mureeds' House, half-hidden behind Murshid's home, Fazal Manzil, where the door is just opening to the terrace that crowns the double exterior staircase. Murshida Fazal Mai, dressed in black as always, emerges. Murshid's two young sons storm joyfully up the stairs to greet her. Fazal Mai bends down over them, whispers in their ears and lovingly strokes their jet-black curls. Hidayat is already jumping down the stairs but Vilayat continues to talk to her for a moment before following his brother. I hear their voices from far away in the garden, where they resume their play with their two sisters.

A little later, after Fazal Mai has installed herself under one of the apricot trees, several other Cherags begin to wander in, and suddenly I see Sirdar and Saida approach, dressed in black robes like all the others, two lofty figures that at once stand out. I approach them to greet them for an instant. In their house in The Hague, where Murshid stayed for so long, I have often enjoyed an almost Eastern-style hospitality and also repeatedly attended meetings with Murshid. They are two of Murshid's most trusted mureeds. When Murshid had to decide to stop practising his beloved music, his original calling, for the sake of his work as Preacher, he initiated Saida into the secrets of the vina as thanks for all the kindness she and her husband had shown to him on his repeated visits to Holland.¹⁷⁸

When they have gone on to the Lecture Hall, additional Cherags enter the Sufi Garden and head for the hall. Finally come Murshid's two brothers, Maheboob and Musharaff, who, with Ali Khan, accompanied Murshid on his journey to America, where he took the first steps on his road to spread Sufism around the world.

When they, as well, have entered, I see Angela Alt leave the hall.¹⁷⁹ She has the complicated and subtle task of organizing all the daily interviews, which ceaselessly take up all of Murshid's spare moments, so as to satisfy everybody as well as possible. Angela also has the task of closing the Hall at the commencement of proceedings; her appearance is therefore a likely sign that all are present. Perhaps Murshid is already on his way. Again I look at Fazal Manzil and at that same moment the door opens again and Murshid appears on the landing.

There exists a photo that records such a moment. Murshid stands at the top of the stairs, in his golden brown robe, looking out on the Sufi Garden. Better than any possible description, the photo conveys Murshid's regal attitude.

I continue to look attentively while Murshid stays on the landing. Then, slowly and regally, he descends the steps. I hear the creaking of the garden gate of Fazal Manzil that opens onto the Rue de la Tuilerie. A moment later the opposing gate of the Sufi Garden opens, through which Murshid has entered.

With slow and even tread Murshid approaches, lost in deep thought, his arms hanging by his side and his hands folded in front of him. To the left of the path are a few flower beds and today, as usual, Murshid stops and turns to the splendidly scented flowers. Very briefly his hands glide over the slender stems. Lost in thought, Murshid remains immobile. Is he reflecting on the lines of poetry that will come out as "Tana" in the *Vadan*?¹⁸⁰

When Murshid proceeds, he passes close by the spot where I am situated. I get up and am greeted with a silent nod of his head. Then Murshid approaches the door of the Lecture Hall, where Angela welcomes him. She casts a long glance at the entrance of the garden to see if there are any stragglers on whom she might have to wait before closing the door.

At the same instant I see her make an involuntary movement. I follow her glance and am no less surprised than she, because there, with small, almost pounding steps approaches an athletically built, solid and heavy figure, dressed in a tight-fitting dark suit,¹⁸¹ his head covered with a turban, and his jet-black eyes filled with anxiety about not reaching the hall in time, before Murshid has entered. At once I recognize him. It is Murshid's cousin and friend of his youth, Ali Khan, the singer, who has just returned from a tour in England and has headed straight for the Sufi field to attend the Cherag meeting.

Angela Alt's gesture has also caught Murshid's attention. He turns around slowly to see what is happening, and suddenly a great change comes over him. He stands taller. His face glows in happy surprise. His arms relax, hands open, and the next moment he is headed toward Ali Khan with buoyant steps. The latter has already left the path to head straight for Murshid. His face, also, expresses unmistakable joy and surprise. Then they reach one another. Both have already extended their hands, to embrace in the next instant. Both faces now betray great joy. After a moment of speechless squeezing of hands, they begin their oral greetings. A lively conversation ensues. Suddenly laughter resounds; the impish eyes of Ali Khan sparkle with joy, and Murshid also laughs freely and heartily. Again they shake hands and again Ali Khan says something that increases their mirth. Both have forgotten everything around them at this reunion. For minutes they continue to speak, with hands still conjoined.

Then Sirdar appears in the door of the hall, looks out for an instant and at once his voice resounds: "Ali," a greeting than is acknowledged with no lesser enthusiasm. Then Maheboob and Musharaff also exit, followed by some others. Ali Khan does not have hands enough to greet everybody. Tears of joy at this

reunion show in his eyes and immediately his elated and hearty laughter resounds once more, producing an infectious effect on one and all.

By their very nature there are no more childlike souls than these Sufis, who can on other occasions be filled with the deepest gravity and most solemn devotion. Is it any surprise that, time and time again, I feel irresistibly drawn to this Sufism when I observe how, from behind the apparent unreality that characterizes the demeanour of Pir-o-Murshid in this Western world, reality again shines forth in the form of true, warm, spontaneous humanity, to which every obsequiousness, hypocrisy and arrogance is foreign?

At last everyone has entered. The door to the Lecture Hall has closed behind Angela Alt; inside Murshid pronounces his wonderful teachings, full of wisdom and beauty. Complete calm reigns in the Sufi Garden; I am left all alone. No, not entirely, for in the farthest corner, with the back of her chair turned towards the garden, sits an insignificant figure, looking out sadly. We all know this new person, a small, emaciated and neglected English woman, always lost in sad introspection and continually the personification of deep, inconsolable melancholy. Those who greet her see her face light up momentarily with a friendly, near grateful smile, but almost at once her past suffering reasserts itself, excluding all further rapprochement.

No one knows anything about her, no one except Murshid, her Murshid, the only tie that still binds this soul to her earthly existence. Her weekly interview, the few words that Murshid sometimes bestows on her when, he halts in passing for an instant, are for her the succour she cannot do without. Without partaking in our so often lively community, she goes her way quietly and almost unobserved. Hours on end she remains in the sunny garden, daydreaming, motionless, inscrutable. And yet there can hardly be anyone else among us for whom Suresnes is as important as for her.

If you live in a vision of the past, dream on; do not open your eyes to the present.¹⁸²

Once more I pick up *The Inner Life* and read the passage that will shape the rest of my life and that precedes the words that I have already quoted:

Friends, there in nothing in this world, be it luxury or rank, position, power or learning, that can make someone as conceited as the smallest amount of spiritual knowledge, and the moment someone has that conceit, he can advance not a step further. He is nailed to the spot where he stands because spiritual awakening is in essence nothing more than diverting one's eyes from oneself.¹⁸³

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

And if at that moment, during that remarkable summer afternoon, I made a wish, then it must have been that I might be spared the danger of descending via Sufism into the spiritual petrification that Murshid described here with near-oppressive accuracy, but that Sufism might, instead, show me the way to the same spirit of friendship, brotherhood and camaraderie in my relations to my fellow mureeds that I had just been privileged to witness that afternoon at the unforgettable reunion of Pir-o-Murshid and Ali Khan.

In the presence of these two men it is not difficult to grasp the meaning of the words in *The Inner Life* that “the core of spirituality lies in the growing awareness that man is nothing,”¹⁸⁴ and to continue to attempt to take the road where one “averts the eyes from oneself,” in the way that this is recorded in that book.

PART THREE

Architecture

Suresnes Summer School, 1925

INTRODUCTION (1949)

I The Dot on the Ocean

Twenty-four years after hearing a number of Murshid's talks on architecture, I set out to record my recollections. I again ask myself what purpose this may still serve and what considerations prompt my wish to convey to later generations at least something of what I absorbed back then.

May I be guided by what so many of those who were in Suresnes at that time have assured me since 1945, namely that the rendering of my impressions has made those days come alive for them so vividly that it amazes them, and me? And may I nurture a reasonable hope that even for those who did not take part in these events, my descriptions will allow them to experience something of what made these impressions so indelible that even today, after so many years, I still describe and represent them with as much joy as conviction?

My hesitation to reply positively to these questions is strengthened because what I remember is fragmentary and does not form a unified whole. But as a refutation of this objection, people have repeatedly pointed out that though the lectures by Murshid have often been worked out systematically and published on the basis of factual content, a need has nevertheless been felt for descriptions of the typical atmosphere at the gatherings at which Murshid pronounced his words. And when I ask myself how a record of my personal experiences during my fleeting presences at these gatherings could be of some use in casting specific light on the lifework of Murshid, I am suddenly struck by a thought that it might be able to serve as both explanation and justification because it may, by comparison, establish a more reasonable balance.

This comparison occurred to me when, seated on the top of a dune high above the sea, I for a long time was lost in the observation of the endless mass of water that stretched before me in all directions.¹⁸⁵ I was so absorbed by this limitless spectacle, which was heightened by the lofty cumulus clouds that towered above it, that I became more and more aware of the infinite expanse of creation. From the agitated foreground below, where the white-crested surf crashed violently against the shore in ceaseless blows, to the severe dark line of the remote horizon, which seemed to dissolve into infinity in an enormous and clearly delineated arc, the immeasurable surface of the water was like a symbol of eternity. Before my eyes unfolded a stretch of unspoiled nature that mankind has been able to observe from time immemorial and which provokes one to experience something of the profound and majestic splendour of the universe.

I had looked at the unique and flawless spectacle for hours, taking in its beauty to store it forever as a precious possession. Then, as my eyes tried once more to encompass the entire spectacle, I discerned on the remote horizon a barely visible spot, to which I at first paid no attention, forgetting it almost at once. But after some time it again caught my eye. What I had just observed had grown in size and come somewhat closer. Once more I tried to ignore its existence by diverting my eyes to a different part of the ocean, but a little later I began to notice that it had more or less captured my attention. And then I discovered that it was a ship, now clearly discernable on the horizon. It approached slowly, becoming more and more visible, now almost completely hidden behind the huge waves, then again suddenly dancing or darting on the horizon. Sometimes it seemed fairly imposing, then again puny and insignificant, almost playful, when seen against the endless expanse of water.

A change in the cloud cover, producing on the sea large light flecks of exceptional beauty in their alternating colour gradations, distracted me temporarily, but when I tried once more to take in this immensity in one glance, I suddenly discovered that a change had taken place, because it was undeniable that something in itself unimportant, being no part of sea and clouds, altered them and conferred on them a higher and more special quality. I had to admit to myself with some amazement that this insignificant little ship still had a role to play in this awesome prospect because it actually increased its grandeur. And I further had to acknowledge that during the time that the ship continued on its way along the horizon, to decrease in size and, at last, disappear altogether, the presence of something not integral to the scene seemed essential to heightening the impression that I finally carried with me.

When the spectacle had returned to what it had initially been, something somehow seemed to be lacking. It was the element that for a while had provided a measure of comparison between immense nature and the futility of human attempts to harness her forces. Since I became aware of this that day, I have sometimes asked myself if my attempts to illuminate what Murshid gave us could be compared to the effect that something so intrinsically unimportant had on me while watching that endless sea, an effect that heightened its meaning despite its insignificance.

II The Crack in the Wall

But aside from that, I believe I can justify my striving in another way, in so far as it is related to the passage in Murshida Green's *The Sufi Message as I see It*. In her brief introduction to this remarkable book, Murshida Green explains the need that she thinks it has met:

It has been the great privilege of the writer to depict elsewhere some of the aspects of the Personality of the Messenger known to the world as Inayat Khan; but there remains a need that the various aspects of the Message which He brought and the Movement in which He enshrined It, shall be also recorded for the years to come. To meet such a need these pages have been written.¹⁸⁶

One could hardly imagine a better description of what also moved me to write, although it was not at all my intention to treat “the various aspects” in such an extended and complete fashion as achieved by Murshida Green. Much more relevant than her work itself is what she writes in the introduction to her vision of the Sufi Message and the Sufi Movement.

That the view can be only from one angle, that of the writer’s own powers of perception and vision, is fully recognised and acknowledged, but even the smallest opening in a solid wall will allow of some view of what lies behind.

Indeed, what I have been able to observe of, and experience with, Sufism, is in a certain sense akin to what one is permitted to observe through a small aperture in a massive wall. Still, I may hope and trust that even this limited exposure may serve to preserve for later generations something of what might never have been revealed to them except by my fleeting yet unforgettable look behind the wall.

III The Blessed Hills

On one of those sunny summer afternoons of 1925, just before we are to descend to the Sufi field to attend Murshid’s presentation on “Architecture,” I stand next to Murshida Green before the open windows of her room on the top story of the Mureeds’ House. We enjoy an incomparable view of the Bois de Boulogne and of Paris behind it. On the horizon are undulations wrapped in haze that are part of the hills that surround Paris on all sides.¹⁸⁷

Suresnes, where we now stand, is built on the slopes of Mont Valérien, the highest of these hills. Can it be purely accidental, or does it have deeper significance, that Murshid finally chose precisely this spot to found the centre where he would hold the annual Summer School, to which he would always return from his great journeys and where, in the future, the Universel, the first Sufi temple will be built? Anyone who immerses himself in this question will come to the conclusion that the notion of accident is hardly plausible.

In the first place, there is the remarkable prediction of Saint Odilia, who many centuries ago made a prophetic pronouncement in her visionary

description of the Second World War, the course of which she was able to predict with remarkable accuracy. Writing about all the havoc that was to be wreaked, Odilia nevertheless predicts with great accuracy that Paris will be spared, one of the reasons being “the protection of her blessed hills.”¹⁸⁸ Is it possible that Murshid learned of this through her writings or else that he felt it intuitively when he designated Mont Valérien, which crowns this protective range of hills, the location of the future?

Then there is the additional consideration that Paris, in the immediate proximity of which the Sufi centre founded by Murshid lies, has for several centuries been thought to be at the heart of Western European culture, with the “Gallic Spirit” as one of its most remarkable high points. The vibrations that may be felt in Notre Dame, the cathedral on the thousand-year-old *Île de la Cité*, enclosed by two branches of the Seine River, may be taken for an indication that a piece of century-old western European civilization has survived here, around which a city of millions would later grow to make a unique contribution to numerous cultural forms.

When Paris is called the “city of light,” that does not just refer to the lively and sparkling character of the great cityscape at night. Her science and art, the genius of the French people as a whole over the course of the centuries, has contributed even more to the reality that Paris has been a true city of light for Western Europe, a *Ville Lumière*, a centre for spiritual magnetism. And whoever looks out on this metropolis in her thousand-fold receptivity to wisdom and beauty, as is the case with the two of us this afternoon, can only be grateful that Murshid founded his own spiritual centre, from which his spiritual magnetism will spread, on one of the blessed hills from which one can observe the city in all its magnitude and meaning.

But the place on which we stand also has entirely different connotations. Consider the way the view of Paris unfolds below us this radiant afternoon. In the foreground is the charming picture of the richly foliated Bois de Boulogne. Behind it are the faded stone masses of endless neighbourhoods and factory complexes, from which numerous towers and monuments rise up in places, often wrapped in the dust and smoke of the metropolis. Everything draws our eyes almost irresistibly to the very highest point that crowns this broad panorama, the *Sacré Coeur*. Located on the *Butte Montmartre*, the highest point of the city, it is an edifice of sheer majestic beauty which, like a white apparition that unites the entire heterogenous spectacle, a mirage that seems to override all contradictions, rises above the oppressive heat and vibrating unrest of this modern city of millions.

Construction on the *Sacré Coeur*, this monumental mass of church, commenced more than fifty years ago and is still not entirely completed. And

straight across from this “Church of the Sacred Heart,” our Sufi temple will someday rise on the slopes of Mont Valérien, the highest of the surrounding “blessed hills” of the predictions of Saint Odilia. No other spot in Western Europe could be better suited than the one indicated by Murshid for the place where the first stone for the Sufi temple is to be laid.

IV The Natural State of Man is Happiness.

Did any other summer in Suresnes ever equal that of 1925 for pleasant warmth and abundant sunshine? Every time I think back on that season, I doubt that the light can ever again be as intense and the sultry moonlit nights as filled with silent nourishment, replete with joyful expectation of the coming day. It is as if nature was giving expression to its participation in what moved us: a high point in the development of the coming of the Message. If one could compare the Summer School of 1923 in Suresnes to early spring, and that of 1924 to a slowly unfolding early summer, then 1925 is the high summer of the flowering of Sufism, followed by 1926, which carries the marks of a slow late summer, interspersed here and there with the threads of autumn that are unmistakable signs of an inevitable demise of this wondrous period.

In the Summer School of 1925, when Murshid had probably already reached his absolute heights as inspiring teacher and matchless preacher,¹⁸⁹ it became more and more clear to the observant spectator that what Murshid had brought to the Western world would take root and bear fruit, even if it was not yet perceptible what form the outer development would take. Indeed, few individuals can have understood that one could truly speak of the budding of a new shoot on the stem of age-old Sufism, a scion that would eventually become all-encompassing. Even less can people have taken into account the possibility that only fifteen years later there would follow a period of oppression that would for many years shut the door on every outward manifestation of Sufism in almost all of western Europe.¹⁹⁰

But nothing of these threats could be sensed in 1925, in Suresnes. Everything in those days pointed to a happy growth in the spread of Murshid's ideas and teachings. And it was against this background of full summer splendour and joyful expectation that, at one of his talks in the Lecture Hall, Murshid suddenly pronounced the words that we would always keep in our hearts, “The natural state of man is happiness.”

At such moments, with Murshid radiantly before us, it was as if bright sunlight had suddenly entered the hall and as if the world promised new possibilities. Contrary to the hesitant voice of Goethe, when he has the discouraged *Faust* say:

Shall I perchance in thousand volumes read
 That men have tortured themselves everywhere,
 And that a man was happy here and there?¹⁹¹

the sunny silence of the Lecture Hall in Suresnes resounded to a visionary prediction of a more hopeful fate: “The natural state of man is happiness.”¹⁹²

And perhaps it is permissible to lift a quotation from one of Murshid’s books (*Education*), changing only word in the process (namely, substituting the word “child” for “pupil”), to describe the effect of Murshid’s inspiring words on our imagination:

The right way to aid a pupil’s imagination is to direct his attention to everything that is beautiful and then to see what he may want to add to complete that beauty, be it beauty of colour, or of notes, or of rhythm, be it beauty of thought, action or meaning.¹⁹³

And it was in this atmosphere of a new flowering of the ancient beauty of Sufism that Murshid had chosen the subject of “Architecture,” a consideration of building as an expression of the joyful rapture of man with the beauty of this universe, to which the path of his life had led him, and also as a means of expression of his gratitude to the Higher Being, who created all this beauty.

V Ladybird

When Murshid has concluded his lecture, the audience begins gradually to disperse to other parts of the Sufi Garden. Murshid remains calmly seated in his rattan armchair, where one after another of his followers comes to greet him for a moment.

As Lucie van Horn approaches Murshid, she spots a ladybird on her arm.¹⁹⁴ Carefully she lets it walk on to her hand and then places it gently on the sleeve of Murshid’s cloak, explaining to him that, according to popular belief, these creatures bring luck to those who let them be. Murshid is all attention for the awkward way the ladybird attempts to crawl over the heavy folds of his cloak. Finally, when the insect appears not to have found what it was seeking, it spreads its small, brightly spotted wing covers and, after a few unsuccessful attempts, begins slowly to fly, only to land on Murshid’s other arm and continue to crawl there. Understandably this amuses Murshid and the bystanders; the creature that brings luck has not yet wanted to leave Murshid!

Finally people are distracted because tea is being served, after which Murshid settles into a conversation with Baroness d’Eichthal, the French National Representative, who has come from Paris to attend the lecture.

VI Discipleship and Mastership

The next day, after the talk in the Lecture Hall is finished, my attention is momentarily diverted during the answering of written questions by the horn of a car that disturbs the silence, so that I miss the question. As I look around me I suddenly discover Murshida Goodenough on the corner of the first row. She has been completely hidden from my view thus far by the massive form of Auntie Kjøsterud, the National Representative of Norway.¹⁹⁵

Murshida Goodenough sits almost without moving, totally absorbed by the taking of her shorthand notes, which she repeatedly improves and amplifies upon so that not one of Murshid's words remains unrecorded. Totally oblivious to all that goes on around her, she bends over with tense concentration, writing in shorthand and concurrently listening intensively, reflecting a world of dedication.¹⁹⁶

Intrigued, I continue to observe her. Suresnes brings out the extremes in every creature and here, again, is a figure of a kind that Balzac described in detail in his novels.¹⁹⁷ It is only later that I was to become fully aware of the fierceness of her dedication to Murshid's mission in the world, when I saw photocopies of Murshid's letters to Murshida Goodenough. Even without seeing these, however, I can't doubt the rare degree of discipleship that she embodies.

A highly unusual question, which Murshid reads from a letter with some emphasis, brings me back to the proceedings. For reasons that we can't immediately fathom, someone has asked what a mureed might be able to achieve if, having opened up to a higher inspiration, he at last reaches complete contemplation through meditation.¹⁹⁸ After Murshid has read this question and seems to be reflecting seriously for an instant, a deep silence settles over the room. Who has asked this question and does it apply to the one who asked it? Or does this mureed have someone else in mind, someone who captured his or her interest? And could there be someone in our midst to whom this is, in fact, to some degree applicable.

After Murshid has once more read out the question slowly and attentively, there follow a few simple words that embrace the world: "Then the mureed becomes the Master."¹⁹⁹ Is it my imagination? Does Murshid, while uttering these words, let his glance linger for a fraction of a second on that quiet, immobile figure who, profoundly stooped, concentrates exclusively on her notes, oblivious of the recognition that had come her way? None of the others present have as much right to it as Murshida Goodenough, with her total mastery in all the activities that she set out to perform in Sufism.

VII The Master and the Prophet: The Legend of Akbar and the Dervish

No matter how important and enlightening Murshid's lectures invariably are, for me the climax resides in his replies to the questions that are posed afterward. This

is all the more the case as Murshid sometimes does not reply directly, instead preferring to improvise on the basis of what the question has evoked in him.²⁰⁰ A remarkable example is what Murshid tells us after the conclusion of one of his lectures on “Architecture,” in connection with the attitude to life of a Master as opposed to a prophet.

One of Murshid’s books includes a short consideration of this topic which deviates from what I’m sure I remember. This is hardly surprising on the face of it. The content of a lectures was as rule recorded in shorthand, making it quite possible that a secretary failed to comprehend a few words or was later unable to decipher all of her annotations. It is also possible that Murshid sometimes had to treat a topic concisely, for lack of time but was able to elaborate on another occasion. Whatever may be the case, I am aware that the printed text misses something of the essence of what Murshid told us in the lecture that I was able to attend in 1925.²⁰¹

Murshid began with the phrase that he generally used whenever he made use of an Eastern tradition as introduction to his explanation: “In the East there is a story about...” This time his story concerned a dervish who for decades during the reign of Emperor Akbar the Great had established a wide-ranging reputation for his wisdom and insight but had finally sought out solitude on a mountaintop in the Himalayas, where he lived in strict seclusion. Emperor Akbar, who needed to consult the dervish on a matter of great importance, sent a messenger to the him. The messenger returned with the communication that the dervish did not wish to be disturbed by anyone and was not prepared to interrupt his life in the mountains to come to the emperor’s court.

Upon mature reflection, Akbar decided to do the travelling himself, feeling that he wished to meet the dervish in any case. This transpired immediately contrary to the conviction of his Grand Vizier, who was outraged that anyone should dare ignore the wish of the Emperor, but who in the end accompanied him on his journey.

The deeper they penetrated into the mountains, the more people they met who were filled with awe and respect for the dervish. This greatly impressed Akbar but irritated his Grand Vizier all the more. Finally they had approached the mountain at the summit of which the dervish usually stayed in a place where a narrow path ended at the edge of a perpendicular cliff. Filled with reverence, Akbar began with slow strides to climb the mountain where he hoped to see the dervish. The Grand Vizier followed with continuously increasing irritation as he saw how the Emperor was evermore deeply lost in thought while approaching the top, repeatedly questioning about whether he dare continue or not. When they at last saw the dervish before them, he was seated motionlessly at the end of a path, with his back against a rock face and his legs stretched out toward the edge of an almost bottomless abyss.

Akbar approached slowly, respectfully, hands folded. He bowed deeply and after a few moments of silence asked the dervish if he would permit his Emperor to ask him a question. Considerable time passed. The dervish did not budge and in no way acknowledged their presence. Finally Akbar decided to return home. The Grand Vizier saw this as a humiliation, however, and decided to act unilaterally.

How did Murshid describe these events? When I attempt to convey what impressions I have retained of these moments, I am acutely aware that this is hardly possible, so subtle, deep and universal was the way in which Murshid, in a few brief sentences accentuated by a few telling gestures, indirectly addressed the question of one point of difference between Master and Prophet. For those who never knew Murshid and can therefore only form an impression from photographs, my hesitation may seem difficult to understand and perhaps exaggerated. That I must accept. But may I perhaps be permitted to chose an indirect path to my point, using what the great Norwegian [*sic*] scientist Bengt Berg wrote about colour films in one of his remarkable books, *Abu Markúb?*²⁰²

Bengt Berg describes his peregrinations around the headwaters of the Nile, which finally led to the discovery of a remarkable prehistoric bird of which, it was assumed back then, only two had survived. With infinite patience Berg finally managed to take a few photos of this giant bird in the wild, but he expressed a complaint that I also would wish to make mine: "Why did I not live in the age of colour film, now fully developed in laboratories, but with mass manufacture not yet advanced enough to make the machines available in practice to everyone?" Like Bengt Berg, I see no option but to resort to descriptive language to record the impressions that many must have experienced in like manner, but that are very difficult to render in such a way that later readers may be able to experience them.

I must first mention in clarification that Murshid answered questions that day standing on the podium, next to the lectern, entirely enveloped in a loose cloak, the colour of which can be best described as the golden brown of desert sand in bright sunlight. The ample folds of this cloak and its wide sleeves gave Murshid every opportunity to convey with broad gestures what could not be fully expressed in words. But something else must be emphasized, namely that Murshid could glow with sparkling good humour and merriment, yet at once shift to an expression of the deepest seriousness and reverence. With an audience of mureeds, Murshid could assume that they would always be able to sense such nuances in his presentation and gestures.

Returning to the moment at which Murshid described to us what happened when the Grand Vizier decided to act unilaterally, I should make it clear that Murshid then shifted decisively into a comic mode. He described how the Grand Vizier, standing on the narrow mountain path behind Akbar and

wanting to address the dervish himself, had no option but to attempt to move around Emperor Akbar and step over the extended legs of the holy man so as to address him from the other side. But the dervish was, as Murshid described him with a broad gesture, a very tall man with very long legs. The result was that the Grand Vizier almost tripped over the legs of the monk and was barely able to keep his balance, lucky not to have fallen into the abyss.

When describing the “very long legs” of the dervish, Murshid was all humour, so that the audience was greatly amused by the discomfiture of the Grand Vizier, whose attitude had very nearly cost him his life. Then the features of Murshid suddenly changed to evil mockery, as he described how the Grand Vizier, beyond himself with exasperation at what could have befallen him, asked an ostensibly respectful but biting ironic question of the dervish: “Since when, mighty dervish, have you been sitting there with outstretched legs?”

Having arrived at that point, Murshid allowed some moments of silence to follow, during which his facial expression gradually changed into a meditative one. Then, slowly and emphatically, looking into the room, he pronounced the dervish’s reply: “Since I folded my arms!” And Murshid paired these words with such an expressive, powerful and all-embracing gesture, that I can only reflect with sadness on how a colour film might have recorded this indescribable moment for all posterity.

When Murshid pronounced these words slowly and emphatically, he spread out both his arms in a gesture that extended the open hands as far as possible, as if he wished to embrace the world.

Then followed the contrary movement. He brought his arms together slowly, with dignity. Slowly he closed his hands. Slowly he folded his arms on his breast, so far that the closed fists came to rest on the opposing shoulders. Then his figure subsided into a motionless position, his head bent down, his eyes closed, as the personification of a completely spiritualized dervish, who had renounced the world and all its temptations after first having sought to embrace the world in his outstretched arms.

And then Murshid described for us the deeper meaning of the words: “Since I folded my arms” and of the gesture of the closing arms contrasted with the once welcoming hands now closed to all worldly influences, whatever they may be. Dervishes, so Murshid explained to us, usually go through life with daily support from the faithful, who furnish them with the little they need. They must open the hand as it were, to receive the world and what it may give them. They need the world and therefore take into account what may reasonably be expected of them. But from the moment that they turn away from the world, like this dervish, the arms may be folded on the breast and the hands closed, as symbol of the outlook of someone who no longer needs the world. Then, contrary

to the usual lotus position of dervishes, the legs may be extended before them, disregarding passers-by, from whom one needs no more hand-outs because he has risen above the things of this earth.

And herein resides one of the differences between the Master, who can withdraw to solitude to exert his blessed influence through the power of his thoughts, and the Prophet, who must move in the world like an apostolic Preacher, to seek her out and penetrate her, so that his living presence and moving language may inspire all who are receptive to it and who, in their turn, will someday have to carry on his work and announce his teachings to the world.

*VIII Painting, Sculpture and Poetry and their Relationship to Architecture*²⁰³

Among the most remarkable of Murshid's pronouncements on architecture, which expand this concept to a much broader field than is customary, is the following phrase: "When we consider life and its laws with keen insight, we shall see that the whole of creation is built on this one principle: to build a home for every word, every thought, every idea."²⁰⁴ In this way Murshid made a remarkable connection between architecture in the customarily narrow sense, as pertaining to the construction of a house, a home, a residence for human beings, and architecture in a wider sense and broader context as the creation of a home for every word, thought and idea.

Related to this is the issue of the nature of poetic genius. May one consider poetry, with which people attempt to fix inspiring thoughts to make them come to life for others, to be a form of architecture, with the word, by which the thought is conveyed, as a home in which the thought finds its residence and is preserved?

To create a home for every idea. This expression is related to what Murshid has to say about art in general, in which he differentiates between three creative stages: *conception, composition, production*. Murshid develops these three concepts roughly as follows: Once the thoughts that inspire the artist have been sufficiently digested to come alive formally for the spectator, listener or reader so as to create an image that speaks to his imagination, one discovers that this is by no means enough. One is then faced with the third stage, the "production." Murshid says that no matter how greatly one may be blessed with creative gifts related to "composition," "production" requires talent of a totally different kind, namely, a measure of competence and facility that one can only acquire by sustained practice, patience and dedication. It is virtually impossible to decide which, "conception," "composition," or "production," will make the greatest demands on the creative artist. Aside from that, however, someone who becomes so totally immersed in a work of art that he forgets himself will acquire this intuition, talent and facility as a matter of course, so that his final form of expression will meet all these requirements and he will ultimately perform miracles.

THE TAJ MAHAL

Murshid developed the above train of thought in his marvellous observations on his impressions gained from the Taj Mahal. Whoever approaches the surroundings of the building, says Murshid, will soon be filled with joy. One experiences, as it were, an atmosphere of beauty, idealism, dedication, joy and peace created for all times by those who participated in the construction of the Taj Mahal.

Indeed, everyone! For this awesome mausoleum was the object of minute care and great patience in every detail, every piece of marble, no matter how small. And in this way it has, as it were, come alive. All the individuals who worked on it helped erect a lasting memorial to eternity. The ruling spirit, the spirit of joy, of enthusiasm and of inexhaustible patience, will always remain a revelation for every artist who has a true feeling for architecture. More than by the splendour and grandeur, one is struck by the deep comprehension of beauty that shaped this monument and that has rarely found its equal elsewhere in the world. Such a creation is, as Murshid puts it, an inexhaustible source of joy for the true artist who, being born in the sphere of beauty, attaches little importance to the things of this earth.²⁰⁵

As Murshid continues to improvise about architecture, he begins to speak about the treads of the stairs that lead to the temple and then gives an explanation of their symbolic importance. These are based on the inner feeling of the soul that one would have to mount a great many steps to reach the highest temple. Mounting these steps created, as it were, the impression that one rose up to the temple. with every step a symbol of a realm of being.

The practice, even in primitive times, of placing a few steps before the entrance to a dwelling can be explained by an intuitive sense that “we will gather in one of our homes for a service,” so that people thought of their homes as churches, as places for a service. From this, originated the idea of installing steps leading to the entrance of a dwelling, as with a temple or church.

The first cause for the development of architecture was the service. Later, when of necessity less primitive dwellings began to arise, architecture flowered as a result of a sense of beauty, out of which painting and sculpture also developed. The result was that religious legends found expression through primitive sculpture on walls and door jambs. And it was by painting and sculpture that architecture was perfected.

This pronouncement of Murshid, “sculpture and painting perfect architecture,” can probably be intimately related to the notion that the word may be called the home of the thought, of the idea. When carefully chosen poetic words, themselves a worthy dwelling for inspired thought, are enhanced by the picturesque attractions of colour and strengthened by the power of sculpted

symbolism, the poetic language can add up to a form of “complete architecture,” in which artistic genius can reach new heights. No thought can stand out, no feeling can be distinguished, if it does not have a home in which to dwell, says Murshid. But the words that are to provide a home for these thoughts and feelings must be chosen with care to meet the combined demands of “complete architecture” and of “conception, composition and production.”²⁰⁶

But when these thoughts and feelings are truly inspired, the poetic language will eventually be able to discover the forms that meet even this double demand, thus creating a “home” worthy of sheltering that which must be preserved as exceptionally precious. Then people will achieve what Goethe expressed in different words with respect to the great value of poetry: “The power of man, made manifest in the poet!”²⁰⁷ Similarly Murshid, describing how poetic language shaped every language spoken in the world, said: “Were it not for the poet, the language of all races would only have been shouting and howling.”²⁰⁸

In the end, therefore, it was the poet, as architect of the dwelling that houses the word, who mastered the beauty of both painting and sculpture in order finally to elevate poetic language to such heights of perfection that it may attain to a near-prophetic power: *A poet is a prophet*. And then poetry may genuinely be said to be, as Murshid expresses it, “the best art, because it is drawing and painting with words.” And as such poetic language will fully be able to meet the three requirements of “conception, composition, production,” so that a lasting dwelling may be founded for inspired thoughts and feelings, because these can be transformed into words which, in their turn, may serve as inspiration: “The true mission of poetry is to inspire.”²⁰⁹

PART FOUR

The Voice of Silence²¹⁰

*Like a wind harp
Is thy soul, poet.
Goethe [sic]²¹¹*

The Aeolian Harp

With these two lines, which compare the soul of the poet to the Aeolian harp, Goethe, then in his last years, revealed something of his views on the task and calling of the poetic soul. Here, once more, he shows a kinship with the Persian Sufi poets, one of whom, Rumi,²¹² sees himself as an instrument of the Creator, played on, like the flute, by Divine Love.

The Aeolian harp, attached as it was to the highest cliff tops, was not played by human hands either. Its strings were moved by the changing intensity of the wind, to which the harp was exposed from all directions. The poet, like the mystic, spends his moments of greatest inspiration on solitary heights, where he leaves himself open to all the vibrations that reach him from the spheres, his sole purpose being to let the strings of his soul vibrate until he has managed to recreate the windswept sounds into harmonious chords that will transport his listeners to ecstasy. To this end, the poet needs to switch off his own personality completely; like the Aeolian harp he must open himself to catching all the sounds that reach him, regardless of whether they are or are not welcome. He then needs to select from this multiplicity of sounds the most beautiful and elevated chords, and to reproduce them purely and without inhibition, entirely as they made the strings of his soul vibrate with deep and joyful emotion. Then originates what Goethe expressed in the poetic lines:

*My plaintive song's uncertain tones are turning
To harps Aeolian murmuring at will.²¹³*

But then it may happen, perhaps only years later, that the listener, sitting alone at the foot of the cliffs, may suddenly discern not just indeterminate sounds but a deep fundamental tone, the abstract sound that will have become audible via the soul of the poet, just as the Aeolian Harp is able to translate the restless play of the winds into miraculous harmonies.

In the same way he who opens his heart to what enlightened souls have brought to this earth, influenced by the aura that they carried with them, acquires the receptivity that will allow him, even if only for one time, to hear the abstract sound.

Receptivity

The sound of ether is self-contained [...]. It is the base of all sounds; and is the undertone which is sustained continuously. This sound manifests itself to man as he purifies his body from material properties, when the space within is opened, when all the tubes and veins in it are free. Then the sound which exists externally in space becomes manifest inwardly also. Ecstasy, illumination, restfulness, fearlessness, rapture, joy and revelation are the effects of this sound, which elevates those who have opened themselves to it by the sacred practices known to the mystics.²¹⁴

The foregoing sentences, which I quote from the first chapter of *The Mysticism of Sound*, escaped my attention for many years until 1945 when, by accident, I again came across the Dutch translation of this work.²¹⁵ More clear and comprehensible than the English text, this remarkable passage gave me a first glimpse into the inner meaning of an, until then, completely misunderstood experience that I had in 1925, during a Silence in the Lecture Hall in Suresnes, where a small group of us mureeds had gathered with Murshid.

What I then believed I had observed remained for a long time suppressed in my memory because of the countless events that distracted me during the following twenty hectic years. While reading and reflecting on *The Mysticism of Sound*, these long-forgotten impressions began to reemerge. Then they gained new form as I more fully immersed myself in one of the following chapters, from which I quote as follows:

The word uttered by the lips can only reach the ears of the hearer, but the thought proceeding from the mind reaches much further. The earnest feelings of one heart can pierce the heart of another; they speak in silence, so that the atmosphere of a person's presence interprets his thoughts and emotions.

All things and beings in the universe are connected with each other, visibly or invisibly, and through vibrations a communication is established between them on all planes of existence.

The vibrations of the soul are the most powerful and far-reaching; they run like an electrical current from soul to soul.²¹⁶

He who reads this and tries to fathom its deeper significance may well discover

that Murshid developed ideas of unlimited scope but ones also applicable to strictly personal experiences and considerations. For the moment, I will limit myself to the latter. I proceed from a fictive supposition that Murshid wrote these words entirely with reference to the Silence that he used to hold with his mureeds from time to time. In that case the quoted words reveal a development of the idea that the Murshid, seated in the middle of his mureeds, “lets his feelings enter the hearts of his followers” and, moreover, that these feelings “speak in the silence,” and they “interpret the aura of his presence.”

Many of those who like me enjoyed the rare privilege of being united in a Silence with Murshid, will be able to agree entirely with the preceding paragraphs, although each of them will probably wish to use his own personal terminology to render these concepts in his own words, as response to his entirely personal impressions and experiences. I believe I can best describe my own remarkable perceptions as follows:

In daily life it is generally not at all apparent to most of us that “all things and beings in the universe are connected with each other,” as Murshid expresses it, and only by exception will one be aware that “through vibrations a communication is established between them.” Personally, I had certainly never observed anything of the kind and would have considered these propositions as elevated symbolic language at most, were it not that in the already mentioned Silence in Suresnes I had unmistakably experienced something that could be described as electrical current finding its way “from soul to soul.”

It must have been these vibrations that I assume, with hindsight, emanated from Murshid and were then reflected by the mureeds to subsequently rise up together, by which “the sound, which exists externally in space becomes manifest inwardly also.” I therefore believe that I may interpret this Silence with Murshid as part of what he calls “the sacred practices known to the mystics,” exercises which reveal the abstract sound to “those who open themselves to it.”

According to Murshid “this undertone, which is the basis of all sounds and which is continuous reveals itself to man as he purifies his body of material properties and all tubes and veins in it are free.” Now it seems to me on the basis of these words that what I experienced may be explained by the fact that during the Silence with Murshid, people consciously or subconsciously opened up to the abstract sound and this “as a consequence of the vibrations, which run like an electric current from soul to soul, and that open up space within the body so that all tubes and veins are freed to perceive the sound of the ether, which forms the basis of all sounds.”

At first sight this all corresponds to my near complete satisfaction with my impressions and experiences during the Silence, but I have since begun to doubt whether it is plausible that especially back then, when I still had almost no

experience with the holy practices of the mystics, I was able to achieve a state in which, as Murshid expresses it, “all tubes and veins in the body are free.”

Perhaps the solution to this apparent contradiction is to be found in several passages of the last chapter of *The Mysticism of Sound*, in which Murshid presents a consideration of abstract sound. About this sound of the abstract, which Sufis designate with the name Saute Sarmad, Murshid says: “This sound develops through ten different aspects because of its manifestation through ten different tubes of the body.” I believe I may deduce from this that it suffices if at least one of these channels has been opened. This notion, it seems to me, is also supported by another formulation from the chapter on “Abstract Sound,” where Murshid states the following: “Every aspect of one’s being in which sound manifests itself, has a peculiar effect upon life ...” It therefore seems to me that the abstract sound will already be perceptible if it “develops through one of the ten different aspects” and subsequently “manifests itself by one of the ten different tubes of the body.”²¹⁷

Should my supposition happen to be correct, something else also becomes explicable, namely, the particular kind of sound by which the abstract sound was revealed to me. Murshid happens to give a precise description of the ten specific sounds that manifest themselves through the ten different channels of the body. They are the sounds produced by “thunder, the roaring of the sea, the jingling of bells, running water, the buzzing of bees, the twittering of sparrows, the Vina, the whistle or the sound of Shanka until it finally becomes Hu, the most sacred of all sounds.”²¹⁸

Of all these different sounds, by which, according to Murshid, the abstract sound can be revealed to those who at a given moment have become receptive to it, what I heard clearly corresponded most closely with the droning of bees. Not once did it remind me of the sound of a flute or the twittering of a sparrow, nor of crashing thunder or the music of the vina. Quite emphatically it created an impression that corresponded to the droning of a swarm of bees, in which in time could be discerned the fundamental sound “Hu,” which, again following Murshid, is the beginning and end of all sounds, be it of men, birds, animals or things, with the echoes of clocks and gongs being a characteristic instance.

If I were permitted to hazard a supposition on the basis of the preceding information, it would be that attending the Silence, during which the “vibrations ... run like an electric current from soul to soul,” resulted in certain tubes being opened, so that the abstract sound made itself manifest through one of the ten different tubes which coincides with one of the ten sounds mentioned above. In my case this was the sound that corresponds most closely to the droning of bees and went over in “Hu, the most holy of all sounds.” Should this presupposition be correct, it would explain what I believe I remember of what I observed back

then, and only then, during this Silence, and which never again repeated itself in any form whatsoever.

Now it is probably understandable that I later asked the question if my receptivity to the abstract sound could have somehow been rooted in experiences that preceded my one year of Sufi training before my stay in Suresnes in the summer of 1925. It speaks for itself that one can only hope to grope in pursuit of clearly delineated cause and effect relationships. It is probably better to rely on intuition than on logical thinking.

Whatever the case may be, it is certainly not without a certain measure of hesitation that I propose, in what follows, to make connections to what I had experienced several years before. These memories would probably have faded altogether were it not that during the Silence, I for an instant discovered an analogy between experiences observed under totally divergent sets of circumstance.

Moreover, I have occasionally asked myself in later years if my receptivity could not have been enhanced by impressions gained from several passages in Western literature, which I had memorized without any consideration of the matter under discussion. In addition, I have also only recently started asking myself if I ought to rely on intuitive feelings that lead me to search for connections with Western writers, and especially with the following quotations of their works:

The perceptive novel *The Choir Invisible* by James Lane Allen, which describes pioneer life in Kentucky around 1880, presents the following quotation from George Eliot as motto:

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence...²¹⁹

In the final chapter, where the human face is compared to an altar, roughly the following sentences occur:

Years upon years of true thoughts, like ceaseless music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence, and the harmony of the visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind.²²⁰

It is these unheard harmonies of the mind that have the writer speak of “the choir invisible” and that also have him express a longing that he may someday belong to this invisible choir of immortal souls who live on in those whose spirit they lift to a higher plane.²²¹

It may well also have been the tones of this same invisible choir that Goethe wished to absorb when he sought out silence in the depths of the forest, and to which he dedicated the following lines:

In silent groves I oft go listen,
When all is silent.²²²

In extremely subtle fashion, Verlaine alluded to these same voices in the stanza:

The white moon
Shines in the forest;
From each branch
Comes forth a voice...²²³

Here in the ethereal forest, bathed in moonlight, the poet hears voices which, in certain moments, every tree branch transmits to those who possess the receptivity to experience it.

But even more subtly, this same poet described how the Saute Sarmad or Abstract Sound is the answer to the longing of the soul that does not feel at home on this earth:

It rains in my heart
Like it rains on the town;
What is this languor,
That pierces my heart?

For a heart, which is bored
Oh, the song of the rain!²²⁴

Here the sound of the rain is portrayed as a release from what Murshid described as “the closeness of the earth.”²²⁵

Neither Goethe nor Verlaine was probably able to express himself altogether freely in a world that as yet had no place for mysticism. Both, however, made barely discernible allusions to what Murshid described in all its multiplicity in his *Mysticism of Sound*.

In the Lecture Hall

Before going more deeply into the connection between the preceding and my impressions and experiences during the Silence with Murshid, it seems desirable

to open with a short description of what had taken place that afternoon in Suresnes, before we were united with Murshid in the Lecture Hall.

During the summer of 1925 I had several opportunities to pay fleeting visits to the Summer School, which convened in Suresnes from mid-June to mid-September. During most of these months my wife stayed in the Mureeds' House. For us my visits were therefore short periods of reunion after weeks of separation. That was one of the reasons why it was not as a rule my practice to begin by looking into the program of the Summer School, contrary to the regular participants, for whom each weekly cycle of lectures, ceremonies and meetings formed the fixed armature for their way of life at the time. That is how it could happen that on a quiet summer afternoon I was about to sit down to read in peace in the Sufi Garden, when I saw Yussouf van Ingen head towards me. He had arrived in Suresnes that day, also for a short visit. With typical decisiveness, even before I had a chance to greet him, he had hooked his arm into mine, drawing my attention with a rapid movement of the hand to the door of the Lecture Hall, where a cardboard sign hung with the inscription "Silence" and where several of the older mureeds were in the process of entering. "If we hurry," Yussouf added, "we will just be in time for the Silence. I only heard about it just now."

As we followed the path to the Lecture Hall, Yussouf explained to me that this Silence had been inserted because a foreign visitor had not shown up for a meeting with Murshid, so that he was unexpectedly free that hour. A number of mureeds had been informed as quickly as possible. Upon entering the Lecture Hall, I at once noticed that only relatively few mureeds were present; the announcement apparently had not reached many of them. Even so, almost all of those who had attended the 1924 gathering in the Haras de Longchamp were present, the notable exception being Murshida Martin, who was not in Suresnes in 1925. In addition, I saw Talewar Dussaq from Geneva and, of course, Angela Alt who, along with Djalilah Moore was in charge of the Silence. Including them, however, there were at most twenty mureeds present, which in itself lent an intimate quality to the meeting.

Only moments after Yussouf and I had taken our places as quietly as possible, we heard Murshid enter slowly. A little later he stood before us on the podium, from where he let his eyes settle on us for an instant as silent greeting.

It may not be superfluous to mention once more that this silent and solemn gathering, like almost everything that took place in Murshid's presence, was characterized by the greatest simplicity and sobriety. A carpet had been laid on the two wooden steps to the right of the podium. On the podium itself was a single pillow on which Murshid sat in lotus position, with folded hands and closed eyes, his head lifted up for an instance like someone who fixes his eyes on remote mountain peaks. Immediately opposite Murshid were five or six chairs in

a semicircle as the first row. Behind it were two more rows of chairs in somewhat wider circles.

As I had sat down on the far-right chair of the first row, I saw Murshid in three-quarter view. As soon as he had sat down, we all closed our eyes, lost in deep silence and almost complete immobility. I took part as best I could in this procedure.

What I here attempt to reproduce concerning that which I experienced in the following half hour is emphatically intended only for those who have a strong yearning to learn something of the years in which Murshid promulgated his teachings to us in Suresnes. All others should leave what follows unread. In fact, what I shall attempt to reproduce can be called nothing other than a description of what is indescribable, because it can't be expressed in words. Murshid says about this, that music (including the music that is hidden in the Abstract Sound) leaves no impression on the soul of any kind that corresponds to anything encountered in the world of phenomena .

One may be excused for asking if it makes any sense to search for a description that nevertheless approximates the indescribable. I can only reply that repeated pressure exerted on me by many mureeds at last compelled me decide to attempt a description.²²⁶ To be sure, it leaves it mainly to the imagination of the reader to discern something of the subtle atmosphere that invariably characterized the presence of Murshid under all circumstances.

Another important consideration, especially with an eye to the last paragraphs of this chapter, is the following: Anyone who has read my personal descriptions of those who attended the meeting in Haras de Longchamp in July 1924 will understand that during this Silence in the Lecture Hall I was in the company of a select few of Murshid's mureeds, who had without exception been under his personal spiritual guidance for some years and had therefore had ample opportunity to apply themselves to the exercises in concentration and meditation that Murshid assigned to his pupils. Their receptivity to the kind of phenomena to be described may be assumed to have been greater than mine. Inversely, their presence along with that of Murshid must have increased my receptivity, if only because their combined harmonious passivity protected me against possible disruptive influences. But even here, inevitably, we have to make do without any objective criteria of the kind that usually apply in one form or another in other situations. I can only look back with gratitude on their sustained dedication to Murshid, by which they have done so much to reveal to countless others the miraculous beauty of Sufism in all its unlimited diversity.

May I be the chronicler whose honourable task it will be to preserve their names and actions for remote posterity and to record for future generations something of the inimitable way in which they carried out their pioneer work.

The "Silence"

During the first moments, when we had all closed our eyes, I was struck by the remarkable awareness that tends to come over us when, suddenly, we seem to hear nothing at all. The complete absence of sound creates a kind of void that may produce a feeling of unease or emptiness. It is as if one asks oneself why, suddenly, nothing at all seems to be happening.

The degree of motionlessness of those assembled was so complete that I began at times to doubt whether they were still present in the Hall. Never before had I experienced this feeling to this degree. Involuntarily I began to imitate their passivity as completely as possible. When I had at last largely succeeded in this, I discovered that this apparent state of rest was filled with certain undefinable tensions, which, to be sure, had a highly varied character.

Hardly had I begun to notice this when, in the surrounding silence, I began to discern some slight hissing sounds, which subsequently came and went and disappeared completely, only to resume a little later, this time coupled to a deeper fundamental. I can scarcely attempt to define the nature of these very fine sound waves. As far as their movement was concerned, however, it was entirely unmistakable that they propagated themselves in an upward direction, in the way one sees heat waves ascend above the heath in midsummer. But the vibrations that I perceived made their way to much greater heights and were constantly followed by other rising vibrations. The impressions that I developed in my mind were of such a nature that I eventually felt an almost irresistible urge to ask one of the others present if they were experiencing the same thing. It hardly needs saying that this would have been impossible under the circumstances, so that nothing remained for me but to repress all such impulses and return to complete passivity.

I need hardly stress under that these circumstances my mind remained highly active, as I restlessly searched my memory for a similar or at least somewhat comparable experience. At a given moment I believed that I had found some point of contact, but just when I expected the recollection to take firmer shape, it disappeared almost as quickly. I was completely sure, however, that the experience had not taken place in Suresnes. Quite naturally, I turned my thoughts to past events, including the Silences that I had attended with Murshid elsewhere, but I found no clue there either, and consequently I returned to as great a state of repose as possible, so that I might again expose myself to what I had observed. When I had accomplished this I began to notice something else, namely that the strongest source of what I had observed emanated from where Murshid was seated and only to a lesser extent from the others present, although vibrations regularly rose from their midst as well.

When I then fixed my attention on things more intently, I began slowly to discern that all these vibrations continued to rise like a bundle of rays until they

reached heights at which they seemed to lose themselves in infinity. A fraction of a second after I realized this, everything had suddenly disappeared once more. I was again completely aware of being located in the first row of a group of mureeds holding a Silence with Murshid, and again it required my greatest effort to remain completely motionless and silent in my place.

Looking back, something quite different occurs to me, and it is remarkable in this connection to see that Murshid's remark concerning the merging of modern technology and age-old mysticism is continually being confirmed by the facts. The image that I have presented of the gathering and unified rising of vibrations that rose from our small circle is closely analogous to what I have seen during a technical demonstration of the dazzling heights to which Western science and technology have risen in the first decades of this century.²²⁷

I speak of a nocturnal review held in the summer of 1936 by the then so mighty British war fleet in honour of King George V on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign.²²⁸ That night no fewer than 150 warships were present in the Bay of Spithead, arranged in long rows of about eight kilometres each. When darkness had fallen, these all replied to a radioed signal and simultaneously turned on their innumerable searchlights, which, aimed horizontally, initially enveloped the surroundings in an incredibly strong light, so that it was almost like daylight around us and we could see things far around us with great precision.

After this had lasted for some minutes, the searchlights began to be turned in a rotating motion that gradually became more rapid until, suddenly, they changed position and elevated slowly, so that the tops of the masts of the adjoining ships became brightly lit. Some moments later again, a still steeper angle was adopted and increased steadily until they formed a steep pyramid, with all the rays united at the top. This by itself gave an impression of the gigantic dimensions of this spectacle, but it was only to be outdone when all the searchlights were simultaneously pointed straight up, so that hundreds of light beams rose equidistantly into the heavens, where, much further than the human eye could reach, they seemed to blend into remote infinity.

The feeling of insignificance to which we were reduced at that moment is almost indescribable. Technology gave us a first impression of the immeasurable expanse of the universe and it is instructive to compare my impressions under the wide nocturnal sky of Spithead to those of the Silence in Suresnes, when I became equally aware of the infinity into which the rising sound waves seemed to be directed, though, to be sure, I was then only aware of something inexpressibly grand and powerful.

It will be clear from the preceding that, surrounded by these entirely new impressions and experiences, which I was not able to begin to digest, I was cast

into a disoriented state and hardly knew whether I was awake or dreaming. But just as I was again beginning to doubt whether my experiences were rooted in reality, the same indefinable fine sound waves reached me for a fraction of a second, possibly even more strongly than before, and now I suddenly recovered the memory that I had been searching for in vain.

La "Mortola"

My wife and I spent January of 1922 on the French Riviera, enjoying the early southern spring and the fairy-tale beauty on the unsurpassable shore of the Mediterranean Sea. On a warm summer afternoon, roaming through the hills through which the Grande Corniche makes its way with countless twists, we by accident ended up at La Mortola.²²⁹

We had repeatedly heard about this remarkable monument of nature. An eccentric Englishman lavished much of his enormous fortune on the realization of his vision of a magical garden, in which the plants, flowers and shrubs of the entire world thrive on one of a range of hills rising from the Mediterranean Sea and bordered hundreds of meters up by the highway between Nice and San Remo.²³⁰ A white garden wall shuts off the entire complex from the exterior world. Once one has entered by the high gate and descended via ample stone stairs to the lower terraces, one eventually arrives in parts of the garden where no sounds of the road can be heard.

If one descends even further, one finally reaches the lowest part of the hill, which is entirely covered by closely spaced pine trees, which reach down to the sea. This dark pine forest does not only lend a marked beauty to the colour palette, but also effectively protects the garden against the sea winds. These coniferous forests continue on both sides of La Mortola on the projecting hills that enclose it to the east and west, providing further protection from wind and storm.

From the cup-shaped bay, the hills rise slowly, open to the south to pick up every possible ray of sunshine but sheltered elsewhere by the dense coniferous forests. To protect the tropical plants even more effectively, some of the terraces are enclosed on three sides by high stone walls, leaving only the south exposed. In addition, thick mimosa hedges line these walls, often exceeding them in height.

On the small terraces, which one could therefore compare to hothouses open only at the top and to the south, special species of exotic flowers are grown that can only flourish in Western Europe with this degree of care and protection. Here thrives even the yucca from the pampas of South America. Here one encounters flowers and plants from the Indian subcontinent and central Africa, often in overwhelming colour, seen nowhere else in Europe. Here is a realization of what Baudelaire wished to express in the last line of his "L'invitation au Voyage":

“Luxe, calme et volupté.”²³¹ Is it any wonder that in such surroundings we become susceptible to things that tend to pass us by in daily life?

For hours that afternoon we wandered through this wonderful pleasure garden, where each succeeding terrace revealed new and unfamiliar beauty to us.

As is often the case when we wish to absorb new impressions for a long time, we end up feeling exhausted. We decided to rest on one of the stone benches of one of the small terraces close to the sea, from where we enjoyed an unforgettable view of the rocky coastline of the Mediterranean. It was pleasantly warm in the evening sun between the high mimosa hedges, so that we were quickly drowsy with fatigue. The delicious odours of the flowering mimosa filled the air; the lowering sun reflected in broad bands in the mirror-like sea. Above us was the bright blue Italian sky. For a long time we sat speechless, caught up in that rare and ineffable state when, as Goethe wrote, “the pains of earthbound feelings cease.”²³²

As the sun sank it was as if the wind had died down completely. There was no longer even a ripple on the emerald green surface of the water; close and sultry the intoxicating scent of the countless blossoms hung in the closed space between the high walls. And for me, who only a few days earlier had made my way through the cutting snowstorms of our inhospitable northern winter, the moment at last came when I could experience what Schiller must have wanted to express with the lines:

There are moments in a human life,
When we are closer to the world spirit than otherwise
And Fate owes us a question.²³³

When I think back to certain moments in my life, in which I was able to distance myself from my day-to-day worries and reflect on my personal existence as if it were that of someone else, I believe that my predominant feelings may be characterized as an inexpressibly enormous gratitude for life and all that had come to me in the form of privilege and protection.

And this moment was one of those high points for me, a kind of experience that one would hardly have dared dream of in one's boldest fantasies. Here I was truly privileged over countless other mortals who may very well never experience anything of the sort in their entire lives. There we were, suddenly freed as by magic from the frigid and barren January of our northern climate, in a healthy sun-drenched environment, surrounded by a paradisiacal magic garden that competed with all descriptions of Eastern overabundance in legendary tales from *The Thousand and One Nights*. And possibly this was also the place where Rilke, stepping forward from the shade of the pine trees to seek the cool and

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

refreshment of the effervescent waves, expressed his joyful expectation in the remarkable lines;

and once, in the twilight of the pines,
I shed from shoulder and from lap
my dark cloak, like a falsehood
and under the sun dive pale and bare
And show the sea that I am young.

Then the surf will be like a reception,
That festively prepares the waves for me.²³⁴

As we remained dreaming in complete passivity in these seemingly unreal surroundings, a new phenomenon captured our attention for some time. A stately Five Masted Schooner slowly approached on the mirror-like surface of the water. Such sailing ships were leftovers from an earlier period, but still maintained the coastal traffic between local harbours. Framed by this beautiful setting, this ship, with its full rigging, created an indelible impression, especially for the two of us, who had rarely seen anything comparable. To be true, the sails caught almost no wind at that moment, so that the ship moved very slowly. Nevertheless, my wife pulled out her sketchbook and descended to one of the stone benches of a still lower terrace for an even better opportunity to record this unique sight.

And again I became aware of the rare degree of generosity with which Divine Providence had blessed us on this remarkable day. How we had both longed, year in, year out, to be together in such surroundings to enjoy the beauties of these legendary shores, which are a land of promise for northerners. Then came to mind the words from Goethe's Mignon that express this longing so tellingly:

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom;
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heavens blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Know'st thou it well?
'Tis there, 'tis there
That I with thee, oh beloved, would repair.

And one glance at the imposing mountain range on the Italian frontier, which was already beginning to cast dark shadows on the northern slopes, was enough to make the second stanza come alive for me:

Know'st thou the mountain and its cloudy bridge?
The mule can scarce grope to the misty ridge,
In caverns dwell the dragon's olden brood;
The frowning crag hides the raging flood.
Know'st thou it well?
'Tis there, 'tis there
Our path goes! oh Father, let's repair!²³⁵

How completely the longings had been satisfied. What a world had opened up for us, what beauty revealed to us, as a precious gift for the rest of our lives. Is it any wonder that this invited a comparison with the words of Schiller, when he speaks about "moments when the world spirit is closer than otherwise?"

While all this passed through my mind in succession, my eyes settled for a moment on the closest of the mimosa hedges, where the overpowering splendours of the light-yellow blossom formed a wondrously beautiful contrast with the stark blue night sky and the whitewashed walls. Suddenly I noticed that the flower clusters were almost entirely covered by a myriad of insects; bees, bumblebees, beetles and butterflies in infinite numbers crawled over the blossoms. Unintentionally I observed this microcosm for a few minutes, with countless creatures feasting on an abundance of honey while I myself could still bask in the lasting beneficent warmth of the sun. It seemed to me that the indolence that had overtaken me was also affecting the insects. The bees moved ever so slowly. The butterflies seemed to linger leisurely on the same flower.

A sound from the lower terrace aroused me from my perusal of the mimosa blossoms and looking up I noticed that my wife had arisen and was looking at the sea with keen interest. A remarkable change could be observed there. Small ripples on the water betrayed an approaching breeze. Almost at once the sail of the five master began to billow, with the result that the vessel increased speed.

At that moment we were witness to what Balzac called one of the three most remarkable, competing manifestations of mysterious beauty: a woman who dances, a horse in full gallop and a frigate with full sails. This spectacle so rare for us lasted for seconds only. The stately fairy-tale ship disappeared behind one of rising cliffs. And at almost that same instant there occurred that for which all the earlier impressions of that remarkable afternoon had been nothing but a prologue, having assured that my receptivity had mounted to an otherwise unimaginable degree of intensity. Looking back on what was about to transpire at that moment, it occurs to me that everything, altogether, lasted for no more than a few dozen seconds at most, and yet I can recall it as if it were yesterday.

I must begin by mentioning that all the time that I remained resting on the terrace, lead grey storm clouds had been gathering above the sea on the southern

horizon. A remote and faint rumbling had made itself heard for an instant. The entire atmosphere, warm, sultry and oppressive, pointed to an approaching electrical storm, though without any indication of where it would strike. The suddenly approaching gust of wind that had disturbed the sea and filled the sails of the five master was apparently heading for La Mortola. Several heavy waves broke loudly on the rocky coastline at the lower edge of the pine forest. The pine trees themselves began to bend under the powerful blast and the next moment the branches of the mimosa shrubs around me also began to sway.

All this had as a consequence that the oppressive silence was broken simultaneously by three different causes: the crashing of the waves against the rocks below, the fierce whistling of the wind through the treetops, and the suddenly amplified sound of the insects. Their rest was disturbed by the wind blast, which flung them into space, where they resumed their buzzing sounds with great intensity and uniting into dense swarms which, from their core, transmitted one, more powerful and rising tone, as if intended to drown out all other sounds. The next gust of wind, for some time also the last to disturb the atmosphere, dispersed some of these swarms in all directions. But in a fraction of a second the insects had as if by magic returned to the flowers and it was at this moment that the sound that rose from their midst exceeded anything one might be able to imagine.

The sea had returned to complete calm, the trees stood immobile as before in the golden evening light; all of nature had recovered her deep silence. Only the swarming insects, all looking for a flower on which to alight, transmitted their highest tones like a choir before returning to the slow and steady rhythm of the preceding hours.

And it was this sound, which I had never heard before, that Murshid must have intended when, in his *The Mysticism of Sound*, he included among the ten manifestations of Abstract Sound, the droning of bees, which has as its fundamental the Hu, the most sacred of sounds. My state of mind, combined with the circumstance that all my attention was focused on the coming and going of insects, probably had as combined consequence that I perceived one of the forms of what Murshid calls the "sound of the abstract," about which he says that mankind does not as a rule hear because his consciousness is entirely focused on his material existence, so absorbed in his experiences of the exterior world and physical body, that space, with all its miracles of light and sound, seems empty to him.

Some, Murshid goes on to say, practice hearing the Saute Sarmad in solitude; others manage this while sitting in mountain caves or in the wilderness, far from the dwelling places of men. There they experience the Abstract Sound, which, as I already have said, can sound like the crashing of thunder, like the

pounding of waves, like the droning of bees, to finally metamorphose into the “Hu,” the most holy of sounds.

The voice of silence

The instant I remembered, as if by magic, what I had experienced on that remarkable afternoon in La Mortola, the undefinable sound on which I had concentrated during the Silence was again perceptible for an instant. Then it died gradually, finally leaving behind nothing more than a deep fundamental in the ever motionless silence in which we had been united all that time.

Almost simultaneously I felt intuitively that the end of the Silence was at hand and that I could wait calmly until that was indeed the case. When I understood this, my mind came to a complete rest and for the first time during this gathering, I felt completely absorbed in the surrounding silence and motionlessness with which I had now become one, and by which I had now been completely absorbed. Then — after these incomparable moments — a barely perceptible sound reached me from the podium, where Murshid had been seated all this time. A little later the squeaking of the door betrayed that he had left the hall in his customary almost soundless manner and was no more in our presence. I asked myself whether the others noticed this as well, and whether the Silence would now come to an end.

The following moments brought a reply to this question and also the confirmation of my surmise that we had all experienced the same thing during this gathering. For not one of us thought of leaving; no one wished to break the silence. And so we remained together, filled with the same realm of feeling and thought, all still under the spell of this gathering, all still completely absorbed in the wonderful enchantment of these moments, all still listening to what had become perceptible to us that afternoon by indefinable paths, listening to indeterminable melodies, listening to the deep organ tone of the invisible choir, to the whisperings of a soft breeze, listening to the voice of silence.

The Samadhi Silences

(1926 Summer School in Suresnes)

I

My experiences during the Samadhi Silences in the summer of 1926 undoubtedly belong to the most remarkable, trenchant and unforgettable of my experiences in the Sufi Movement. These experiences are of a strictly personal nature. They differ so completely from virtually everything else that I have experienced, and they are also so incomprehensible and meaningless for many, that it never over

the past twenty years occurred to me, not even for a moment, that I might be able to convey them to others and, even less, that I might ever write them down.

When, about eighteen months ago, Shireen Smit-Kerbert repeatedly urged me to contribute to her collection of personal recollections of Murshid,²³⁶ I did have a few subjects in mind, but did not for a moment consider the possibility of committing my recollections of the Samadhi Silences to paper. Even so, this must have set me to thinking, because not much later I exchanged ideas on the topic with our National Representative, Sirkar van Stolk, when I stayed with him in “Rozenhof” on the Rozendaalselaan in Rozendaal, in the province of Gelderland.²³⁷

Above all I valued his insights. Through daily contact with Murshid during his long journeys, Sirkar had developed a thorough sense of what Murshid did or did not deem important. That is why I sought his opinion on whether it would be worthwhile to preserve for posterity what I had experienced with Murshid on various occasions or, alternatively, whether these were in fact roughly the experiences of all mureeds, so that sooner or later, by way of other written testimony, things would end up being preserved for posterity in any case.

To my surprise Sirkar told me that to his knowledge several of my experiences were completely unparalleled, that none of his numerous conversations with other mureeds had approached the same import, and that he considered it of great significance that my recollections not be lost, though he fully understood that I was not yet ready to share everything in writing with others. Later on, when discussing this exchange with my wife, to whom I had never confided such matters because I had believed them to be intensely personal in nature, she also assured me of her total conviction that others might well be able to draw strength and inspiration from my recollections of Murshid and his times.

Still, I might not have been able to overcome my doubts about whether it was fitting that such things be transmitted to later generations except orally, were it not that others had already beaten me to it. In the contribution that Shireen Smit-Kerbert included in her own collection, she did briefly discuss the Samadhi Silences of 1926, while I also encountered further limited particulars in other contributions.

All this meant that I overcame my long-standing reservations and that in the past nights, the last lunar nights of 1945, I again concentrated on the literally unforgettable memories of the summer of 1926, when I was granted experiences that I here pen down with the mixture of piety and accuracy that is owing to them now that I have at last found time to devote myself to them.

And here again, I will follow the illuminating example of Goethe, who in his “Dedication” to *Faust* achieved his final triumph over many years of doubt and hesitation in the immortal lines that I shall put into service to illuminate my

own development now that, after an interval of about twenty years, all the images of the past seem to be coming back with overwhelming strength and clarity:

Ye wavering forms draw near again as ever,
When ye long since moved past my cloudy eyes.
To hold you fast shall I this time endeavour?
Still does my heart a strange illusion prize?
Ye crowd on me! 'Tis well! Go rule as ever,
While ye from mist and murk around me rise. [...]
What I possess, as if far off I'm seeing,
And what has vanished, now comes into being.²³⁸

Before I continue to heed the voice that calls to me so insistently from my past, it would be well to remember three things. First and foremost, what follows is exclusively intended for those with a strong active yearning to learn more about Sufism of the time of Pir-o-Murshid. All others should leave my efforts unread. Second, I would ask those with deeper insight into Sufism than I, or who are better informed about it, to supplement, improve or clarify these *Recollections*, and especially this chapter, if they think this may contribute to a better understanding of the circumstances. Even if little or nothing of my writings should survive because of editing by those better qualified than I, I would still not think my efforts wasted because the goal will be reached by another route.

Finally, I would urge those who are able to extract much that is worth knowing and treasuring from these recollections, in possible support in their lives, to consider that I was never one of those with a particular aptitude for occultism or mysticism. Mine are purely the personal and lay experiences of someone from a Western milieu and with a Western way of thinking who, despite himself, felt increasingly drawn to the Sufism of Inayat Khan as he has continued to study and follow it in mind and deed since his initiation into the Sufi Order in 1924.

Meanwhile, there remains the difficulty of describing the indescribable. In his *Siddhartha*, Hermann Hesse issues the following cautionary words:

Words do not well serve hidden meaning, everything at once shifts slightly the moment one pronounces it, a little distorted, a little foolish ...²³⁹

One may try to record one's personal impressions of such events as best one can, but a passably satisfactory reproduction is almost unattainable because, as Murshid once expressed it, every human being lives in his own cosmos, which corresponds to his very individual powers of imagination, which deviate from

those of others almost to at least some degree and, possibly, drastically. That is why I think it best to follow an indirect route. First I will give a summary exposition of my understanding of the nature of a Samadhi Silence and also of what we were told about it. I will then attempt to present a method of description which utilizes comparisons for those who may still be groping for clarity in this subtle matter.

In its most simple form a Samadhi Silence may be described as follows: A Master, Guru or Murshid has reached the stage of spiritual development that allows him to gain contact with what I would call the heavenly spheres. Wishing to have his pupils participate in this transcendent happiness, he invites one of their number to sit in front of him. After the Master has meditated with closed eyes for some time, he achieves through intense concentration the contemplation of the higher spheres and in this state he opens his eyes and by means of an intense gaze directed at his follower, pours this divine joy and power out on his pupil. The student has nothing else to do but remain perfectly passive and open himself in full confidence to the happiness that he will absorb thanks to the blessed glance of his Master. After a few moments, the Master again closes his eyes and once more sinks into deep meditation.

It should be clear from this short exposition that we have entered into a realm of ideas that may be inimical to many. He who has never experienced anything of the kind may write off the above as so many meaningless words. I will therefore attempt an analogy of both a general and a personal nature.

Inayat Khan once said approximately the following to one of his mureeds:

Among the souls who arrive on earth from their journey through the heavenly spheres (see *The Soul, Whence and Whither*) there are some that remain in contact with them.

Especially among the musically gifted there are usually a few who have retained memories of the heavenly music of the angelic choirs that proclaim the glory of the Creator. Because of their intense yearning for the spheres, the great privilege of perceiving this heavenly music on earth and also of translating a little of it into earthly music in their compositions, is granted to a very few.²⁴⁰

For just about everyone with a religious inclination such compositions will serve as a direct bridge between himself and heaven, even if he may in practice formulate this quite differently.

In the meantime it is undeniable that there is music that will reduce most listeners to silence. He who is truly receptive will listen in breathless emotion. He will close his eyes repeatedly, forgetting everything around him and when the last sounds have died out, he will have the sense of having dwelled for an instance in

a better world and be reluctant to return to daily life. Indeed, every true lover of music has his absolute favourite melodies that inevitably have this effect on him. The close of Bach's *Matthäuspassion* may serve as an example. Year in, year out these beautiful sounds transport many individuals to heights of emotion that they did not reach in any other way during the preceding year.

Some of the melodies by Schubert which succeed in conveying an approximation of the sounds of an angelic choir in earthly music can also be considered to have been inspired by that composer's contact with the heavenly spheres.²⁴¹ Through his music, a soul thus inspired may be able to convey indirectly to others a reflection of celestial joy. If a master is similarly inspired in the presence of a follower, one can imagine that by indirect transfer via a blessing look, something of this condition of beatitude can be poured out on the acolyte.

And just as a musical human being stores a melody in his memory and, humming it in a lost moment, suddenly recovers a glimpse of that beatitude (as Ibsen expresses it: "Like an old and silent song radiates the soul"),²⁴² so, the follower will be able to recover in later meditations something of the inexpressible and undefinable impressions received from his Master during the Samadhi Silence.

To this general example applicable to those who are musically inclined, I would like to add another that is more personal, leaving it to one and all to agree or disagree.

After I had been able to attend several Samadhi Silences in Suresnes in 1926, I enjoyed the rare privilege in May and June of 1928, of having at my disposal an isolated villa high in the dunes in Bergen aan Zee. From its veranda, which ran along the entire southwest side of the ground floor, one enjoyed a clear view of the broad beach and endless sea.

Before retiring for the evening, I naturally meditated on this porch, which provided adequate protection at this temperate time of year but which nevertheless gave the feeling of being out in nature thanks to the view of a limitless sea and remote horizon. And there on a mild summer evening I noticed that the sea wind had almost died down and later, as a consequence of a soft breeze from inland, the entire surroundings were filled with the heavenly scent of the Scotch roses which normally blossom in late spring and cover the slopes of the dunes. The moon, which had already passed its first quarter, stood above the placid sea in the late evening gloaming, and her reflection cut a broad silver swath across the nearly motionless surface, with its slow rhythmic swell. The stimulating salt odour of the sea began to mix with the scents from the flowering dunes. One by one the stars became visible in the ever-dimming sky until, finally, darkness had vanquished the last daylight and the moon ruled in undisturbed splendour over the sultry night.

During all this time, I had attentively observed the unforgettable spectacle. When the silence was complete, I lost myself in meditation. Meanwhile the flood

tide had risen slowly. The sound of the surf became ever stronger. When a surging wave broke on the sand, there followed a moment of silence and then the sound of the next wave, time and again, in a wonderfully steady rhythm.

When I had at last completed my meditations, the irresistible enchantment of the silent, fragrant moonlit night simply prevented me from going to bed. Completely under the spell of this peaceful spectacle, I slowly coordinated my breathing with the rhythm of the surf, at first consciously but eventually subconsciously, so that I finally felt absorbed by these enchanting surroundings with which I began to feel as one and of which I seemed to be part. And in that state I began to feel once more at least some of what I had experienced during the Samadhi Silences of two years before. It was as if Murshid was again close to me and I again sensed his blessed influence, while I continued to breathe to the repetitious rhythm of the distant surf, lost without motion in the observation of this ethereal beauty and the inexpressibly deep peace, which corresponded with nothing I had ever experienced in daily life.

Even later, after we had returned to our city of residence, I was more and more able to recreate the atmosphere of that unforgettable moonlit night by the sea, and the associated recollections of the Samadhi Silences. If I could perform my meditations late in the evening, in undisturbed rest, I almost always managed to recover something of that ineffable peace that I had experienced by the seaside, when I relived the atmosphere of Suresnes so vividly. I could then visualize the entire scene once more and again let the scents of the summer night and the slow rhythm of the surf transport me. In that state the Samadhi Silences often returned to my imagination with such intensity that it was as if I had experienced them just the previous day.

At such moments reality was banished almost entirely. After some time I arose uplifted, refreshed, with a completely rested spirit and with all the confusing impressions of my hectic Western city life erased. And repeatedly there came to mind one of those melodies which are for me inseparably connected with thoughts of rest and beatitude.

After this introduction, I can at last move on to a description of the organization of the Samadhi Silences, which requires a separate exposition. For one must take into account that, relatively simple as the contact between a teacher and one of his followers may be to arrange, it is an entirely different problem to give a large number of individuals of diverse nationalities an opportunity to find complete rest in the presence of their teacher between an early supper and midnight. As will become apparent, this required complicated measures.

First and foremost at a special meeting convened by Murshida Green who was entirely in charge of these evenings, as with many other functions, it was

stressed that silence reign during the complete duration of the Samadhi Silences, which I estimate at five to seven hours. Murshida Green explained to us that during all this time Murshid entered so completely into contact with the higher spheres that he was at times connected with this earthly existence by the thinnest of threads. Any serious rupture in the blanket of silence could therefore expose him to the great danger of his being unable to stand it, with serious, possibly fatal, consequences. That is why very precise rules were in place that we all had to obey to the letter.

An ample complement of four stewardesses assisted Murshida Green during the entire duration of the event. These were appointed to ensure a completely undisturbed progression. During the evenings that I attended these assistants were Angela Alt, Djalilah Moore, Miss Sydney and Sakina Furnée, all trusted mureeds who were available during virtually the entire term of the Summer School. As it appears, Madame Meyer-de Reutercrona from Switzerland also served as stewardess at the first Samadhi Silences.

One of the regulations was that everyone take off his shoes so that footsteps might be virtually inaudible. At the conclusion, one's shoes awaited at the rear exit, brought there in the interim by one of the stewardesses. A second regulation stipulated that we should be present in the garden at least one hour in advance. About half an hour before commencement we could then enter one by one, in total silence, and one of the stewardesses assigned us our places. Then both room and garden were closed off to ensure that the proceedings would not be disturbed by unexpected visitors because of some possible misunderstanding.

No one spoke or even whispered a word during the full duration of the Samadhi Silence. Using their hands, the stewardesses gave signs with prearranged meaning. Only Murshida Green occasionally whispered a direction. All these minute preparations had been proved essential on the basis of earlier experiences.

It should be noted that the number of those who, a few days in advance received a piece of paper stating "Samadhi S. Saturday 5.30," increased steadily. It remained more or less a matter of dispute between Murshid and his immediate circle just how many should be admitted. We knew all too well that Murshid repeatedly exhausted himself during the endless sessions and, also, that he demanded too much of his strength during the entire Summer School of 1926, with dozens of private interviews per day interspersed with all sorts of other meetings and ceremonies.

But time and again it happened at this heavily attended Summer School, which sadly would turn out to be the last under Murshid's direction, that though the number of invitees for the Samadhi-Silence had been established days in advance, additional mureeds continued to arrive and, at Murshid's insistence, to

be added to the list. Unexpected visitors from Paris also had to be taken into account, but Murshid admitted them as well, even if the established limit had already been exceeded.

In addition to the difficulties posed by the increasing number of participants in the Samadhi Silences, there was the reality that the various participants might not be able to communicate with the stewardesses, given that they did not understand each other's language fully. Everyone therefore had to be so thoroughly instructed in advance that the indications and signs could be obeyed without confusion.

Finally there was the possibility that one of the participants might not be able to stand for hours on end. This was the case with Mrs. van Pallandt for instance.²⁴³ After a long illness, she was back on her feet thanks to Ali Khan's efforts, but she still moved with difficulty, using a cane. That is why she was assisted during these evenings by her son, Floris van Pallandt, who was attached to the Dutch Mission in Paris and travelled from there to Suresnes, where he repeatedly served as Cherag at the afternoon church services.

As for the location of the Samadhi Silences, I have already mentioned that they took place in the so-called Lecture Hall, the building that almost completely closed off the Sufi garden at its highest side. This Lecture Hall consisted of a fairly large rectangular room, with space for about eighty to a hundred seats.²⁴⁴ At the end, over the entire width of the room, was a podium two steps high, on which the lectern stood during lectures and the piano during concerts. It also served as a stage for plays and as the base of an altar for church services.

During the Samadhi Silences the room normally held no more than fifty to sixty seats, more amply spaced than usual to facilitate silent and free movement between the rows. At the centre of the podium, over about half its width, was a curtain which continued at both ends by extensions about one meter wide. These extensions were set at right angles to the podium so that they and the curtain formed a kind of niche. Within this niche was a second curtain that formed another niche, but of smaller dimensions. The opening of this second niche faced the room but because of the other, wider curtain, was completely hidden from sight.

The side pieces of the main curtain were separated from the second curtain so amply that one was able to enter the intimate inner space from one side and leave by the other, near the rear exit of the room. Murshid sat in the smaller niche, facing the room. Opposite him, within the larger niche, was a seat intended for the mureeds who, each in turn, sat down opposite Murshid.

Outside both niches, to the right of the podium, stood Murshida Green, close to where Murshid sat, though hidden from him by the curtains, so that she could never distract him while carrying out her task as leader of the entire event.

At the other end of the podium, where one headed before leaving the room by the rear exit, Sakina Furnée stood in a corresponding position, from where she led us to the exit and helped us find our shoes, with the aid of a flashlight if necessary.

Both Murshida Green and Sakina Furnée were therefore so positioned that they could see the person seated before Murshid while also having a view of the entire room. Should it ever happen that someone had not completely understood instructions, they could keep in touch with gestures even when that individual was already seated across from Murshid. In this way there were as many safeguards against disturbances and misunderstandings as possible.

A final special arrangement was intended to limit the already excessive length of the Samadhi Silences for Murshid. Here's how it worked. Djalilah Moore, located at the right end of the back row, motioned to the mureed whose turn had come. This person approached her and then halted. In the meantime, his or her predecessor had continued along the right wall to the foot of the podium, where Miss Sydney stood. Meanwhile the preceding mureed mounted the two steps of the podium where Angela stood, while the person before him or her moved from Angela, that is, from the right corner of the podium, through to Murshida Green, who had just indicated to the mureed standing next to her that the chair before Murshid had been vacated, so that he or she could sit down. Then the individual who had just left the chair went to the left, where Sakina led him to the shoes at the back of the hall, indicating the rear exit with the flashlight.

In this way, beginning from the back, row after row moved at an exceedingly slow tempo, making it possible to move very carefully and quietly. No one needed to hurry and this method ensured that the place vacated by the mureed before Murshid was refilled in an instant. Compared to a system which would have had people move from their place in the hall straight to the podium, this shortened the total duration appreciably, while making certain that everything proceeded slowly and the deepest silence could be observed.

Finally, this arrangement allowed Murshid to see each mureed just a little longer. This had the additional, higher value that it prolonged individual contact with Murshid, which had in fact become much too short due to the increasing numbers. This was especially true for those who were able to attend a Samadhi Silence only once a year or, perhaps, once in their lifetime.

Consider that those charged with this organization sometimes had to stand for about three hours on end while continuous vigilance was required of them. From a piece of correspondence between Sakina Furnée in Suresnes and Miss Sydney in India, dated February 1954, twenty-eight years after the summer of 1926,²⁴⁵ it appears that the placing of the latter, as an apparently redundant link between Djalilah and Angela, was a special precaution against the problems encountered by some mureeds while waiting for hours on end.

And now that I have described everything carefully enough to make what follows more readily and completely understood, I arrive at the description of my impressions of these very remarkable evenings. As had earlier been the case when I joined the Sufis, I underwent a difficult development which led in an indefinable way to something that had subconsciously yet irresistibly attracted me and which was eventually to surpass all my expectations. In the process I will again adopt the convention of a narrative voice, which I advanced in my "Foreword" to these *Recollections* as being appropriate to the aims there described.

II

Summer School Suresnes 1926

It is late July 1926. Almost everyone has left Amsterdam on vacation and, after the hectic period since Pentecost, I, too, can start thinking about getting away.²⁴⁶ I almost never take a vacation in the normal sense of the word, but I do enjoy extended weekends throughout the entire summer, so that I may always take advantage of any good weather or else return early. For the moment I decide to join my wife in Suresnes from Thursday to Tuesday of the first week of August, and later for some days preceding the Queen's Birthday on 31 August, the day on which I shall return.

After I arrive in Suresnes on the afternoon of the first Thursday of August,²⁴⁷ Djalilah Moore speaks to me almost at once in the dining room of the Mureeds' House. She asks how long I intend to stay and if I can keep Saturday night free. When I reply in the affirmative, she heads for the table of Murshida Green, who fixes her dark, intelligent eyes on me. A brief discussion ensues. Djalilah returns to me and asks if I could come to the Lecture Hall that night. It appears my wife will be there as well.

In the Lecture Hall we meet Murshida Green and the four stewardesses that I have just described. She explains to us in detail what the Samadhi Silences are about. Then we practice the entire chain of events of that evening. Murshida Green explains to us that after we have approached her and waited for the preceding mureed to leave Murshid, so that our turn has come to sit before him, we are to do this with closed eyes, with her assistance. After a few seconds delay, we may again open our eyes and see Murshid before us. We must then wait completely passively while constantly looking Murshid in the eyes. When he closes his eyes we must move to the left soundlessly and leave the room via the back exit.

She advises us to avoid conversation later that evening and to go to bed immediately after performing our meditations. She adds that many mureeds do not eat before the Samadhi Silence, instead preparing themselves for hours on end. I listen to her words attentively. Only later will I begin to understand their meaning.

Saturday morning I am in Paris.²⁴⁸ One of the reasons that I picked the first week of August to go to Suresnes is a request from one of my provincial clients that I attend a meeting that is to take place in Paris on Saturday. Unavoidably I leave the Sufi garden around 10 A.M. to take the tram to the Porte Maillot and from there, the Metro to the Place de la Concorde. I meet with my client and after some preliminary discussion, we walk through the hot, dusty and grubby streets together. Everywhere we see people getting in their cars to head for a weekend in the surroundings or for the racetracks in Chantilly.

The meeting in the office takes a long time. After its conclusion I am asked to lunch with the gentlemen. There is no way I can avoid it. The others are in no hurry whatsoever and when I have finally taken my leave, after arranging to meet again next Saturday, it is already four thirty. The taxi to Suresnes drives too slowly to please me. Long lines of cars leaving Paris have held us up continually before we reach the Mureeds' House. I still need to change in a hurry. When I finally reach the Lecture Hall, it is on the point of being closed; everyone else has been inside for some time.

I find a place in one of the middle rows and try to come to rest in the deep silence. But I can't seem to succeed. I am conscious of all those seated around me, motionless, turned inward, in uninterrupted preparation for what is to follow and of which I as yet have almost no inkling. Slowly I begin to come to myself. I make some observations. I try to estimate the time each mureed spends with Murshid, which seems to vary somewhat.

After about an hour, my row is next. The mureed furthest to the right has already arisen at Djalilah's indication; a little later she moves inaudibly to Miss Sydney. It is getting ever darker. We are already into August, and the evening has become rainy and stormy. Behind the curtain where Murshid must be, a dim rosy light begins to become visible. For a few more moments I sit with closed eyes, but I am still unable to shake the unrest of that day in Paris.

Now Djalilah beckons me. I pass the three stewardesses in succession until I have come to Murshida Green, who gives me a friendly nod. Then the moment arrives. Murshida Green whispers almost inaudibly: "Keep your eyes closed and sit down." The next moment I find myself across from Murshid, tense about what is to follow.

After some moments I decide to open my eyes, but when I do, I am a little frightened. I do not with certainty understand where I am. By the ruddy glow of two tall candles which flicker violently from the draft caused by the opening of the garden door, and which cast strange dark shadows on the background, I see before me a figure that reminds me of an idol from an Indian temple.

Can this be Murshid?

Unnaturally large deep eyes are fixed on me with a scarcely recognizable expression; I can hardly bear this look. Nothing remains of my intention to undergo Murshid's presence calmly, trustfully, passively. I look around me and when I see the dark silhouette of Murshida Green, I suddenly feel a little calmer. Again I look at Murshid, but I still can't place his facial expression, which I have observed with intense interest on many occasions.

Is it the unrest of the day that makes me incapable of opening up? I close my eyes for a fraction of a second and when I open them again, I see that Murshid has closed his, and I know this means I must get up. Now I hesitate for an instant. By my reckoning this has all taken less time than with others, but Murshid remains with eyes shut and at last, now that the large candles shed a more even light, I recognize him completely, as I have often seen him, closing his eyes for an instant before a lecture.

The next moment I am back on my feet. Sakina's light points the way. When I have found my shoes, I leave the hall quietly by the door which she has opened softly for me. A penetrating drizzle greets me. It is almost completely dark. Slowly I descend by the wall of the Haras, unable to order my thoughts.

By the next afternoon I have completely regained my equilibrium. Murshid is lecturing on "Patience," and when he calls out: "If one has patience, all things will come that one desires: health, wealth, friends, connections, peace and harmony,"²⁴⁹ I decide to await what effect last evening's completely unexpected and impenetrable impressions will have on me in the long run.

Fortune is on my side, for the next Saturday I am again to attend a Samadhi Silence.²⁵⁰

The following days are busy and engrossing. Tuesday I return to Amsterdam,²⁵¹ enriched by impressions of several unforgettable days in Suresnes. The following Thursday I have a meeting in Arnhem. By Friday morning I am again on my way to Paris, together with my client, who has arranged for reserved seats on the D train, so that we can prepare calmly and thoroughly for the meeting of Saturday morning. I find a propitious moment to excuse myself from lunch tomorrow. I will have all afternoon before the Samadhi Silence to myself.

Next morning's meeting in Paris runs smoothly and successfully; before lunch I am back in the Mureeds' house. This time I follow the example of most of the other mureeds, namely, take the entire afternoon for myself, eat no more meals and go to the Lecture Hall well in advance. When I arrived there I had recovered the repose that abandoned me the preceding Saturday evening. Surrounded by my fellow mureeds, who are deeply lost in thought, I am much better able to concentrate than before. I now know approximately what is about to happen. I think of Murshid's words: "Life is an opportunity!"²⁵²

Suddenly, to the right of me, I hear a sound, the squeaking of one of the ordinary iron folding chairs on which we are seated. I open my eyes for a second and see that it is Mrs. van Pallandt who has got up, leaning on her cane and helped in the most solicitous manner possible by her son Floris. Step by step they make their way to Murshida Green, who also lends assistance to sit her down before Murshid.

A little later I find myself there as well. This time, when I open my eyes, the impression is still a little overwhelming but I manage to return to my rhythm and to wait trustfully. Slowly I sense something of the joy that I have so often experienced in Silences or interviews with Murshid. I manage to look him in the eyes with tranquillity, and for much longer than that first night, until he at last closes them. Quietly and thoughtfully I return to the Mureeds' House. The next morning I head for home, completely satisfied and fulfilled by these new experiences and beginning to understand that they will influence me much more profoundly than I could have imagined.

As it happens, I expect to be in Suresnes again the last Saturday of August to attend another Samadhi Silence.²⁵³ I hope to have undergone a process of maturation by then, so that I can be even more receptive. I am not able to go to Suresnes the next Saturday, as I have to attend the final meeting in Amsterdam that is to round off those in Paris since not all the other participants can find time during their work week. But the closing days of the week turn out differently from what I had expected. On Friday morning I wake up to the familiar, insistent long-distance signal of the telephone in my bedroom. It is my travelling companion to Paris who is calling from The Hague to ask if I can come over at once; he is waiting for me at Hotel Terminus at the railway station Hollands Spoor.²⁵⁴

At 9:00 A.M. I report at the desk; a little later we are engaged in intense discussion in the hotel room. A complication has developed. He thinks we had better confer with Paris before the Saturday-afternoon meeting in Amsterdam. I fully support this opinion and about an hour later we are in telephone contact with the office in Paris. This time, however, it is not possible to come to an agreement: the Parisian does not understand the typically Dutch objections, or else pretends not to comprehend. Everything threatens to be called off.

Suddenly I hear my companion ask in French if we can be received in Paris that Saturday morning, with a possible closing discussion to take place in Amsterdam on Monday morning. Further delay is hardly possible. Meanwhile he has looked at me with questioning eyes, and I have at once nodded approval. I already envisage a Saturday evening in Suresnes. It is all decided and several of the more remarkable days of my life are about to begin.

I need first to go to Amsterdam to pick up several files. I make sure that I arrive early for the night train to Paris and am able to find two empty corner

seats in one of the coaches. I take one place myself and place my suitcase on the opposite one. Luck is with me. The seat remains empty. When we enter the station in The Hague, I alert my companion through the window, so that he manages to come in before the other travellers.

We have a long journey ahead of us but at least we are together. And that is of more importance than usual because Western Europe is in the grip of a heat wave that makes travelling a mixed pleasure. We place our arms on the lowered windows to enjoy a little fresh air. From time to time we change places because only he who faces to the front gets to enjoy the refreshing night air. With thunderous noise the night train flies past stations, bridges and telephone poles. It is almost impossible to exchange a word and we are entirely covered in soot and dust. Luckily my companion has a bottle of eau de Cologne to help us freshen up on occasion. It is empty before the night is through. From time to time we try to sleep, but without success. Finally my friend's arm slips off the window sill; he has fallen asleep at last.

And now the moment has arrived when I can finally begin to concentrate on what I hope to experience the following evening. In my thoughts I see the dark Lecture Hall before me; I experience the prevailing silence; I sense the yearning that has brought all of us there. I know that Murshid will also be awake for much of this night, in preparation of the coming evening. People say that on such nights he follows Eastern custom and spends hours on the flat roof of Fazal Manzil, lost in meditation. And the conviction grows in me that, in the evening of this day that is already breaking, I will at last be able to achieve what has eluded me on two previous occasions and that I shall in any case apprehend something of what Murshid wants to pass on to me that will endure for the rest of my life.

At precisely 6:30 A.M. we enter the Gare du Nord. We are to meet at the office at 10:00 A.M. As I do not want to spend useless hours in an overheated Paris, I have already told my companion that I wish to keep the hours before the meeting to myself. He heads for a hotel room to refresh himself and sleep a while after the exhausting night.

At the exit of the Gare du Nord I find a taxi driven by one of the numerous Chinese drivers of the Citroën taxis. He drives brilliantly. Nor are there traffic jams at this early hour. In a record time of twenty-two minutes he takes me through the awakening city to the Mureeds' House. I arrange for him to pick me up at 9:15 A.M. and have a couple of hours to seek admission to the Samadhi Silence of that night.

It is still much too early to wake up my wife, who really needs her sleep after the past few strenuous years.²⁵⁵ I therefore enter the Mureeds' House alone and put my luggage downstairs in the corridor. I wander into the dining room. There I see all the items familiar from previous visits, such as Kefayat's table, with

its golden yellow flowers that have the colour of Sufism, of the sun and of the Healing. There are the English newspapers of Djalilah Moore; there is our own table, with its ever-present jar of apricot jam, a product of the rich harvest of the Sufi garden, where the apricot trees are so full each year that the sound of falling fruit can sometimes be heard during Murshid's lectures.

Suddenly I notice that our table is set for two people though no one can be expecting me. Just then the Russian chamber maid appears who has been serving our table this summer. She shrugs her shoulders in reply to my question, saying "Une autre dame." I order my breakfast and then walk, in the shade where possible, down the Rue de l'Hippodrome and by the Corner House and the Rue de la Tuilerie to the gate of the Sufi garden, which I enter. It is already sweltering. The slight morning haze makes the heat all the more oppressive. The garden is quiet and peaceful.

I see that the door to one of the small houses is already open. These so-called huts are a remarkable symptom of the rapid growth of the Summer School. The Mureeds' House is continually overcrowded despite a newly added floor. The accommodations in St. Cloud are attractive, but the connections are poor, so that people are less inclined to stay there. Sufis have long ago taken up the few available rooms in Suresnes. Building permits are impossible to obtain in this Parisian suburb. Under the designation of "temporary," however, the authorities have condoned a long row of wooden one-room houses, which have been erected on the farthest edge of the compound, immediately bordering on the allotment gardens. Even the installation of electricity did not meet with opposition. These "huts" are much sought after, located as they are among the apricot [and plumb] trees of the garden. From the front exit, they look down on Murshid's house, Fazal Manzil. Located next to the Lecture Hall, the huts are in some ways preferable to the Mureeds' House because one is left completely undisturbed.

As I go on, I first come to what we call the tree of Murshid, where he usually gives his interviews in good weather. It has an old gnarled trunk and deeply hanging branches and has been commemorated in countless photos as well as in etchings by the Sufi painter Fathayab Reinder Visscher.²⁵⁶ Having arrived, I halt for a moment in front of this tree, reflecting on the many times that I have been here with Murshid. A little farther on, under one of the other apricot trees stands a garden chair. I sit in it for a while, again preparing myself for the coming evening. Then I walk on a little farther to the Lecture Hall and see that there is someone in the garden after all. In the shadows I see a reclining chair, a light gown and suddenly I recognize this early-rising person, someone that I am to encounter at breakfast. It is my sister-in-law Lucie, an Amsterdam physician,²⁵⁷ who apparently has moved forward her visit to Suresnes and occupied one of her beloved huts.

Sufism has been a true revelation in her life and she at once found in Murshid what *The Inner Life* describes as “a spiritual guide, someone on whom one can build and to whom one can confide everything.” In her daily life she has discovered an opportunity to bring Sufism into daily practice through her dedication to her patients, for whom she has often become primarily a spiritual physician. Her sympathy for the family of the ailing individual and her understanding for their circumstances play an important part. When her busy medical practice permits, she attends the Sufi Church in Amsterdam as Cheraga at Universal Worship, where she often reads from the Holy Scriptures. She vacations in Suresnes every year, when her interview with Murshid becomes another high point in her life.

Once, when my interview followed on hers and I had to wait with Angela Alt until my turn came, I witnessed how Murshid, standing under the tree, welcomed her as a warm, cheerful and sympathetic friend, joking and chatting with her for minutes on end until both sat down to turn to more serious subjects. I won't disturb her in this peaceful morning silence; we shall meet over breakfast. To escape the increasing heat for some moments, I seek out the shadow of the Haras de Longchamp. Here I am reminded of that memorable afternoon in 1924, when Mrs. van Hogendorp addressed Murshid.

The time has come to return to the Mureeds' House to see if Djalilah Moore has arrived. As she is one of the stewardesses, it is through her intervention that I hope to gain access to the Samadhi Silence this evening. But the dining room is still deserted. I go out and below the loggia of our room, which is located on the second floor, I whistle the tune that my wife and I have used for years to greet each other when we are out of speaking distance. Almost at once she looks out over the edge of the loggia, altogether surprised to see me, and the next moment I see Lucie standing next to her. I go up and after an exchange of greetings and an explanation of my unexpected arrival, we head for breakfast.

When Djalilah comes down, I immediately speak to her and make my request. She raises her eyebrows and says meaningfully: “It is overcrowded tonight.” But she is without delay prepared to go to Angela Alt with me. There a great disappointment awaits me. Angela firmly refuses to admit anyone: “There are already more than sixty.” When I hesitate, she says, almost sadly, “You will agree with me that we must not kill Murshid.”²⁵⁸ Her tone frightens me. How often have I not thought back on these near-prophetic words.

Returned to the dining room, I meet Azmat Faber, who occupies the room next to ours and often comes to take tea in our loggia. We have come to know her better lately and have grown more and more appreciative of her clear, exceptionally unbiased judgement and her witty and cheerful nature. Azmat, who is a close friend of Lucie, joins our table and as I attack the fresh buns after

the long nighttime journey, I report on my visit to Angela and my resulting disappointment.

But though I appear to have lost the opportunity, it is preordained that I will attend this particular Samadhi Silence. As soon as my wife hears that I won't be admitted that evening, she gives up her place for me. At her suggestion, Djalilah goes back to Angela for me and, just as my taxi is announced at 9:15 sharp, she returns to announce that the exchange has been accepted. This time my business meeting in Paris is of short duration. The objections that failed to impress by phone yesterday, are now understood and the parties reach agreement.

The final meeting is to take place in Amsterdam on Monday, so that I will need to travel back on Sunday. But before then I will attend my third Samadhi Silence, an invaluable privilege granted to only a few. Returning to Suresnes I have lunch and then rush to the couch to catch up on lost and badly needed sleep. I need to be in the best possible condition tonight. I ask to be awakened at 4:00 but wake up a little earlier, feeling completely rested and refreshed. When, for an instant, I do not know where I am, I hear the voices of my wife and her sister in the loggia. Lucie is reading out loud from one of Murshid's books. From time to time the sisters, who are also bosom friends, exchange some words about the contents. When I join them, we have tea. I will consume nothing more this evening.

Finally I go to the Sufi garden, where I hope to find a place in the shade to prepare undisturbed for the coming evening. In the Rue de la Tuilerie I see Talewar Dussaq in discussion with Maheboob Khan, his wife Shadiby and her mother Ekbal van Goens. As they enter their home, I exchange a few words of greeting with Talewar, whose dignified and grave personality I greatly admire. He expresses his joy at having returned to Suresnes. A little later we enter the Sufi garden, each on his own, both filled with inexpressible thoughts.

There are already many people in the garden. It is truly a popular gathering place. All the chairs are already occupied. I sit down on the grass in the shade of one of the apricot trees, leaning against the trunk, and remain for a long time with my eyes closed, lost in thought. I know that Murshid has already been in the Lecture Hall for hours, preparing himself, and a profound gratitude for that which is to come begins to grow within me.

Does everyone around me experience this?

I look around me fleetingly. Everywhere I see familiar faces marked with expressions of deep solemnity and silent expectation. The late summer afternoon is alive with the sound of insects. The waxing moon is already in the sky. The warmth is benevolent. I now feel completely prepared. I know that this will become a remarkable night in my life. I remember the words of Rudyard Kipling, who describes the instinct of animals as "knowing but not understanding."²⁵⁹ To

know without realization and understanding, is that what is called intuition? And is it applicable to me during these unforgettable moments? I get the feeling that even if I were not to be admitted, I have already absorbed so much of the atmosphere of this evening that it will stay with me forever.

Suddenly I notice that some of the motionless figures have stirred. Djalilah has opened the Hall and slowly but steadily people begin to enter. But it is not nearly time yet and I am not ready to relinquish the charms of that radiant August afternoon. I remain in the garden for a long time. Only when the gate is closed, do I enter the room as one of the last to be admitted and am almost at once lost in thought, forgetting everything around me.

From this moment on the concept of time has lost much of its meaning. I do not know whether one or two hours have expired when I am again on the podium. And hardly have I opened my eyes and observed Murshid with an expression that fully reproduces my own spiritual receptivity, then do I realize that I am completely understood. Between us two there is nothing of unrest or doubt or misunderstanding; deep gratitude speaks from my eyes and my entire being; motionlessly I receive the flow of blessings that is poured out to me.

Murshid is now the image of peace. Suddenly I sense that at least my presence this evening can't possibly demand too much of him. And still Murshid continues to regard me and I experience what I receive in these moments so deeply that I have the feeling that, as far as I am concerned, this need never come to an end.

Once outside, I am in the warm summer night, where the moon is about to set and the stars have come out. I seek out one of the chairs in the most remote part of the garden and continue to undergo what I have just experienced. The notion of returning to the Mureeds' House does not enter my head for the moment. In the nocturnal silence I see dark figures move along the wall of the Haras, those having left the Hall and heading for the exit. And when, at last, the Hall is closed, I return to our room as well.

Arrived there I find my wife fast asleep. I myself do not feel in the least sleepy. I sit down in the loggia, under the light of the stars, listening to the whispering of the wind in the chestnut trees that almost reach the house. All sounds have ceased. Outside reigns the silence that also rules in me. One last night train speeds over the viaduct. Then the traffic has stopped until the following morning. From time to time a star falls in the firmament; it is August, the month of shooting stars. One may wish upon a fallen star, but this evening has already given so much to me that I hardly feel the need. At last the evening breeze begins to dissipate the oppressive heat that still lingers in the loggia. I find this refreshing and, getting up, bend over the railing of the balcony. I smell incense; I am not the only one who has stayed awake this wonderful night.

Fireflies move about. I follow them instinctively in their flight until they at last disappear. With the first signs of daybreak I finally go to bed. Despite the heat, I sleep almost instantly.

The following days in Amsterdam, before I am to pay my last summer visit to Suresnes that Friday,²⁶⁰ are strange and unusual. I am home alone, and we are still in the grip of the same heat wave that affects the behaviour of one and all. In the evenings the heat of the sun lingers in the rooms. The first breeze only arrives when dusk has fallen and the pale yellow moon stands motionless in the sky. It is best to remain quietly at home and on our balcony, I finally find some time for reading.

Actually, it is not really reading. I roam about among the countless books that I have already read and reread with greater or lesser satisfaction. In my thoughts I review a long list of writers and poets. At school they were Byron, Shelley, Vondel, Perk, Schiller and Heine. Later, in a period of an awakening sense of duty, came Ibsen and Bjørnson.²⁶¹ Later again there followed Victor Hugo, Herman Gorter, Henriette Roland Holst, Goethe and then, suddenly, Balzac,²⁶² fascinating like no other, with his extravagant character contrasts and his tremendous reversals of fortune from those stirring times. Balzac's nearly supernatural imagination found release only in the creation of the immortal characters of his novels. Rodin recreated his strangely torn being in one of his most remarkable masterpieces, an image of the great writer which magisterially embodies the affinity between these two brilliant artists.²⁶³

After Balzac my mind reviews another series of authors, without much inner cohesion: Strindberg, Schnitzler, Couperus, Kipling, Tagore, Boutens, Querido, occasionally Shakespeare and, once more, Goethe.²⁶⁴ Then follow Verlaine, Baudelaire, Verhaeren and, still later, Van Schendel, Van Suchtelen, A. Rolant Holst, Rilke, Rückert and Omar Khayyám.²⁶⁵ But time and again Goethe returns to my thoughts and I ask myself why this is so. The answer involves both his obvious skills and my personal predilections.²⁶⁶ Part of it is that I am able to memorize passages without any difficulty, store them in my memory for decades and then recite them as if I had read them only yesterday.²⁶⁷ Also, Goethe offers a great deal of beauty, not in the least by the contradictions in his own personality, who was no stranger to anything human. He, who in his *Faust* figure utters the despairing complaint:

I am not like the gods! Feel it I must.
I'm like the worm that burrows through the dust,
That in the dust in which it lived and fed,
Is crushed and buried by a wanderer's tread.²⁶⁸

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

can in the next instant adduce human *noblesse oblige*:

Noble man,
Ought to be helpful and good!
Tirelessly to create
The useful, the just ...²⁶⁹

His biography never fails to touch me more than any other. I find his brief idyll with Friederike von Sessenheim more important than countless other such liaisons,²⁷⁰ which are merely creations of sensitive artists, not rooted in true experience. What makes me most admire him, I believe, next to his self-aware virility and the sense that he is superior to all others of his time, is his tremendous versatility as poet, playwright, philosopher, historian, scientist, statesman. Add to this his talent, competence, facility and insight, as well as many other qualities that made him beloved by both men and women, something that in itself occurs only rarely.

And then I see before me that remarkable moment in the history of mankind, at the beginning of that same nineteenth century of which I experienced the end and to which I belong completely, when the two greatest personalities of the period met. Napoleon, conqueror of kingdoms, leading his victorious army into Weimar, asks Court Counsellor von Goethe to pay him a visit.²⁷¹ Measured, dignified and self-assured in the presence of the foreign adventurer, the statesman approaches the conqueror. And so impressive is the effect of his performance that, perhaps for the first and last time in his life, Napoleon is moved to give expression to an impulse of profound admiration. In front of his assembled generals, he salutes, takes off his three-cornered hat and, pointing it at Goethe, calls out enthusiastically:

“Behold a man!”

And it is this same honoured, celebrated and worshipped personality who, after more than fifteen years, is still not satisfied with *Faust*, his most important creation, and who tries to search still deeper within himself, not to please himself but for all others that he hopes someday to inspire:

For others grows in me the noble treasure;
I can and will not hide away the spoils!
Why should I seek the way with such deep yearning,
If not to show it to my brethren?²⁷²

Until, at the close of this immortal masterpiece, and as a reward for all this searching and wrestling with the synthesis of “truth and poetry” comes the insight:

All that is transitory
Is symbol alone.²⁷³

And I take these beloved collections of poetry to hand once more and come upon the *West-östlicher Divan*,²⁷⁴ which again gives me cause for reflection. Can there be any connection between my growing interest in Sufism and the undeniable need of Goethe, despite all his successes in the West, to include the East in his horizons?

And then the following proposition occurs to me: Could it be that Goethe was so universal in this respect that in the cramped atmosphere of Weimar life, he turned his attention increasingly to the East, so that I, who had been so immersed for so many years in his work and personality, saw within myself the occasional manifestation and eventual fruition of an interest in the East, in the mysterious figure of Buddha, in the long-gone atmosphere of Baghdad and the inaccessible highlands of Tibet, which I had visited so often in so many travel accounts? And can this explain how, after so many spiritual peregrinations, I appear to have found rest in Murshid's Sufism?²⁷⁵

After the *West-östlicher Divan*, I go back to *Faust*, which never fails to charm me. In the clear moonlight I read for the umpteenth time the mighty opening of the "Prologue in Heaven," which reminds one of the most beautiful stanzas of Vondel's masterpieces.

The sun intones, in ancient tourney
With brother-spheres, a rival song,
Fulfilling its predestined journey,
With march of thunder moves along.
Its aspect gives the angels power,
Though none can ever solve its ways;
The lofty works beyond us tower,
Sublime as on the first of days.²⁷⁶

And while it is becoming ever darker and not wanting to turn on a light, I recite to myself, consulting the text only occasionally, the sweeping monologues of *Faust*, with their impressive rhythm.

Then a far away rumble causes me look up. Once outside I see the distant sky lit up by incessant lightning bolts. The heat wave has ended, the storm at last bursts loose. Under these circumstances I do not even consider going to sleep. I turn on the light and as the noise of the thunder approaches and the first wind blasts become audible, I remain standing in front of the bookcase that holds some of our most beloved works.

Then my eye falls on two booklets, both pertaining to the Pacific; Gauguin's *Noa Noa* and, next it, Laurids Bruun's *Van Zantens glückliche Zeit*, a pearl of purity and artlessness.²⁷⁷ I leaf for a moment in *Gösta Berling* to reread the opening lines of the chapter that begins "Oh ye women of yesteryear" and then take out Van Schendel's *Angiolino en de Lente*,²⁷⁸ with its opening sentence that could have been inspired by the Persian Sufi poets: "A sinful man is never altogether sinful and a poor man may sometimes own more than he needs; let him thank the saints and laugh as the winds of spring blow on him."

Finally I return to *Faust* and reading on, I arrive at the passage in which he invokes the "earth-spirit," who appears in an awe-inspiring radiance of flames. As the huddled up *Faust* hurls himself to the ground, blinded by this supernatural apparition, he still dares say:

Thou who dost around the wide world wend,
Thou busy spirit, how near I feel to thee!

The earth-spirit answers:

Thou art like the spirit thou canst comprehend,
Not me!

Leaving a shattered *Faust* behind.²⁷⁹

But still, just as nothing ever happens without a purpose,²⁸⁰ nor, in the long run, can fail to have its consequence, there follows a later period when *Faust*, looking back on everything that he has struggled and gone through, begins another monologue with the following words:

Spirit sublime, thou gav'st me,
Gav'st me all, for which I prayed.
Thou hast not turned in vain
Thy countenance on me in flame.²⁸¹

When I have finished that passage, I am disturbed by the telephone; an appointment for Thursday evening is cancelled. Unexpectedly, I see an opportunity to be in Suresnes a little sooner; instead of leaving Friday morning I can now take the Thursday-evening night train, allowing me to lengthen slightly my short. I commence my preparations at once and compose a telegram that I will have to submit by telephone this evening, so that my arrival on Friday morning will not again come unexpectedly. When I have done everything, the storm has blown over. After this extraordinary evening I fall asleep almost at once in the refreshingly cool air.

The next Thursday evening there is no heat to speak of in the night train.²⁸² I cuddle up comfortably in the pillows of my corner seat. I try to get as much rest as possible, little suspecting that the impressions of the past week have been so intense that my subconscious will not let me find rest this night. For the anticipation of things to come already casts its shadow. Saturday night I will probably attend my fourth Samadhi Silence, considering that many will have departed by this last week of August.

And again nodding off to the monotonous rhythm of the express train, I see the Lecture Hall before me and think back on the three preceding Samadhi Silences, each making a contribution to my development, with the last proving its consummation. As I reflect on this I ask myself what else I now might expect to find there. I know that Murshid has given me every opportunity to experience his salutary influence, and also that I have received it in full. For the rest of my life I have been given what I had longed for and sought in vain all those years; sought in nature, in companionship with others, in introspection, in music, in literature.

And then suddenly, in this half-awake condition, I relive the experience of the preceding evening and, as if invoked by a magic wand, the words of *Faust*:

Spirit sublime, thou gav'st me,
Gav'st me all for which I prayed.
Thou hast not turned in vain
Thy countenance on me in flame.

What goes on in me at that moment defies description. It is as if I suddenly see everything in a new light. These words are so totally applicable to what has matured in me over the past weeks that I now fully realize what inscrutable influences I have undergone in my spiritual development. To me, as well, everything has been granted that I had longed for.

When the train pulls into Brussels a moment later, and we are idling at a terminal where the locomotive has to reverse, I leave my coach for some time to walk on the platform. I can no longer sit still. I order black coffee. I need to stay awake for a while yet to give my thoughts a chance to sort themselves out into smoother channels and greater clarity.

When we are back in motion, the question again arises as to what attitude is now appropriate for me. I have already received so much that it would almost be immodest to appear before Murshid hoping for more. And while I mill this over, I suddenly recall four lines of poetry learned back in school from a verse called "The Liberation of Leiden." The lines read:

All his long life
He had been a poor citizen,
And, being poor in spirit,
Had always been a taker, not a giver.²⁸³

And then I say to myself: "No, never. This goes too far. Now I know what I must do. This week I will have my interview with Murshid and tell him how greatly I have been enriched over the past weeks by his influence. This time I will be the one who comes bearing the gift of gratitude for all that I have received. In this way I will reduce my debt a little." And with these naive and primitive Western thoughts, which would have made any easterner smile but that give me a great sense of relief, I finally fall asleep, until the train enters Paris is the ashen confines of the Gare du Nord.

But again nothing goes quite as expected in this miraculous summer. Hardly have my wife and I exchanged greetings and gone to breakfast as early as possible to have an extra long vacation day, but Wazir van Essen approaches our table. He brings a telegram, reply paid. For an instant I am stupefied, the only person who knows that I left for Suresnes unexpectedly yesterday is the man with whom I have repeatedly gone to Paris this summer and whom I spoke to over the phone only yesterday, when he told me that the entire arrangement would probably be recorded notarially that afternoon. Could complications have arisen at this very last moment?

Even as I open the telegram my intuition has already answered the question. Completely prepared I read: "Everything threatens to fail. Await you urgently Monday morning Amsterdam. Letter follows. Wire reply." For an instant I feel unwell. Then I consider what an exceptionally wonderful summer I have already had and begin to consider the consequences of this new situation. After all, incidents of this kind are the shadow side of my otherwise so attractive profession. My wife is already quite used to this kind of thing. I often joke with her that I never know an hour in advance where I am going to be.

"Wazir," I say, "is anyone going to Paris tomorrow?" Wazir replies that as it happens he has to be at the Bank himself; he is prepared to send off my telegraphic reply "Monday morning agreed" to the specified address. Then I ask him to reserve a seat for me on the Sunday morning train. Wazir is surprised and sympathizes with my fate, knowing that I was hoping to stay longer. But I cheerfully tell him that three days in Suresnes are like three weeks of vacation for me, and that I am convinced I will experience enough as it is.

I ask him if he is still able to arrange an interview for me, but Wazir looks most doubtful. He says hesitatingly that this will probably be impossible. "Today, of course, is already completely filled," he adds, "and tomorrow, as you know, is

the Samadhi Silence.” Now I am “stupéfait” for an instant. There goes my chance at the interview for which I had such high hopes. Wazir at once offers to make an effort but returns to say that there will be no new interviews until the middle of next week. “In the meantime,” he says, “I did manage to get this for you; see here.” And he hands me a folded note from which I learn that I am being counted on for the Samadhi Silence.

Once more I have to take stock precisely. “Wazir,” I say, “what’s the earliest a letter mailed from Holland yesterday can be expected to reach me?” He replies that it should arrive around noon on Saturday. I think of the Samadhi Silence. I would prefer not to be disturbed that afternoon. I will have every opportunity to learn the contents of the letter on Sunday and to have given due consideration to the situation before Monday’s meeting. There’s nothing to be done before then. So I ask Wazir, the factotum of the Summer School who carries out our strangest requests with never-failing precision, to ensure that the letter does not reach me before Sunday morning at breakfast. Of that much I can be sure.

When in the evening everything indoors has settled down, I sit out on our loggia and enjoy the soft patter of the rain on the chestnut foliage. My thoughts return to the coming evening, my last Samadhi Silence. It could happen that this may be the last time for a long while that I shall see Murshid. People tell me that he is going to India this winter to gain fresh inspiration, so that we will certainly not see him in Holland. And who can say if I will be so fortunate as to return to Suresnes next summer, even if only once during the entire season. To this evening, therefore, Murshid’s own words apply: “Life is an opportunity!”

I hope to have a chance then to express something of what has grown within me over the last weeks, and to do so in such a way that, for Murshid, it can truly be the crowning touch on all that he has done for me and, I hope, through me for many others in the future.

What would Murshid make of all this? And in reply the following words from his *Gayan* come to mind:

At the moment that I leave this earth, it will not be the number of my followers that will make me proud; it will be the thought that I brought His message to a few souls that will comfort me, and the feeling that it will sustain them through life, that will give me satisfaction.²⁸⁴

Murshid, if this will make you happy, I will try at our meeting tomorrow night to convey to you everything that has gone on in me since I met you. Because, lacking any other opportunity, I shall take advantage of this Samadhi Silence to give you something in return, something on which you may be able to think back with

satisfaction on your remote journey and during our long separation, along the lines of your own words in *Gayan*, should your thoughts ever for an instance turn to me in India or anywhere else.

And this reminds me of what I heard Shanavaz van Spengler, perhaps the finest soul of us all, say recently when someone expressed a lack of appreciation for one of our numbers: "And still, for me it is with him as with all of you. I simply happen to love you. I see each of you precisely as you are, with all your peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, but in each of you I always rediscover the tie to Murshid, and that is why you will always be my friends, no matter what." That may have been expressed more primitively and less rhetorically than the elaborate code of prescriptions on "Friendship" that the Persian Sufi, al Gazzali,²⁸⁵ wrote many centuries ago, but the Sufi spirit was no less alive in it. And this bond of friendship is by no means all that Murshid taught us through this one fellow mureed, because I also recall Shanavaz's elevated description of his ideas about the commencement of the Church Service: "When the Cherag raises the light and pronounces the words 'Towards the One, the perfection in love, harmony and beauty,' he should really be standing in a cathedral, in which his words could resound like the sounds from an angelic choir!"²⁸⁶

These and other things occur to me while my rhythm slowly adapts to the rustle of wind and rain, and I recall that Murshid is probably already in meditation at this moment in preparation for the following evening. And I consider that though he is now close to me, separated only by the short distance from Fazal Manzil to the Mureeds' House, I may still be able experience this same bond in the future, even should Murshid be in India or still farther away from me. And for the first time I become aware of something of the deeper meaning of the words Murshid spoke to me at my initiation two years ago, when he added emphatically: "Never forget that your Murshid always prays with you!"

Early Saturday morning I walk into the Sufi garden, where, on the edge of the allotment gardens, numerous late summer flowers absorb the sun in a riot of bright colours. All the huts are closed. Wazir, also, sleeps the sleep of the just. Having returned to the Mureeds' House, I ask to have two lunch packets prepared for us and an hour later we set out on our hike to the green hills behind St. Cloud. We have taken the short journey by train from Val-d'Or to St. Cloud, where we begin a ramble through the forest in the hope of reaching a pond where Murshid sometimes goes with his family to enjoy the quiet.

We were there once before with Salima van Braam, who goes there every summer with some of her Amsterdam mureeds. This time our memory lets us down. Soon we realize that we are lost. We have no problem with this because we are wandering along undulating slopes in enchantingly beautiful forests. Momentarily we can't find our wayback. Making our way through the undergrowth

we eventually come out on a narrow and winding trail. Silence rules supreme, with not a soul in sight. I begin to suspect that we are in the military zone of the Parisian fortification ring. After some time my suspicion is vindicated. As we find a way out of these impenetrable forests, guided by the sound of automobiles, we pass a barbed wire fence with a sign at its exit: "Strictly off limits."

We follow the road and suddenly encounter a small restaurant idyllically located on a small pond surrounded by splendid copses of trees. We sit down to rest under one of the pergolas. I go to inquire if a taxi can be ordered. This turns out to be possible and as it is only 2:00 PM, we still have a couple of hours before we must return. We are the only guests and have this pleasure garden all to ourselves.

We consume our lunch packets and wander around a little. Upon our return my wife takes out her omnipresent sketchbook and is soon absorbed in drawing. I myself recall that some time ago I read about a remarkable chess game in the *Handelsblad*, in which Alekhine had suddenly and surprisingly taken the advantage with an unknown opening variation. Following a report of the moves, without explanatory analysis, I had not been able to fathom the point of the actual winning combination. When I set out on my journey on Thursday I took the latest chess magazine with me, in which I re-encountered this same match in annotated form. But my thoughts on the night train were too much occupied by other things to follow the detailed analysis.

Still this match will not let me go. Of all those I have met in my life, Alekhine is the one who is rightly called a true genius, both in mental powers and behaviour.²⁸⁷ In truth, none of the living chess masters comes close to him in imagination and creativity. I search for his pocket chess set,²⁸⁸ my inseparable travelling companion on the farthest and most monotonous journeys, and after having twice struggled my way through the razor-sharp analysis by Dr. Max Euwe,²⁸⁹ I taste the satisfaction of at last having fully understood the deeply considered combinations. And I remember a sentence from the *Eastern Rose Garden*, in which Murshid says: "The scholarly soul that wishes to master and understand things, is happy and joyful when he understands them."²⁹⁰

When I awake from my concentration on the fascinating beauties of the game of chess, I see that my wife is standing at the garden gate, absorbed in sketching a young foal that, inquisitive and playful, trots back and forth and from time to time rubs its nose against her shoulders, while a beautiful mare looks on calmly. I know that I must not break the magic of the moment, because only here is she truly in her element: in the country and alone with the animals that she tends to understand as if they were human. At a very early age she already showed a remarkable aptitude for drawing. Later she developed it into a special competence in the rendering of animals, from the cruel expression of the Bengal

tiger to the witty aspect of a monkey and the fierce tautness of the pelican. But this talent has found its finest manifestation in the sketching of very young animals; the touching innocence of a small deer, the awkward trust of a young foal. Very calmly she can spend hours on end, commencing one study after another, until the fine lines at last capture the inner being of these budding lives. And then the words from *Gayan* come to mind: "True art does not take man away from nature; on the contrary, it brings him closer to her."²⁹¹

When the taxi has brought us back to the Mureeds' House, I see that diverse [mureeds] are already on their way to the Samadhi Silence. For a instant I reflect on the path on which I intend to set out this night. Then I feel completely calm and self-assured and in the slow rhythm with which we are accustomed to make our way to Sufi gatherings, I cover the short distance to the Lecture Hall.

Many are already out in the garden, waiting quietly, seated on the grass or on benches. This time I do not want to be one of the last. I therefore pick a still empty chair that leans against the Lecture Hall and sit there in the benevolent late afternoon sun. The entire mood is of a kind to make one meditative. The thought that Murshid has already been preparing for a long time for the coming Samadhi Silence, and does so for us, does not fail to leave an impression.

One more time I recall the developments of the last years and this last summer, and again I see the purpose of this evening and the potential meaning of this last Samadhi Silence clearly before my eyes. Then, when I am fully prepared and the room has not yet been opened, I give my thoughts free rein. And I think of what occurs in *Van Zantens glückliche Zeit*, and about the author, who for a long time remains completely isolated on an isolated volcanic island in the Pacific Ocean, surrounded by the strangely primitive life of its inhabitants and the greatness of impenetrable forests and inaccessible mountain tops. Once, after spending hours lying on the beach listening to the breaking of the waves on the dark coral reefs, he sums up his impressions of the tropical night with the words: "Finally I dozed off under His starry sky that promises nothing and offers everything."²⁹²

Is that not precisely what happened to me with Sufism? When Murshid asked me to join him two years ago, he merely indicated that if I were to become a member of the Sufi Movement, this would do me good. There was no question of some explicit expectation, even less of a promise or pledge. There were no hints of what was to come. And now I begin to understand a little of what is found in Murshid's *Rose Garden*.

No matter how much is said about it, it still can't be expressed. At first a person is amazed and asks himself whether to believe it or not. That is why in the East, initiates never talk about their spiritual

experiences. They only tell their pupils what to do and to practice it over the years. That will make it clear to you.²⁹³

A little later the doors of the hall at last open slowly and silently. As I remain seated to give some of my elders an opportunity to go in before me, I am suddenly witness to a poignant incident. From the gloaming which has already settled under the apricot trees, a dark figure emerges and, with light, slow and completely inaudible steps, approaches the door of the Hall. Even now this figure seems to be maintaining a measure of motionlessness thanks to her intense concentration. It is Murshida Goodenough. At the same moment I see Murshida Fazal Mai rise. She has been sitting next to me against the outer wall of the Hall. Almost simultaneously they approach to within a few steps of the door.

Then they see each other. Both stop at the same time and each wants to give the other the right of way. Murshida Goodenough is now truly motionless. She only lowers her head for an instant as a sign of respect for Fazal Mai, who is so close to Murshid in her unflinching dedication to his children and his life's work. Murshida Fazal Mai instead radiates her ever-present friendliness. A courteous smile invites the other to go first. Even in this solemn atmosphere she shows some of the joyful expectancy that could characterize a village girl on her way to Holy Communion. Immobile, totally determined, Murshida Goodenough bows her head just a little farther to indicate that she wants to give priority to the older mureed.

Meanwhile several others have approached and calmly watch this spectacle with me. Now that Murshida Fazal Mai sees this, she smiles amiably and a little shyly, but with an almost childlike gesture she excuses herself as it were, for the delay that she has caused. Then she with whom Murshid meets several times a day, happily and cheerfully joins this gathering from which she still expects new blessings and inspiration. Now Murshida Goodenough follows her example. It enters my mind for an instant that without these two mureeds, the Summer School could never have become what it means for us all.

And, immediately continuing this train of thought, I see the approach of the Sirkar van Stolk, without whose great trust and constant perseverance the Summer School could never have come to function as perfectly in every way as it has in this memorable summer of 1926. Spiritually ripened by his months-long peregrinations through the wild Arizona desert and having recovered from a lengthy illness under the healing influence of Murshid, whom he accompanied on in his extended travels, he then took on the organization of the Summer School, which scarcely anyone else under the circumstances could have managed so completely in the spirit of Murshid, with no sacrifice ever too great for him.²⁹⁴

Equipped with something of the brilliance of his remarkable father, C.A.P. van Stolk;²⁹⁵ blessed with the great sociability of his mother; and repeatedly supported and inspired by his sister, whom Murshid has named Bhakti,²⁹⁶ the dedicated one, Sirkar was able to invest, year after year, his will power and trust, as well as all his devotion to Murshid, in the apparently impossible task of creating a worldly form for an Eastern spiritual centre in Western civilization.

He achieved this with a never failing sense of duty, of a kind reflected in these words in Ibsen's *Brand*:²⁹⁷

A man with a firm goal,
Heads unwavering on difficult roads,
Even when the sea lies in between.

It is perhaps symbolic that I am the one tonight who follows him as, erect and with slow tread, he approaches the Lecture Hall. Because without doubt Sirkar must have belonged to the ones that Murshid had in mind when he gave my life direction with the words: "Remember that you will always be of help to your fellow mureeds." This night Sirkar and I are seated side by side in Murshid's proximity; such moments simply know of no accidents.

After the hall has been closed and one mureed after another begins to move in the direction of the podium, it occurs to me that the time interval seems to be longer than at the previous Samadhi Silences. When I arrive on the podium myself, and for an instant command a view of the crepuscular room, I see the explanation; far fewer mureeds than usual are in attendance this evening. This increases my hope that Murshid will also be able to grant me more time, giving me an even better opportunity to pursue my intentions. And it also convinces me that I need in any case not rush, but that I should calmly wait and see if what I have envisaged will come to pass.

A little later, when I am in the presence of Murshid on this last evening and have opened my eyes, I almost at once recover the familiar feeling of the last time. Still, I again feel, and now more consciously, the powerful influence that permeates me and I at once understand how wrong it would be not to receive it in complete passivity. But then the experiences of the last weeks come back to me so strongly that I again remember that Murshid once said that life in an "opportunity." I sense that I should not risk letting this occasion pass me by, and at that same moment I have already begun to give expression to my irresistible inner urge.

After exhaling a little longer, I take a deep breath while concentrating my thoughts on what I have to say. And then I attempt to use my eyes to express my joy and gratitude for all that Sufism has come to mean to me over these years, and

for how, in addition, as an altogether undeserved and unexpected good fortune, I have been able to attend these unforgettable Samadhi Silences. And as I have been allowed to receive all, so much that I will never be able to reciprocate, I wish to use this evening, the last moments of our togetherness, now that my needs have been fully met, to express my indescribable feelings of gratitude.

Initially Murshid sits before me, motionless and inscrutable. Then suddenly something happens that may well be considered entirely comprehensible and very natural by the more deeply initiated, but that for me will remain the greatest wonder that I experienced in Sufism. Hardly have I directed my thoughts of everything I have to say to Murshid, and to express them through my eyes, and Murshid undergoes a gradual and unmistakable transformation. The intensity with which he at first directed his thoughts at me, begins to decrease slowly and changes into a quiet expression of sympathetic attentiveness and absorption.

And a great wave of satisfaction and gratitude comes over me. I have the feeling that I am fully understood. This gives me the courage to repeat my thoughts that I had really come that night only as closure to all the blessings that I had been allowed to experience; not to ask for more but entirely to give thanks for what Murshid had given me since we were first together. And I still see Murshid before me as a trusted friend with whom I wished to share my joy concerning unexpected and undeserved happiness.

Then at last I have the feeling that I have said all I have come to say. And because I have already asked so much of Murshid's time, I expect that he will now bring our meeting to a close. But Murshid remains motionless even now, completely enveloped in deep peace, and I think I understand him.

And then, before closing his eyes, Murshid sends me a long look of farewell. Little do I suspect at this moment that it is a genuine farewell, a farewell until a reunion in a better world.²⁹⁸

PART FIVE

5 February 1927

Dedicated to Salima van Braam

I believe I shall do well in these *Recollections* to mention something about the days in February of 1927, when news of Murshid's departure reached us from India. They are the first days of the month. At the modest Amsterdam Centre of the small Dutch Sufi Movement, work proceeds almost unnoticed by the outside world, but it does so with the regularity of clockwork.

Every Sunday morning at eleven, Salima van Braam conducts Universal Worship in the small room of the Women's Club.²⁹⁹ From time to time she is assisted by one of the Cherags from outside Amsterdam who replaces her when she preaches elsewhere. The number of participants varies between ten and twenty. Almost never does anything unusual happen, but Salima still runs each Service, Sunday after Sunday, with the same dedication, calm and dignity. They who believe do not hasten. Of the many spiritual movements established in Amsterdam (in addition to its sixty authorized religious congregations), we are undoubtedly the smallest.

At the request of Salima, who consulted Murshid about this after his visit to our home on the Johannes Verhulststraat,³⁰⁰ we have since 1924 received the mureeds every Thursday evening in our front room to give Salima the opportunity to run both her mureed classes, at 9:00 and 10:00 P.M. Beforehand we gather in our drawing room for greetings and tea. Often Salima has lunch with us that day. She then has ample time to prepare herself for her duties. In this way we attend both mureed classes, each with around nine participants.

The mood is quiet and solemn. For all of us these evenings are a source of refreshment and illumination, and often also of comfort, in our curiously and needlessly complicated Western lives. On these evenings something lives of the eternal beauty that we all in fact crave. For the mureeds, most of whom have to cover substantial distances on the winter evenings, these classes are often high points in their frequently monotonous daily existence. Together we enjoy the incalculable advantages of a very small but very harmonious circle, where something slowly germinates that is destined to take on a greater form in the future. The figure of Murshid, whose teachings are pronounced here, is always the fixed axis at the centre of all else.

People always listen quietly and respectfully as Salima reads from Murshid's writings. Many begin to tell friends and family about the wonderful things they experience. For others the Universal Worship is the revelation that they have sought elsewhere. Still others find it in the Healing gatherings, where they become deeply impressed by the contribution they can make to the healing

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of beloved relatives and, in addition, to the dissemination of a general sense of harmony and peace.

Murshid's books, partly in English, partly in Dutch translation (including Margaretha Meyboom's matchless rendering of *The Inner Life*), are beginning to find a readership. The questions asked at the conclusion of the public addresses, which are convened once a month if possible, repeatedly attest to an acute interest in the topics treated, no matter how unfamiliar Murshid's ideas may be to Western thinking. We see several participants return repeatedly. From time to time someone seeks out personal contact with Salima, and then we have usually gained a mureed. And the knowledge that all this proceeds from a living personality, who has repeatedly visited Holland and is likely to return, creates a very special expectation and hope for many that they may yet hear Murshid pronounce his own teachings.

Several articles on Sufism in the popular Haagse Post have created interest in wider circles.³⁰¹ This winter has also brought unmistakable growth along a broad front for our small Centre in Amsterdam. Salima is now repeatedly assisted at the church services by Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans, the previous Leader of the Centre, Moenie Kramer and Mary de Haan, who became Cheraga in Suresnes this past summer. Once in a while our National Representative, Sirdar van Tuyll van Serooskerken, visits from outside Amsterdam. We also see Shanavaz van Spengler from The Hague and Yussouf and Zulaikha van Ingen from time to time.

The public lectures which, like Universal Worship, are now announced by a two-line advertisement in the newspapers, draw more and more participants. In addition to Fatimah's home, the Healing is now also conducted by the Dallinga family in their residence.³⁰² Slowly the Thursday-evening mureed's classes attract more participants, sometimes from outside Amsterdam, including Shireen Kerbert from Amersfoort.

Once a month Sirdar runs a Shaikh class in our home. When all the mureeds are assembled, the space hardly suffices. More and more pillows have to be placed on the floor to fill the last open spaces with younger mureeds. These are unforgettable evenings. Sirdar can have a most inspiring effect on his listeners when he is so disposed.³⁰³ Usually he has dinner with us beforehand. This is a double pleasure for us in view of the generous hospitality that I often enjoy in his home at 78 Anna Paulownastraat in The Hague. His cordial and unaffected attitude to life and his veneration for Murshid, about whom he has hundreds of stories, turn such evenings into a kind of re-creation of what we have experienced in our Suresnes summers.

We are beginning to long for our next Summer School. It is already early February. On the calendar we look forward to Easter and Pentecost, to the spring.

It is around that time that the circulars concerning the Summer School normally arrive. Given the popularity of the session of 1926, it will be wise to reserve well in advance if we want to occupy for a significant time our beloved room in the Mureeds' House, where we live in such proximity to Murshid's home and the Sufi garden on the Rue de la Tuilerie. With the first stone for the Sufi Temple laid on 13 September 1926, the plans for construction will probably proceed this summer.³⁰⁴ Everything suggests that the coming Summer School will surpass all previous ones.

We have heard very little about Murshid's journey to India. A few of the leaders have received a short note from him, typed on the portable typewriter of Kismet Stam, who is travelling with Murshid to make all arrangements for him. We do hear that Murshid is welcomed everywhere with great interest, that he has made contact with a few prominent Sufis and that he is repeatedly being invited to lecture. An important part of the journey must already be over, as Murshid is expected at the Geneva Headquarters of the Sufi Movement in May.³⁰⁵

I often think of Murshid during my evening meditations, imagining how he must feel now that he is at last seeing India once more, as respite from the overwhelmingly hectic Summer School of 1926. Time and again I experience the marvellous atmosphere of peace and harmony that thoughts of Murshid always evoke in me. Especially on evenings with a waxing moon, the symbol for prophets, I experience this atmosphere particularly strongly.³⁰⁶ Everything is still slowly germinating within me. When I meet Murshid once more this summer, I will be able to travel still further. Time flies in these years and before I know it, I will once more be heading to Suresnes to see Murshid.

With the first days of February, I experience something inexplicable. It is as if there is a measure of interference in the atmosphere that I normally do not experience on other evenings. Suddenly I have trouble forming an image of Murshid in India. Later I hear that several mureeds had more or less the same experience. After a few evenings I put it out of my mind.

Then, one evening, I am suddenly phoned by Manohary Voûte. Her voice sound different than usual as she asks me if a gathering of all mureeds can be arranged for the following evening. Sirdar van Tuyl will come in person, he urgently awaits a reply. I gladly accede to her request and ask with interest for the reason. Now I notice more clearly that Manohary has difficulty speaking. She replies that she can scarcely tell me, but that Sirdar has received very bad news from India, about which he will speak. She repeats the words, "very bad news." Even more than the tone of her voice, the words themselves frighten me. Though I probably should know better, I ask if the news could concern Murshid. She is evasive. Sirdar himself will communicate the bad news. More than that she cannot say.

But a little later the telephone transmits the desperate voice of Moenie Kramer.³⁰⁷ She who owes the life of her youngest son entirely to a miraculous healing by Murshid that baffled medical specialists of the day,³⁰⁸ is totally destroyed. Immediately after the message from Manohary Voûte,³⁰⁹ she has phoned Sirdar in The Hague and learned that the totally unimaginable has in fact come to pass.

Half-dumbfounded, my thoughts go out to Moenie and Piet Kramer. For the latter this is a double blow. The past summer he frequently attended discussions with the Temple Committee to help realize a dream to begin construction of the Sufi Temple in Suresnes. Piet Kramer is to be the architect. He has repeatedly discussed his designs, which are now virtually complete, with Murshid. Not only could this temple become the architect's greatest masterpiece, with which his name would be connected for eternity, but he would also be able to create a work in which his predominantly Eastern imagination could triumph without being frustrated by Western considerations.³¹⁰ What, if anything, is to come of this project?³¹¹

That same evening Lucie drops in on us. The developments are equally bewildering for my sister-in-law and my wife. Housemates while studying in Amsterdam, they have both continually looked for the deeper meaning of life, and for beauty and harmony. They found the culmination of this search in Sufism. Coming to know Murshid was the great revelation of both their lives. Now, suddenly, this period has come to an end. Then, after an exchange of first feelings and impressions, the conversation leads naturally to Salima. How will someone who has truly arranged every moment of her life around the Sufi work, be able to get over this? Tomorrow night we will see her along with the others, but how things will have changed!

The next day I have to travel, so that there is little opportunity for reflection. And right after dinner, we have to figure out just how we can receive everyone all at once. One by one the mureeds enter; some do not yet know the sad occasion for this unexpected meeting. But the reaction is always the same. How can this be? And when, having become more pensive, I ask myself why no one appears to have entertained the possibility of Murshid's early demise, I come up with the following.

For many whom I met both inside and outside Sufism, Murshid was a figure of whom one tends to think of as one does of personalities such as Tolstoy and Rabindranath,³¹² whom we generally know only from portraits that show them at a relatively advanced age, when they had reached a state of patriarchal dignity. Tagore, though significantly older than Murshid, is still alive. People think of it as a kind of natural law that such venerable figures continue to rise in importance for the great masses, which silently accept them as belonging to a select few who may be counted among the spiritual leaders of mankind.

It is a very sad moment when Salima enters. Silent, pale and profoundly afflicted, she is a shadow of her former interested, sympathetic and amiable self. We exchange a handshake. She embraces my wife in inexpressible grief. And every time new mureeds come in, their greeting of Salima is moving to see.

Then Sirdar arrives. As he is accompanied by Piet and Moenie Kramer and their daughter Ellen,³¹³ the reciprocal greetings create just a hint of levity that momentarily breaks the oppressive tension. Sirdar's appearance leaves us in no doubt about the grief and dismay that have taken hold in him. His ruddy face is deeply etched. It seems as if his hair has turned more grey since his last visit. When he is alone with me in the small room in which he puts on his yellow robe, a personal gift from Murshid to a few chosen mureeds, we are both overcome by emotion for an instant. I lay my hand on his shoulder. His body is convulsed by a contained sob. I observe him with some concern. Familiar as I am with his noble but by no means stable nature, I ask myself how he will find his way in life without Murshid, who always brought out the best in him, and without the support that had given a deeper meaning to his life the last several years.³¹⁴

And thinking back to Murshid's 1924 visit, I recall that he gave his interviews in this same small room. Then I ask after Saida. It turns out that she is receiving several Hague mureeds this evening, ones who were unable to attend yesterday's gathering at which Sirdar announced the sad tidings to his own circle of mureeds. Then we are told that everyone who is expected is now present, so that we both go in. In the meantime Manohary and Gawery Voûte;³¹⁵ the old Mr. Dallinga with wife, son and daughter-in-law; Azmat Faber; Willy Jansen; Mary de Haan; Lucie; *ingenieur* den Boesters and *ingenieur* J. Wildschut have arrived.³¹⁶ On 13 September 1926, the latter made the film of the laying of the first stone for the Suresnes Temple. How many expectations did that day awaken, and how many of them will be realized in the distant future?³¹⁷

Sirdar greets the assembly with a silent nod of the head. Then he begins the Silence which, as usual, he drags out.³¹⁸ All that time complete silence rules in the room; we have long ago removed the clock to prevent its slow, emphatic ticking from having a disturbing effect. My thoughts go out to India, where friends and relatives mourn with us! What an elevated and incredibly rich life has come to an end there, after so many years of staunch dedication and spirit of sacrifice, too great, it now appears, for human endurance. May we all arrive at the conviction that what has come to pass is for the better, so that we may be resigned to the inevitable.

When Sirdar at last brings the Silence to an end, he begins with a short description of Murshid's life and tells us that he left for India this winter in part in the silent hope of finding in his native land a cure for an illness that had been sapping his strength for years. In India Murshid had until very recently met

numerous important people and the entire journey had exceeded his expectations. This much had been communicated in writing. Yesterday Sirdar's family had received news by telegraph of the dreaded tidings.

At that point Sirdar is almost overcome by emotion. Soon, however, he regains control. Then follow moments of a kind that I have only experienced in Sufism. For when Sirdar continues to talk about Murshid and his life, I sense how Murshid's inspiration still lives in him from beyond the boundary between life and death. He speaks about Murshid's unity with nature; how, as a youth he went on long journeys through the mountain ranges of India, all alone amidst the immensely grand beauty of the highest mountain tops of the world. Then he recounted how once, walking with Murshid in a forest, the latter had stopped him saying: "See how these trees all fulfil their function in creation; silent, immovable, they raise their branches to the skies in exaltation."³¹⁹ And then he teaches us a meditation, given to him by Murshid, which we can apply as we walk in the comforting rays of the sun, to the rhythm of our breathing, pronouncing or thinking the words: "May the sun of your bliss shine in my heart."

Then he begins to tell about Murshid's music. He and Saida are among the few individuals in Holland who have heard Murshid sing and play his beloved vina, the string instrument that he used to accompany himself. Sirdar tells how Murshid himself achieved rapture by reproducing the celestial inspiration that came over him while making music, and how this left a strong impression on his listeners in America who, no matter how hard and materialistic they seemed, still showed a deep preference for the expression of higher spiritual values.

With mounting emotion I watch Sirdar lose himself completely in his reconstruction of Murshid's immensely versatile personality. In no way does Sirdar allude to what he has done for Murshid in return; all the difficult pioneering work in a critical and often antagonistic world and the generous and wholehearted hospitality that he so often extended to Murshid.³²⁰ At moments like these, when he is truly inspired, I have the greatest admiration for Sirdar. Motionless, breathlessly fascinated, we all listen. And Sirdar goes on, drawing on his inexhaustible store of memories.

Seated on one of the pillows in the corner next to the projecting chimney-piece, I can observe the mureeds from the side, as they sit and listen intently. What an evening this has become! Murshid's influence lives in us more strongly than ever, and the inspired description by Sirdar has already expelled much of the initial despondency. There can be little doubt that many of those here assembled will continue to spread Sufi ideas even in the absence of their great spiritual leader.

Time and again Sirdar looks in his briefcase for fragments from Murshid's teachings, which he then develops and explains with a dedication and piety

which, on an evening like this, mark him as a true disciple. We shall never forget how he carries out his task under these difficult circumstances. At last we are disturbed because the bell is rung by the taxi driver who is to take Sirdar to the last train. Salima will ride with him, to transfer in Haarlem to the last train for Bloemendaal. At her departure she remains ever so quiet and pale. Her face is like a mask. We are deeply concerned for her as we watch her leave.

The following Sunday my wife still can't bring herself to attend Universal Worship, so I go alone. I go early to the room where Salima stays before she begins the service, to greet her for a moment. I ask myself if she will have found the strength to conduct a service under these circumstance. When I enter, my anxiety turns out to have been realistic. Only Mary de Haan is present. It turns out that Salima has asked her to take her place. This too gives me cause for concern, as Mary has never conducted an entire service on her own. During the proceedings my doubts soon evaporate, however. The service unfolds without a hint of hesitation, totally under control and in balance. The audience can hardly have noticed or suspected anything of what has happened behind the scenes. Murshid's Cherag class, which Mary attended last summer in Suresnes, appears to have awakened in her everything that could be asked for in the conduct of a beautiful and worthy church service.

At the conclusion we and a few others gather in the Cherag's room. We are all concerned about Salima, for whom this must be a nearly unbearable day. How will she ever be able to recover her old resilience and joyfulness? But upon coming home the next evening, I learn from my wife that Salima has phoned to ask that the mureed's classes be convened on Thursday at the usual time in our home. She has asked to be allowed to come dine, as there is something she wishes to show to us. Her voice sounded decidedly more hopeful when she said this. We ask ourselves what can have happened.

Thursday afternoon the question is answered. After Salima has come in and greeted us, she produces an envelope. Not without surprise I see an Indian stamp and almost at once I recognize the letter type of Kismet's typewriter on the address. It is a letter from Murshid. For an instant Salima looks at us with an expression of joyful emotion. Then she carefully unfolds the enclosed letter, which turns out to contain a few rose petals. At once I recognize the signature of Pir-o-Murshid. The letter, which is dated 15 January 1927, begins with the words: My blessed Salima! Murshid then asks how Salima is doing, after which he announces that he has visited the grave of a Sufi Saint³²¹ and that he has collected a few roses from the abundance of flowers and enclosed a few rose petals. At the close of the letter, Murshid sends Salima his blessings.

When we have read and reread this missive, Salima begins to explain, hardly able to contain her emotions. The past Sunday, when she could not muster

the strength to conduct the church service, had been an almost insurmountable ordeal for her. The next dark February morning had been so depressing that she had left home with the feeling that her life was threatening to become pointless, so that she even asked herself what she was to do and if she could still find the strength to continue with her life's work for Murshid. Returning home she had found this letter on her table, an answer, as it were, to her doubts. The pre-departure message from Murshid at this moment of her life; the rose petals gathered by him from the grave of the Sufi Master; the thought that Murshid anticipated her difficulties well in advance, it had all suddenly freed her from her despondency and made her decide to resume at once the life's work on which she had embarked.

Again we experience one of those remarkable moments that only Sufism can grant us. Once more we read the letter together, again surprised and gladdened by this so happy turn of events after the deep melancholy of the past days. And that evening Salima recommences the task that has become holy for her, filled with fresh inspiration and new courage to live.

Katwijk

Katwijk aan Zee, the quiet fishing village on the North Sea, with its picturesque white tower visible from far and wide, occupies a very unusual place in Western Sufism. This is where Pir-o-Murshid stayed in 1922 with his first few followers,³²² and those who were privileged to be part of this rare gathering speak of it as a time of bliss and revelation.

Every day they were with Murshid, every day they each had a precious interview that could last for half an hour if need be. With Murshid they enjoyed their meals, relaxed on the beach or wandered in the dunes. The powerful atmosphere of the expansive sea and the charms of the fragrant dune landscapes in late summer heightened the impact of the unforgettable impressions that they experienced from day to day.

On one of these hikes through the dunes with two of his followers,³²³ Murshid is said to have suddenly begun walking faster and faster, in contrast to his regular habit of moving only slowly and with dignity. His companions could scarcely keep up with him and repeatedly asked him, in vain, where he was heading. Murshid continued with rapid steps, up and down dunes, until he arrived at a high dune top located about two kilometres to the south of Katwijk aan Zee. He looked around, descended into a bordering dune valley, remained there for some time, again mounted the dune and then declared to his companions that this spot had been indicated to him as the destination for future annual pilgrimages of his followers, where his blessed influence would always be perceptible to them.³²⁴

I wish to communicate what I myself experienced in Katwijk aan Zee on one of these visits to that quiet place in the dunes.

It is early June of 1928. Sirdar phoned yesterday to inform me that tomorrow evening, weather permitting, he hopes to go to Katwijk with a number of Hague mureeds and asked me if I might care to join them. He names the lunch room where we are to gather just after six. As it is early June and daylight-saving time yields an hour more than standard time, that will give us a very long evening indeed.

I have tentatively indicated that I will be pleased to come. Should I not be present at the appointed hour, they are to proceed without me. Upon consulting my railway guide, however, I discover that I can combine an evening in Katwijk with a late afternoon visit to Haarlem and still be just in time. After this visit has been arranged by phone and I am therefore certain that I can go on the expedition, another, quite different problem arises. Sirdar recently told me that anyone who visits Katwijk and, lost in meditation, makes a wish related to the direction of his future spiritual growth, will be granted previously lacking support in his attempts to achieve the object of his desire. And now I face the question, on what course of development will my own wishes and desires take me?

Since my initiation by Murshid I have gained sufficient general experience with the remarkable and inscrutable influences that one can undergo by opening up to everything that can contribute to happiness and harmony for oneself and others. But a very special question applies here. Sufism embraces a conception that differs radically from those of other spiritual directions, namely that the core of spirituality does not reside exclusively in renunciation and sacrifice, but that one's life may be, and even must be, ruled by a pursuit of contentment and joy. As I once heard Murshid say, "Let us never forget that the natural state of man is happiness."

In the evening, after my meditations, I linger a while in the cool summer evening, enjoying the peaceful atmosphere in the soft light of the waxing moon. And then I effortlessly find the solution, in the same way that I have so often surmounted inner conflict over the past several years. I simply imagine that I am with Murshid and discuss the matter with him. When I do this, and truly open up, the answer tends to present itself in way that is as surprising as it is productive.

And now I ask myself the simple question: Which of my character traits do I most want to alter, and which will prove the most resistant to change? Which is the deep-rooted quality which, under the influence of the special atmosphere of a pilgrimage to Katwijk, might perhaps be encouraged to evolve in a positive and more harmonious direction for me and my environment. Now that I have posed this question in this way, as if I were discussing it with Murshid to learn his opinion, I also know intuitively that the answer will come in due time, even if I do not yet have the faintest notion of what form it will take.

The delicious summer evening once more entices me to my balcony. The scent of honeysuckle rises from the garden below. It is as if something prevents me from going to bed for now. Something tells me I should hold off tonight. With apparent aimlessness I stand in the moonlight before the small bookcase with my favourites. A number of books stare at me. As if by inner compulsion I reach for a volume by Goethe, whose elevated thoughts have often inspired me. I turn on the light and leaf through the booklet.

Suddenly, amidst the *Elegies*, which I have read so often that I have committed them to memory, I rediscover the splendid lines with their stately rhythm:

If strength and a free, courageous nature enhance a man,
A deep secret certainly adorns him even more.
Conqueror of cities, you Silence! Queen of nations!³²⁵

At that same moment I already know that I have received the answer to my question: Silence!

And indeed! How much needless discord have I sewn by my precipitate reactions, by not cautiously waiting out the viewpoint of the other party. Also, how often have I not stood in my own way because my ill-considered actions wasted opportunities that might have been created by a more thoughtful and mature response. How much more valuable could I not be in my relations to others and, inversely, how much more valuable would I be in the pursuit of my profession if I were to observe silence, again and again, no matter how often I might trip because I had fooled myself into thinking that enthusiasm is a splendid quality and that spontaneous sincerity surpasses everything!

Did I not receive my first warning when reading Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, in which the author speaks of the very worst kind of "troublemaker" in connection with that category of rash individuals who take great pride upon discovering faults in others, to "ram these down their throats with great efficiency." And even if it would be exaggerated and wrong to castigate myself too severely with this shortcoming, it remains undeniable that I must grasp with both hands any opportunity to make my life correspond to what Goethe painted so tellingly in a few lines.

Here again Sufism has brought me an answer to one of those problems in life that I was never able to solve over all the years.³²⁶ Now that I know the direction, I can at least persevere in my pursuit of what I know to be the solution. And tomorrow in Katwijk I will know where my wish and yearning will take me.

Then from *The Inner Life*, my most beloved Sufi booklet, I take out a portrait of Murshid, of which, for a long time, I had the only copy. He is a three-quarter view of his head, with the eyes raised slightly to one side. Murshid's

expression reminds me of a father who is seeing the lives of his children pass before his eyes, with much reason for great, even inexpressible gratitude and also with an occasional memory of cares sustained, but with an overall grateful feeling that everything has been for the better. The portrait breathes something of great rest and deep trust as well as of complete resignation.

Until recently no one else knew of the existence of this portrait; it was my secret. When in 1924 I attended Murshid's lecture in Sirdar's home, I saw two exceptionally beautiful photographs. It turned out that these had been taken several days before, and that they had been obtained via the book dealer Servire. When I arrived there the following day, a saleslady told me that only the ordered copies had been printed and that a special back order for me was not possible, as the sale to private parties was prohibited except by way of the Sufi Movement. But she added that six proofs had been taken of which three were successful. Ultimately prints of only two of the three had been ordered because costs were running too high. The third proof, with "rejected" pencilled on it, was still with Servire. When this proof was brought out for me, I felt that it showed an aspect of Murshid that I had not seen before in any other photo. It emanated such complete repose and maturity that these were spontaneously communicated to me.³²⁷

I hesitated for a moment; should a photo be preserved that is marked "rejected"? The saleslady, noting my hesitation, assumed that price was an obstacle and wanting to meet me half way, proposed that I could have this copy, which would otherwise be destroyed, for one guilder. The arrival of other customers forced my hand. I put down the guilder, took the photograph and stored it safely in my home in Amsterdam.

Two years later, reviewing old Sufi memories with Moenie Kramer, the photo showed up. She gave a cry of surprise: "This is my Murshid! I have never seen a portrait," she continued, "that so completely captures the man I knew." Then I explained the provenance and my hesitation. Her reaction took me by surprise. She dug up a piece of eraser from her purse and, before I had time to think, the already faded "rejected" had entirely disappeared.

"Right!" she said triumphantly, "now the photo is no longer yours. It belongs to both of us!"

I capitulated, laughing.

"And," she added, "do you know what the Koran says? Once a year a believer may commit an act for which he will not be called to account!"³²⁸

"Do you really think that it can have been Murshid's intention that this exceptionally beautiful photograph be lost?"

"Moenie," I said, "you have convinced me; I know what I shall do. I shall have reproductions made and all the Amsterdam mureeds will get one for Christmas."

And looking at the beloved portrait once more, I realize that among the many character traits of Murshid that served as an example for us, there was scarcely one in which he was so consistently proficient in silence. Silence under all circumstances where it might promote harmony. First and foremost, silence in the face of all our shortcomings.

When I board the electric tram in Leiden the next afternoon, I am confident that I will arrive in the Katwijk lunchroom in time to join the others.³²⁹ But a vexing disappointment awaits me. We have to wait endlessly at the Oegstgeest stop, before the tram in the opposite direction appears. Even then it seems to me that the tram creeps down the last stretch. Far from making up for lost time, it arrives very late.

I am already counting on a wasted evening, seeing that I can't hope to locate the hallowed spot on my own and that the others have probably already left without me. Then, to my joy, I see Sirdar at the last stop, patiently waiting for me. Saida has already left with the others, but he has walked to the tram to fetch me. Even if I am a bit late, that is no problem. He could not let me come for nothing.

On this late afternoon of this splendid summer, we walk slowly southward down the boulevard by the beach. It is not long before we pass the house where the Dutch mureeds used to meet with Murshid. The room in which the meals were served is on the ground floor, with open windows looking out on the beach and sea.³³⁰ When we are about to descend the wide wooden stairs to the beach, Sirdar halts for a moment. This is the spot where, on days that the small fishing fleet comes in, the men gather for long conversations, puffing their pipes while looking out on the sea and the passing ships. Sirdar tells me that Murshid liked this spot, where he repeatedly lingered to observe the endless horizon and the play of wind and waves. When he encountered the Katwijk fishermen there, it was remarkable how differently they reacted to his approach than to that of anyone else. They had always greeted Murshid with reverence. After the Eastern fashion he responded with a slight but emphatic bow, looking at the men amiably and also nodding to them when leaving.³³¹

Sirdar points out the small group of mureeds walking on the sandbank in the distance. I can make out two tall figures, one of which must be Saida. It has been agreed that they are to wait for us once they have reached the dune behind which lies our common destination. Looking back, my eye falls on the white church of Katwijk, which rises high above the sea behind the row of waterfront houses.

This reminds me that I soon hope to attend the opening of the new Sufi Church which is being constructed next to Sirdar's home at 78 Anna Paulownastraat following plans by Piet Kramer, who was also to have led the construction of the temple in Suresnes.³³² Sirdar has recently requested that I be present at this opening. He is to conduct the service along with Saida, to

which I greatly look forward. No one can open a Universal Worship and light the candles more beautifully than Saida. It is as if her entire attitude reflects her inner devotion.

When I ask Sirdar how the construction is progressing, he gives an enthusiastic description of all sorts of details. I know that no money or effort will have been spared. When Sirdar undertakes something in the right spirit, he is a man of vision. And I recall a story a Theosophist once told me about Sirdar's almost princely generosity. According to my source,³³³ Sirdar contributed large sums to the Theosophist Movement years ago, when he was still an enthusiastic member. And I consider how understandable it is that those for whom he speaks as National Representative and whom he has also personally initiated into the Sufi Order, sympathize with and appreciate a man who is sure to prove a lasting support, no matter what the future may bring.

At a certain moment we have to move aside, as the hoofbeats of a galloping horse sound behind us. Sirdar observes this with intense interest. He is close to horses and Murshid once even predicted that horses would play an important part in his future.³³⁴ Then Sirdar tells me that Murshid at one time used to be a passionate equestrian but that once he had decided to devote himself to his spiritual work as preacher,³³⁵ he gave up equine sports along with many other things.³³⁶

When we reach the spot where the others are waiting in the evening sun, I soon see who the second tall figure is. It is the old Mr. Brevet from The Hague, who became a dedicated Sufi some time ago.³³⁷ As soon as we move on, he collars me to ask my opinion about a business matter that he has raised with me before. After some discussion it becomes apparent that I need to check out additional information that I do not have at my fingertips. We agree that I will soon visit him in The Hague.

He then turns the conversation to Sufism, about which this sprightly old man can talk for hours on end. One could say, in the manner of the Sufi poets, that he has drunk from the wine of Sufism and become enraptured. Now he can't stop talking about it: about the last church service at which Sirdar spoke so beautifully; about a lecture by Zulaikha that converted him to *The Soul, Whence and Whither*; about the windows of Sirdar's church under construction; and finally about his plan to undertake a journey to North Africa, where he hopes to benefit from the climate. I am able to inform him that at Murshid's request, Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans has already gone to North Africa to lay contacts with African Sufis, who appear to exist in significant numbers.³³⁸

In his enthusiasm Mr. Brevet has been walking so rapidly that I have barely been able to keep up with him. Arriving on a high ridge with a splendid view of the sea and the overgrown dunes, I propose to him that we take a rest. Then Sirdar

and Saida join us and I finally have an opportunity to speak to Saida at some leisure. I express my joy at the satisfaction Sirdar gets from the construction of his Sufi church, a symbol of his admiration and veneration for Murshid.

Then, when the conversation turns to our plans for the coming vacation, I ask Saida if she remembers the Hotel Juliana in Valkenburg.³³⁹ She says that she does. She was there a few years ago. I tell her that I, too, stayed there and met her father, Willebeek le Mair of Rotterdam, who was full of praise for his daughter, who at the time was working on the wall paintings of one of the small picturesque churches of Zuid-Limburg.³⁴⁰

He did tell me a lot back then about her success as illustrator of children's books and designer of calendars, with which she had made her name even in America and England. But Saida is much too modest to admit to this and says that fathers usually lack critical insight into the work of their children.³⁴¹ It is pleasant to be able to speak to Saida at leisure. In their home in The Hague, with its many Sufi guests, she is usually overburdened with the duties of a hostess, so that she hardly has a moment to herself. It is in her art that she finds a haven of rest on occasion.

When the others appear, we spend a few moments enjoying the splendid June evening light on the sea and dunes. Then we cover the short distance to the area specified by Murshid. Here we all find a place against the slopes of the surrounding dunes. Thinking of the coming twilight, I look for a protected place that will allow me to profit from the warmth of the sun as long as possible. Then we close our eyes and sink away into meditation.

That does not at all mean that I am at once capable of concentrating on the deeper reason behind my presence in this place and on this evening. It is much like what I experience in the Concertgebouw. Repeatedly, during the first few minutes, the music barely gets through to me, while my thoughts pick up where they had left off when they were interrupted by sundry distractions during the past few hours. Murshid described this very precisely in *The Inner Life*, where he says:

The reason for this is that man is used to being active all day. His nerves are all inclined to continue with that activity that is not truly to his benefit, and still it gives him the tendency to go on. And when he sits with closed eyes, the spirit, which has been in action all day long, is rebellious and restless, just like a horse that has completed a long journey. If you expect that horse to stand still, it will be rebellious and restive. It can't stand still because every nerve has been tensed for activity. And so it is also with man.³⁴²

But I know perfectly well that in my case, my inability to concentrate is still due to lack of sufficient practice, and I also know that I can afford to give my thoughts free rein for a while. Sooner or later they will return to their point of departure.

In addition, I am in absolutely no hurry tonight. With one solitary word I asked Sirdar about our expected hour of departure, and I have already understood from his reply that we will remain here for a long time, likely more than an hour. And so I let my thoughts play out after the harried day, during which I rushed both meals on the train, first on the stretch Amsterdam-Haarlem and then Haarlem-Leiden, with my subsequent irritation at the delay of the tram only increasing my unrest. Finally, the discussions of our hike are not half-thought-through and digested.

Here I find a point of connection in Mr. Brevet's announcement of his trip to North Africa, and what I told him about Fatimah's first journey there. And my thoughts take a leap to that remarkable book *Atlantide*,³⁴³ in which a French monk is sent to the heart of North Africa to look for traces of the early Christian colonies that flowered along the lonely caravan routes in the first three or four centuries of our era, only to disappear almost completely. Did the author intend the wild and inaccessible regions that he had to cross — the Tanegrouft desert and the mountain range of Hoggar, which are known as the Land of Thirst and the Land of Fear — as symbols of the trials that a man must surmount to arrive at the austere faith of the early Christianity of the first centuries? And will, thousands of years from now, Sufis head to North Africa to do research on the first Western Sufis who attempted to spread Murshid's teachings there?³⁴⁴

Hardly has this thought arisen in me then it is supplanted by another, somewhat related one. It concerns a dream of one of the mureeds which was repeatedly a topic of discussion in Suresnes this past summer. This dream featured a kind of vision in which, in the middle of a radiant blue sky, an enormous waxing moon appeared. This moon opened up and revealed the outlines of Western Europe and Africa through to India against a dark blue background. Yussouf and Sirkar finally took the matter to Murshida Green. It was thought that this dream, in which Murshid also repeatedly figured, should be interpreted as a kind of vision of those parts of the world where the ideas of Murshid would meet with the greatest response in the future. Taking this as point of departure, the current pioneer work in North Africa could be interpreted as the beginning of a broad dissemination of Western Sufism on the entire continent.³⁴⁵

Presumably because India has its place in the dream, my thoughts wander to a remarkable Indian whom we got to know in Paris, thanks to Murshid. This was a Yogi, who ran an institute in which he practised a distinctive kind of massage treatment that was based on the stimulation of free circulation of the "breath" through the entire body, with "breath" to be understood as "Prana."³⁴⁶

During a temporary absence of Mohammad Ali Khan back then, Murshid had advised several mureeds to seek out this Yogi during their stay at the Summer School. The Yogi had recorded many of his experiences and ideas in a French booklet entitled *La vraie vie*, which, in addition to detailed instructions for his recommended daily physical exercises, contained all sorts of edification, which he repeatedly illustrated with examples drawn from daily life.³⁴⁷

And at this moment, when I am about to start concentrating on the meaning of silence, a bit of the contents of this booklet come to mind. It concerns an incident in which someone in a terrible hurry turns a street corner and crashes into someone else, who has rushed on equally inattentively. Both parties are seriously hurt and both break out into insults and recriminations, even though both caused this painful meeting, which is threatening to come to blows. If you have sufficient practice and self-control at your disposal, the Yogi says, your best course of action is as follows: Take a long, deep breath and count to seven in your mind. You will then observe something remarkable, namely, that your pain is significantly less severe and that you will harbour almost no resentment against your opponent. You may even come to realize, as would not be possible during the first flush of excitement, that you yourself are partly responsible for this imbroglio. It may even begin to understand that it would be better to excuse yourself and go quietly on your way. All this, according to this Yogi, can comfortably take place within a count of seven. But you will usually also experience the near unimaginable, namely that your way of behaviour stirs an unexpected resonance in your opponent. The passivity conveyed by your body and facial expression will involuntarily disarm the other party and it may even happen that he will take up your train of thought and begin to regret his own irascible and insulting behaviour. In some cases, both parties may look at each other for an instant and then decide to continue on their way as soon as possible, which, given the cause of their collision, would be to mutual advantage.

This largely theoretical example has repeatedly served me well in actual practice. In instances in which I had reason to expect that my opponent was about to become aggressive and uncooperative during a discussion, I prepared myself to maintain my self-control by breathing deeply and regularly and remaining silent. The result often corresponded completely with what the Yogi proposes, and my silence often ensured a more harmonious course of the discussion than if I had combatively tried to overpower my opponent. The latter approach usually led to an unresolved conflict which often proved very difficult to iron out later.

Completely applicable to all this are the words of Murshid: "That man will have conquered life who learns to control his tongue in both what he says and does not say."³⁴⁸ Even so, I think I can discern a difference between the approach of a Yogi, who strives incessantly for self-perfection, and a Sufi, who does the

same but with the additional explicit purpose of using the acquired qualities not solely for himself but also and equally for the benefit of others. As Murshid says in *The Inner Life* about those who tread the spiritual path: "Their first moral principle is constantly to avoid hurting someone's feelings."³⁴⁹ And for most of us the observation of silence is without doubt the first and yet so extremely difficult step towards the reaching of these almost completely unattainable heights.

But then I consider that to understand the great importance of silence I need not look exclusively or even primarily at what Eastern wisdom has to teach us. I think of the illuminating example of the great William the Silent, which continues to live on after several centuries.³⁵⁰ And I recall how I was told that during a visit by Murshid to Leiden, when he was told about the heroic months-long struggle of the besieged city, he became aware of our strenuous effort for independence. Murshid asked for a thorough description and was deeply moved when they explained to him the meaning of the words of William the Silent: "One need not hope, to act. Nor succeed, to persevere."³⁵¹ His unshakable faith in a victory that he was not to witness; his perseverance in the face of the most desperate circumstances; his spirit of sacrifice, crowned by a martyr's death at the hands of an assassin, it is all applicable to Murshid's words in his *Gayan*: "No sacrifice is ever too great to be offered in the cause of liberty."³⁵²

Later, when Murshid had discussed the Father of the Fatherland with several mureeds and understood just how important he has remained for many, he declared that William of Orange must have been a "Ghous" a soul who by his influence may bless the future of a whole country until the end of time.³⁵³ Certainly one reason why Murshid's teachings, which are based on spiritual freedom, were relatively well-received in this country, undoubtedly resides in our love of freedom, which our ancestors supported staunchly, generation after generation, in their struggle for liberation and its maintenance.

This resonance must have been so strong for Murshid that he expressed the conviction that one day hundreds of Sufi centres would be established in The Netherlands, where Sufi teachings would be cherished and spread, and where Universal Worship of the Church of All would be conducted every Sunday.³⁵⁴ And, for an instant, I immerse myself in the thought that we are a handful of forerunners of the hosts that will gather in this lonely place in the dunes to experience its blessed influence, which will remain palpable far into the future.

My thoughts still race around the globe and through world history, tenaciously refusing to find a resting place. Like the horse of which Murshid speaks, which, after a long and strenuous ride keeps circling the large field again and again, at ever greater speed, in ever bigger circles, and then stops for an instant before blowing off more steam, my thoughts are momentarily fixed on my goal for the evening, but are suddenly off and away once more.

Then another remarkable example comes to me, Gladstone!³⁵⁵ When someone asked the grizzled statesman, at last withdrawn from public life, what he believed to have been the key to his success, he replied without hesitation that he owed it to a considerable degree to the character traits of his spouse.

A little surprised, the questioners had looked up. No one had ever noticed any influence of hers on Gladstone's political career, nor had they seen her take part in any deliberations. On the contrary, people hardly knew her and considered her to be, especially with respect to politics, a complete nonentity, in marked contrast to many diplomats' wives who, out of ambition, thirst for intrigue, or other motivations had exerted a perceptible influence on the careers of their spouses.

But then Gladstone had explained that from the moment they had married, he had made it a habit to lay out his plans and ideas before his wife, before anyone else got to hear them. When he did this, his wife listened in complete silence; never would she have indicated her approval or disapproval, not even with one word. But for Gladstone this had the incalculable value that he could fully elaborate his vision on all matters of state without fear of anything leaking out. This could easily have been the case had he entrusted his ideas to colleagues or higher civil servants, who could become his political enemies in the future.

And it had repeatedly been remarkable, Gladstone declared, how speaking out loud had made him aware of being on the wrong track, for even if his spouse did not overtly respond, her attitude could reflect a hint of doubt or hesitation that put him on guard. He detailed to his audience a few of the plans that he had forged in the past but that, as he himself later realized, would have been completely inopportune. For many years these plans remained a secret to him and to his spouse. This practice had a second major advantage, namely that the moment given plans had become ripe for action, he could again explain them to her without losing time on a lengthy preamble, because, as he observed time and again, she had completely understood and remembered everything.

And the greatest support that she had given him was that no one in their immediate circle ever had any inkling of the precious secret that joined their two lives all the more closely. Had this been otherwise, had his spouse even in some way alluded to it to someone else, this would have destroyed the shared secret to which the great statesman believed he owed much of his position and influence. One can only deeply respect silence of that kind.

And when my thoughts return to Sufism, I suddenly see before me Murshida Goodenough who, in much the same way and over many years, served as a treasury for Murshid's most secret thoughts about his exalted task, keeping them safe from a hostile outside world. Quiet, silent, apparently unruffled, she found her way as a true disciple for whom nothing existed beyond the task to

which she had dedicated herself, and for which she had renounced all else. Only a few can have understood her, but these few fully observed what is expressed in *Gayan*: "A sincere feeling of respect requires no words; even silence can speak for the respectful attitude of a human being."³⁵⁶ The embodiment of silence, she was irritated by the deferential silence that her mureeds observed in her presence. She will always be remembered among the Murshidas of past and future days as a personality who appears only once in an entire cycle, never to return.

As my thoughts head off in all directions, I suddenly notice that the sun is losing its warmth. Looking around me I note that it is about to disappear behind the western edge of the dune; twilight will soon descend. I was wise to bring my overcoat. Silently I put it on as protection against the chill that always marks this moment of transition by the sea. When I look around me again, I note that the moon has come up from behind the high dune to the southeast. It is a waxing moon, which will be full in a few days. Its strong light will eventually compensate for the falling dusk. I notice that Sirdar has given some thought to the day and hour of this meeting. As it has remained cloudless, we enjoy a double privilege, an introductory interval in the warmth of the sun and a prolonged period of meditation by the light of the waxing moon, which, according to Murshid, has a rare soft magnetism between the first quarter and the full moon. Slowly all sound in the dunes has died down; only a single cry of a gull flying high above can be heard.

Sirdar and I have agreed that at the close of the Silence prayers, I will leave ahead of the others, without saying goodbye, to catch the last train from Leiden to Amsterdam. The Hague mureeds, on the contrary, will have plenty of time to walk together along the beach to the tram.

These long and restless days, with their ever-changing impressions, are another unavoidable part of our complicated Western way of life, which is also extraordinarily fascinating. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that the first part of this Silence was characterized by my persistently wandering thoughts. This is in any case a very common phenomenon; I am by no means the only mureed who, while listening to Sufi lectures or readings of Murshid's writings, is not always completely able to concentrate on their contents. And Murshid, in his typical tolerant manner, is to have said the following about it:

It is undoubtedly preferable if someone can continually pay attention to what he wants to take in at the moment, but there is also another side to this. He who temporarily thinks of something else can be almost certain that his thoughts will eventually return to the subject at hand, and this will as a rule happen when something is of particular personal interest to him. It may, therefore, impress him even more deeply than if he had been paying attention all along.³⁵⁷

Such a notion, without doubt, provides comfort to those who at times lack concentration but are nevertheless struck by isolated passages which may, for that very reason, affect them all the more deeply.

In addition, it is almost unimaginable that someone who stands fully in the centre of Western life should always be able to find the repose that is essential to a contemplative attitude. Murshid characterized Western life as primarily influenced by materialism, if not also by commercialism.³⁵⁸ Moreover, the rapid tempo of technological development, which in a few decades has brought the car, the film, the aeroplane, the radio and numerous other technical miracles, demands constant readjustments to an ever faster rhythm.³⁵⁹ All this promotes a development of our harder and coarser qualities, often under the inescapable demands of self-preservation. The harmonic atmosphere that can be fostered by Sufism offers a measure of balance.

Evenings like this help ensure that a slow and gradual polishing of the rough edges of our being may soften the jarring collisions with our environment. The effect may not be perceptible for a long time, but it will make itself known in the long run. In *The Inner Life* Murshid says the following:

When you embark on your spiritual journey, you are taking a different way, one that is easier, better and more pleasant. Those who do not set out on this road will arrive in any case; the difference lies in the road. The one is easier, smoother, better; the other full of difficulties. And as life will present us with an endless series of obstacles from the moment we open our eyes here on earth, we might as well choose the smooth road to the end at which all souls will eventually arrive.³⁶⁰

For all those who are assembled here tonight, this opens the possibility of choosing the most even road.

Now we are here united in motionless silence, the memory of these hours will continue to live for us through everything we may yet experience. What goes on inside us in these moments can never be communicated because there exist no forms by which it can be expressed. In *The Inner Life* Murshid says:

I was once with a man who was in the habit of meditating, and while we sat at the fire and talked about a lot, he fell silent and I had to wait calmly until he opened his eyes again. Then I asked him: 'Is that not delightful?' And he replied: 'It is an inexhaustible joy.' For those who experience the joy of meditation, nothing in the world is of greater importance or gives greater joy. They experience, the inner peace and joy for which there are no words.³⁶¹

During these unforgettable moments, when evening has begun to fall and the increasing light of the moon turns the entire atmosphere into more and more of a fairy-tale realm, I finally find the rest and peace for which I have come.

Our silhouettes are scarcely visible against the dark vegetation. The only sound we hear is the breaking of the waves on the beach in steady rhythm. Beyond that there is total silence. Above the edge of the dune the evening star still stands, about to disappear behind it. When Sirdar finally closes this rare gathering and we return home, I have the feeling that this evening has given me something that can never be taken away from me and that only few have been privileged to experience.

Murshida Green

Very soon now, if not by Religion, then by Science, man will understand the Unity which lies behind all things and all beings and will see the individual as a bubble in the Ocean of Life. This has not been possible until now, the time for it being not yet.

[Hazrat Inayat Khan]

It can hardly be a coincidence that when Murshida Green gave shape to her wide-ranging thoughts about the Sufi Message in her remarkable booklet *The Wings of the World, or the Sufi Message as I see It*, she presented the above quotation in the “Key-Notes” that precede her text.³⁶² In her brilliant contribution to helping mankind “understand the Unity that lies behind all things and all beings,” which unmistakably reflects her rare versatility, she did not hesitate for an instant to make use of both religion and science to bring her readers closer to the concept of unity.

In Murshida Green a deep religious sensibility coexisted with a brilliant intellect. The latter allowed her to investigate numerous aspects of modern science. She was, moreover, quite aware of her versatility. In the middle of a discussion of religious subjects, as she suddenly shifted to science, she could excuse herself with the words: “You must understand that I am the daughter of a jurist!”³⁶³ But the next moment Murshida Green seemed again completely inspired by the mystical beauty that she had sought out tirelessly all her life and into which she had entered ever more deeply after her conversion to Sufism. This versatility had a strong impact on her unforgettable lectures. Her exceptionally rich and varied imagery combined with her unerring choice of words suggested that everything she said had been prepared in detail in advance, whereas in reality Murshida Green was more likely to improvise.³⁶⁴

She had a rare gift for gauging the precise reaction of her listeners to her words, so that an exchange usually ensued and Murshida Green could in turn be inspired by her audience. It occurred repeatedly that when she appeared to be concluding some subject, she would suddenly begin to elucidate some related aspect, and here, too, it could often be said: "If not by religion then by science." Murshida Green understood the art of constructing a stirring argument, founded on these two pillars of faith and science, which she always managed to keep in harmonious balance before bringing her presentation to a grandiose climax.

But even at such moments one sensed, despite the fascinating form, that her priority was to express something of the essence of what she, as a dedicated disciple of Murshid, had been able to receive from him, orally and in writing, with the intention of passing it on to anyone who was receptive.³⁶⁵ In her later years, Murshida Green displayed an almost burning desire to fulfil this ambition, the consequence being that she approached everyone who was drawn to Murshid and Sufism with an enthusiasm and spontaneity that gave her a special place among the Murshidas of that time.

Unfortunately little of this contribution, which for us helped turn a stay at Suresnes into an endlessly varied time of enchantment, will end up surviving into the future. As Schiller says of the great stage actors: "Posterity braids no wreaths for Thespians." It is no longer really possible to convey to others what it was like to listen to a gifted and inspirational speaker. Whereas the life's work of the poet, writer or composer can live on and exercise manifold influence on later generations, this is not possible with the actor, the singer and the orator. In consolation Schiller adds:

For he who has lived [with] the best of his times,
Has lived for all times.³⁶⁶

But even this is only in part applicable to Murshida Green. Outside the small circle which experienced the dawning of Western Sufism with her, only few can have belonged to her adherents.

Now it could be argued that for Murshida Green, being able to spend so much time in the most immediate circle of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan and to mould so many younger people with her expressive personality, was in itself the pinnacle of her success. Nevertheless, we are left with a melancholic dissatisfaction that we did not yet have the sound film and tape recorder back then to preserve something more of what we experienced when, during her inimitable lectures, she was transported on what she herself called *The Wings of the World*.

The Wings of the World, or the Sufi Message as I see It. With this small work Murshida Green left us something very precious from which we can still gain some impression of her remarkable wealth of ideas as embodied in the syntheses of “Religion and Science.” Here is a single example of the masterful and compelling style of this inspired volume:

As the hut on the slopes of the mountain shelters the climber for the night, until the sunrise sees him leave it for the higher Peak; so do Religions, Creeds or Dogmas, the Church, the Mosque or the Temple; all are but transitory shelters for the soul on its upward journey to the Goal; all necessary at one stage of that journey and in turn becoming a captivity from which soon or later it finds wings to fly.³⁶⁷

Fragment from “The Younger Generation”

(1937-1940)³⁶⁸

In 1924 Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan, the founder of Western Sufism and the Sufi Movement, paid a visit to the author of these recollections. In January of 1940, well after Inayat Khan had died of a sudden illness during a visit to India in 1927, his eldest son Vilayat called on me during a short stay in Holland. On this winter evening, Vilayat and I embarked on a lengthy conversation by the fireside. Vilayat, who lost his father when he was only ten, listened with great interest to descriptions of the latter’s life from 1924 to 1926. One episode led to the following fragment, which has as its maxim a quotation from *Gayan*: “When the cry of the disciple has reached a certain pitch, the arrival of the Master is the answer.”³⁶⁹

It is the winter of 1924. Salima van Braam has just visited me to ask if Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan may spend the next Sunday with us, to give interviews in the afternoon and then conduct a Silence. At the conclusion of the evening Murshid will bless all mureeds.

Murshid shows up with Salima after Universal Worship. We first have a simple lunch. After we have finished, a number of mureeds begin to arrive. The interviews take place one after another and when we have all been with Murshid, the Silence will begin. At that moment the bell rings and an old man, drenched by the rain, comes tottering up our stairs.³⁷⁰ It appears that Salima knows him. He recently attended a lecture about Sufism and got into a debate at its conclusion. It was then that he learned that the Head of the Sufi Movement would soon be in Amsterdam. He attended Universal Worship in the Odd Fellows House this morning.³⁷¹ He has walked for an hour to speak to Inayat Khan in person.

Fragment from "The Younger Generation"

After some hesitation Salima informs Murshid, who is calmly seated in the small front room while awaiting the completion of preparations for the Silence, that someone else has arrived. Through the open door I hear Murshid reply: "Be so kind as to ask the visitor to enter."

But now a complication arises. Our late visitor understands no English, so that an interpreter is needed. Sirdar van Tuyl offers to do the honours, but the old man declines. What he has to say is intended only for Inayat Khan but, if he has no option, he will agree to Salima as interpreter. He resolutely refuses all others. Murshid, Salima and the visitor are now gathered in the front room. The mureeds wait in the back room. I myself remain in the main front room to be able to show the visitor out later. The interview will presumably last only a few minutes.

Hardly has the gentleman asked his first question when it becomes clear that Salima, who is very hard of hearing,³⁷² can barely understand him. He therefore has to speak very loudly to make himself heard. From the recapitulation by Salima, it appears that she has this time understood what he wants to say. Salima translates the question into English, whereupon Murshid replies in English. He, too, must speak very loudly to be understood by Salima. As a consequence, I can hear every word in the silent adjoining room.

When the bell rings again a little later, Moenie Kramer comes up the stairs. She is glad to hear that the Silence has not yet begun. I wish to admit her to the back room but she has become so warm from her rapid walking that she asks if she can rest in the front room for a moment. We go in together and, unavoidably, are able to follow every word of the interview. This is not all that interesting as the man is not in the least satisfied with Murshid's replies. A few times he tells Salima that Inayat Khan does not appear to understand him. Time and again Murshid tries in a friendly way to correct the man's misconceptions, but it is to no avail and I find myself thinking of the words in "Exodus," which more or less apply to all of us: "for thou art a stiff-necked people."

At one point we hear Salima tell Murshid in English that the man apparently does not want to understand him, but Murshid carries on calmly and merely tries to rephrase his reply somewhat. But it is an uphill battle, and the visitor complains with disappointed voice that he fears he has come for nothing. Then he asks Salima to repeat the first question. Salima complies with this request but also asks Murshid if it might not be better stop, as no progress can be achieved with this man.

I ask Moenie Kramer in a whisper whether she thinks Murshid will give up, but she fiercely shakes "no" with her head: "Murshid will continue to help all those who come to him for support and enlightenment." The facts vindicate her because I then hear Murshid say to Salima: "No Salima, if this man is not yet satisfied, it is well possible that it is not his fault. I shall try again by asking him questions."

And Murshid begins to ask questions. Hardly has Salima translated the first but, to our surprise, our visitor has his reply at the ready. His voice clearly sounds more hopeful. When Murshid's second question is translated and we hear it answered as well, a pattern begins to emerge. Murshid appears to have made contact. Moenie and I tensely await the outcome of this dialogue. Then it is silent for a moment. Murshid appears to be reflecting, but when he recommences with his questions, these continue with the logic of a deeply considered sequence of chess moves. Our visitor becomes increasingly content. He had always more or less felt what Inayat Khan says, but now it has become completely clear for him. He now understands what direction he must follow in the future.

After Murshid has explicitly asked Salima to thank the man for coming, the latter at last decides to leave. When I show him out, he exhausts himself with expressions of gratitude. He is completely fulfilled and it no longer matters that he will have to walk for another hour in rain and wind because he has more than enough to ponder.

Then I hear Salima ask Murshid if it was not a bit extreme to let this visitor detain him for more than an hour while all his mureeds were obliged to wait. But I hear Murshid reply with a grave voice: "No Salima. For me it was highly important. You have only been able to hear his words but what I perceived was the longing in his soul, which brought him here. How could I have let him leave without helping him? The deeper purpose behind my presence in this house at this time must have been that I attempt to help him for the rest of his life. And my mureeds? Well, they will now hold a Silence with me and at its conclusion each of them will receive my blessing. Think of this lonely soul who turned to me, probably to meet me for the first and last time in his life. For me his visit was perhaps the very best part of the whole day and it was a great blessing for me that I succeeded in helping him."

Moenie directs a meaningful glance at me and then looks up these words by Murshid in *Gayan* for my benefit:

At the moment that I leave this earth, it will not be the number of my followers that will make me proud; it will be the thought that I brought His message to a few souls that will comfort me, and the feeling that it will sustain them through life, that will give me satisfaction.³⁷³

And we both consider ourselves lucky that chance again made us witness to what Murshid is truly like.

What we experienced this afternoon, makes me think of the following passage, which I quote from the chapter about Jalalu'ddin Rumi in *Figures from Persian Mysticism* by Dr. R. van Brakell Buys:

And this seems to me to be the great consolation that our existence, with all its rupture, sorrow and disillusionment can still offer us, namely that, in its higher moments, it is more beautiful and awe-inspiring than the most beautiful poetry can hope to be.

And these moments are rarely those of dramatic tension and conflicts, they are the moments that a hasty observer would surely overlook because nothing happens other than that two people exchange simple words with each other or observe each other in silence [...], but by which the mystery of the divine nevertheless appears naked and inescapable before them.³⁷⁴

Vilayat Khan has listened quietly and attentively to the preceding. When I have finished, I ask him: “Was Murshid not miraculous in these things? Patient, always completely in control, calmly trusting, and never irritated or agitated. Have you, his children, have we, his followers, ever seen Murshid hostile or even condescending?” Vilayat looks at me and emphatically shakes his head in denial; he is still too deeply moved to answer. For some moments we follow the play of the flames in the fireplace and preserve our reverent silence. And then, from the depths of his contemplation, I hear Vilayat quote *Gayan*: “When the cry of the disciple has reached a certain pitch, the Teacher comes to answer it.”³⁷⁵

Yussouf van Ingen

*Those whom the gods love, they call unto themselves early.*³⁷⁶

May the Star of the Divine Light, shining in Thy Heart, be reflected in the hearts of Thy Devotees.

[Hazrat Inayat Khan, *Gayan*, “Gayatri”] the prayer “Salat.”³⁷⁷

Murshid repeatedly showed great interest in the work of Richard Wagner. In the first stanza of his “Song of the Evening Star,” which concerns the moment that (at the end of a life of prayer for the excommunicated Tannhäuser) Elizabeth is to ascend to heaven (“An angel prayed for you on earth, soon she will float and bless you from above”), Wagner chose the following, well-nigh visionary words, which came to my mind when I last met Yussouf van Ingen.

Like a portent of death, twilight shrouds the earth,
and envelops the valley in its blackish robes;

the soul, while longing for those heights
dreads to take its dark and awful flight.³⁷⁸

It was in the summer days of 1935 that I saw Yussouf for the last time.³⁷⁹ The circumstances were so remarkable that, with the benefit of hindsight, they could be called a harbinger of his approaching departure. That day I had been in his factory. Yussouf himself was away on a business trip, but he had asked me to stay over. He expected to be home before the evening meal. When I arrived at his new home on the Singel in Woerden, which will never mean as much to me as his first Woerden residence had,³⁸⁰ I learned that Yussouf had phoned to say that he was detained and would not be returning any earlier than the 10:00 P.M. train, and perhaps as late as the 11:00 P.M. train.

I passed the evening in long discussions with Zulaikha about Yussouf and his many-sided activities for Sufism. When we heard the ten o'clock train pass, we got dressed to meet him and then walked along the water's edge. It was a perfectly clear, calm, moonlit night. One could see pedestrians approach from afar, but as much as a quarter hour had passed since the arrival of the train without Yussouf showing up. We therefore supposed that he would arrive by the next train.

We were standing outside irresolutely, hesitating to return from the silent and mild summer night to the artificial light indoors, when a pedestrian came into sight on the bridge. He turned left and slowly walked along the Singel in our direction. For some seconds we stood expectantly, but when the figure had approached more closely, we saw from his walk and attitude that it was not Yussouf. We were just about to move aside and let him pass when Zulaikha gave a small cry and rushed toward him. It had been Yussouf after all! All three of us were speechless for an instant, but he hardly responded to our greetings, as if he had come from another world and could not fully take in who we were, or that he had reached home. Almost without exchanging another word we went inside. Yussouf replied very absentmindedly to a few questions that we put to him. He said he was very tired and turned in a little later, seeing that he had to travel again very early the next morning.

I did not see him again then or in the following weeks. The news of his sudden departure, which I received by telephone and which, as requested, I telegraphed to Zulaikha in Suresnes, permanently interrupted all possibility of personal contact.³⁸¹

A few days later we attended the funeral service in the Protestant Church in Woerden and brought him to the peaceful, elevated churchyard.

Not a creature that has ever been born has belonged in fact to any
other. Every soul is the beloved of God.
(Inayat Khan).³⁸²

Looking back at those minutes that we saw him approach from afar in the silent moonlight, when he appeared to be totally lost in meditation and, for a moment, altogether unaware of his presence on earth, I recall how his posture, his walk, his involuntary gestures while walking along, had very little in common with the way he normally moved in daily life. The equal, slow, almost floating rhythm of the, for us, unrecognizable pedestrian was an entirely different way of moving than that of the otherwise so energetic, tense, striding human being who had been so dear to us during his lifetime. Did he already feel absorbed into other spheres, so that he failed to notice us and scarcely greeted us, no matter how courtly and hospitable he usually was? Did his soul, during his meditation in that splendid night, of which we were the unintended spectators, his soul already rise for a while to its future destination?

Did he in those few moments already feel a premonition of death, in which the soul “fears its flight through night and shade?” Or was it already sweet visions of the celestial spheres? And did he already experience his reunion with his beloved Murshid,³⁸³ who had caused everything that was noble in him to flower, so that he had been able to sublimate his life as Djinn on earth to that marvellous self-control and self-discipline that gave him the power to be humane to virtually everyone that he encountered on his road?³⁸⁴ May it already have been for him as Richard Wagner expressed it in the second stanza of his “Song to the Evening Star.”

There you shine, you loveliest of all stars,
Dispatching your soft light from afar,
The nightly twilight basks in your sweet ray,
And out of the valley, you sweetly show the way.³⁸⁵

May the Star of Divine Light already have reflected in the heart of this devoted one.

PART SIX

Mahtab van Hogendorp

She has been a voice in the wilderness.

Inayat Khan, *Biography*³⁸⁶

During August of 1952, a few days before the beginning of the Pilgrimage in Suresnes,³⁸⁷ we learn from Gawery Voûte that Baroness Mahtab van Hogendorp lies seriously ill in Amersfoort. Broken in body and spirit, she greatly desires to see for one last time some of the Sufis who knew Murshid. At once I write to the address that has been provided. The calm and business-like reply is in such an exceptional balanced handwriting that one would never suspect that the sender has already repeatedly been given up by her physicians and has already said her farewells to life. My first visit centres on listening, careful and respectful listening to someone who, during the most critical period of Murshid's prophetic pilgrimage through the West, gave him almost incomparable support that carried through to his departure in 1927 and then continued in her never-diminishing dedication to Murshid's family and in particular to Vilayat, for whom she remained a true guardian angel for the next twenty-five years.

As I sit and listen, numerous events of 1923 to 1927 are reviewed for me. Some I already know from written accounts. Others I witnessed myself. Still others are completely new to me. I absorb it all intensely. I harbour an immediate and strong desire that I may one day preserve in writing, word for word, what I will get to hear from her, for the benefit of contemporaries and posterity.

What I do not yet know is that a week later, in Suresnes, as Vilayat reads from Murshid's *Biography*, the words will come up that illuminate the role that Mahtab van Hogendorp played in Murshid's trials and tribulations: "She has been a voice in the wilderness." For Murshid, on his peregrination around the world, Mahtab van Hogendorp was the voice, the unexpectedly perceived human voice which suddenly, in the lonely wilderness of modern Western life, sounded out like a voice calling from a better world. It is like the words to Schubert's *An die Musik*, "transported from a better world ..."³⁸⁸

On the other hand, how much do these words from *Biography* pronounce an adverse judgement on us, the westerners who came into contact with Murshid, as our reactions and attitudes to the world must often have seemed like a wilderness to him. And by contrast, how great must have been his appreciation for Mahtab, who suddenly approached him in this jungle like the music of the human voice "from a better world."

May it be granted to me to let the image of Mahtab van Hogendorp live as an enrichment of my own observations of many years as they passed before my

eyes when she spoke to me that first afternoon in 1952. I listened to everything she said with that intense interest with which, through all the centuries, the followers of enlightened souls must have assimilated everything that could make the image of their venerated and lamented master come to life in their mind's eye.

I am listening to that same voice that Murshid once described as "a voice in the wilderness." It is still totally clear, undiminished by the severe physical suffering of the past few months. Her presentation is calm, sober, controlled, even when reporting on the almost unbearable tragedy of the premature death of her only daughter Lakmé, who was married to Mumtáz Armstrong.

But humorous and sunny events are also revived, often with a flawless estimate of the personal qualities of the individuals involved; usually seen from a high plane, as Mahtab had experienced them in the presence of Murshid and had stored them undiminished in her memory. In addition to sobriety, modesty is also a characteristic of her descriptions of events. It is never Mahtab who has done something for Murshid; time and again it was exclusively his intuition that was her guide. Time and again his example was her source of inspiration. And so it must have been....

Repeatedly Mahtab warmly praises the humane qualities of her husband, Baron van Hogendorp,³⁸⁹ who shortly after their first meeting developed a great veneration and liking for Murshid. For Hogendorp, as a high-ranking diplomat, a wife who could entertain was almost indispensable. Nevertheless, he did not in any way begrudge Mahtab her absences for months on end during the Summer School in Suresnes. In addition, Murshid and his family were always welcomed in the Hogendorp residence on Lake Geneva, where an especially strong companionable friendship developed between Mahtab and the still very young Vilayat, one that would survive the years without weakening.

Baron van Hogendorp was certainly no stranger to me. He visited the Summer School in Suresnes every year, and we all knew him as a typically aristocratic member of the landed nobility, calm and amicable, slowly walking into the Sufi garden to be warmly greeted by Murshid. And now I suddenly remember an utterance of Mahtab, which I can repeat for her after all these years: "You all talk about Sufism, but my husband, who is not an initiated Sufi, is the best Sufi of us all." When Mahtab hears that she reflects for a moment and then says: "Yes it is well possible that I once said that, because it was really true."

My first visit to Mahtab van Hogendorp takes place on the Thursday preceding the 1952 Pilgrimage.³⁹⁰ As I am to leave for Suresnes in a few days and, seeing Mahtab's condition, I am not at all certain that I will see her again after the Pilgrimage. This obliges me to decide if I will repeat my visit, and there is something in me that tells me I must. I feel that this is a chance to

read my *Recollections* to someone who can evaluate it on the grounds of personal experience, an opportunity that has until now proved most elusive. Because just about everything that I have written down since 1944 is based on personal recollections of twenty years before, that is, almost exclusively on my memory.

Those who have listened to my readings proved to have forgotten a great deal. On the other hand, they were so delighted to see something of that remote time conjured up before them, that they were hardly inclined to be critical, even if they had the required aptitude. This situation left me dissatisfied. Their markedly appreciative reactions did repeatedly stimulate me to carry on, but this was continually outweighed by the consideration that he who says a lot, has a lot to account for. Time and again it happened that I hardly dared read my latest essay to anyone else, that I increasingly doubted whether the written material truly met the very high criteria that I had set for myself, or I feared that I would come to hear that others remembered things differently from what I had reported.

All these considerations had made me more reticent than was perhaps justified. Sometimes I had the notion that I should first simply write and continue to write without interruption, to check later what amplifications and improvements might be required. But little had thus far come of this second step. Here, suddenly, was an opportunity to get the opinion of a well-informed individual who had experienced almost everything at first hand.

Initially I had arranged with Mahtab that I would attempt to visit her during the weekend. I had told her that I would read to her an essay in which I introduce her person to the stage, namely a gathering in July of 1924 in the conservatory of one of the residences in the Haras de Longchamp, when she had been permitted to address Murshid in an intimate circle. Mahtab's reaction to my promise came as a surprise. Unfamiliar with her excessive modesty, it astonished me when she maintained stiffly and firmly that she had never spoken to Murshid in the presence of other mureeds. But I stuck to my guns; my memory could not have so utterly misled me. And I told her that on my second visit I would bring someone who had also been present at this gathering. In the end we settle on Saturday afternoon for my next visit.

Returning to Amsterdam, I had only just enough time to post a letter before the last pick-up.³⁹¹ I had reflected on its contents during my return journey from Amersfoort.³⁹² I had decided to enclose three extracts from "The Voice of Silence" as well as my essay "5 February 1927." That would give Mahtab ample time to read everything before my Saturday afternoon arrival, and be prepared for what I what I would read to her. In the Amersfoort-Amsterdam train I had composed the following draft:

Esteemed Mahtab!

This letter reaches you today as a voice calling from times that you believed had been gone forever. You will find three fragments from “The Voice of Silence” (Saute Soermad).

In addition, this envelope contains “5 February 1927,” perhaps the most distressing of all my chapters, be it that hope is not entirely absent from its conclusion. I have never been prepared to let anyone else see this chapter. Salima, to whom it is dedicated, does not know it exists. You will see that Sirdar van Tuyll receives the recognition he deserves for his work and his person. That this is true for you as well, you will learn from another of my essays. This coming Saturday I hope to read to you fragments from the chapters “Introduction,” “Dawn,” “le Haras de Longchamp” and “Initiation,” followed by an occasional fragment from “The Younger Generation,” in which Vilayat plays a part (1940). After our tea break I thought I might read from “The Voice of Silence,” which could last for as long as an hour and a quarter, after which we can observe our customary silence.

I hope fervently that you may find the strength to listen to all of this; there will be plenty left over for subsequent visits.

“Your essays are paintings,” says Vilayat, “and you need your descriptions for your paintings.” It will be a special joy for Vilayat that one of these paintings is a full-length portrait of you. Next week I will discuss with him and others the English, French and German translations; I sincerely hope that, after our return from Suresnes, you will be able to make a personal contribution, all in the spirit of Pir-o-Murshid.”

For now, with the very best wishes for your health, yours.

N.B. The fragments to which this missive alludes are taken from “The Voice of Silence.” These fragments have on occasion been read to non-mureeds, including *meester* E. van Meer, the spiritual father of the Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation as well as a member of its board of directors.³⁹³

The Saturday afternoon extended from 3:00 to about 9:00 in the evening. Baroness van Hogendorp refused her meal when it was announced because she had so much more to tell about Murshid, and also about her late daughter Lakmé and her son-in-law Mumtáz Armstrong, who turned out to have just gone back

to South America. At her request I returned the next day, Sunday afternoon, and again our exchanges of impressions and memories lasted into the evening. That afternoon I read the chapter “Samadhi Silence” to her. It gave me great joy when Mahtab, after a long pause, encapsulated her impression with the simple words: “Yes, truly, that’s how it was. Truly!” My mind was put at rest. My fears had been unfounded. I had remembered everything well and reproduced it faithfully.

In the last days of her life Mahtab still disposed of a fabulous memory, so that she was able to pass on numerous details to us (and especially to Kafia Blaauw, who recorded them in a notebook).³⁹⁴ She was of the opinion that my essays reproduced this marvellous period accurately. As Manohary Voûte was later to put it in her musical-technical manner:³⁹⁵ “You have registered the vibrations from the days of Murshid with great precision in your memory and been able to reproduce them by means of your essays and in this way also to preserve them for others.”

Since then the assurance that my work is justified in the sense of being an acceptable responsibility, has allowed my self-confidence to grow. That explains why I will follow this introduction with a few chapters based on oral transmission, backed by a witness,³⁹⁶ of what Mahtab van Hogendorp experienced with Murshid. May numerous others in the future pay witness to the fact that, by this roundabout route, Mahtab became for them what Murshid called “a voice in the wilderness.”

This voice had sounded for me for the very last time. The next Thursday at the Pilgrimage in Suresnes we received news of her passing; she was at last reunited with her Murshid. A sober memorial took place in the Lecture Hall. Mureeds who had met Mahtab years ago gave short speeches. For the first time several German mureeds were present at the Pilgrimage. At Vilayat’s request, I closed with a short retrospective in German, closing with words from Schiller’s “die Glocke.”³⁹⁷

To the dark castle of the holy earth
We consign the labour of our hands,
The sower entrusts his seed
And hopes that it will germinate
As blessing, heeding heaven’s council,
Still sorrowing, we bury
Precious seed in the lap of the earth
And hope that it may blossom from the coffin
To a more beautiful fate.

Of all the things that Mahtab told me in those days of August 1952, two remarkable incidents stand out that could shed new light on my deepest mystical experiences, the Samadhi Silences of 1926 in the Lecture Hall. It is again a matter of some

doubt if these events should be committed to paper, or whether oral transmission might not be preferable, even if this would greatly increase the risk that things would sooner or later be forgotten.

“Je veux voir le Christ!”

Out of the mouth of children
thou shalt learn the truth!³⁹⁸

Once Murshid has found a safe refuge with Mahtab van Hogendorp on Lake Geneva,³⁹⁹ being able to come and go as he pleases, it is not long before he wishes to investigate his surroundings. The Swiss national group, one of the most vital and strong from its inception, is formed, crystallizing from its centre in Geneva.

Mahtab, who as spouse of a diplomat has relatively easy access to all sorts of cultural centres, organizes lectures for Murshid in many venues. Repeatedly an interest in orientalism, which includes the overlapping fields of religion and philosophy, plays an important role. Many opportunities present themselves for Murshid to come into contact with groups of western Europeans who are exceptionally attuned to him. No matter how unexpected and unpredictable the reactions to Murshid may be, or how many individuals withdraw after a fleeting acquaintance, there are still meetings that clearly offer the prospect of lasting bonds between East and West and of differently oriented involvement in art, religion and mysticism.

And then, suddenly, at a totally unexpected moment and a scarcely foreseeable occasion, one of those moments presents itself when a child gives clear expression to what an occasional adult may well have felt intuitively, but without daring to express this spontaneously and enthusiastically.⁴⁰⁰

Murshid is to lecture to members and invitees of a cultural organization in Lausanne. Mahtab has made the arrangements and they are to travel there the preceding night. Murshid will stay over with one of the directors, who lives in a flat on the first floor of one of the villas overlooking the lake. In the early morning Murshid spends hours on the terrace, contemplating the lovely panorama that Lake Geneva always affords to the true lover of nature.

Close to noon Murshid and Mahtab leave for the lecture room. Murshid wants to absorb the atmosphere in advance. For a long time he remains silent, meditating in the empty and silent room. Later, as Murshid walks along the lake, wrapped in his long black cloak, bareheaded and striding slowly while lost in deep thought, he looks like a prophet from another era returned to earth. Mahtab walks by his side, sharing his silence.

When Murshid prepares for his lecture and repeatedly reflects on the words needed to make his Message come alive for this unfamiliar group of listeners,

he sometimes creates the impression that he is hardly aware of where he is. His glance seems to be directed at remote worlds from which knowledge and insight will reach him.

Returning to their dwelling place, Murshid and Mahtab slowly mount the stairs. They scarcely notice that a child, a girl of about five or six, is observing Murshid from behind the banister. With intense excitement she watches Murshid go up, receives one glance from the deep dark eyes which see and do not see, and then flashes down the stairs to look for her mother, who, being the caretaker, lives on the ground floor of the apartment building.

In this dwelling something happens that is completely incomprehensible for the mother. The excited child comes storming in, falls on her knees before her, throws her arms around her, and while looking at her says again and again, half-supplicating, half-jubilant: "Oh mother! Christ is in the house! Oh mother, I want to see Christ, who is upstairs!"⁴⁰¹

The mother, half-amazed, half-disturbed by the excitement of her child, whom she suspects of hallucinating, tries to distract her by making well-intended jokes about something that, she soon begins to understand, must have some substance. For the child keeps saying as enthusiastically as tenaciously: "Mother, I want to see Christ, who is in the house!" And eventually the mother gives in. They will go look upstairs! At once the child, who is normally not allowed to be on the landing of the first floor, rushes up the stairs ahead of her mother, in incredible suspense about whether "her" Christ will still be there!

When the caretaker rings the bell, Mahtab opens the door. A short discussion ensues, but before either one truly understands what is happening, the child has overcome all her shyness and explains to her mother that this was the lady who went up the stairs with "her" Christ. The mother makes her excuses to Mahtab: the child thinks she has seen something really remarkable and could not be stopped from coming upstairs; she seems to think that there is a Christ in the house. Can Madame provide some explanation?

But Mahtab is speechless. All she can do is stroke the child's hair and smile at the mother. What explanation can one offer to these simple people? Any explanation in a human tongue could destroy something holy in this child's soul. Silently Mahtab gestures the woman and child to enter. Then, having begun to overcome her emotion, she explains to the woman that she is accompanying an Indian master, who is lecturing tonight and can't be disturbed at this moment.

As the child begins to understand, her little face is marked by deep disappointment. She is about to burst into tears. The mother tries to console the child for an instant. She asks Mahtab if the child might not be able to see the visitor for a moment before he leaves. Mahtab promises to do her best. Then both

descend the stairs, but the child declares that she will continue to play on the stairway, to be sure not to miss the departure. The mother thinks it wise to give way in this exceptional instance.

When Murshid comes out of the room in which he had withdrawn to prepare his lecture in peace, Mahtab informs him about what has happened outside. Murshid gives this some thought. He tries to think up something that might ward off the child's disappointment. Mahtab says that a few words from Murshid might well perform miracles, but Murshid does not yet speak a word of French, so that the child would not be able to understand him in any case. Then Murshid reacts in a manner that takes Mahtab completely by surprise: "Perhaps it will astonish you to hear that I do know a few words of French." Murshid replies to Mahtab's amazed look by raising four fingers and saying with mock triumph: "Four. Four words of French: *Que Dieu vous bénisse* (May God bless you)."

Mahtab is completely astonished: "Murshid, that is splendid! How did you learn these words, and come to pronounce them so beautifully!" Murshid replies: "I heard them in last Sunday's sermon. The pastor repeated them several times and I thought they had something to do with a blessing, so I tried to remember them and their pronunciation." Mahtab becomes outright enthusiastic: "Murshid could you speak these words to the little girl? She will know what they mean: *May God bless you!*" And the problem appears to have been solved.

Mahtab now descends the stairs and informs mother and child that, when leaving, the visitor will bless the child with the words: "*Que Dieu vous bénisse!*" When, shortly thereafter, she sets out to leave for the lecture with Murshid, the two are amazed; the events have made the rounds of the house like wildfire. At the foot of the stairs stand not only mother and child but also a brother and brother-in-law of the mother, both in reverential expectation, hat in hand! Behind them is the father, who, however, does not approve of this turn of events. He keeps his hat on. Nor is he going to take it off for "a negro" as he puts it.

The child stands on the highest tread, an ecstatic expression on her face. She is oblivious to everything around her. Then, for an instant, she looks up at her mother, who has mounted the stairs a little farther to be close to her daughter. The two men also mount a few treads, silent, cap still in hand. The father looks on with curiosity, but remains at the bottom of the stairs. Then Murshid looks questioningly at Mahtab, fixes his eyes on the little girl and carefully places both his hands on her head, looks into her eyes long and tenderly and then speaks his first French words in public: "*Que Dieu vous bénisse!*" Then he begins slowly to descend the steps. But as he passes the mother, she stands there waiting so expectantly, her head bowed, that he blesses her as well, again pronouncing the words: "*Que Dieu vous bénisse!*"

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

With growing amazement Mahtab sees that now the two men, in silent expectation and with bowed head, are being blessed by Murshid, who, having arrived at the foot of the stairwell, greets the father with a friendly nod. In the next instant the latter has snatched off his cap with a hurried gesture and taken a step towards Murshid, preparing himself to receive his blessing. Murshid obliges once more. When they have left the house they still hear her high-pitched little voice: "Oh mother, mother! It is Christ who has blessed us."

Paderewski, the Mastermind

(1953-1955)

The *Biography* in which Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan gives an account of the most important events of his stay in the West from 1910 to 1926, states the following about his meeting with Paderewski.

It gave me great pleasure to meet Paderewski and his sympathetic wife, who has long reflected on philosophical subjects. Of all the hospitality that I enjoyed in their home, I most valued Paderewski's few minutes at the piano, in which he gave life to beliefs that I have always held, that a great soul is great whether in the East or West and that music ennobles a person, being intoxicating and inducing ecstasy. In Paderewski I found the embodiment of this.⁴⁰²

During the period that Murshid stays in the home of Baron van Hogendorp in Geneva, the baroness gradually introduces him to the several centres of culture on Lake Geneva as he slowly develops a circle of followers. He asks Mahtab to introduce him to Paderewski, who he has heard has retired to an estate on the lake after his long triumphal journey through the whole Western world as the most superlative pianist of his time.

Paderewski has completely given up musical performing. He and his wife fill much of their time cultivating rare species of exotic flowers and plants in their splendid terraced park, located on the shores of lake Geneva. From time to time Paderewski invites a number of guests for Sunday lunch. At its conclusion, people mix on the terraces or in the park.

These are his last remaining contacts with the outside world. The restless wanderer throughout Europe and America has retired at the age of sixty. Public life has nothing more to offer that could now engage him or provide him with fresh fulfilment. He is to be granted twenty more years of quiet life before finding his final resting place in America.

*Ignacy Jan Paderewski.*⁴⁰³

For decades, this name has had a magic ring to it in the Western world. In his poem "Les Phares," Baudelaire brings the great souls of the world of art on stage with respect and admiration. Had he written in a later period, he might have added Paderewski to Rembrandt, Goya and others as one of the great beacons in a darkness of superficiality, banality, and ugliness that so often characterizes human society.⁴⁰⁴

And Paderewski has certainly been like a beacon of light that shone in many directions with a clarity and radiance of a kind reserved for a few of the most gifted. As a pianist he belonged for many years to the very greatest. He was a phenomenal virtuoso who was perhaps the equal of Paganini as *primus inter pares* on the violin.⁴⁰⁵ For decades he celebrated his innumerable triumphs in virtually all of the great music centres on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. His performances lifted his audiences to such states of ecstasy that he was hardly allowed time for travel, let alone preparation. In 1891 he gave more than a hundred concerts in America alone.

Time and again rulers, statesmen, scholars, artists and patrons of greatly differing accomplishment and importance were deeply moved by his brilliant and profoundly experienced musicality. Every form of recognition came his way, as was rarely the case with any other artist before him. He was given numerous decorations, including the very highest of the time, Knight Commander of the British Empire. He could have assembled immense riches had he not often given generous financial support to his oppressed Polish compatriots.

But Paderewski remained a son of the Polish people in still another respect, namely, his apostolic mission to expose the world to the masterpieces of Poland's most brilliant native son, Frédéric Chopin.⁴⁰⁶ Chopin's fabulous musical gifts, the grandeur, and brilliance as well as his indefinable charm and the deeply melancholic impression that he exuded, combine to make his compositions something that will be born here on earth only once in the course of many centuries. Chopin's achievement had inspired Paderewski to take on the task of making this wonderful world of imagination and ecstasy, of stormy yearning or melancholic resignation flower for mankind.

This calling to honour the Polish national character with his interpretations of Chopin's music, always giving his very best in the process, caused his performances to reach such heights that his audience was irresistibly transported to the same exalted level of spiritual responsiveness as Paderewski himself. The virtuosity was not an end, but entirely a means to guiding countless other individuals to partake of the sublime creations of one of the very greatest composers.

Can it be a cause for surprise that, after a triumphant period of more than thirty years, Paderewski enjoyed boundless popularity in Poland and

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

was venerated by many as a national hero. This would present him with an occasion to demonstrate his mastery in an entirely different aspect of society, namely, statesmanship. After the atrocious war years of 1914 to 1918, a ravaged, downtrodden and internally divided Poland was left in an apparently unsalvageable state. And what might least have been expected, in fact happened. The Polish nationalists, looking for a figure that would be seen to be above all partisanship, saw in Paderewski the “mastermind” that Murshid was later also to recognize in him. In 1919 Paderewski became the first president of Poland. One year later, after having restored unity to Poland, he withdrew to privacy on his estate on Lake Geneva.

Do you seek the highest, the greatest?
A plant can teach it to you:
What it is unwillingly,
you should be willingly -
That's it!

Schiller⁴⁰⁷

In the warmth of the late afternoon sun, Lake Geneva lies like a vision of a better world. Enclosed at the remote horizon by the majestic snow-covered tops of the Swiss Alps, the foreground offers everything that could be desired by a human soul who, after a stormy life, longs for nothing but serene rest and rapturous loveliness. In a bay on the horizon one can see the silhouette of Vevey, with its infinite charms, which Jean Jacques Rousseau experienced day after day.⁴⁰⁸ And further on rises Clarens, which inspired Byron to the words;

Clarens! Sweet Clarens!
Birthplace of deep love!⁴⁰⁹

Close to the lake, where the waves run high against the rocks in stormy weather, a rocky footpath forms the lowest boundary of the lavishly overgrown shores. This footpath is perfectly passable on a calm day like the present. An infinitely gentle warmth embraces the entire landscape. The mystical sound of the lapping waves only heightens the dreamy atmosphere of this blessed region.

For hours on end Murshid and Mahtab have passed this peaceful afternoon at the water's edge on this otherwise completely abandoned part of the shore, admiring the ever-changing splendour of the unsurpassed Lac Léman.⁴¹⁰ Silence rules supreme. Now and then the figure of a man, presumably a horticulturist, can be seen observing plants with the greatest of care. From time to time he kneels on the ground with a magnifying glass to observe the plants even more closely.

All afternoon he has attention for nothing else: "Do you seek what is highest and greatest ... the plant can teach it to you!"

During all this time Murshid ponders his presentation for the next evening, wrapped in complete silence. As the sun begins to go down and the light takes on a continually deepening golden haze due to the evening mists, Murshid looks around him. He appears to be ready to leave. Then, suddenly, the silence is broken by rapid footsteps on the rocks. Almost at once the figure of the man who has been studying plants all this time becomes visible on a rocky bluff. The man stands straight as an arrow, sharply lit by the low sun which must very nearly be blinding him. His position creates the impression of someone who sees something infinitely great and powerful. The evening sun makes his golden red hair shine like an aureole.

Murshid's meditative state of rest has suddenly transformed into respectful attentiveness. With great concentration he continues to observe the stranger. Something of the dedication of the moment seems to have communicated itself to Murshid as well. The next moment the figure is gone. Murshid looks once more at the place where he has stood and turns slowly to Mahtab to ask "Mahtab, do you know who this man is? He must be a master!" The reply is quick to come: "Murshid, it was Mr. Paderewski, the great musician about whom you have already inquired." Murshid reflects once more and says: "He must be a great soul; I would like to hear his music." But Mahtab's reply is also a refusal: "Murshid, Mr. Paderewski will never again play the piano. He has given up music altogether. Everyone knows it."

The two walk home in silence, but Murshid suddenly stops. Again he observes the spot where they saw Paderewski and says very slowly, as it were entirely to himself: "I would like to hear his music. I would love to hear it. This man must be a master!" And that same evening, when Murshid returns to the events of the afternoon, he regrets as a serious weakness in current society the lack of individuals who possess what can be described as "the mastermind."

A few years later, in a lecture on "Intellect and Wisdom" at the Sorbonne in Paris, Murshid developed this concept as follows:

What we wish for today is men with "masterminds," who see life not only from the outside but also from within, who draw inspiration not just from the life outside themselves, but also from their inner life. Then they become the expression of the complete being inside us, hidden behind the life of diversity.⁴¹¹

The following morning Baron van Hogendorp and Mahtab pay a courtesy visit on Paderewski. A servant receives them at the ceremonial gate at the foot of the

driveway. He leads them to the country house via the southern part of the terrace. Through the dining room they arrive in the music room, where the doors give access to the western part of the terrace, which descends in steps to the lake. It is on this part of the terrace that guests mingle in good weather, after lunch is over.

The music room looks the same as on previous visits. Everything is as if in a museum. The famous concert grand that accompanied Paderewski on tour in his later years is set up in the farthest corner. Along the walls are numerous small tables, holding one keepsake after another: knighthoods, signed portraits of princely personages, laurel wreaths, proclamations and certificates of honorary citizenship, a selection from the endless stream of honours from dozens of years and two continents. On the concert grand a life-size portrait of Chopin stands next to photographs of sundry conductors and composers. The adjoining bay window holds three articles of furniture that Paderewski cherishes: his piano stool, his music stand and his piano lamp.

While Baron van Hogendorp and Mahtab continue to wait for their host, the oldest servant comes to offer apologies for the delay. Without being asked, he takes advantage of the occasion to supply some information about the objects that commemorate Paderewski's endless series of successes, which has passed like an intoxication. He also shows the luxury edition of the compositions by his master, who, despite his inexhaustible activity as performing artist, has left something of lasting value to music literature, namely the *Tatra Album*.⁴¹² When Mahtab makes a circumspect allusion to the fact that no one has heard Paderewski play in the past year, their guide also expresses his regrets. But it is to be accepted; his master has turned his back on such things for good. With a smile he points at the dust that, despite the daily efforts of the staff, has gathered here and there between the numerous art objects and curiosities. After all, everything here is a picture of past glory, never to be revived.

The arrival of Paderewski and his wife leads to a lively exchange of thoughts. An invitation soon follows for the visitors. The next day the Paderewskis are having a lunch, to which many have already been invited. Now Mahtab asks Paderewski if she may bring a guest, a musician from Baroda who has lived in America for years and is currently on tour in Europe to lecture on spiritual subjects. Paderewski shows little interest in these details but as a matter of course invites this new visitor to the next day's lunch.

When Murshid learns that he will be expected at the Paderewski residence, his unquenched desire to hear this great master, this great initiated one, make music, is reborn. But Mahtab at once reminds him of what the old servant confirmed only this morning; Paderewski's appearances as a performing musician have come to an end. And spontaneously the words of Schiller come to Baron van Hogendorp's mind:

What is past, will never return;
But if it also went down luminously,
Its light will shine back for a long time!⁴¹³

Next day, when lunch is about to be served, it happens that Paderewski has suddenly received a visit from two foreign diplomats who need to consult him on a pressing matter and who will be gone by the late afternoon. This means that Paderewski is seated next to them during lunch and is unable to pay much attention to his guests. Still, his eyes wander from time to time to the end of the long table where Murshid is sitting. It is as if he takes a measure of interest in this unknown guest who, in his sober black dress, stands in complete contrast to the worldly assembly around him.

After lunch Paderewski and his two visitors sit down under a great old eucalyptus tree on a slightly raised part of the terrace, from where he is able to survey the situation. Despite the lively conversation in which he is continually engaged, his attention repeatedly fixes on Murshid, who has found a sunny place on the terrace and is soon surrounded by several guests who attended his last lecture. Sundry questions are put to Murshid, who often gives a humorous turn to his replies, so that the small circle is repeatedly amused. Others join the listeners and ask questions in their turn, so that the impression is created that Murshid is responding to followers rather than strangers.

At a certain moment Mrs. Paderewski joins the circle and soon the discussion has turned to philosophy, a subject that she has studied intensively for a long time. When one of Murshid's listeners lets slip that Murshid has written a book on philosophy, Mrs. Paderewski's interest mounts. Western and Eastern ideas are exchanged, with Murshid's open and mild views repeatedly opening the way to a harmonious solution. When the conversation turns to the raising of children, Murshid expresses his great admiration for the system of Maria Montessori, which he has come to know in Rome.⁴¹⁴ He is especially gratified to see that in a restless Western context, a system of education for small children pays special attention to the positive effects of the observation of several moments of complete silence.

And then Murshid describes the moving scene of a still very young child who, as the smallest of her class, was nevertheless completely steeped in the seriousness and importance of being allowed to contribute to "the silence" which is daily observed at a small Montessori school. In his book *Education* expressed his ideas approximately as follows:

I was deeply moved when, the time having come for the silence,
this little girl closed the windows and door and cleaned up

everything with which she had been playing, then sat down in her chair, closed her eyes and did not again open them for three or four minutes, with her face showing an angelic expression. It was as if she preferred those few minutes of silence over the play of the entire day.⁴¹⁵

When Murshid explains to his audience his impressions of what that small child apparently experienced during her daily “silence,” he can’t help but reflect on the near-holy mystery that can become perceptible to his followers when they are united with him in a Silence.

The mood on this part of the terrace, where Murshid remains surrounded by several attentive listeners, has therefore shifted to a serious reception of his views. Murshid talks on and gives some brief impression of his visits to spiritual teachers in the East, who pursue lives of solitude and meditation. When he is asked whether it is true that Eastern mystics prefer to stay in the shadow of a centuries-old tree, Murshid confirms this. He explains how trees can, after much time, achieve a state of spirituality and even holiness that is not allotted to human beings. According to Murshid trees can undergo a measure of joy that a man could only experience if he were to achieve the state of rest and peace of which trees can with time partake.

Then Murshid points at the stately, high eucalyptus, below which Paderewski is seated, and says that he is almost certain that his host will be able to perceive something of the protective atmosphere that can emanate from venerable old trees which, like this one, provide a picturesque completion to a beloved landscape.

There is still quite another aspect to be considered, namely that the melodious whispering of the wind through branches and leaves belongs to those rare mystical sounds that can bring peace to a soul because they induce a meditative mood. And quite independent of that, where can one listen to the jubilant song of birds at dawn, as freely and tranquilly as under high trees! It is therefore completely understandable that the mystics of India are often depicted sitting under ancient trees.

This solicits an unexpected question from one of the female listeners as to whether these great masters and enlightened souls exist only in the Himalayas, as has been claimed.⁴¹⁶ This question clearly amazes Murshid. According to him such a notion would be a complete negation of the truth that from time to time great souls have come to earth everywhere else when the times were ripe. According to Murshid this is so self-evident that it is beyond doubt. For an instant Murshid even exchanges a look of understanding with Mahtab as he adds:

Who says that we may not now be in the presence of a master? Although in the West we can rarely tell, because those who belong to the masters do not as a rule let this show. Great initiated ones, have always appeared all over this earth: Confucius, Buddha, Plato, Saint Francis of Assisi, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven; one could go on.⁴¹⁷

Because Beethoven's name has come up, the conversation turns naturally to music and the greatest composers of all times. Murshid observed that he was deeply moved by the compositions of the gifted Frenchman Claude Debussy, whom he has repeatedly met in person and with whom he feels a measure of affinity. Mahtab then asks Murshid if Debussy may not be thought of as a composer who, like few others, has demonstrated that he has understood the mysticism of sound. In particular she is thinking of the compositions in which he conveys the effect that the sound of the sea has on the human soul.⁴¹⁸

Murshid agrees. Moreover, the compositions of Debussy sometimes show an unmistakable relationship to some forms of Eastern music; relationships in rhythm, in timbre, in atmosphere.⁴¹⁹ And all this brings Murshid to the pronouncement that when the soul is attuned to the Most High, every deed becomes music.

The discussion is interrupted because tea is being served on the terrace. Paderewski uses the occasion to apologize to his guests and look up his wife, who until then has spent the greater part of her time as one of Murshid's most attentive listeners. When Paderewski's wife summarizes in most appreciative words that the guest from India is a truly remarkable personality who, in his many publications, has attempted to illuminate numerous difficult spiritual aspects along mystical lines, his interest increases still further. Other guests also appear to have become deeply impressed by Murshid.

In the meantime Murshid has unexpectedly requested Mahtab to approach Paderewski in his name and ask the great pianist to play for him at the conclusion of the social event. With heavy feet Mahtab walks toward Paderewski, but to her surprise he heads straight for her and buries her in questions: "baroness, who have you brought here? Who is this Eastern guest? Is he a master? A seer? A mystic?" Calmly and with conviction Mahtab replies: "Mr. Paderewski. Your guest is a master and a seer and a mystic. But in addition, he began as a renowned musician, a celebrated singer at the courts of the Maharajahs!" As sole reply Paderewski mutters, more to himself than to his wife or to Mahtab: "He is even more! He must belong to the higher of the initiates."

These words give Mahtab the courage to press her suit. When she does, Paderewski suddenly returns completely to his usual self. He makes a gesture of

desperate repulsion, looks around at the numerous guests as if to excuse himself, and replies: "Alas, alas! it is impossible with all these spectators who would never leave me alone for an instant if they were to hear that I made an exception for your guest, a stranger. I must disappoint you. I see no other way out!"

Mahtab carries this message to Murshid, who listens closely and reflects for a few seconds. To Mahtab's surprise, he then replies: "That is very good. Now it will work out." Mahtab wonders if she should again emphasize that Paderewski is not prepared to play under any circumstances, but Murshid seems to have divined her thoughts and merely says, smiling encouragingly: "Thank you very much for your kindness, now it will all work out."

When the foreign dignitaries have taken their leave and Baron van Hogendorp has also gone home, Paderewski at last tries to go greet Murshid. On his way he is again monopolized by other guests who wish to leave. As a consequence of the late hour, one after another comes to say farewell and soon all have gone, with the exception of Murshid and Mahtab. She proposes to Murshid that they return to her home as well, informing him that all the guests have gone. To her amazement Murshid then asks if the host is now entirely alone with Mrs. Paderewski. Should this be the case, Murshid would again have her ask Paderewski if he might play for Murshid after all!

Murshid makes this request of Mahtab so amicably and yet so emphatically that, after some hesitation, she again gives way and goes to Paderewski. While waiting with Mrs. Paderewski for the departure of her two last guests, Paderewski has had his wife fill him in as well as possible about the wisdom and beauty Murshid had revealed in his thoughts of that afternoon. For an instant he seems to want to pursue this with Mahtab, but when he learns that Mahtab only comes to repeat her request, Paderewski is no less dismissive than the first time. Although it is not as easy for him as before, he is not prepared to give in. Little inclined to return to Murshid once more with empty hands, Mahtab turns smiling to Mrs. Paderewski to ask if there is truly no chance, now that they are alone together, but she clearly has nothing further to suggest.

At that moment the unexpected happens. While Paderewski and Mahtab are engaged in apparently fruitless discussion, Murshid has finally arisen after hours of calm repose on the terrace. Without anyone noticing Murshid approaches. Erect, stately, almost majestically, he strides into the music room through the open terrace doors. For a moment a great shadow glides through the sunlit room and just as abruptly Paderewski begins to sense that something is happening. Suddenly he notices Murshid approach.

Momentarily Murshid's imposing dark figure, set against the golden radiance of the evening sky as if it were surrounded by a resplendent aureole of late summer glow, looks like an almost supernatural apparition. For an instant

Paderewski stands as if turned to stone. Half-blinded by the phantasm of light and suddenly confronted by the inexpressible dignity of Murshid as he strides slowly into the room, Paderewski is scarcely able to comprehend the momentous meaning of the moment. Speechless and tense, Mrs. Paderewski and Mahtab observe what transpires before their eyes. Then, when Murshid has approached to within a few steps and Paderewski first takes in the inspiration in the radiant expression of the shining, jet black eyes, comes the inevitable, the denouement!

Momentarily the two great master musicians, masters from the West and East, look at each other with an expression that already contains a deep understanding, combined in Murshid's case with a hint of the joyful expectation of all that is to come. For an instant the souls of these two great initiates find each other in the deepest possible understanding, as can only be fully realized at such an elevated cosmic moment.⁴²⁰ But then, suddenly, it is all decided. The Polish maestro will for a last time unfold his talents in his well-nigh legendary manner and give the very best of heroic brilliance combined with highly refined musicality in its most intimate forms of expression. Here, one last time, the power of music will rule supreme and animate everything. In addition, this music will create a stairway to heaven, by which both great initiates will for a few moments surmount everything terrestrial.

The first reaction of Paderewski is to approach Murshid radiantly, with extended hands, a gesture that Murshid literally accepts with both hands. They have understood each other perfectly, and words are entirely redundant. "I am so happy," Murshid seems to want to say, "that you are willing to play for me and that your playing will unite us even more closely." "I am so happy," Paderewski seems to want to say in turn, "that I may play for you. It is your longing that brings me to it."

Then Paderewski turns around, smiling he looks at his wife and gives her a meaningful glance, so as to suddenly change to the fierce activity that has always been a trademark of his personality. He stomps on the ground for an instant, claps in his hands a couple of times, and turns to the old servant. All at once everything is action. As if touched by a magic wand the stage changes. The servants and chambermaids who were already busy cleaning up all over the terrace and in the rooms, flood in. Paderewski gives his orders with a few brisk gestures. He walks to the concert grand and indicates with a wide sweep of his arm that everything on it must be cleared, as the instrument will need to be opened. Instantly the servants follow his commands. Everything is quickly placed on stools and tables and a few moments later the piano is moved to the centre of the room, with the piano stool placed before it.

Paderewski, who has an infallible feeling for the setting in which artist and performance will stand out most brilliantly, points to the place before the open doors where he will now be seated in the golden glow of the late sunset. Rarely

will the aureole of his abundant bronze and gold-coloured hair have ever emitted such flaming emanations as at this moment. Now all the glow of Paderewski's untameable temperament will once more unfold to the greater glory of Western music, the Polish people and Frédéric Chopin.

A few details still have to be dealt with, however, namely the height and location of the piano stool. First Paderewski turns the stool to the precise height he is accustomed to; then he places it as close as possible to the grand piano. Then he takes his place on it, touches the keys with his fingers, gets completely in position and invites Murshid to sit next to him.

Murshid looks questioningly: "Chopin?"

Paderewski shakes his head and says emphatically: "Paderewski!" For a moment Murshid hesitates, but then he acquiesces. The next moment the room resounds to the powerful attack of one of Paderewski's compositions, a polonaise. With keen interest Murshid follows the movements of both hands and with great attentiveness he observes the Polish musician, who is bringing one of his creations to life one last time.

When the piece finally ends in a loud climax, Paderewski looks questioningly at Murshid. Again the latter proposes Chopin. Smiling, Paderewski consents: "Now Chopin!" In the next few moments everything turns into a dream world; Chopin is one of those very rare composers who is able to achieve an ethereal, supernatural atmosphere with certain of his melodies. Fascinated, moved, filled with inner joy, Murshid enters with all his soul into the marvellous mood pictures conjured up by the music. Paderewski, too, seems to be fully absorbed in the reproduction of this form of supraterrrestrial ecstasy.

Later Murshid described all this in the following words:⁴²¹

For a true musician, music is more than merely a piece of music or an expression of art, it is something that speaks to him and with which he has affinity. A musician who has reached this stage may perhaps strike one chord and by repeating it achieve ecstasy. For others it would mean no more than the striking of a chord but for him it is a dialogue with the piano; it engages in discussion with him.

When the great Western pianist Paderewski played for me that day, it was as if his soul asked a question, which was answered by the piano. It was continually his soul questioning and the piano responding. Finally, at the end of the piece, it was as if the soul of the player and the music became one, and perfection had been achieved. And it was in these moments that Paderewski brought to life the thought that music can ennoble the personality, that it can induce rapture and, finally, transport the soul to the highest ecstasy.

PART SEVEN

The Younger Generation

Youth is generous, youth is ardent, and rarely fails to respond.
[Hazrat Inayat Khan] *Rassa Shastra*⁴²²

Dedicated to Sirkar and Anita van Stolk

When, in the summer of 1936, we obtain Murshid's recently-published *Education*, our son Paul is seven years old.⁴²³ We have repeatedly heard Murshid lecture on the raising of children, so that we are not altogether unfamiliar with his ideas, which are in some ways totally new for us. But we have never been exposed to a coherent whole, as in his *Education*.

A few times we have tried to interest Paul in Sufism. But the sermons of the Sufi services always last too long for a restless child. In contrast to the oldest children of Sirkar and Anita van Stolk,⁴²⁴ who actually express a desire to attend Sufi services, Paul is not interested. His sandbox serves much better to satisfy his creative urges.

Even so, it happens that we have been aligned with Murshid in two important respects. For an urban child, Paul has spent a great deal of time in nature. From his first year we have spent the early summer in Bergen aan Zee, in a house with an uninterrupted view of the sea and dunes, with our own little patch of dunes and a tent on the beach, where a child can live out his fantasies with castles and moats and become thoroughly familiar with the elements. He has also been out of doors, in woods and fields, in most of the other summer months.

Even in the winter we often go and stay in a cottage of a friend of my wife, a dancer, who lives near the Loosdrechtse Plassen with her husband and young son.⁴²⁵ We have numerous ties with this remarkable family. My wife is a former student of this dancer,⁴²⁶ whom we will always think of as one of the greatest performers of her time, fine and rich in artistic feeling, blessed with a special imagination that ranges even into the grotesque, in which no other is her equal.⁴²⁷ After years of performing abroad she has returned to Holland.⁴²⁸ Out of her second marriage to a rose-grower, a little understood but deeply philosophic man, her only son, Igor, was at last born.⁴²⁹ Igor is three years older than Paul, and his best friend.

We as parents think of this lad with never-expressed but deeply felt gratitude. On a foggy evening, when Paul slipped off a board into the treacherously deep water of the *Plassen*, Igor, who was only six at the time, threw himself flat on his stomach like a cat and firmly grabbed Paul by the hair, and then by the collar of his track suit, and kept his face above water until we at last responded to his cries for help. We then visited each other still more often than before. Our friend came

to stay with us in Amsterdam whenever she had to teach in the Muzieklyceum,⁴³⁰ and we joined her in the marvellous solitude of the abandoned waters in the off-season.

In short, Paul's upbringing was fully in accordance with one of Murshid's most important criteria of a good education:

For the intellectual development of a child it is of great importance that he get in touch with nature. This will later develop into an awakening of the possibility of communion with nature, something that is of the greatest importance to the spiritual development of every soul. If a child is deeply interested in nature, this shows that he has taken his first step on the path of philosophical truth.⁴³¹

The second important point has been our choice of school. We should have been able to deduce from Murshid's lectures that he had a particular interest in the Montessori system. Azmat Faber and Enne van Lohuizen, both active in Montessori education, advised us to have Paul follow that new and innovative route.⁴³² It was a consequential decision. Not only does the method virtually commit one to the Montessori Lyceum as a secondary school,⁴³³ but it strongly shapes daily interaction with a child, without consideration of parental input.

Murshid's pronouncements in this context are so remarkable that in view of the vital importance attached to silence in the practice of Sufism, they can hardly be misunderstood. "I was very much interested in what Mrs. Montessori told me in Italy, namely that in addition to all the exercises that she assigns to the children, she also teaches them to observe silence, and after some time they love it so much that they prefer silence over their activities." If this is in itself a pointed indication to a Sufi, that one should choose a system of this kind as long as is available, then it is even more true taking into consideration the following relevant quotation from *Education*.

And it interested me still more to see a little girl of about six years of age who, when the time of silence came, closed the windows and door, and put away everything she had been playing with and sat down in her little chair, closed her eyes, and did not open them for about three to four minutes. You could see an angelic expression on her innocent face. She preferred those five minutes of silence over all the games of the whole day.

And then Murshid says, more generally, that "as soon as children become accustomed to silence, they enjoy its bliss."⁴³⁴

Few effects from such experiences have been discernible in Paul during his first school years. Luckily he has become an exuberant and lively boy, who wanders fearlessly around the garden of life. That, at least, is how we see him as his parents. But Paul's teacher and guide at school, one of the pioneers of the Montessori system in The Netherlands, tells us that our view is a little superficial. Not one of the other boys is as attuned to the Montessori system as Paul. Repeatedly he joins a more advanced group to listen to stories about history and then asks for books and uses the illustrations to work out what he has just heard. For me, personally, such an approach threatens to undermine social order.⁴³⁵ But as Murshid has always reminded us, one can't have it all. I decide to trust in the path that we have taken.

We do, however, begin to understand that we have failed in a third respect; we have attached less importance to education in the home than we should have according to Murshid's *Education*. In particular, we have acted on the conviction that a child need not always be with its parents. We have twice put this to the test.

The first time is in the summer of 1935. The International Management Congress, which is to convene in London (as continuation of the 1932 International Congress for Scientific Business Management in Amsterdam),⁴³⁶ is a splendid learning opportunity for me. Numerous colleagues are heading there, often in the company of their wives. The program is enough to make one's mouth water. The Prince of Wales is the patron of the Congress,⁴³⁷ and the schedule has been arranged so as to allow participants every chance to attend the festivities that will be presented on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of King George. The Empire will again put its immense power on display. I have never been to England. My wife is delighted at the prospect of a journey by ship, and of viewing the anniversary exhibitions in the British Museum while I attend the sessions of the conference.

When I receive the imposing advanced notices, I overcome any hesitation I might have had. I sit on two commissions of the Dutch Institute for Efficiency and their concerns will be discussed in detail in London. This is at last an inadvertent opportunity to let Paul manage without his parents and with other children for a while. A friend, the wife of a doctor, is going to Zandvoort with four boys of Paul's age and is prepared to put up with him. We could not wish for a better arrangement.

The days in London are unforgettable. Three thousand guests from all parts of the world attend the Congress. The Duke of Kent opens the proceedings; the Prince of Wales closes them. Repeatedly we are the guests of some impressive organization or another, which had spared no expense during three years of preparation. Mammoth business concerns give us tours. We visit Windsor Castle and in the evening are guests of the Lord Mayor in the historic Guildhall, along with representatives from forty regions of the Empire, most of them in exotic dress.

We also see *Vanity Fair*, the first colour film in England.⁴³⁸ In Covent Garden, we watch the Russian Ballet, a survival from the days of the Tsars,⁴³⁹ in the company of countless members of high society. But the most impressive experience comes on an afternoon when I can skip the Congress because the Domestic Section deals exclusively with truly domestic matters. We take the train to Southampton where the immense Home Fleet, augmented by countless components of other squadrons, is to treat the King to a nighttime demonstration of Britain's ever-matchless hegemony. As we approach on a boat along the north coast of the Isle of Wight, 160 warships, including battleships and aircraft carriers, are moored in the evening sun in six rows of about eight kilometres each.

Around 10:00 P.M., when darkness has fallen, thousands of searchlights go on simultaneously and, while rotating, describe the most incredible figures high in the firmament.⁴⁴⁰ And at 11:00 P.M., at a radioed signal, there is the salute of "the sailors to their King." Fifty thousand British sailors raise a Bengal light at the same moment so that the surroundings are enveloped in pink light and countless gigantic ships suddenly become visible. In conclusion, around midnight, we watch truly fabulous fireworks, with the sky cleft asunder by tens of thousands of rockets in every conceivable colour combination.

Taking a special train, we are back at our hotel around daybreak, in time to attend the closing session, where the Prince of Wales bids us a fond farewell in his amiable, boyish and simple language. The Empire has shown us the height of its power in all its dimensions.

But when we return to Holland, we find that our pleasure has come at a price. First thing in the morning my wife leaves for Zandvoort to pick up Paul, and I do not expect them back before late in the evening. They come home by early afternoon, however. The moment she arrived in Zandvoort, Paul had begged her to be allowed to return to Amsterdam at once. To our questions about how things had gone, we receive only one reply, "terrible." Everything was awful. Never again should we abandon him.

After a year we repeat the experiment. Sufi friends who live on the Riviera, high above the Bay of Cannes, have invited us.⁴⁴¹ Three years before, they had spent a month with us in Bergen aan Zee. We all have fond memories of those interesting and carefree times. My wife has never been to Switzerland. Using travel guides we design a splendid itinerary: the first day to Geneva, then to Chamonix with trips up Mont Blanc, then three days in a P.L.M. car through desolate Haute-Savoie, where we pass the African-style *Casse Déserte*,⁴⁴² then via Briançon to Nice, and from there to Théoule, where we shall go swimming every day in sub-tropical heat on the rocky beach and enjoy an enchanting view of the Bay of Cannes, with its innumerable sparkling lights above the sea and the mountains.

Paul has been in a boarding house for children in Bergen aan Zee, a place he knows very well. This time he will not want for distraction because of constant new arrivals. He is now a year older. Surely we can safely give him an opportunity to demonstrate that home education is only desirable when the child has had no other experiences.

The journey to the Riviera and our stay high above the Grande Corniche is a revelation. I have not taken a true vacation for years and the impressions of these weeks are overwhelming. Once we receive a more or less perfunctory note from Paul. But we hope that he was distracted by the prospect of outdoor games with other children. Once again, however, we appear not to have understood him. The vacation was a total waste for him.

In the early summer of 1937 we must again take stock of the situation. Paul remains close friends with Igor and our two families still frequently meet, even though our friend has moved from Loosdrecht to Schoorl.⁴⁴³ Paul shows no interest in other friends. On 12 June he turns eight and we read *Education* with great care, without finding an answer to the question of whether we dare put Paul to the test for a third time.

From seven, eight and nine years the child is conscious of the human sphere. Before that a child is conscious of the higher spheres, but from this moment on he is conscious of the human sphere. For the guardian, this age of the child is of great interest.⁴⁴⁴

As we read this, it is completely clear to us that a young child, when he is still in contact with the higher spheres, can't do without its parents for any length of time. But what are we to make of the words: "the child is aware of the human sphere"? May we assume that the time has come to leave him in the care of others without risking disappointment?

One afternoon our table conversation turns to Suresnes. We both long to be there together undisturbed, something that has not happened since 1928. Paris and Suresnes present all sorts of problems for a child. Until now we have thought the woods and forests of Holland preferable. I have gone to Suresnes only on frequent short visits. We weigh several possibilities, without noticing that Paul follows our conversation nervously. We shall both go to Suresnes for a couple of weeks and discuss openly where Paul might be placed. That should present no problems; after all he has turned eight. Suddenly we are frightened by a contained sob and see a pair of fearful eyes staring at us. "I know what you are talking about," his hoarse little voice says, "you and mother want to leave me behind as you did in Zandvoort and then in Bergen aan Zee. But I don't want you to leave; I want to stay with you, not in misery with other people."⁴⁴⁵

But we, his elders, know what is best and we shall have our way. I explain to Paul that he can decide for himself where he would most like to go and that his mother and I shall then travel abroad because it is better for him to be among strangers once more. The next moment we hear a sound that reminds me of breaking glass and from a choked and desperate voice comes the bitter reproach of a despairing little soul: "If you do that, then I think you are..., then I think you are misers!"

For an instant dimwitted traditional notions about rebellion, authority and suppression flash through my head. Then, fortunately, I realize that this is a cry from the heart. And suddenly I remember how, when I was a child and was sent to fetch something from our high and dark attic, I was scared, irrationally scared, no matter how many times I was sent there because my parent believed I should learn to get over it. Quickly I translate the word "misers," used in desperation, as "total egotists" and come to my senses. Better no Suresnes than a vacation spoiled by thoughts of the acute and needless suffering of this child. We decide to resign ourselves to the inevitable. I assure Paul that we will stay together this summer.

When I discuss this development with my wife that evening, I recall the following. My father often sent us to the country for the entire summer vacation. But always, one of our parents always stayed with us even in case of travel abroad. Once my father sent one of my brothers off to boarding school for a year. The experience was so thoroughly negative that he thenceforth kept the family united, regardless of the problems posed by travelling with five boys. And I begin to understand why Murshid, in all his wisdom, avoided taking a clear position on this matter in *Education*.

That same evening the mail brings a letter from The Hague. It is from Sirkar van Stolk, who invites the three of us to join him and his wife next Sunday, the last before his departure for the Suresnes Summer School. As I would also like to speak to Shanavaz van Spengler, and as my wife would like once more to meet her art-academy friend Camilla, we formulate a plan. After a few phone calls it appears that everything can be combined if only we leave early. First we will attend the Sufi service in the Bazarstraat, in which Sirkar is to play a part and where his two elder daughters Isabelle and Helen will be present.⁴⁴⁶ This is a chance opportunity to have Paul attend another church service:

It is in childhood that the spirit is most receptive and if the God-ideal is ignited at that age, then one has done the same as what Christ has said: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all things will be given to you.' One has given the child a start on the path to God and this first lesson must be taught during childhood.⁴⁴⁷

That Sunday morning in The Hague the church service moves us as always. Isabelle and Helen, who sit in front of us, are clearly impressed as their father opens the service. But it requires no close scrutiny to see that Paul's thoughts have already turned to when he will get to play with them in the Scheveningse Bosjes afterward.⁴⁴⁸

Sirkar goes to drop off the young threesome in his car. We walk home with Shanavaz, where we encounter Camilla.⁴⁴⁹ When Sirkar comes to pick us up, the conversation turns to Paul and his inability to feel at home with strangers. But Shanavaz, always a sensitive observer, does not think this at all surprising. "Don't you see that the child is attuned to the goodwill that you two feel for him? Give him time to profit from it for as long as he wants. He is really quite independent enough. Why risk spoiling everything with another enforced and unnecessary separation?"

That afternoon with Sirkar and Anita, as we are out walking with the children, the same question again arises. It is for good reason that we greatly prize their opinion. They have spent much time with Murshid, who officiated at their marriage. They have heard Murshid lecture on education and have applied many of his ideas to the raising of their own children.

Then Anita asks us why the three of us don't go to Suresnes. We object that Paul would feel out of place there. But then she proposes that he would always be welcome with her. They live in a villa that adjoins the garden of the Mureeds' House, where their children are constantly under the supervision of trusted personnel. It would be no problem if Paul were to stay with them for a couple of weeks. A marked camaraderie has already developed between him and Isabelle, and as for Eric, her youngest, it is always a revelation to have a much older boy present as counterweight to his three older sisters.⁴⁵⁰ We would then be completely free to attend the Summer School. Sirkar observes that we would be able to test if Paul might not be attracted to Sufism via some other route, given that the church service does not appear to interest him at all. Anita's proposal seems too good to be true. When we check the dates, they work out, so we decide to take advantage of this unique opportunity.

When, on the following Wednesday, our friend from School comes to spend the night as usual, she brings momentous tidings. She is going to leave Holland. Years ago, before Igor was born, she had toured Indonesia. That became a prolonged triumph, thanks in part to the contribution of her eminent accompanist Henk Endt, the youthful Sufi who now accompanies Ali Khan.⁴⁵¹ Endt also enjoyed great success as a soloist on this tour. She was well-received everywhere back then, both in European centres and in native princedoms. Recently she has been asked more and more emphatically to come and found a dance school in Indonesia,⁴⁵² where there is a revival of refined culture that does not want to take second place to the motherland.⁴⁵³

After a period of eighteen years of meeting each other on a weekly basis,⁴⁵⁴ this will mean a major adjustment for all of us, including Paul, who will have to manage without Igor. As our friend elaborates on the journey to Indonesia and the dates of departure, we recall that the last time they left, when their ship happened to be moored in Antwerp for three days, we looked them up their to say a second farewell.

This time they are going on a German freighter, the “Kurmark,”⁴⁵⁵ which is to leave from Antwerp in the coming month, precisely in the week in which we are to go to Suresnes.⁴⁵⁶ And thus an opportunity presents itself for an especially interesting journey that could in little time show Paul a great deal that might contribute to his development. Murshid says of this age:

Early childhood is like soil that has just been prepared to take the seed. It is a major opportunity in the life of a child, and even more so in that of a guardian, to sow the seed of knowledge and righteousness in the heart of a child.

And seen from this angle it is a felicitous development that Paul is coming with us and that we may be able to expose him to a few impressions that could form the seed of knowledge for him.

But Murshid refines his ideas when he says:

Another thing that one can help the child understand is something about the people of his country, who they are and what they were, their character traits, their inclinations and aspirations, and then to let him dream about how he would like to see the world change. That also gives him a chance to reconsider as the world continues to evolve.⁴⁵⁷

There can be little doubt that the words “his country” are best not taken too literally in connection with the widening of Paul’s horizons, but should be assumed to include neighbouring countries. In this case, these are to be Belgium and northern France that will provide the first impressions, with the special atmosphere of Suresnes as the keystone that could well help form a bridge to a future interest in Sufism.

The extensive specialization of the tourist industry makes it easy to compile a varied travel plan. On a sunny Sunday we head for the south by bus and drive without stops to Gorkum. There we take the ferry across the Merwede and then continue across the frontier and on to Antwerp. There is much for a child to see on this route. But the following day brings new sensations. We descend in the Schelde Tunnel and go under the river and on to the Kurmark, which is to depart

this evening. Together we spent some time wandering along the boulevards. Then we go on board to enjoy the evening meal with the ship's officers,⁴⁵⁸ our very last meal together. The Kurmark is supposed to leave at eight. After saying farewell, we wait on the dock. When the clock begins to strike the hour, a steam whistle blows and the ship sets into motion. Soon the Kurmark is lost from sight.⁴⁵⁹

The next morning again brings numerous new surprises for Paul. Fortunately the D train Amsterdam-Paris is less crowded than we had expected and standing room for a child next to a window is soon arranged. The traversing of tunnels brings the anticipated excitement. The lunch in the restaurant car is a major event. In the afternoon, as we approach Paris, I stand next to him at the window to see which of us will first spot the Eiffel tower and then the silhouette of the Sacré Coeur.

We are picked up at the Gare du Nord by one of our old family friends, a painter who, after lengthy stays in North Africa and Florence, now has his atelier in Paris. He studied at the academy with my wife.⁴⁶⁰ Hardly have we greeted each other when we encounter another familiar figure. It is [Khushnasib] Hübner,⁴⁶¹ secretary of Maheboob Khan,⁴⁶² the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik of the Sufi Movement. I have repeatedly met Hübner in The Hague over the past winter. He has come to the Gare du Nord to pick up a visitor to the Summer School, who has failed to show up. The two gentlemen are introduced, and we decide to spend a little time on the terrace of one of the cafés. Hübner, who has no children of his own,⁴⁶³ feels very comfortable with them. At once he is brother and companion to Paul, whom he treats to some grapefruit.

My wife is in her element after nearly ten years of absence from her beloved Paris. She enjoys the typical boulevard life, with its remarkable contrasts, such as an overladen hay wagon drawn by five white horses, which causes a traffic jam amongst the endless lines of cars. She has already started sketching. When Hübner at last says he has to run, we take leave of the Parisian artist and take a taxi that brings us all to Suresnes by the familiar route. Hübner, who has Paul next to him, has taken a seat on the bench next to the driver and explains everything as we pass: the Arc de Triomphe, overrun with tourists, the ride to the Bois, the rowing boats on the ponds. My wife and I sit in the back. Countless memories flood over us. How much has happened since we were here last in 1928, before Paul's birth.⁴⁶⁴

Hübner has the taxi stop at the lower end of the Rue de la Tuilerie, in front of Ekbal Dawla, the home of Shaikh-ul-Mashaik, who is just saying goodbye to one of the many attendees who come to him for interviews. Normally, this is the job of Hübner, who arranges these and other matters for Maheboob with great precision. One minute later we are in the garden of the Mureeds' House, overcome by memories of unforgettable years.

This summer Paris is inundated by crowds of tourists who have come to see the World Exhibition, which draws a hundred thousand visitors on some days. "Our" room with its loggia in the Mureeds' House has therefore long been spoken for. We are assigned a smaller room on the second floor. In consultation with Anita van Stolk, my wife and Paul are to sleep in the Mureeds' House. For me there is the Stolk guest room, which has so often provided me with hospitable shelter over the preceding years.⁴⁶⁵ Depending on the circumstances, we shall enjoy our meals in the dining hall of the Mureeds' House, or with Sirkar and Anita. My wife and I can attend all Sufi gatherings, taking Paul with us when possible. In addition, we shall all take trips in Sirkar's car, or attend the exhibition with him.

By the time this is all arranged, Paul has been spending his entire time playing with the children in Sirkar's garden. It is an unusually warm evening. All the children are in their bathing suits and play with the garden hose, with which they spray and waste water in all directions, with large puddles forming on the lawns. Paul at once hits on the idea of improvising a kind of creek along the sloping path. In little time he, Isabelle and Helen have constructed a whole array of terraces and waterfalls. Sylvia, who is still too small to participate, looks on disappointedly with Eric. I ask her: "Do you like the mess they are making?" But she looks at me with bright, indignant eyes: "That's no mess," she says, "that's beautiful!" And I immediately think of Murshid's words from *the Inner Life*: "The best moments of our life are those when we empathize with our children and can join them in play."⁴⁶⁶ So I ask for Sirkar's help and moments later we are both reclined on the lawn, helping Sylvia and Eric construct a second system of water works that fully rivals that of the three elder children.

The vacation has truly begun.

The next afternoon stirs up numerous memories. The Shaikh-ul-Mashaik is to read a lecture by Murshid at the Sacred Meeting in the Lecture Hall. Many old and familiar faces are present; many from Murshid's days are missing. But exactly as in the past Kefayat opens with her unforgettable intonation: "Towards the One, the perfection in love, harmony and beauty, the Only Being, united with all the illuminated souls, who form the embodiment of the Master, the spirit of guidance." And then, when Shaikh-ul-Mashaik has intoned the "Words of Pir-o-Murshid" and opens his reading with Murshid's well-known words: "Beloved ones of God, my subject of today will be" and then continues with "Divine guidance," my wife and I throw each other a look of understanding. Twelve years before, in this same place, we heard Murshid himself pronounce the words of this reading. Deeply moved we listen. Every once in a while there is something about the intonation of Shaikh-ul-Mashaik that reminds us of Murshid. With great piety, quietly and solemnly, the words of Murshid are read. Kefayat's Saum and Salat close the Sacred Meeting in the same steady rhythm of preceding years.

Deeply moved we leave for the Sufi Garden, where a true surprise awaits us. Murshida Fazal Mai approaches us and together we sit in the sun in front of the Hall, looking out on Fazal Manzil and the Mureeds' House. She is overjoyed to see my wife again after so many years. After first greetings she relates in her familiar cheerful and unaffected way what has happened to her over all those years. Fazal Mai still cherishes the same happy delight with everything that she has been allowed to experience with Murshid and his family. She still feels blessed and privileged to have been allowed to share in so much happiness. Here everything has survived of the earlier atmosphere, entirely according to Murshid's words in the *Suras*: "Verily she is to be envied who loves and asks nothing in return."⁴⁶⁷

As we take our leave she asks me to remain for a second. To my surprise she wants to know if I am a member of the Dutch Institute of Accountants. When, somewhat surprised, I confirm that I am, she tells me that she hopes soon to introduce me to certain plans that she has for the future of Vilayat, to assist him in the fulfilment of the task that Murshid has assigned to him. She can't elaborate for the moment, as no one else has yet been informed. She will contact Sirkar soon, as he will be involved. I sense that this is a matter of trust, which, coming from this quarter, makes me feel doubly honoured. I take my leave saying that I will always be more than pleased to give her or Vilayat every possible assistance. After all, Murshid himself ordered me to be prepared to aid my fellow mureeds.

That night, when we are with Sirkar and Anita, still completely immersed in our experiences of the day, I mention this interview. Not one of us truly understands what this might be about, but we are all three pleased that Fazal Mai, who belongs to Murshid's most immediate circle in our minds, intends to invest her trust in Sirkar and me, especially as it is a matter that concerns the future of Vilayat. We decide to keep this entirely to ourselves. Certainly it has been a memorable day, in particular because of the possibility that Sirkar and I may end up working together in the future, this time in the interests of Vilayat and, we may surmise, his task as head of the coming international brotherhood.

But then suddenly I realize that this which has come to pass has much more far-reaching implications that I had at first understood, and a feeling of profound gratitude wells up in me.

"Blessed Fazal Mai, you who will be able to take a place of honour among the Sufi saints for all you have done for Murshid's family, you have today again allowed us to partake in your blessing. That you have entrusted to the hands of Sirkar and me a part in providing the support needed to help Vilayat fulfil his life's mission will, the directive having come from you, never be misunderstood by anyone in the Movement. And I think of the words of Murshid that, even if patience is sometimes worse than death, patience in the end always conquers all."

The following morning at ten thirty we are to meet Kefayat to talk about Paul, who generally sleeps poorly. When I knock on the familiar door, I find that my wife has not yet arrived. Kefayat receives me the same way she did twelve years before. When she says that she has not yet seen me in the Mureeds' House, I inform her that I am staying with Sirkar and Anita. This brings the discussion to Sirkar, who Kefayat says has been a true and dedicated friend to her over many years.

When my wife arrives and we discuss Paul with Kefayat, she offers to treat him. She happens to be free the next half hour. She treats Paul in her room. He is immediately interested in the "beautiful old lady" surrounded by all those beautiful things. During the magnetization of his head, back and chest he becomes more and more attentive and his facial expression clearly shows that he enjoys the treatment. Especially during the pronouncement of the healing prayers, he is genuinely impressed. The positive effect that we are able to observe in the following years, leaves us ever grateful for this opportunity.

When we return to Sirkar, the children greet us with glee. Everyone is to go by car to the forests. We have to get ready as quickly as possible. Soon we are well outside Paris. Isabelle knows the way well and repeatedly gives directions. After little more than half an hour we are about forty kilometres from Paris, in the Bois de Marly, an extended forest complex, to which we appear to be just about the only visitors this afternoon.

Now begins a great feast for the children. We are going to cook, bake and broil out of doors! Many years ago Sirkar and a few others undertook a long excursion on horseback through the lonely Arizona desert, guided by an old trapper who had been on Buffalo Bill's first journeys. He describes how every evening, once water had been located, they collected stones and built a small oven in which a wood-fire was lit. We all go looking for suitable stones and dry wood, and when the oven is finally ready, eggs are baked and tea is set. Then we all go gather black-berries, of which there is an inexhaustible abundance. After the chilly and sombre Dutch winter, the summer warmth of these delightful woods is doubly welcome.

That evening in the Lecture Hall one of Murshid's plays, *The Living Dead*, is being performed. I had earlier seen Yussouf in the title role, which allowed him fully to demonstrate his versatile talents.⁴⁶⁸ With Murshid seated in the front row, he brilliantly interpreted this role, which makes exceptionally high demands on an actor. Tonight Vilayat, Murshid's oldest son, will play the title role. I am very curious about what my impression will be. For a moment during the performance my interest is engaged by [Fazil] de Vries Feyens and his son [Zahir],⁴⁶⁹ who do an outstanding job with the parts of the two servants of the law.⁴⁷⁰ Otherwise everything centres on Vilayat, who conveys with complete dedication and deep

conviction what Murshid intended with this role. After the conclusion, we meet him for a moment in the garden, where we express our great admiration for his performance. Smiling quietly, almost shyly, he listens to us. When Fazal Mai joins him, they return arm in arm to Fazal Manzil.

On Sunday afternoon the Sufi church service is held in the Lecture Hall.⁴⁷¹ Sirkar is going with all four of his children. This is an unexpected opportunity to take Paul and give him another impression of Sufism. As the other children are going with their father, and as the children of the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik are also to attend,⁴⁷² he goes along cheerfully.

When Shaikh-ul-Mashaik, Shadiby and Ekbal have taken their place in the front row,⁴⁷³ the Cherags enter: Fazal Mai, with the same beatific expression as so many years ago, followed by Pallandt, our diplomatic attaché in Paris and, finally, by Vilayat. In the summer sunlight the altar, with its splendid graduations of flowers against the altar-cloth, creates a much more cheerful impression than during the church service by candlelight. Paul is all attention and this only increases when Vilayat opens the service and lights the candles one by one. When he recites the Saum in solemn tones, I see that Paul can't keep his eyes off him. Something of the controlled tension in Vilayat's gestures and attitude seems to fascinate him. The rest of the service, which is held entirely in English, has little to offer to the child, but I do see that Paul's eyes continue to turn to Vilayat.

In the evening Sirkar hits on the idea of taking us all to the light show at the Exposition. We drive there in plenty of time and being careful not to lose any of the five children in the enormous crush, eventually find places in one of the many boats moored along the banks of the Seine. A little later we are witness to truly enchanting scenes; the "Ville Lumière" does her name justice. Cascades of fire, wonderfully lit fountains and fantastic clusters of rockets delight us adults as much as the children. One never tires of the spectacle. Finally the Eiffel tower is lit up, while splendid fireworks are set off at its top. Not one of us even thinks of heading home. Only when the fireworks are over do we head back to Suresnes.

Paul has gone to bed. His mother has repeatedly whispered the short prayer given to us by Shaikh-ul-Mashaik into his ear:

Good health, long life,
right guidance from above,
prosperity, success,
happiness and love.

Then I wish him a good night and ask him if he liked the fireworks. He replies positively but distantly, as if he is really thinking of something else. And then, suddenly, comes the question that truly occupies him: "Father, who was the first to

light the candles at the church service?" I reply that it was Vilayat, Murshid's oldest son. Now his interest mounts and he asks: "Does Vilayat do that every Sunday?" I explain to him that Vilayat is always at work for Sufism because Murshid asked him to, and that, just like Murshid, he will eventually go out into the world to teach people all the beautiful and good thoughts that Murshid wrote down in his books. Then he asks: "May I see Vilayat once more?" I promise that I shall certainly see to it. Then, after a moment's silence, follows a quiet, almost inaudible sound of satisfaction. "Oh!," he sighs and falls asleep. Kefayat's treatment has had its effect. After several weeks we come to the conclusion that the insomnia now belongs to the past.

The next morning we leave for Paris early in the morning. I have promised Paul that we will go visit the Eiffel tower, something I now look forward to in an almost childish way. We take the bus which has replaced the squeaking, screaming tram that had so often disturbed the silent Sufi gatherings and in which I had sat next to Murshid in 1926, when we happened to have boarded the same carriage at Porte Maillot. At the end point of the route we head into the Métro station and during the following minutes we experience the marvellous, highly artificial atmosphere of the underground traffic of a major metropolis.

Arriving at the Eiffel tower, we enter one of the spacious elevators that make their way up the uprights according to a fixed timetable. First we stop on the lowest platform, from which one can still clearly observe the activity below. Then we mount to the second level. Here things down below have become smaller and the view wider. But far above the second platform, floats the small upper platform. We are in doubt. My wife has no wish to go up because the descent can easily make one dizzy and takes so long, but Paul, of course, can't wait to go up, even if he is a little scared as his eyes gage the distance.

The ascending elevator has just discharged a number of tourists onto the second platform. Quickly I gesture to Paul to get in with me. He immediately wants to know if we are going up. I say that we shall have to wait and see; we shall soon know because the doors are already closing. The child's face betrays great tension. Then, to my own surprise, the elevator gives a small lurch of the kind that the coaches of a steam train can take backward before setting into motion. It makes a barely noticeable movement back down and already Paul's face is marked by deep disappointment. The next moment, however, comes a lurch upward. Again doubt prevails until it is clear the next moment that we are in fact heading up. A beaming face looks at me.

At the top the view is as fascinating as always in clear weather. The hills that completely encircle the great city are clearly visible. It is these hills that make Paris's climate so attractive in the winter. Saint Odilia, the patron saint of Paris, calls them "her blessed hills."⁴⁷⁴ On the horizon, surrounded by green forests, are

the great industrial complexes and the airports. Closer in, the splendid churches can be seen. In the depths ride toy cars and the people are like pinheads. Using the orientation tables and binoculars we examine everything. When things at last begin to spin before our eyes, we return to the second platform, where we consume our beloved café crème and croissants together.

On the way home we meet Hübner on the bus. He is constantly arranging things for the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik. This time he has been busy in Paris all morning. He informs me that there will be a Silence that night with the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik. It is remarkable that until Murshid's departure in 1927, the former had devoted himself exclusively to his calling as a musician,⁴⁷⁵ but that he has since dedicated himself totally to the difficult task of leading the Western Sufi movement, so that he has little time left for music. Hübner tells me about the large number of request for interviews, which must be processed on a daily basis. Contacts with national representatives also require close attention, seeing that these people can often manage only brief visits to Suresnes and so make great demands on the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik's time during those days. Even so, he manages to find time to hold a Silence in the evening.

When Hübner and I walk up the Rue de la Tuilerie and reach the house of Shaikh-ul-Mashaik, I see [Akbar] Egeberg come out.⁴⁷⁶ He is the national representative of Norway, who has just had a discussion in Ekbal Dawla about the Sufi movement in his country. Egeberg and I have recently got to know each other and have discussed his unforgettable predecessor, "Auntie" Kjøsterud,⁴⁷⁷ whom we used to call "the mother of Norway." Figures like Egeberg are relatively rare in Suresnes. Most of the visitors are made up of older individuals, who have every opportunity to dedicate themselves almost exclusively to the work of the Sufi Movement, without also having to cope with a career. I therefore welcome in Egeberg a man in the prime of his life, who in addition to his task as leader of Sufism in Norway, plays an important part as an active member of our western European society.

We walk to the garden of the Mureeds' House. In its highest part stands an old building that has been completely renovated a few years ago to house several lodgers. This attests to the foresight of Sirkar who, even after Murshid's departure, has always given close consideration to the expansion of housing for mureeds, in keeping with Murshid's desire to house the Summer School guests within their own ambient as much as possible. Since then these rooms, which are more quietly located than the Mureeds' House, have been almost continually occupied. In front of this new section is a sunny arbour, where we can sit and talk undisturbed.

Egeberg soon begins to talk about the Movement in Norway. His task is not an easy one. There are continual differences of opinion and, he admits honestly, he is more or less discouraged because those who make his life difficult are every

bit as idealistic as he himself. He asks after my experiences. First I have to smile for a second, thinking back on what has happened to me since 1924, but then I begin to tell him what Yussouf van Ingen, whom he never knew, thought about the matter.

First I describe Yussouf as the most gifted of all the Dutch mureeds, a noble man with rare insight, exceptional intuition, warm heart and open mind, inspired by Pir-o-Murshid as almost no other, of whom it can be said that "Whom the gods love, they call home early." And then I tell him how Yussouf was often called in to act as mediator in Suresnes, which he visited for ten years on end, whenever some difference of opinion had arisen which, at first sight, seemed insoluble. And how he had always maintained that such conflicts, which is what things sometimes threatened to become, were never of a material nature, but always a matter of principle or personality. And how he was able to convince those involved that these apparent collisions merely required the polishing of the sharp edges of opposing egos and how, no matter how great a difference of opinion, a rapprochement could be born that leads to a wider understanding, provided there is reciprocal appreciation of each other's sincere position. And how he could then reconcile the two parties with his half-humorous, half-psychological and awareness-creating manner: "And why do you think Murshid has brought you two together if not to teach each other harmony and understanding?"⁴⁷⁸

And I tell Egeberg how much we have missed Yussouf since his departure but how the task of maintaining harmony in his spirit now rests on our shoulders, even though this sometimes seems a heavy burden indeed. But behind all this, I continue, I see a further prospect. After all, our Movement is still only very small, but someday the numbers will grow naturally, and then the time will come for which Murshid laid the foundations with his journey to India in the last year of his life, and when we will be the ones faced with task of becoming a truly large Movement through contacts with Eastern Sufis. How many deep and fundamental differences of opinions might not arise in the beginning, with the practical realization of a World Brotherhood, even one that begins with only modest numbers. And all these differences of opinion will finally have to be bridged "in the spirit of Pir-o-Murshid," as our Executive Supervisor [Hafiz] Mahaffy expressed it, when we as the younger Movement will be required to approach with great respect the so much older Eastern Sufism. Then a great measure of insight and understanding will be needed to raise this collaboration to higher harmony even when the undeniable differences between East and West present themselves.

And now I believe that the instances of minor friction, even though fortunately only of a personal or principled nature, may be seen as only so many preliminary studies that we have to survive to later spread a spirit that will allow

us, or perhaps our followers, to participate in the realization of the third goal of Sufism as Murshid brought it, namely: "to help bring the two antipodes of the world closer together through an exchange of thoughts and ideas." And I explain to Egeberg that if we can manage to see our differences as essential training for later, greater ends, everything is completely comprehensible, especially as similar situations already tended to develop during Murshid's lifetime.

Luckily I am able to give many examples from the fifteen years that I have attended the Summer School of strong bonds of friendship forged in the ambient of Suresnes between apparently ideological or personal opponents who reached a consensus "in the spirit of Pir-o-Murshid." I also point out that it is sometimes difficult for the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik to mediate in the many questions put before him, if only because of differences in language. The exchange of ideas almost invariably takes place in English, and most of us do not have sufficient mastery of the English language to rule out misunderstandings.

Egeberg agrees completely. We began our conversation in English and then discovered by accident that we communicate better in German. I give as a further example the visit of one of the American mureeds whose pronunciation of English was difficult to follow for the non-English Suresnes attendees. This was probably true for Shaikh-ul-Mashaik as well and this alone is a source of misunderstandings that continually requires patience.

Finally I review the problems of Vilayat, whom Murshid appointed in his tenth year as head of the "Confraternity." One can see that Vilayat now takes this task very seriously, even though it must have adverse consequences for the kind of carefree youth that one would wish for him. When Egeberg asks me if I could recollect an utterance of Murshid which is relevant to this issue, I recall his words from "Boulas" in the *Nirtan*: "The more one can bear, the more one is given to bear."

While we are still completely lost in conversation, my wife comes to ask me to join Sirkar and Anita at their table, where we have been invited this afternoon. Because of the splendidly warm weather, a small table has been decked in the garden under the fruit trees. The children will enjoy their meal outside. As we stand chatting close to them, an apple drops. "Gosh," says Helen, "if only an apple would drop on our table while we are eating!" Hardly have we commenced our meal inside but the garden resounds to the uncontrollable, high-pitched laughter of the girls and the Indian whoops of Paul and Eric. Helen's wish has come true; an apple has landed on the carafe, which has toppled. To the irrepressible joy of the children, no fewer than three plates have been broken and are shown to us in triumph. The enthusiastic descriptions of the children, who were dumbfounded for an instant, have a contagious effect on their elders. It becomes a moment of genuine fun for all. As we Dutch say, "shards bring happiness."

In the evening we assemble in the semi-darkness of the Lecture Hall. After some time the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik enters almost soundlessly and the Silence begins. It is a quiet and solemn gathering which, for many of us, stirs up memories of evenings with Murshid, and all that is associated with them. We experience sadness about what has been lost and gladness for what has survived. A deep peace hovers over this gathering. Much later, when the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik has left the Hall, we return home, silent and introspective. I continue to relish the quiet night atmosphere in front of the open windows. The cypresses give off their scent in the garden below. I see a weasel scurry about by the light of the moon, causing a faint rustling. Then everything is completely silent.

The next morning I encounter Vilayat in the garden. I talk to him for a moment to tell him that the way in which he opened the Sunday service has left a deep impression on my young son, and that Paul has asked if he could see him once more. Vilayat replies that this can probably best be managed when we attend the service of the "Confraternity of the Message" next morning, which Paul can attend as well. I express my pleasure to Vilayat that he is able to reach children, which could be of the greatest importance for his future mission. Whenever Murshid met a child, he was always immediately immersed in all the beauty and purity that distinguishes children from most adults. I show Vilayat a photograph of Murshid holding a small child on his arm. Marvellously contrasted are the dark figure of Murshid and the radiant light of the blond child. This brightness gives off a glow that is, as it were, reflected by the great ardour that goes out from Murshid's soft smile to the innocence of the radiant child.

That evening I receive a message from Murshida Fazal Mai, who asks me to come to Fazal Manzil. I am haunted by many memories as I enter the gate. Slowly I mount the stairs that lead to the front door. I have not been here since my initiation by Murshid in 1924. On the landing at the top I stand still for an instant to look out on the Sufi Garden, with Haras de Longchamp to the right and the rise to the Avenue de Versailles to the left.⁴⁷⁹ Murshid is reported to have said that this entire area would someday become the property of the Sufi Movement.

After I ring the bell, I am let in by Murshid's oldest daughter, Noor-un-Nisa,⁴⁸⁰ who welcomes me cordially. A little later Fazal Mai comes down. When we are alone I feel a longing to once more see the room in which I was initiated. But Fazal Mai has to disappoint me; Begum has kept this room closed since Murshid's departure.⁴⁸¹ We enter the opposite room instead. I can't pretend that I am not excited about our pending conversation. Fazal Mai first tells me that since our last talk, she has written to her lawyer in Arnhem⁴⁸² and that she received a reply this morning, after which she has come to a final decision with respect to the plan that has long absorbed her.

First she returns to the period following Murshid's departure, to how she had initially lost all hope but how strength and inspiration then came back to her in a way that she had not thought possible. This regained strength subsequently enabled her to defy her advanced years and, for more than a decade, to assist Murshid's family, just as she had done while Murshid was still alive.

It is the first time in all these years that Fazal Mai speaks to me in Dutch. She used always to rely on English because that was the language in which she conversed with Murshid and in which she raised his children. But when she talks about Murshid, she repeatedly switches to English. Time and again her features have that expression of childlike beatitude that has never abandoned her over the years. When she speaks about "the children" her entire being is radiant and she is in truth "the blessed mother" that Murshid saw in her when he named her Fazal Mai.

I still do not have the faintest notion what direction our conversation will take. With me, Fazal Mai is in the company of someone who also knew Murshid. Everything else decreases in importance for her as old memories flood back. In the meantime night has fallen. The room is enveloped in a wonderful twilight that reminds me of the novels of Dickens.

Then Fazal Mai begins talking about Vilayat, and how much she has been worried about his future. It could prove to be both uncertain and difficult, seeing that he lost his father long ago and that she may not much longer be able to help him in word and deed, which is what Vilayat has been accustomed to from the beginning. She has given it all considerable thought, without finding a concrete solution. Even after she is gone, she wants Vilayat to be able to study and then go to India and qualify himself in any way necessary for the task that he will have to fulfil upon his spiritual maturation. But she knows all too well that Vilayat is both idealistic and impractical. She is always worried when she considers how wrong it would be if, in a short while, all guidance were to disappear. And even if she must ultimately leave everything to Providence, she would like to settle material matters in such a way that Vilayat will also stay in contact with older advisors whom she trusts will continue to help him in the same spirit that she has always done.

When she has arrived at this point, I suddenly recall that she recently asked me whether I was a member of the Dutch Institute of Accountants, but I still do not make a connection to what is to follow.

Fazal Mai goes on to tell me that her husband left her a large enough fortune to have allowed her to live a life of independence, with enough left over to support Murshid's family in such a way that he was able to dedicate himself entirely to his spiritual mission. This has worked out all the better because her investments have generally been most successful. It is moving to hear Fazal Mai

credit even that success to Murshid, whom she claims had repeatedly guided her in what proved to be the right direction. When Fazal Mai gives me a few examples, I am not quite able to follow, but I gather, without knowing the details, that Murshid dissuaded her from certain transactions on the basis of his intuition, which repeatedly proved to be sound.

In part owing to her frugality, her fortune has slowly increased and she now wishes to destine it to the pursuit of three goals: the maintenance of Fazal Manzil, which is her property; the care, in so far as proves necessary, of Murshid's family; and the securing of Vilayat's opportunity to prepare for his higher calling without material encumbrance. For a long time she has pondered how the last goal could best be realized. She is of the opinion that once Vilayat has gone into the world to spread Murshid's teachings, he can hardly be expected continually to concern himself with family problems. Quite rightly she deems any arrangement undesirable that would hinder Vilayat in the pursuit of his task in the world.

To find a solution, she has consulted her lawyer in Arnhem and her business representative in Amsterdam, who have managed her fortune for a long time. She has described the structure of the Sufi Movement in detail to both, but neither has known just how to address her concerns. Finally a proposal was put before her that would place her fortune, including Fazal Manzil, in a foundation, of which she will at first be in complete control. But what about the future, when she is no longer around? Who will carry out her stipulations in the spirit that she intended?

Initially her advisors suggested that she appoint three prominent members of the Sufi Movement to serve with full power of attorney as the executive board of the foundation, mureeds who can be expected to respect the intentions of the founder and give Vilayat ample opportunity to pursue his mission without administrative encumbrances. But eventually both she and her advisors saw that even this arrangement had a problem. Leading members of a spiritual movement are not always suited to managing a fortune. That is why they have settled on a compromise. In the future, a broker is to be appointed as financial-technical board member, with two members of the Sufi Movement making sure that the available means are used in accordance with the aims of the foundation.

Everything is still in the future. Fazal Mai remains the sole board member of the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation, but she now wishes to invite two Sufis to join her broker as prospective board members. Initially a misunderstanding arose. The founding charter states that the board is obliged to have the books reviewed annually by a member of the Dutch Institute of Accountants. She had intended to appoint me as that accountant. After our discussion she became more inclined to invite me as one of the three board members, especially because the broker also lives in Amsterdam, which could facilitate consultation.

Following our discussion, she wrote to her lawyer, who has replied that it is of no importance that the auditing accountant be a member of the Sufi Movement. He even thinks it would be better if this were not the case. If, therefore, Fazal Mai knows an Amsterdam accountant who is Sufi and seems appropriate as board member, it is a good idea to invite him, so that there may be two financial experts on the board, together with a leading figure from the Sufi Movement who has known Murshid and will be prepared continually to guard Vilayat's interests. She has her eye on Sirkar in this capacity. Now she asks me if I will be available, in due time, to serve as a board member. She still needs to approach Sirkar, but she already feels able to count on his cooperation.

While Murshida Fazal Mai tells me all this in her melodious voice, I reflect on the remarkable coincidence of my being invited to the board just when Paul has shown such a particular interest in Vilayat. After I have declared that I am most honoured by her proposal but express the hope that Fazal Mai may remain the only board member for many years, we agree that for the time being no one else is to learn of our plans. At my departure, Fazal Mai expresses her sense of accomplishment at having arranged everything to her satisfaction. Every board member will appoint his own successor when taking office. She trusts that this will guarantee, even into the far future, that everything will continue to be done in the spirit in which she conceived it.

The next day we leave for the Sufi Garden with Paul in good time. When the appointed hour for the service of the "Confraternity of the Message" has come, several of those present enter the room, where others are already waiting. We follow them and the ceremony commences. With great dedication and pure intonation, Shaukat van der Linde, the Sufi leader of the Hilversum Centre, in whose former home the Amsterdam classes were held over several years,⁴⁸³ reads Murshid's beautiful words, Pir, Nabi and Rasoul, which are part of this service. Standing before the assembly, Vilayat recites the three consecutive passages from Saum, Salat and Khatum. At the repetition of the words "May the message of God reach far and wide," Paul has already become very attentive, and he remains so with the following "pour upon us Thy love and Thy light."⁴⁸⁴ It is no wonder that the child is fascinated by Vilayat's presentation, as he is pulling out all the stops. Voice, movement and facial expression contribute to the deep impression he makes on all those present.

And yet it must be difficult for the still youthful Vilayat to perform the task that he took over from his father when still only a child. While I can't take my eyes off him, I recall several lines of an English poem concerning a lad who has for the first time been allowed to accompany his father on a corvette that the latter commands in a naval battle. When the father is carried below, badly wounded, he commands his young son to man the bridge for him until the victory is won.

But the ship catches fire, so that the lad remains behind all alone, faithful to the command of his father, whose trust he does not wish to betray. And the words of the poem then read that though death by flames grimaces at the youth from all sides:

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.⁴⁸⁵

It is also up to Vilayat whether he will remain in the position that his father has assigned him, full of confidence that he will one day succeed if he continues to give it his all.

Then come the words “Disclose to us Thy divine light” and with the splendid rhythmic rendering of this passage, Vilayat’s entire being expresses a truly ecstatic tension that transports his audience. Paul follows the impressive and moving presentation with bated breath. Witnessing Vilayat’s exalted performance of this ceremony brings to mind some lines by Victor Hugo:

Those who live are those who struggle; they are
Those whose heart and head are filled with a firm purpose.
Those of high destiny who climb the harsh summit.
Those who march thoughtfully, filled with a sublime purpose.
Having before their eyes ceaselessly, night and day,
Some sainted labour or great love.⁴⁸⁶

Observing Vilayat during this service of the “Confraternity of the Message,” it is easy to see that he has dedicated himself to both a “great love,” namely his love for his father, and a “sainted labour,” namely his task to proclaim Murshid’s teachings throughout the world, which forms “the sublime purpose” of the entire direction of his life, wherever it may lead. And it gives me great satisfaction that I may someday be of help to Vilayat, circumstances permitting.

Afterward I look up Vilayat in the garden for a moment to tell him that I believe his beautiful presentation has again left a deep impression on Paul, whom I call over. For a moment East and West meet in these two members of the younger generation: Vilayat dressed in black, already filled with the gravity of his calling, Paul blond and radiant, with all the innocence of a child and a little shy at this unexpected greeting.

Later I ask Vilayat if I can take a photo of him as a keepsake of these days. But he hesitates. For a variety of reasons, it is the explicit advice of Fazal Mai

that Murshid's children should not let themselves be photographed. Although I agree completely with Fazal Mai, I can't resist the temptation to press my suit. But Vilayat gives in only on the proviso, inspired by his modesty, that I must take all four of Murshid's children together. He calls his brother Hidayat and their two sisters and I take several photos of them standing in the Sufi Garden, with Fazal Manzil and the Mureeds' House, with all their associated memories, in the background.

That evening, before going to sleep, Paul asks repeatedly after Vilayat. I tell him that we hope that Vilayat will become his good friend, just as Murshid was a good friend to us in the past. Completely satisfied, he falls asleep at last.

The next day is to be our last in Suresnes. In the morning we go to the Lecture Hall to attend the Healing, which is led by Kefayat in person. The long silence, the pronouncement of the splendid poetic prayers, the standing united in the magic circle, at which we extend our hands to each other, the individual prayers that are said for those beseeching healing, it is all again as if time has stood still since we first experienced them. These are things that no one can ever take away from us. As we go our separate ways, we have a moment to tell Kefayat that Paul is sleeping much better. It will be the last time we meet her. Then we take our leave of her who in our memories will always be inseparable from Murshid and the Healing.

Anita awaits us on the sunny terrace of her home. We find her in the company of Sirkar and his sister Bhakti. The conversation turns to Kefayat and the Healing. All three mothers give their ideas about it in relation to their children. There are many areas of agreement but also some differences of opinion. I am most deeply struck by the conviction that those who are highly attuned to the ceremony of the healing, will, while in the magic circle, feel a continual current course through their bodies, which they then can pass on for the healing of the sick.

That afternoon I go to the Lecture Hall for the last time to hear a lecture by the former Madame [Sundra] Madier, who showed exceptional refinement several years before in her rhythmic dancing. She now lives in Geneva, married to the Sufi De Watteville. This lecture offers me a fresh perspective on one of Murshid's pronouncements. The third of the Sufi thoughts reads as follows: "There is one Holy Book, the sacred manuscript of nature, the only scripture which can enlighten the reader." I have never entirely been able to accept that Murshid intended nature to exclude mankind, although I have had to admit that numerous other passages in Murshid's works do point in that direction. One example is the pronouncement that the wise see the mystery of creation solved by the observation of the development of one leaf. This may be true for a country like India, where it is not at all uncommon for a man to retire to the wilderness for some time to live a more natural life. It has always seemed to me that this

is different for Western circumstances. But time and again these thoughts are contradicted by what I encounter in Murshid's writings. I have therefore come to accept that "the Holy Book of nature" refers to the cosmos, without its human inhabitants.

Now, in the lecture that I attend this afternoon, I encounter the thought that "nature" must be expanded to embrace "human nature" and that Murshid must certainly have intended that the study of human nature is a part of what can enlighten the reader. It goes without saying that I do not risk an opinion. Possibly this lecture can be studied by those who are better qualified to judge.⁴⁸⁷ The quotation from *Education* near the beginning of this chapter seems to me to constitute proof that the literal interpretation is the correct one, even if the aspect elucidated by Madame de Watteville opens many possibilities.

After we have returned to Amsterdam, Paul inquires after Vilayat a few times in the evenings. My assurances that they will meet again and that Vilayat will recall their previous meeting, puts his mind completely at rest. Several weeks later the questions cease altogether, but an expression of interest in things religious is reflected in his keen interest in our illustrated children's Bible. Then daily life increasingly supplants the impressions of Suresnes in his thoughts.

After the storm over Europe has broken out, news reaches us of the departure of Fazal Mai.⁴⁸⁸ Shanavaz van Spengler attends the funeral, which we are prevented from doing. Later he gives us a detailed report. Some time after Sirkar and I receive news from Fazal Mai's business representative, meester E. van Meer, that we, along with him, have been appointed as board members of the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation. We get acquainted at a first meeting and are informed of the state of the fortune. It seems to us that the money transfers to Suresnes should continue as they have done for years, and that these are intended for the costs of maintaining Fazal Manzil, for Vilayat's study in England and for the support of the family.

Sirkar explains that he will have very little opportunity to concern himself with such matters. He now lives in Rozendaal, where he is busy furnishing and decorating a new home.⁴⁸⁹ He is holding on to his house in The Hague for the time being, to lead the Hague Sufi Centre from there. In addition, he has all the worries of a National Representative of the Sufi Movement, so that very little time remains to him for his financial affairs. He therefore proposes that I am to keep abreast of financial transactions through regular contact with *meester* van Meer. Only under special circumstances do I need consult him. The outcome is that I see many documents every month but have no occasion to involve Sirkar, because everything proceeds in a businesslike fashion.

But some letters that come from Suresnes are of a contrary opinion. People there are only partially reconciled to the current state of affairs.⁴⁹⁰ No one appears

to have expected that the bequeathed fortune would be sheltered in a foundation. Even less did people expect that Vilayat would not have the deciding voice. As I understand from reading this correspondence, the sober and businesslike aspect of the communications concerning funds transferred to Suresnes has not been appreciated, even though it is customary in such cases and though the father of the current broker always corresponded with Fazal Mai in the same terms. People seem to think that with two Sufis on the board, this ought to find expression in the tone of the correspondence.

The Suresnes point of view puts us in a difficult position. Sirkar and I certainly foresaw no such reaction when, at the request of Fazal Mai, we agreed to cooperate in an already fully-established procedure on which we had no influence and which had been devised by Fazal Mai and her advisors exclusively for the benefit of Vilayat. Under normal circumstances, one of us might well have gone to Suresnes to clear up the misunderstanding. But the conditions of war have become more severe, meaning that new regulations are constantly being put into effect which are eating up all of our time. In addition, a visa for France is very hard to come by. It is therefore decided that *meester* van Meer will give a written explanation of the regulations and aims instituted by Fazal Mai, by which the board members are bound and from which they may not deviate. This explanation is apparently poorly received in Suresnes and the reply is of such a nature that Sirkar, who is totally overworked and overextended, informs Vilayat that he already has to dedicate so much time to Sufism that he can't remain available if his involvement is so little appreciated.

Events develop differently than we anticipated, however. Without warning we learn from Shanavaz that Vilayat is staying with him.⁴⁹¹ He has come to Holland to speak with us in person, seeing that he had certainly not intended to let a situation develop which might give Sirkar reason to withdraw. At this point, Shanavaz has already let Vilayat know that he could hardly have expected otherwise and pointed out to him that if the followers of Murshid continue to go to so much trouble for him, he should consider this a privilege, so that more trust might be expected on his part. In lengthy telephone conversations Shanavaz informs us that he has pointed out to Vilayat that thanks to Fazal Mai he is not only able to pursue his studies without worries, but also to discuss his plans for the future with the three older advisors, whom Fazal Mai trusted to handle everything in her spirit, so that he might still be guided by her after her departure. Even if Fazal Mai's arrangements are not altogether clear to him, he should first and foremost understand that she would never have done anything that is not in his interest, and that trust is the first thing that may be expected of a Sufi.

We have still more telephone consultation about this information from Shanavaz, who believes that he has made a deep impression on Vilayat. We agree

that it is desirable that Vilayat should have a separate interview with each of us and that we shall then consult to check if a complete consensus has been reached, so that we may be expected to carry on our task in complete reciprocal harmony.

First Vilayat is to visit *meester* van Meer. It was he and the lawyer who designed the original arrangement for Fazal Mai. Vilayat must be left in no doubt that, after lengthy consultation, Fazal Mai herself deemed this option to be in his own greatest interest and that she only later invited Sirkar and me to serve as future board members, to create a still stronger guarantee that everything would proceed in the spirit that she intended.

After this meeting has clarified a great deal for Vilayat, he visits Sirkar. At the conclusion of that meeting, Sirkar informs me that he is prepared to consider staying on as a board member. He thinks it better, however, to await the outcome of my discussion with Vilayat, who is to visit me the next evening.

Now I am faced with a situation that I could never have anticipated. Murshid's oldest son and, we hope, his eventual successor, is to visit me. I fully realize that this could turn into a remarkable evening, which might lead to tighter bonds of friendship. I also have an eye to the relationship that might someday develop between Vilayat and Paul. Will the younger generation carry on in our footsteps? Will Vilayat become Paul's great spiritual leader? In view of the significant importance that I attach to this meeting, I decide to receive Vilayat without any distractions. My wife is at mureed class this evening. I have the hearth prepared and turn off the telephone.

Vilayat, who has come to Holland with his brother Hidayat in the latter's car, has phoned to let me know when I may expect him, but when the agreed upon hour arrives, he keeps me waiting for a while, giving me an opportunity to reflect on the meaning that this night could have for me. Then, as I give my thoughts free rein, I suddenly remember an evening of many years before. As a newly established accountant, I had obtained through the intervention of old friends of my father, an introduction to the then Secretary of the Dutch National Bank, who I hoped would be able to provide me with a letter of reference. I knew that he and my father had spent years on a church council together, but beside that I expected nothing more than the predictable turn of events. For example, the doorman receives orders from the banker to announce another visitor after about ten minutes, whereupon the banker informs me that he will need to attend to the new caller in a minute, indicating that my interview has come to an end.

First I went to the Bank for the preliminary interview, but once there I was informed that, due to an unforeseen circumstance, I was to repeat my visit at his home that evening. I went there reluctantly, expecting nothing but cool indifference. How differently things were to turn out. I was admitted to a small private office in which a shielded study lamp cast an intimate light. Instead of

a haughty and distant banker, a small and friendly old gentleman approached and offered me his hand. He affably asked me to take a seat in one of the most comfortable chairs, apologized for missing me that morning, and only then sat down himself.

At once he began to tell me about my father. How very pleasant it had been to work with him during his life. How they had served for twenty-five years on the same church council and how he had always admired my father for his calm trust, quiet modesty and lack of bias under all circumstances. Then he went on to express his pleasure at finally meeting one of the sons about whom he had heard so much. Slowly it began to appear as if he was expressing his gratitude to me for giving him an opportunity to do a favour for one of my father's children.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, he turned the conversation to his own professional activities and from there, ever so casually, to my profession, thus heading naturally in the direction of the matter about which he had probably been able to assume I had come to consult him. No doubt I failed altogether to appreciate with what refined tact I had been received on that evening. Now, with hindsight, I understand that the entire introduction had been nothing but the stance of a courtly and helpful man who wanted to put me completely at ease before discussing business matters, so that I would be able to ask for what I wanted frankly and without restraint.

And now, still waiting for Vilayat, as I see that evening before me, it occurs to me that in our circle we would say of my one-time host that he was "a true Sufi," which encompasses everything. When we call someone a true Sufi, any further criticism is silenced, because we know ourselves to be in the company of someone whose way of life we admire, and perhaps envy, because we recognize that we ourselves only rarely succeed in living up to that description. But for tonight, now that I am the host and Vilayat as the younger party comes to me, can I not for once manage to be a true Sufi in the spirit that Murshid attempted to foster in us?

As these thoughts go through my head I hear a car stop and a little later Vilayat enters. He starts by apologizing for the delay on their journey by car. Hardly is he seated and I show him two large photographs of Murshid and ask him if he is familiar with them. Vilayat is surprised. He knows that one the photos was taken in America in the winter of 1925-1926, but the other, which I am able to tell him was taken the same day, is new to him. This gives me an opportunity to explain that when Murshid, was shown the original photos, he said: "You could call one 'the master' and the other 'the friend.'" Vilayat, who is entirely lost in the inspection and comparison of the two splendid portraits, becomes even more pensive. Then I ask him a question that I have already put to many; which portrait does he think depicts "the master," and which "the friend."

Until now it has been my experience that, without hesitation and full of conviction, people identify one or the other portrait as friend or master and are then unable to understand how any number of mureeds could have been of the opposite sentiment. But Vilayat offers no opinion. After all, Murshid means infinitely more to him than merely a friend or master.

Then I find the two photographs of Murshid's four children, which I took in 1937, in the Sufi garden, and which I have not yet had a chance to show to Vilayat. I reveal that my wife and I particularly value these photos because they were taken on the day that he had made such a great impression on Paul. True, nothing has yet come of it, but within us as parents the hope still lives on that history will repeat itself, so that Paul will someday feel attracted to Vilayat in the same way as we to Murshid, and find his spiritual leader in him. I add that many in Holland live in the hope and expectation that Vilayat will one day prove worthy of his father and that it therefore pleases me greatly to see him in my house this evening. For us, I continue, it is always a special day in our lives when we meet someone who has known Murshid well and with whom we can exchange memories of that unforgettable time when he was still in our midst.

The more I continue in this way, the clearer it becomes that the nervous tension that Vilayat showed on his arrival is steadily decreasing. He simply has to sense the trust that is invested in him. In addition, he is gratified to hear talk of Murshid. That is why I use this occasion to revive old memories from the days when I had still only seen Murshid a few times and that I talk about in my chapter "A Recollection for a Future Generation."

A little later my wife knocks. She has returned from the mureed class and comes to bring us tea and biscuits. Her customary friendly and interested attitude underscores in a relaxed way what I have been trying to achieve this evening, namely that Vilayat will feel so at home with us that it will be as if he has been in the habit of dropping in on us for years. When she has again left us to ourselves, I tell Vilayat that Het Schild will soon feature a biography of Murshid, including a series of articles on "The Modern Sufi Movement" by Professor Dr. K. Steur.⁴⁹² As Vilayat is as yet unfamiliar with this biography, I translate and read the first part of the conclusion of the article for him, in which the last months before Murshid's departure are described:

After the Summer School of 1926 Inayat Khan needs rest and leaves his house at Suresnes near Paris to restore his depleted strength in his native country. He has to do without rest and rehabilitation, however. His fame has preceded him. In India the entire Sufi movement, with Sheikh Hassan Nizami as spokesman, declares him to be the leader of the entire Sufi movement. Then he

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

recommences the exhausting life of travel and speaking. He gives lectures at the Universities of Aligarh and Delhi. This last city greatly impresses him and holds him; the wonderful splendour displayed at the Conference of Rajahs and Maharajahs that was being held at the moment, and the spring weather in the beautiful land where so many masters found eternal rest while their tradition lived on, do him good. On 15 December he writes while in that mood that the Movement is being thrust to full flower by a wave of new spring life.

When I have got this far, I share with Vilayat a remarkable thought that entered my mind as I read this passage. I ask him: "Is it not as if Murshid not only saw the promised land during those months but actually entered it, a privilege denied even to Moses? Murshid had by then completed and fulfilled his task in the West. His lectures would be saved in their entirety. The organization of Western Sufism had been laid down in detail in both esoteric and exotic respects. The leadership had been settled for the future. Leaders for all the important posts had been assigned. Everything had been prepared according to Murshid's intentions. The first stone for the 'Universe' had been laid and he had appointed you, Vilayat, as the future head of the World Brotherhood. Numerous dedicated mureeds were prepared to continue his work and spread his teachings. Can one not reasonably assume that Murshid had, in fact, completed his task by 13 September 1926? And behold, he then experienced as special blessing that he was able to see once more his beloved native land, which he had left voluntarily when he commenced his work in the West. Moreover, he found recognition there to be even greater, richer and more valuable than had come his way in all those sixteen years in the West. It seems to me that Murshid was truly allowed to enter the promised land and that everyone who was privileged to witness how intensely he enjoyed a full human life in all its richly graduated forms, can only be gladdened by the description of these last months, when all the wonders of India collaborated to make his life a reflection of the antechamber of Heaven that he was shortly to enter in reality."

I then continue with my translation of the last part of the article, the description of Murshid's departure:

On 29 December Inayat Khan is in Ajmer, at the grave of the great Sufi, Moinuddin Chishti, when he catches a cold. He returns to Delhi, from where his last letter, announcing his complete recovery, was mailed on 13 January 1927. It is a deceptive recovery, however, because a relapse ending in severe pneumonia quickly brought his end on 5 February 1927, his resistance having been broken by the fire of diligence with which he had carried out his mission.

The last two days before his departure he is unconscious. Not a word passed his lips but his handsome face shone with light. Those present later said that in the room in which he took his leave from life there hung an odour of invisible roses. He was buried in the open wide field next to the grave of the great Sufi saint, Chishti Nizam-oe-din Aulia.⁴⁹³ On his breast lay the symbol of the Sufi Movement, its only ornamentation during his lifetime: a heart with waxing moon and a five-pointed star, whose light is reflected in the heart.

And we are both glad that this beautiful phraseology has given the Dutch public such greatly improved information about Sufism and Murshid.

When I have finished, I ask Vilayat if he knows the remarkable introduction to *Basic Forms of Mysticism* by Dr. van Brakell Buys,⁴⁹⁴ the gifted and inspired writer on Persian Sufism, who displays a beauty of language in his works that in itself makes them a truly refined pleasure to read. To remain entirely objective, I have to point out that Van Brakell Buys is less than enchanted with the Western Sufi Movement, the failings of which he identifies mercilessly, rejecting what does not approach the very highest beauty. Until, perhaps, he may one day discover the answer in Murshid's words in the *Nirtan*: "Many underestimate the greatness of the Cause because they only perceive the limitations through which I had to do my work."⁴⁹⁵

Indeed, anyone who compares the flower of the Persian Sufi poets, as it achieved its greatest heights in several immortal figures over the course of centuries, with the largely mediocre group of Murshid's first followers in the Western Sufi Movement of 1910 to 1940,⁴⁹⁶ can only be struck by "the limitations" thus possibly failing to realize that no spiritual movement has ever had a round table of Knights of the Grail as its first devotees. Of those who were struck by Murshid's remarkable personality, Count Willem van Bylandt, a competent and charming Dutch diplomat, is one of a very few who speak to the imagination of a greater and perhaps also international public.⁴⁹⁷ The Star of the East and the Oxford Movement immediately attracted attention by the joining of leading figures in the field of science,⁴⁹⁸ whereas the Western Sufi Movement cannot point to a single scholar of note.⁴⁹⁹

But when he drew attention to the charms of Eastern Sufism with his splendid essays entitled *Figures from Persian Mysticism*, Van Brakell Buys probably also did Western Sufism an important, if unintentional, favour. The highly discerning Salar Kluwer presumably realized this when his publishing house brought this book to the attention of Dutch readers. Who knows? Perhaps Dr. van Brakell Buys will someday come to recognize that it can also be said of him: "You think you shove, but you are shoved."⁵⁰⁰ Perhaps through him and the inspiration of Murshid, the admirers of Eastern Sufism will extend a hand to

those who venerate Western Sufism, in mutual recognition that they both have the achievement of inner beauty as their highest goal, regardless of how this may be revealed and along which pathways this may be realized.

Returning to the *Basic Forms of Mysticism*, it is certainly also remarkable that Van Brakell Buys considers three figures who belong to quite different periods. As mystic of feeling he advances Fariduddin Attar (c. 1200); as mystic of reason, al-Gazzali (1058-1111) and as mystic of the will, Akbar, the Great Mogul (c. 1550 [1542-1605]). Van Brakell Buys identifies these three modes as the fundamental forms of mysticism, pointing out in his foreword that it is possible to identify them in outstanding figures of all religions. In connection with Christianity, he calls Thomas of Aquinas “the great philosopher of the mother church,” next to Saint Teresa and John of the Cross as “poetically inspired souls in whom the transport of love dominated” and, finally, “the awesome man of will, Ignatius of Loyola.”⁵⁰¹

And then I ask Vilayat to consider with me to what degree these distinct fundamental forms may be identified in those who belonged to Murshid’s closest circle around the time that he completed his task. If it should prove possible to elucidate this connection, it would demonstrate all the more clearly with what wisdom Murshid chose those whom he intended, each in his own way, to continue his work, of which the exposure to a Western public of Eastern mysticism was one of the most important components. And when I think of Holland, which I am naturally better able to judge than other countries, I see Sirkar as the mystic of will, Shanavaz as that of feeling, and Wazir that of reason. I believe I can draw this same distinction with respect to Murshid’s female followers: Salima, despite her great sensitivity, is the mystic of will.⁵⁰² Zulaikha, despite her brilliant intelligence, is predominantly the mystic of “the poetically stirred soul in whom the transport of love dominates.” Finally Azmat is the mystic of reason, based on her pure discernment and clear insight that complemented her exceptional sensitivity.

Vilayat has become most attentive at these distinctions, which may perhaps be too exclusively subjective. He knows all these followers of Murshid and each could be of particular value to him in the execution of his future task. Then I go still further and ask him if we may not apply this tripartite differentiation, originating in such a deep study of mysticism as that by Van Brakell Buys, to the top of the pyramid, the supreme leadership of the Western Sufi Movement. I put forward the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik as mystic of feeling, Murshid Ali Khan as the mystic of will and, sometime in the future, when he will have completed his studies and acquired the necessary experience, Vilayat himself, the first of a younger generation, as mystic of reason in the Sufism of Murshid.⁵⁰³

Vilayat has followed this last exposition attentively. When I mention his name, his fine, slim hands, which lie folded in his lap, become more tightly intertwined for an instant. I continue by saying that this same distinction is

probably applicable to other countries and even to the Sufi Headquarters, but that I know too few of the leading figures to dare hazard an analysis. For Vilayat, whom we hope will become the future link between numerous leaders of likely very divergent mystical dispositions, the deeply considered work of Van Brakell Buys could well lead to even greater insight and broader understanding.

As Hidayat has still not arrived, I seek out a number of photos from “the good old days” to show to Vilayat. Seeing them at once makes him talkative. He remembers all sorts of details: the pond where we used to go picnic on beautiful summer days, the early days of the Sufi field, the portraits of the four young children. Once Vilayat begins to express himself, he proves to be a highly entertaining and witty storyteller. As might be expected, his intonation and pronunciation of English sometimes remind me of Murshid, and it is now my turn to listen.

I ask my wife to come join us.⁵⁰⁴ Coffee is served in the late evening and our gathering takes on an intimate domesticity that I would not have dared hope for at the start of the evening. We listen to Vilayat with great interest. His commentary on the photos is sometimes highly humorous, no surprise for a son of Murshid. Vilayat has just begun one of Murshid's own favourite stories (about how he had once traversed half of France because the sign for exiting is exactly the opposite to what it is in the East) when we hear a car stop. Hidayat, who still has the long and winding road to Utrecht ahead of him, wishes to leave as quickly as possible and keeps on honking his horn.⁵⁰⁵ But Vilayat asks him to come in and unhurriedly completes his story before saying farewell. Only when the lights disappear around the corner of the Stadionweg,⁵⁰⁶ do I realize that we have not spoken a word about the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation.

The next evening Sirkar phones. Vilayat has stopped by that afternoon and Sirkar was quite satisfied and pleasantly impressed with the visit. That is why he has told Vilayat that he is prepared to remain on the board of the foundation. This gives me occasion to write Vilayat a friendly letter on 26 February, in which I express my joy that everything unfolded in harmony and that I hope that this evermore will be so in the future.

Then I almost completely forget the entire matter, though I do notice that Vilayat's reply is long in arriving. Then, one evening around the middle of March, I somehow find myself re-reading Siddhartha, the sublime work by Hermann Hesse, which every Sufi leader really ought to recommend to all his more advanced mureeds. Hesse describes how, during the stay of Gautama Buddha here on earth, the main character of the story, Siddhartha, completed his remarkably cycle: first from son of a Brahma to Samana, then as lover of the courtesan Kamala, after which, by virtue of his Samana control of “thinking, fasting, waiting,” he manages to become the right-hand man of a rich merchant, Kamaswami.

But though he starts off with contempt for the childishness with which the average man lives in a continual state of intoxication at his own importance, he eventually becomes a drinker, gambler and voluptuary, so that he eventually leaves the city in horror to seek death in the waves of the stream that he had once crossed as an ascetic Samana on the way to the world of externals.

Spiritually released by a consciousness-raising dream, he instead moves in with an elderly ferryman, Vasudeva, who teaches him to listen to the passing river, which opens up a whole new world for Siddhartha. First the sounds of the water enlighten him about the Omnipresent. Then the laughter of the lapping water teaches him the foolishness of childish people. Finally, when Vasudeva whispers to him that the river has more to tell him and Siddhartha again immerses himself in uninterrupted listening:

then the song of a thousand voices consisted of a single word, which was Om: the perfection [...]. In this hour Siddhartha stopped fighting his fate, stopped suffering. On his face there flourished the cheerfulness of a knowledge which is no longer opposed to any will, which knows perfection, which is in agreement with the flow of events, with the current of life, full of sympathy for the pain of others, devoted to the flow, belonging to the oneness.⁵⁰⁷

But before he has progressed that far, Siddhartha has to undergo one more bitter trial. Kamala, who has converted to Buddhism, is on her way to him and has Vasudeva ferry her across the river. She succumbs to a snakebite, leaving Siddhartha to care for her son, his son, Siddhartha.

And the father, who wishes to protect his son from the dangers and mistakes of his own youth, tries to bind him with a degree of friendliness and indulgence that eventually reduces the young Siddhartha to such rage and despair that he flees from the riverbank to Sansara, his place of birth. Siddhartha cannot resign himself to this and expresses his concern to Vasudeva that the son will repeat all the foolish deeds of his father and totally lose himself in the worldly city.

Brightly the ferryman's smile lit up; softly he touched Siddhartha's arm and said: 'Ask the river about it, my friend! Hear it laugh about it. Do you actually believe that you committed your foolish acts in order to spare your son from committing them too? And could you in any way protect your son from Sansara? How could you? By means of teachings, prayer, admonition? My dear, have you entirely forgotten that story containing so many lessons, that story about Siddhartha, the Brahman's son, which you once told me here on

this very spot? Who kept the Samana Siddhartha safe from Sansara, from sin, from greed, from foolishness? Were his father's religious devotion, his teacher's warnings, his own knowledge, his own search able to keep him safe? Which father, which teacher was able to protect him from living his life for himself, from soiling himself with life, from burdening himself with guilt, from drinking the bitter draft for himself, from finding his own way? Do you think, my dear, that anyone might perhaps be spared from taking this path? That perhaps your little son might be spared because you love him, because you would like to keep him from suffering and pain and disappointment? But even if you were to die ten times over for him, you would not be able to take the slightest part of his destiny upon yourself.

And when upon re-reading this beautiful and meaningful passage, I ask myself in connection with Vilayat's still-awaited reply, if I have not perhaps idealized our meeting. Who can tell if Vilayat, having returned to the milieu that gave birth to his initial objections to the current situation, has not changed once more and returned entirely to his former train of thought?

Under the impulse of the moment he may well have agreed with us in all sincerity, but might it not prove too difficult for him to continue to recognize that he temporarily strayed from the right path? For the time being I am left in uncertainty. But then, only weeks before the German army overruns Holland and Belgium and every connection with Paris and Suresnes is broken, I return home to find a letter from Vilayat. This note will be the jewel in the crown of everything that I was allowed to experience through Sufism over the years since Murshid's departure. It will likely be the most precious thing that I leave to the younger generation. In the graceful, characteristic script of Vilayat, the following brief lines say all that needs to be said. The great economy of means provides proof that Vilayat has already achieved some of the mastery of his father:⁵⁰⁸

Fazal Manzil, Suresnes, 15 III 1940⁵⁰⁹

Dear Mr. van Hoorn,

Thank you for your kind letter of February 26th. I shall never forget the kindness of my elder friends in my last trip to Holland, which was for me quite an experience.

Your friendly feelings helped me to see where was the mistake.

My kindest greetings to your family.

Yours affectionate[ly]

Vilayat

Not much later the German authorities begin to confiscate the fortunes of numerous foundations: the Free Masons, the Rosicrucians and many others. The Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation meets with the same fate. In the grey dawn, police functionaries occupy the office of *meester* van Meer and confiscate everything.⁵¹⁰ A superficial judgement might therefore maintain that Fazal Mai's generous gesture to Vilayat was in the end completely fruitless. But is not another point of view viable? The material advantage to Vilayat has in fact — at least for the time being — been lost. But he has had an experience that may prove many times as valuable.⁵¹¹ For one moment Vilayat appears to have been blinded by the enticing glitter of property and power, but he went on to understand the meaning of the words that he himself had pronounced so often while interpreting the starring role of Murshid's *The Living Dead*: "This is all the interpretation of Maya (Illusion)!"⁵¹² and he proved himself to be the man who conquers himself and who, as the Bible tells us, is stronger than he who takes a city.

And when, leafing through *The Eastern Rose Garden*, I reread the splendid philosophical chapter entitled "Gain and Loss," I remember an incident of many years ago: Zulaikha was staying with us in "De Blinkert" in Bergen aan Zee. We had left her looking at a miraculously beautiful sunset. When, upon our return, we asked her if she had ever seen the sea look that beautiful, she answered in a dreamy voice from the depths of her meditation, in which she had lost herself that entire time: "There is no gain without loss, and no loss without gain." May these words prove a worthy future motto for everything that happened to the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation during those first years.

And how beautifully the attitude to life that Vilayat has demonstrated connects to Murshid's words in his *Rassa Shastra*: "Youth is generous, youth is ardent, and rarely fails to respond."

HIRO, Humanitarian Idealistic Radio

In the spring of 1937 we are assembled in the meeting room of the Sufi House on the Bazarstraat in The Hague. The National Committee meets. Present are Sirkar van Stolk, National Representative of the Netherlands,⁵¹³ assisted by Wazir van Essen, his secretary; Salima van Braam, Leader of the Amsterdam Centre; Kafia Blaauw, Leader of Rotterdam; Zulaikha van Ingen, Leader of Utrecht; Azim Kerbert, Leader of Amersfoort; Salar Kluwer, Leader of Deventer and Shanavaz van Spengler, Secretary of the National Committee.

As today's business includes an organizational matter, namely the National Sufi Convention to be held in Amersfoort in 1938, the National Committee has invited me as advising member. Because I have for more than ten years helped

Sirkar and Wazir with the organization of the Summer School in Suresnes and for many years have also been close friends with almost all of those present, it has become customary to invite me to participate from time to time. In such a period I may be in daily contact by telephone, in writing or, because I often come to The Hague, also in person, be it in Sirkar's home or in the Sufi House at 20 Bazarstraat.

Today plans are being discussed for the first National Sufi Convention in 1938. At the suggestion of Azim Kerbert, the School for Philosophy has been chosen as gathering place.⁵¹⁴ It is truly an almost ideal venue; the central location, the availability of lodging in the immediately vicinity, the quiet, wooded site and the layout of the building itself make it an ideal place for a gathering of a small movement like ours.

Azim Kerbert and his wife [Narbada], who have both long been staunch supporters of the Sufi Movement and who lead the Amersfoort Centre together, are prepared to do the major part of the preparatory work.⁵¹⁵ Today's discussion concerns how they are to keep the mureeds in other centres informed. The Shaikh-ul-Mashaik has approved the plans and will address the mureeds in person. It is a happy day for us all, now that the first steps are about to be taken. It is expected that about two hundred mureeds will attend the convention, which is to begin on Friday and close on Sunday afternoon with a public Sufi church service in the Forest Chapel in Bilthoven, which can accommodate three to four hundred people.⁵¹⁶

One of the members of the Sufi Movement, the journalist Lansing,⁵¹⁷ will look after press coverage in the major papers. If the preparations are handled properly, this could become an ideal promotion opportunity. And automatically I think of how Murshid, had he not departed, would have looked forward to attending this day, and what a joy it would have been for all of us to see him there.

After the discussion of the convention has ended, the call for new business comes up. Zulaikha van Ingen raises a matter close to her heart. She asks why the Sufi Movement has never broadcast lectures by radio as, it has come to her ears, the Theosophical Society now does regularly. Zulaikha used to be a member of the Theosophical Society but, after meeting Murshid, moved to Sufism without a moment's hesitation. She believes that it is more or less a world turned upside down in that the Theosophical Society utilizes radio broadcasts and the Sufi Movement does not. Her apostolic nature knows of no proportions and limitations in this respect. She belongs to those who have fully embraced Murshid's call to his followers, "Help me to spread the Message," as her life's work, and will hear of no compromise on this point. Where there's a will, there's a way!

Sirkar answers Zulaikha by reporting on the repeated attempts already made in this direction. Air time is largely in the hands of the AVRO [the public broadcasting service] and also the VARA, the socialist broadcasting network.⁵¹⁸ The Catholic (KRO), Liberal Protestant (VPRO), and Dutch Christian (NCRV) radio services have some of the air time as well,⁵¹⁹ but the last three are so much attuned to their own publicity that though they might just remain neutral should we wish to broadcast, they would never put air time at our disposal.

The VARA is of the opinion that the Sufi movement does not directly espouse the cause of labour. The AVRO, which has been approached repeatedly agrees that something of a general cultural interest is at issue, but this broadcasting service follows an American model and weighs its priorities according to the numbers of its listeners that may be expected to take an interest. The membership of the Sufi Movement is very small and does not include a single national celebrity. In addition, the competition inside the VARA is fierce, and the AVRO is not prepared to risk that its listeners, who include a hundred thousand contributors, might be put off by a program on a topic that cannot be expected to interest a wide circle. Until now, all overtures have failed completely.

But then a voice from the floor informs us that there is another, small broadcasting network, the Humanitarian Idealistic Radio Broadcasting Service, or HIRO.⁵²⁰ It is clear to all of us that it might very well offer the Sufi Movement its best chance. We further learn that this HIRO has only very limited air time, at most one hour a few times a month, when the Theosophical Society, presumably the biggest member organization, usually broadcasts.

We decide at once to gather information by telephone. A little later we are informed that HIRO consists of a considerable number of bodies, including some very large ones and that its secretariat is located in Amsterdam.

Zulaikha then spontaneously turns to me and proposes that as the only one living in Amsterdam, it is within my purview to garner information. Without taking into account the possibility of a new government, she is already absorbed in her ideas about which of us should speak and on what topics. In her eagerness she hardly listens to our National Representative who, being more formal in nature, introduces this matter to the agenda and then supports Zulaikha's proposal.

The upshot is that I am to try to establish contact with the secretary, whose address is given to me, and to attempt, in consultation with Sirkar, to have the Sufi Movements admitted as member of the HIRO in the hope that air time will eventually be put at our disposal. We all sense how difficult this might be. The struggle for air time in the Netherlands, with its typical Dutch spirit of segregation, is fierce and those who have made past efforts on our behalf, are not hopeful.

Zulaikha, however, remains enthusiastic. She already has a quite different plan. If the name of the speaker is the issue, she has the solution. As daughter of Professor Jelgersma she knows various professors by name. She at once lists some names of well-known personalities who she expects and trusts will be prepared to give a radio talk about Sufism. And while she responds to the interruptions from all sides, illustrating her concept with lists of topics best suited to various professors, I give thought to the task that has just been assigned to me, to capture a part of the coveted air time for a completely unknown society with only a few hundred members.

This is a task that requires careful preparation and a lucky star. Still half in thought I keep my eyes on the portrait of Murshid that hangs above the mantelpiece. That same instant I make a strange association. I once was deeply interested in polar expeditions: Nansen, Amundsen, Peary, Shackleton, Byrd and so many others, who commenced their adventurous journeys with specially equipped ships with catchy names like “Fram” and “Discovery,” corresponding to the spirit that must have motivated the crews. But there was also a small French expedition on a ship with the remarkable name “Pourquoi pas?”⁵²¹

Will I succeed in this complex task, which I have accepted today as part of the mission with which Murshid charged us? *Qui vivra verra! Pourquoi pas?* Under this device I head out to the sea. A few days later I have the HIRO secretary on the line. We arrange to meet on Saturday afternoon. The secretary receives me in the Krasnapolsky Hotel,⁵²² and is most cordial. Without any reticence he sets out to tell me all about the HIRO, in exhaustive detail. For the moment I can simply sit back and listen.

From what I can tell from the stream of information, the Dutch Radio Council has assigned the HIRO one hour every other week on Tuesday afternoons as well as one hour a month on Saturday afternoons. Every hour is divided into two half-broadcast-hours. Allowing for some HIRO announcements at the beginning, this leaves about twenty-five minutes per topic. I consider that this is enough time to deal with a given subject in some depth.

The HIRO program as approved at the semi-annual membership meeting provides the possibility of twenty-six half-hours on Tuesday afternoons and twelve half-hours on Saturday afternoons. According to the secretary this division of time has continually led to disagreement. All societies prefer to broadcast on Saturday afternoon and just about everybody has requested not to be scheduled for Tuesday, so that approval of the programming always requires endless discussion. Modestly, I propose that the Sufi Movement might be satisfied with a Tuesday for the first time, but I am getting ahead of things. The secretary announces that our statutes must be examined to verify that the Sufi Movement meets the objectives of the HIRO. He expects no problems, however, as other societies have already

been admitted that were not patently humanitarian-idealistic in character. A society of supervisors, for instance, has an important membership but advances the spiritual concerns of its members, so that one could speak of humanitarian-idealistic in general.

Talking a mile a minute, the chairman acquaints me with a dispute that has been ongoing at the heart of the board. The chairman favours admitting a large number of societies with large memberships, to provide a counterweight to the hundreds of thousands of members of the AVRO and VARA when dealing with the Radio Council. But the secretary doubts the efficacy of this approach. After all, the AVRO and VARA not only have an enormous number of members, but these are also paying members. The HIRO has relatively few contributing members beyond the membership of the societies themselves. True, there are a few societies that are laudable exceptions in that almost all their members are also individual contributing members of the HIRO, but as a norm, only board members are individual members. The remaining members think that if their society pays its contribution to the HIRO, enough has been done as a counter gesture for the few short annual broadcasts allotted to each society. And yet, the secretary continues, the membership fee can hardly be a hurdle, as it amounts to only a quarter per year.⁵²³

The secretary would therefore like to make a special pitch for an increased individual membership of the HIRO and allot extra air time to those societies that provide a decent number of individual paying members. He thinks that this would make a much stronger impression on the Radio Council. Because only a relatively small number of HIRO members appear to make a contribution, the outcome could be that the Radio Council, which looks after the interests of the other broadcast networks, will try to demonstrate the insignificance of the HIRO despite the fact that it does have a decent overall number of members. And what would become of the HIRO then? Given the very little broadcast time, which was taken away from the KRO, any further trimming is hardly possible. There is a danger that all the HIRO air time could be revoked and returned to the KRO. That is to the advantage of the VPRO and the NCRV because it would temporarily meet the growing demands of the KRO at someone else's expense.

When the secretary at last winds down, and I am reflecting on how all this might effect the chances of a broadcast for the Sufi Movement, he proceeds to tell me which organizations have joined over time. It is truly a colourful batch: the Theosophical Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Teetotaller's Society, The Jack London League, the Society for the Prevention of Vivisection, the Order of Templars, the Society of Foremen and many others, the names of which now escape me. The Theosophical Society has by far the largest number of contributing HIRO members, giving it the right to six broadcasts

every half-year. For the others this varies between one and two broadcasts. Some have only one a year. People try to be as fair as possible.

I still await the painful question about how many members the Sufi Movement in The Netherlands has, a query that will inevitably be asked. Before he gets that far, however, the secretary is back on his hobbyhorse. He is most concerned with the contributing members of the HIRO and the need to appear before the Radio Council with respectable membership figures. And while I consider that the Sufi Movement is really too small to be able to achieve anything in the face of the tens of thousands of non-contributing HIRO members, I begin to understand that if we can only introduce enough subscribers to the HIRO, preferably quickly and as a body, our chances are better than might appear at first glance when I mention our modest membership.

And at once something occurs to me, about which I am hesitant for a moment. But then I think to myself, "Pourquoi pas?" Why should a small expedition not reach the polar circle, or even beyond? Circumspectly, I now ask the secretary if one can only become contributing member of the HIRO if one is also a member of the joining society, or if membership in the HIRO is completely open to all. The latter turns out to be the case. The question whether those who sympathize with the Sufi movement but are not members, are welcomed to the HIRO is also answered affirmatively. I push the envelope and ask if the children of members may be put forward. There is no objection to that either. According to the secretary this already happens. Nor it is at all unusual with the larger broadcast networks, who like to parade large memberships, so that enthusiastic champions of these societies have all their family members become contributors.

On Sunday afternoon, when we are gathered at Sirkar's place, I give a detailed presentation of the situation as I believe I understand it. Soon we agree. All three of us think it best to set up another meeting of the National Committee, to put forth the idea of handing out a circular to all members. In the meantime, Wazir is to compose it. It must stress that the secretary at the HIRO office must soon receive a large number of applications for membership. The nature of the applications must be specified on the stub of the postal giro form with which the contribution is paid.⁵²⁴ If we make our members understand clearly what is at stake, and if the leaders of the centres give guidance to their executives, it should be possible to add a great many new paying members to the HIRO. The giro stub should state that these members are joining in the name of the Sufi Movement. In the meantime I am to mail our statutes to the secretary.

At the meeting of the National Committee, Zulaikha is understandably enthusiastic about the course of events. The circular is explained and it is decided that they will be handed out personally at the various centres by members of the National Executive, with the urgent request to immediately report with all

possible family members or others from the family circle who sympathize with the Sufi movement while also transferring the money for the contribution.

Then another plan comes up. Each of the centres has an address list of interested parties outside the Sufi Movement who have asked to be kept informed about our lectures or musical evenings. For them, too, a circular will be designed to inform them that we hope they may soon be able to listen to Sufi lectures on the radio, something they can promote by submitting their names to the secretariat of the HIRO along with a money order for twenty-five cents, with mention that they have joined on the initiative of the Sufi Movement. Whenever possible, this circular is also to be handed out in person.

After I have waited for a few days, I dare phone the secretary of the HIRO to ask if our statutes have been examined. He at once confirms that this examination has had the desired outcome and that the Sufi Movement will be put forward for membership at the upcoming semi-annual meeting. The executive of the Sufi Movement will be allowed to send a representative to get acquainted. But he has a lot more to report. For some days new applications for membership to the HIRO have been pouring in, invariably accompanied by a money order for the first contribution and by full mention of the Sufi Movement. He has already received hundreds and is pleased to complement us on our activities.

For an instant I consider asking him if we may already qualify for a broadcast during the coming half-year. Then I consider that this is not realistic, because the same semi-annual meeting that is to decide on our admission also has to approve the program. But the situation remains hopeful. From what I have understood even the smallest society is eventually assigned a broadcast, and that is all that matters for the moment.

When the executive of the Sufi Movement receives an invitation to the semi-annual HIRO membership meeting, it happens that it is to be held in the Krasnapolsky Hotel in Amsterdam. Sirkar asks me to go; he may still be able to come himself. When that turns out not to be possible, I go alone. The meeting is held on a Saturday afternoon. I decide to get there well ahead of time to meet the executive, if possible. When I come in, the secretary cheerfully motions me to approach the committee table. I am introduced to the chairman, who inspects me closely: "Are you from the Sufi Movement?" he asks, "well, dear sir, you should study our broadcast program; I think you will be pleased."

As he says this, he grabs a long, stencilled form from a pile of paper. It is also being handed out to others in the hall. Somewhat surprised and not understanding what the chairman may be alluding to, I look at it hastily. The form is a list of dates of broadcasts. Each date is followed by the two organizations that have been assigned twenty-five minutes of air time each for that day. It is a long

list. Not knowing if I should start looking for a place in the room, I begin to read while standing.

Suddenly it dawns on me. I read, Tuesday 20 July, SPCA; Sufi Movement. I look up and see that the secretary is looking at me intently. Surprised and pleased I ask him: "Did we already get air time for the coming half-year?" The secretary nods in affirmation and smiles encouragingly. But at that same moment a female representative of the Jack London League monopolizes him, so that I decide to leave him in peace.

I take a seat at the back of the room, meet a few other delegates and decide to look over the long list of dates and broadcasts at my ease. Time and again I encounter the Theosophical Society, which has the most broadcasts. I also see the names of a few organizations that are new to me. Then, almost at the bottom of the page, I am again perplexed: Saturday 26 November Theosophical Society; Sufi Movement. Now I don't understand at all; another broadcast and on a coveted Saturday afternoon?

I survey the situation in the hall. New delegates continue to arrive, having come by train, and late as a consequence. I have time to pop over to the committee table and ask the secretary if we have truly been assigned two broadcasts. He nods in affirmation and, looking askance at the chairman, explains to me that it took a lot of work to get him to agree. But he adds that he received support from the treasurer, who has been saddled the past year with an endless list of unpaid contributions and was pleasantly surprised by hundreds of new paying members at precisely the right moment.

The treasurer now joins us and conveys his agreement with the admission of the Sufi Movement. Then he vents his irritation at the numerous members who simply fail to pay up their one quarter, even after a written reminder. Now the chairman joins us. He tells me with a smile that he would not have been so generous but that he had succumbed to the arguments of the other members of the executive, who attached great importance to a steady increase in contributing members, to be able to demonstrate the growing interest in the work of the HIRO to the Radio Council. When I return to my place, I consider that we must have been favoured by the stars to have achieved such an unexpected result.

When the chairman has opened the meeting and the Sufi Movement is promoted to HIRO. membership a few minutes later, I begin to get a handle on the curious mentality of those present at the meeting, which is so typical of the spirit that too often still rules The Netherlands. During the review of the broadcast program for the coming half-year, it becomes clear that almost no one is satisfied; almost all the societies want more air time, especially on Saturday. With admirable patience the chairman weathers all these complaints, though he does have a comeback: "Let the societies first secure several thousand new members; then we

can take the figures to the authorities and ask for more air time for the HIRO.” The secretary joins the fray, displaying a long list of defaulters. He calls on the delegates to impress on their members that things can’t go on this way any longer.

Just as the discussion seems to be drawing to an end, another insoluble obstacle crops up, which I will here describe in detail to illustrate the typically Dutch spirit of sectarianism and intolerance of the time. It appears that the Society of Foremen has asked for a broadcast in view of their anniversary, which they will celebrate in the second half of November. And now the executive has granted air time for Tuesday 29 November, whereas it should be clear to anyone that no supervisor has time to listen to the radio on a Tuesday afternoon.

The chairman thinks this undeniably correct observation is reason enough to call on the Theosophists, who have been assigned three Saturday afternoons and three Tuesday afternoons, to exchange their broadcast of Saturday 26 November for the Foremen’s slot of 29 November. But the delegate of the Theosophical Society has his own problems. It is no small matter to organize twelve lectures per year. One must often call on speakers who are hindered by professional commitments and can only be available on Saturday afternoons.

When the representative of the Foremen hears this argument, he is less than gratified and alludes to the possibility that his Society might prefer to withdraw from the HIRO. This creates fresh embarrassment for the chairman, as this could produce a dangerous precedent. As a last measure he calls on the meeting as a whole to help search for a solution to these problems, which are causing endless delay, with important items still to be dealt with on the agenda.

During the last part of the discussion, I have been carefully assessing the situation and ask myself if it is not in my way as delegate of the Sufi Movement to demonstrate that we are worthy of the generosity shown to us. I suddenly recall Murshid’s saying: “If you have some money in your wallet, give it away as quickly as you can and Heaven will send you more.” Would it be responsible of me, on my own initiative, to give up the precious Saturday, which dropped in our lap as an unexpected gift?

And then I recall what our Executive Director of the Sufi Movement, Mahaffy, always advanced as the leading principle of his own actions, that they be “in the spirit of Pir-o-Murshid.” I try to imagine what Murshid would have done had he been in my position. I can see Murshid before me, standing at the entrance to a room where hurried visitors jostle each other, eager to get in. I remember how Murshid would step back amicably and with dignity to encourage others to go before him, with his slight bow and courtly nod of the head. And again I see the words before me: “Pourquoi Pas?”

Without further hesitation I stand up and direct the following words to the chairman: “You have called on this meeting to find a solution to this stalemate. I

would like to play my part. In the course of the preceding discussions I have heard that many here are unhappy with the broadcast-schedule and I have been able to observe that the job of the executive is not an easy one. That is why I would like to state as representative of the Sufi Movement, which is for the first time represented, that my society is truly satisfied and that we are indebted to the executive for our assigned air time. Moreover, our society has as one of its foremost goals the advancement of harmony in daily life, not only in words or via the radio, but in deed. That is why, Mister Chairman, to help you in your difficulties and apply our goals in practice, I hereby propose to put our assigned air time on that particular Saturday afternoon of 26 November, back at the disposal of the meeting.”

When I have said this to the chairman, there is some movement in the gathering and even the beginning of applause. But the majority of those present are more or less astonished by the spirit of my words, to which people here are not accustomed. Several delegates nod their approval and the chairman, pleased with this unexpected twist, gladly accepts my proposal, with the proviso that the Association of Foremen will broadcast on Saturday 3 December, whereas the Sufi Movement is to be assigned the afternoon of Tuesday 29 November. It is settled; we keep two broadcasts.

At the close of the meeting I once more go to the committee table. I believe I may promise the secretary and the treasurer that now that the Sufi Movement has actually been given air time, we will make a special effort to secure more members for HIRO. The secretary in turn promises me that if one of the societies does not require its broadcast for one reason or another, which does happen occasionally because of the unavailability of an invited speaker, the Sufi Movement will qualify as substitute, adding that we also can count on our two broadcasts for the second half-year.

I inform Sirkar and Wazir by telephone of the unexpected outcome of this meeting and ask to have the first broadcast of 20 July prepared as soon as possible, given that the complete text has to be submitted for approval in advance.

A little later the National Committee meets again. We appoint the individuals who are to speak over the radio the next year. I propose that Ali Khan might be asked to sing on one program. This proposal is greeted with unanimous approval. He will be asked to sing songs composed by Murshid, with music by Shaikh-ul-Mashaik. More effective propaganda is hardly conceivable and we are all agreed that the autumn is the best time to commence a musical season.

We now have to decide how best to run our broadcasts to reach and continue to reach as many groups of listeners as possible. This problem is not nearly the same with public lectures, where there is no outside supervision and where presentation, attitude and gestures of a speaker play an important role. In addition, we need to allow for the possibility of government intervention. Nothing

may be said or even suggested that challenges public security. When some of us propose that we need not be overly concerned about this, others point out that the sudden taking off the air of radio programs is no longer a rarity these days. And the position of the HIRO is especially sensitive, particularly since *doctorandus* van Krevelen, a member of its board and a frank and staunch advocate of the League for the Advancement of a National Pension Plan,⁵²⁵ too clearly turned against government policy when he broadcast a speech with the unambiguous title: "Never too late to have them wait."⁵²⁶ The Government protested and the already vulnerable position of the HIRO was understandably weakened still further.

Even more important, however, is the need for a well-considered measure of restraint in the face of the ideas and convictions of others. The difference between a radio transmission and a public lecture plays an even more important role in this context. With a lecture, after all, the audience has an opportunity to ask questions and express concerns. In the case of a radio broadcast, a listener has no direct line of rebuttal, which can give him a sense of discourteous treatment when he feels his treasured spiritual beliefs are being challenged. In addition, the discontent in such a case will be directed at the HIRO, where we enjoy hospitality that obliges us to special reticence as soon as we broach a subject that might make dissenters uncomfortable.

Dutch listeners have two well-developed qualities; they are critical and conservative. They are discerning and not easily carried away, while they do not readily give up on what they already value. As an English critic once said, "The Dutch are slow to move to action, but when they are enthusiastic, they accomplish a lot!"⁵²⁷ The dismantling of the ideas of others and the promotion of one's own therefore present a great danger of failure, even if what one propagates is in itself valuable. And one needs consider for only a moment how Murshid made his way in the world, to conclude that a Sufi presence on the radio must be founded on gravity and dignity, a broad orientation and tolerance, in addition to wisdom and maturity.

The first broadcasts ought especially to be characterized more by sobriety than by high spirits. Sufism itself needs only be mentioned a few times; the name Inayat Khan generally only in the last part of the lecture, when the listeners have presumably already gained an impression of his elevated convictions in spiritual matters. The priceless gift of being able to announce Murshid's ideas to tens of thousands, must be handled with care!

These are the conclusions we reach after repeated exchanges of opinion. But the application of these ideas still leaves ample opportunity for disagreement. That is why it is thought preferable that lectures be vetted by a committee struck from our ranks. As I am the contact person with the HIRO, I am made one of the

members of the committee, giving me the privilege of studying all the successive broadcasts in advance. Each of us assesses the allotted length by reading the lecture out loud at a slow pace. If time is insufficient, it may become a new problem to decide which part of the text is best excised without undermining its coherence. None of this turns out to be lost time; the broadcasts proceed without a hitch and the Sufi Movement continues favourably to impress the HIRO because we persist in supplying new contributing members.

On the occasion of the first broadcast, we remind all members of the day, hour, topic and speaker, and we ask them to inform as many acquaintances as possible. In addition, those who own a radio are asked to invite others to come listen. The time of the broadcast, Tuesday afternoon, is not ideal, but anything that contributes something to the dissemination of Murshid's ideas to a much wider circle is valuable.

How wide a circle becomes apparent from the letters requesting information, including one all the way from Makassar in the Dutch East Indies. The agent of one of the largest banks, Mr. Biersteker,⁵²⁸ conveys his great satisfaction with what he has heard about Sufism over the radio. He declares that this is what he has been seeking for a long time and requests information about a possible Sufi presence in the Dutch Indies. We are able to inform him that Mr. and Mrs. Dallinga regularly conduct Sufi church services in Surabaia,⁵²⁹ that Miss Steffelaar teaches in Bandoeng and that *ingenieur* Wildschut is also active in the Indies.⁵³⁰ They are all mureeds from Murshid's time, who attended Salima's mureed classes when these were still held in our home. In this way Sufism spreads via the radio in a way that we would not have been able to achieve otherwise.

We also inform Mr. Biersteker about the possibility of obtaining books by Murshid and other Sufi literature, and do the same with a request from the West Indies. The Netherlands themselves yield highly varied responses to the closing words of every broadcast: "You have heard a broadcast from the Dutch Sufi Movement. For further information please contact the secretariat at 20 Bazarstraat in The Hague." Sometimes we receive only a few nondescript requests for information but in many cases the secretariat receives several letters, including ones that lead to lasting personal contact.

At the request of the National Committee, I remain the representative of the Sufi Movement at the semi-annual HIRO meetings, which are generally held in Amsterdam. Once, I manage to bring Wazir along. And when the meeting is held in The Hague by exception, Sirkar is also able to attend with me, allowing him to meet the chairman. Things continue to go well for the Sufi Movement; we are regularly assigned a few broadcasts every half-year. With time, all the members of the National Committee find their way to the microphone. Gawery Voûte is also invited and makes her contribution to the diffusion of Murshid's teaching.

It is remarkable how each individual finds a different aspect of Sufism to discuss, and how a new light is always shed on it. Because of how the broadcasts are conducted, Inayat Khan, whom many listeners already know from periodicals like the *Haagse Post* or as author of his increasingly sought-after books, again and again takes front stage as the bringer of a new and comprehensible form of eternal truth. People easily accept what is presented in a simple, dignified and occasionally moving form. It costs the listeners little time and they need not give up a whole evening, as is often the case with public lectures.

It appears that the Sufi Movement is winning ground by its penetration into the circles that we hoped might be receptive in these very early times. The broadcast of Ali Khan, brilliantly accompanied as usual by the young Dutch pianist Henk Endt, also enjoys considerable success. I am able to clear that afternoon to be present in the studio of the VPRO on the s'Gravelandseweg in Hilversum, as a precaution against any possible technical problems associated with performing in a studio. Ali Khan is in fine voice. In the other room, where the studio technician guards with virtuosity against sound levels that are too high or low, I follow the broadcast.

For someone who has often heard Ali Khan sing in Suresnes in the Sufi Lecture Hall for a small group of Murshid's closest followers, this is a new and remarkable experience. Technology now plays a key role; many a foreign listener, especially in London, will have tuned into the Dutch transmission to hear this renowned Indian singer. Unfortunately much of the intimacy of the early days is lacking. It is difficult to believe that about fifteen years have passed since Murshid sat listening in the front row to the ever-stirring and moving songs of Ali Khan.

For the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik, whose music written for Murshid's songs has had little exposure, it must be a great satisfaction that thousands of listeners now hear his compositions as interpreted by Ali Khan.

When I later speak to the mureeds who have listened at home, they are delighted with the broadcast, which showed the singing of Ali Khan to full advantage. Everything related to the HIRO broadcasts seems to have transpired under an auspicious firmament. A small surprise awaits me at the National Convention in Amersfoort. Zulaikha, who is grateful for the unmistakably positive impact of the radio broadcasts on the Sufi work and on her own Centre in Utrecht, alludes in her speech to the individual who has contributed so much to ensuring that the Message can now find its way into the hearts of people over the radio, a uniquely Dutch achievement. Although she mentions no name — we have not yet become sufficiently Americanized for that — this recognition is a great and unexpected pleasure for me, even though it was her initiative and great faith that actually got it all started.

At the conclusion of the convention I reflect on how a certain cycle has been completed, with almost all the important Dutch followers of Murshid having had their say at the microphone. The period of effective pioneering work has come to an end. From an historical point of view it may be of great importance for time to come if the Sufi Movement can point to its early radio broadcasts. The contents of these lectures will allow anyone in the future called upon to do so, to form a complete picture of our struggle. Bundled, these broadcasts constitute a remarkable whole, proceeding as they did from a circle of Murshid's closest followers.

Hundreds of thousands now know that the Sufi Movement pursues humanistic-idealistic aims. Tens of thousands will associate Inayat Khan with the movement, so that publications of his books will find an audience more readily. Many thousands now pay more than fleeting attention to our new ideas, even if many remain slow to move into action. A newspaper or magazine report concerning the Sufi Movement will no longer be greeted by a significant part of the public with "not another society" but with a measure of interest in Sufi activities and the more prominent Sufi personalities, whose work for the Movement will be greatly advanced by their deliverance from obscurity.

When a few years later I see to my surprise that a book dealer in the Kalverstraat in Amsterdam has a whole row of Murshid's works and I ask the owner if they sell at all well, he replies: "Oh yes, those are the works of Inayat Khan, the Indian philosopher. There is a constant demand for them. You really ought to read them sometime!" Soon thereafter Salar Kluwer tells us that his publishing house, which has long been putting out one Sufi work after another, has received a letter from Groningen, addressed to Murshid:

Dear Mr. Inayat Khan,

The exceptional interest that your books continue to generate here in Groningen brings us to ask you to hold a number of lectures for us this winter on various topics discussed in your books.⁵³¹

Looking back on the twenty years since I joined Sufism, I believe that I have now definitely received a reply to a question that has so often occupied me, namely, why Murshid did not assign me a specific role within the Sufi movement. Some he asked to found a Centre in their home city. Others he charged with work in the "healing" or quickly made them Cherag. But never, whether at my initiation or during my later interviews, did Murshid encourage me in any such direction. But now I have to admit that I have not formulated this quite correctly. At my initiation, after all, Murshid suddenly looked at me intently, his seer's eyes fixed on my forehead, and uttered the emphatic words: "Remember that you will always be of help to your fellow mureeds!"

And as I now look back on the remarkable developments with the HIRO, I truly begin to understand the meaning that Murshid attached to these words. If I had been as overextended by other Sufi activities as was the case with my fellow mureeds of the day, I would not have been able to invest as much time in the apparently slight hope for radio broadcasts, so that I might too soon have reached the same conclusion as most of us, that air time for the Sufi Movement within the Dutch broadcast system, was little more than a pipedream. By leaving me completely free to choose the way I wished to contribute to the spread of Sufi ideas, I was given the opportunity, on this and other occasions, to concentrate all my energies on helping my fellow mureeds whenever needed. And again I recall words by Murshid that I am only beginning to understand: "Initiation is taking a step forward in a direction unknown."

In the second half of 1940 all broadcast networks in the Netherlands are disbanded. Thus, automatically, the HIRO exits the stage. The Sufi broadcasts also come to an end for many years. Yet the cycle is now complete. In The Netherlands the pioneering work is fully accomplished: to put it in a nutshell, something has been constructed that will later renew itself in larger dimensions and, still later, mature into a much greater form. And looking back on what Sirkar has achieved as National Representative, after he was forced to take over this leading role from his predecessor, I ponder how the following periods may turn out.

After us, who were the mureeds of Murshid himself, there will first follow a period of those who, through their direct contact with us, will be able to hang on to certain impressions of him gained by us. Those who follow and live in the third period, will still have had contact with those who knew Murshid's mureeds. Finally even that will be lost; records, writings, photographs will have to suffice.

But how much things will have changed!

Murshid must have been alluding to our generation when he wrote in the *Nirtan*: "Many underestimate the greatness of the Cause, seeing only the limitations within which I had to do my work." Supported by only a few small groups of followers, Murshid had to make his way through thorns and thistles. As long as he lived in the world as a musician, he was honoured and celebrated. Once he had fully distanced himself from his music to dedicate himself to his work as preacher, the world almost completely forgot him.⁵³² No artist or scholar, no head of state or ruler supported him in his difficult and apparently thankless task. Indeed, whoever saw "the limitations" that characterized the outer manifestation of Western Sufism, could well have underestimated the greatness of the Cause.

Was Goethe the Great Forerunner...?

Later this will all be different, according to Goethe's words:

Oft only after years in credit growing,
Doth it appear in perfect form at last.
What gleams is born but for the moment's pages;
The true remains, preserved for later ages.⁵³³

And then it will be vindicated what Murshid expressed in *Gayan*, "Not a person on earth can meet your ideal, except for a hero out of a tale from the past."⁵³⁴

What will be the fate of Sufi broadcasts in those future days? And will things be made easier, or perhaps more difficult for Sufi leaders by the growing size of the Movement? Whatever they experience, they will be underprivileged compared to us in one respect. We have experienced the inestimable privilege of living at the dawn of Western Sufism under the inspiring leadership of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan. It is a privilege that can never be truly captured in words.

Was Goethe the Great Forerunner of Western Sufism?

After I had written a few chapters of these *Recollections* during the first five months of 1945, I found an opportunity to re-immense myself in the remarkable books of Dr. van Brakell Buys, *Figures from Persian Mysticism* and *Basic Forms of Mysticism*. A rereading of these high-minded books, which are of great interest to Sufis, was once more a wonderful experience, not only because of the beautiful language and profound content but also because of the balance of feeling and intellect which he maintains throughout, repeatedly making me think of Murshid's words: "The essence of today's message is balance." This is in contrast to what I could say about what I myself have written down recently, to which I believe Goethe's words are perfectly applicable:

How strange one's passionate stammering
Becomes once written down.⁵³⁵

And thus I naturally come to consider something that remains inexplicable after the disclosure of so many of my inner experiences. I refer to what I see with hindsight as my habit of referring to Goethe's inspiring poetic works, without having been at all aware of this as I was writing. Can this be an accident, or is there a definite connection between Sufism and the works of Goethe, even without referring exclusively of his *West-östlicher Divan*?

Inayat Khan and Western Sufism

It seems to me that Van Brakell Buys gave an unambiguous reply to this question. In his studies of Sufism, including Persian Sufism, which he claims flowered until the death of Al Djami (1414-1492), he repeatedly makes connections between Goethe and the immortal Sufi poets, especially in his consideration of Rumi and Hafiz.⁵³⁶ Writing about Rumi, whom he calls “the poet of grandiose poetry [...] and a mystic of the highest level,”⁵³⁷ he continues approximately as follows:

It seems strange to compare this man [...] to Goethe, and still I was repeatedly reminded of the German poet while reading Rumi’s poetry. Like Goethe, Rumi is continually struck by a new facet of his being, one that seems to contradict the rest of it but that is in fact merely a supplement. This spirit also synthesizes an entire culture [...].⁵³⁸

And continuing:

Above all he reminds me of Goethe in the connection that he was able to establish between his artistry and life. With Rumi, these two spheres are not disconnected; they overlap and inform each other continually. He who would understand the poet and the mystic must immerse himself in the life of the man; the verses are nothing but a splendid reflection of an honourable human existence. As with Goethe they constitute fragments of a confession that accompanies his inner development.⁵³⁹

And in a later deliberation, in which Van Brakell Buys describes the spiritual connection between Spinoza and Rumi, he proposes that:

No matter how much logic might prove him wrong, Rumi was deeply convinced that logic carried to extremes can lead to the most fatal of errors, and that mankind has not only the ability but also the duty to be inconsistent from time to time. Is this not again like Goethe? Goethe, who in an age of powerful builders of systems had the courage not to tie himself to any single one because he realized that even the most profound system is a sepulchre, a tomb for the free spirit.⁵⁴⁰

Do not my loose quotations and especially the last words, “for the free spirit,” already establish an undeniable connection between the “message of spiritual freedom” of Inayat Khan, the world view of Goethe, and the inspiration of the great Persian Sufi poets?

Was Goethe the Great Forerunner...?

Finally, after Van Brakell Buys has opened his introduction to his chapter on Hafiz with the words: "Since Goethe, the name of this brilliant Persian also has a magical ring to it in the West,"⁵⁴¹ he continues:

In this way this spiritually gifted man knew all the exalted feelings of the soul. No wonder that, many centuries later, that other gifted son of man named Goethe, discovered a kindred spirit in Hafiz, whose verses could inspire him in the twilight of his life to write one of his most perfect works of art.

But one thing should never be forgotten, that despite all of his warm interest in life, Hafiz, too, remained a true representative of Eastern mysticism. [...] And entirely in the manner of the Sufis, he saw things around him purely as symbols of a higher reality.⁵⁴²

But there is still another passage, in which, while Van Brakell Buys himself made no conscious or direct connection, his choice of words indirectly reveals the affinity between the Persian Sufi poets and Goethe.⁵⁴³

PART EIGHT

Dreams: Ozymandias

*I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
'Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.*

*Shelley, Sonnets*⁵⁴⁴

When the war of 1939 to 1945 has lasted about three years, the situation is becoming increasingly ominous. After having conquering almost all of the Western continent of Europe, the Germans have penetrated to the Caucasus. The German war flag waves at the top of Mount Elbrus. The Volga is threatened; the German-Rumanian armies have reached Stalingrad. Along the north coast of Africa, Rommel has quickly advanced up to El Alamein in Egypt.⁵⁴⁵ The Suez Canal threatens to be lost and with it the invaluable connection between the two parts of the British Empire.

In the Far East, Japan has put the American fleet in Pearl Harbour out of commission, sunk the expedited English battleships and, in little time, captured numerous proud bulwarks: Hong Kong, Indo-China, Singapore, the Philippines, the Dutch Indies.

Huge industrial facilities and vast resource reserves have fallen prey to the hands of the conquerors. Nowhere is there any light that might point to a turning of the tide. With incredible cynicism the Japanese, whose submarines operate along the coast of India, announce that they will go no farther than the Gulf of Aden, where they expect soon to join up with the advancing German armies.

Things look more gloomy all the time. In The Netherlands the occupation is more and more felt by the day. The population is treated with growing harshness and the future begins to look unbearably grim. The German occupiers have attacked Sufism directly, by invading the homes of Sufi leaders, confiscating

books and portraits, while the Universal Worship has been forbidden. As a result, Sufi activities have almost come to a complete halt and we continually miss the support and constructive influence of the regular meetings of earlier years.

It is in those days that I am hit by a wave of depression and hypochondria, which run, remotely, in my family.⁵⁴⁶ Reason and resistance do not help. Impotence is the bane of such a frame of mind. Temporarily everything seems pointless. My wife, who has run into these moods before and has always countered them with cheerful and trusting optimism, consoles me with quiet sympathy and redoubled dedication. She is always totally convinced that everything will turn out all right. Deeply steeped in the truth of Murshid's words: "My intuition never fails me, but I fail when I disregard it," she sustains her sunny disposition with a certainty that eventually surmounts all obstacles.

But then comes the day where a new reversal causes the last hope to fade. It transpires that a British convoy heading from Gibraltar to Port Said, was forced to turn back by German submarines and planes only after many of the English ships had been sunk.⁵⁴⁷ The defence of the Suez Canal now hangs by a silk thread. Murshid's oldest son, Vilayat, who at present contributes to the great struggle for freedom as a naval officer, is on board of one the British warships, a minesweeper. By some miracle, his ships is not torpedoed.

And that evening the radio again resounds with the boasting, repulsively hoarse voice of Hitler, which has continually been the bearer of misfortune and misery of ever-increasing scope, so tellingly expressed by Shelley's lines:

My name is Ozymandias, king of kings,
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!

And in the face of the incontrovertible facts, my last bit of hoping against all odds collapses. What is to become of us all?

The German occupation is intolerable, spiritually much worse than materially, with the spectre that our Dutch youth will soon be raised as Hitler Jugend. Add to that for us older ones the possibility that Sufism may be considered lost for all time; the coarse and hostile attacks that we have already suffered leave no doubt about that. Even if Sufism should recover in some later period, and flower all the more surely and quickly, it will be too late for us.

In these dark moments, I again hear my wife's soft and comforting voice, which has always come to my aid over the years when problems seem to mount: "Just wait; it will all turn out all right." But this time I can't resign myself and my lament is now largely about Sufism, which will be repressed completely in the future and in which we will have no more part; perhaps others, but not us. But calm and reassuring as always comes her reply: "Others too, but we as well

and perhaps especially you!” And it is these words that bring the beginnings of change. It is as if a fog lifts, and I ask myself anew if salvation may still be possible after all, though events have been ever so depressing.

Paul’s arrival temporarily halts our conversation. He senses the mood and says right away: “Come on, father, don’t let that speech over the radio get to you. You remember what you used to say about that book about Indians that Mr. van Spengler also loved? The fortunes of war are like a rolling ball.”⁵⁴⁸ He’s right! I will never forget those words from *On the Warpath* by Wöriehöffer: “The fortunes of war are like a rolling ball! That same night the Blackfeet and the Comanche came to their aid, killing the Apache to the last man!”⁵⁴⁹

Once, when I told Sirkar and Shanavaz that I used to encourage Paul with these words, Shanavaz suddenly remembered the contents of this book, which was also the best Indian book of his boyhood. And now it is this curious circumstance that releases a flood of contradictory thoughts in me, which irresistibly penetrate into my subconscious and nestle there, to later emerge in my conscious state. Just how this worked, I am not to discover until a few years later, when several components of my consciousness-raising dreams are at last revealed to us in their smallest details.

That same night I have a terrible nightmare of such intensity that it will not be repressed. It is night. I am in a very large high room, with walls clad in golden leather, in a big building on the Riviera.⁵⁵⁰ The high, narrow windows look out on a rocky coast, on which white-crested waves break. A large number of people have gathered in the room; it is very crowded. I repeatedly see familiar faces without knowing precisely who they are. Several of them are Sufis.

It is a gloomy, silent night, with dense cloud cover, but at a certain moment the light of the moon becomes visible and then an enormous thundercloud appears, rising ominously out of the sea. The moon has come out completely, but its light is lugubrious, strange and chalk white.

I wade through the crowd, looking for something or someone. Then I again pass the window and see that the thundercloud has become still larger and more menacing. Suddenly I notice that the black mass of clouds is taking the shape of an enormous head. The cloud is now lit by the weird moonlight. I see that the cloud moves towards me slowly. The background has become completely dark, only the white crests of the waves are still visible.

I wish to evade the approaching menace. But a little later I look out for the third time and see to my horror that the cloud, which rises like a huge mountain from the jet-black sea, has taken on the features of Hitler in profile. An enormous head full of grim cruelty, lit by the corpse-coloured light, rises like an inescapable and frightful menace to high in the sky. And still the colossus continues to approach, like an immeasurably high iceberg

on the water, and the facial expression continually becomes more fierce and oppressive. In my consternation, I warn the others present, among whom I now recognize Wim Eggink, Bhakti and Shakti.⁵⁵¹ They scarcely take notice of my words. At the most they look back for an instant. Then there is even more of a crush. Suddenly I am at the door and leave the room to escape from my fear of being crushed.

It is almost completely dark out there. I can hardly make out anything around me. Then I discern a dark opening, which leads downward. But barely have I reached these new surroundings, and a voice sounds from the depths, thrice calling my Christian name. The voice belongs to my wife and expresses a deathly fear, not for herself but for something or someone else. "Theo! Theo! Theo!" she calls, as if seeing something horrible happening before her eyes, something that she herself can't avert. The voice sounds like a cry of extreme distress.

Uncertain about what I ought to do, I approach the dark hole. Then my hand rests on something that I recognize as a banister. Carefully I extend my foot and notice that I do in fact feel a second tread. Gradually I have become a little more accustomed to the dark and begin to discern a stairwell below me. Suddenly I know where I am. Julius Barmat, one of the most fantastic and brilliant swindlers of world history, once had the separating wall between two stately residences in the Oosterpark removed to have a grand stairwell, richly furnished with sculpture, constructed in the middle of the double house, spending large sums in the process. I recognize the wide mahogany railing, on which I rest my hand as I slowly descend by touch.⁵⁵²

As is so often the case in dreams, I move with difficulty. When I have gone down a few steps, I again see something and discover that the stairwell comes out on a kind of portal, from which, on the opposite side, more stairs leads to a still lower level. I am loath to descend any farther but then the voice calls out again, more insistently and still hopelessly, as if something very precious threatens to be lost if I do not act quickly: "Theo! Theo! Theo!"

And now I stop moving in a faltering manner. I make a supreme effort to vanquish the paralysing feeling that still holds me back and try to descend more rapidly. And then something astonishing happens. It is as if I float down. My feet hardly touch the treads. My hand hardly touches the railing. And still I descend quickly, as we used to do at school, after class, when we dashed down the stairs two or three steps at the time.

Arriving at the portal, my hand follows the railing around the corner. Just as easily I float down the next flight of steps. Then follows still another flight of stairs in the opposite direction. Now I descend even more easily and quickly. In a flash I am on the next landing, from which another set of stairs leads to a space in the depths from which the sound reached me.

Surprised I look around me in the semi-darkness. Then, suddenly, some light falls on a slim and fragile female figure dressed in white with a small girdle around her recumbent slender body. I do not see my wife but still sense something of her presence. In the meantime, my attention has focused too closely on the female figure, whom I was presumably supposed to help and who now reminds me of Ophelia⁵⁵³ and then, almost at once, of Camilla as I knew her twenty years before.

Again I scrutinize the figure. Is she sleeping? Is she unconscious? She is completely motionless, and yet I do not have the feeling that she is dead. The momentary fear that she is my wife in some danger is gone completely.

But then why was she so deathly afraid when her voice sounded so insistently from the depths? Confused, dazed and afraid, I begin to awaken. For an instant I still see the terrible threat of Hitler and the motionless fragile white figure in the depths. Then I am able to shake off the nightmare and look around me. The surroundings are partially and strangely lit by the faint light of a waning moon; after a few seconds, I realize that I am in my own bedroom. I try for a moment to review everything once more; then I fall instantly into a dreamless sleep.

When several months have passed, during which my obsessive fear has only partially subsided, I meet a young lawyer. His wife used to go to Germany and has remained friends with the wife of a German staff officer who helps prepare the daily military bulletins before these are submitted to Hitler for final approval. And while the world remains in doubt about what to make of the battle for Stalingrad (with Hitler proclaiming triumphantly that the entire city will soon be in German hands and the Russians claiming that the German armies are cut off and supplied only by air), he tells me a remarkable story, especially as it is already more than a month old.

A general of the last war and currently chief of the Military School in Berlin by chance attended the compilation of one of the army bulletins and gained some insight into the true situation. He noted that "the situation before Stalingrad seems to be becoming more and more critical," whereupon the staff officer replied in sombre tones: "You are mistaken, Herr General; this is the beginning of a catastrophe!" And the following week the lawyer shows me a letter from a German air force officer in North Africa: "We are still in El Alamein, but our situation is hopeless." Slowly, very slowly, my obsession seems to diminish, even though that is still hard to believe.

In November of 1942, Paul and I stay with Sirkar van Stolk. He has hopeful news from his brother in America, who is there to buy the most essential items for the Dutch Government.⁵⁵⁴ He is also able to tell me that with help from the Americans, the English have for some days gained air supremacy at El Alamein.

Hundreds of burned-out German planes lie in the desert. And the next morning, after we have walked around the beautiful ponds of Rosendael Castle in the gorgeous autumn weather, Helen comes to tell us excitedly that the Americans have landed in northwest Africa.⁵⁵⁵

That day we hear further details over the radio. Many hundreds of warships with several divisions have made a surprise landing! And at once we also receive news from Egypt: the Germans are in rapid retreat; two Italian divisions have been abandoned by their allies and have been cut off in the desert. In the famous Haifa Pass it is now the English air force that launches attack after attack on the fleeing Germans. A war correspondent who is there when no resistance in the air is encountered, cries out triumphantly: "We ask ourselves; Where's the Luftwaffe?" Never before in all of the war have we had such news. It has been true after all: "We are still in El Alamein, but the situation is hopeless."

Then comes the fall of Stalingrad. German propoganda tries to present it as an heroic struggle to the last man and the last bullet, but over the radio I hear the reflections of an American journalist who witnessed the assault by the Russian shock troops on the headquarters of General Paulus, the German commander of almost a quarter million men. Unexpectedly the Russians entered a cellar under one of the enormous factory buildings and took the staff officers by surprise. Then the voice over the radio says triumphantly: 'And Paulus looked gloomy, and well he might!'"⁵⁵⁶

In the meantime, our hope for continuance of our work in the Sufi Movement has revived. A number of the older mureeds from Murshid's time assemble in total secrecy from time to time. One of our gatherings takes place in Shanavaz's home.⁵⁵⁷ It is on this occasion that Shireen Smit-Kerbert proposes the idea of amassing recollections of Murshid from all those who, in as far as can be established, knew him.

Beforehand, I had discussed my dream with Shanavaz. Could it be a warning that something may happen to Camilla? Could my wife, who has been friends with Camilla for more than twenty years, spending a summer with her in Veere in 1916,⁵⁵⁸ have been in fear for Camilla, and could she expect that I will come to her aid?

Shanavaz can imagine nothing of the kind. When we discuss the matter with Camilla, she also draws a blank. But when Wazir joins us and follows part of the discussion, I see him knit his brows in proof that he is giving thought to our topic of conversation. In his reserved way, which sometimes reminds me of Murshid, he proposes his interpretation: "It is conceivable that the light figure, which you took for Camilla or Ophelia, actually represents the Message. I believe I have encountered the same in dreams of other mureeds." We look at him with astonishment. His theory does not at all clarify the connection. Certainly Wazir's

point of view leaves no impression on me. Only later will I understand that this was another instance of his flawlessly clear insight.

December 15, 1942 will remain a high point in my life.⁵⁵⁹ That day we again gather with Gawery and Manohary Voûte in Hilversum.⁵⁶⁰ Each and every one of these gatherings, at which Murshid's time again lives for us and all the old memories are revived, are celebrations in these ominous times. For my wife, too, they belong to her dearest memories. And I could apply the words that I wrote about the Amsterdam Centre back in 1924/6: "We enjoy together the inestimable advantage of a very small but very harmonious circle."

But this time there is a very personal element for me as well. It is the date on which I completed my study and joined the Dutch Institute of Accountants in 1917, twenty-five years before. In view of the difficult circumstances of so many around us, I had intended to let this day pass unobserved, so that no one among my business contacts and circle of acquaintances has been informed. But now that our small circle, which I have baptized "les amis de Murshid," happens to be meeting on precisely this day, I have informed the Voûtes and asked them to arrange for a small treat, to which they have agreed.

When, in the course of the afternoon, the first flood of eloquence that appears to overtake most of us on such occasions has led into quieter channels, Sirkar takes the floor and wishes me happiness with this anniversary. Then, from all of them, he gives me a bound copy of *Gayan*, *Vadan* and *Nirtan* in the handsome edition that always inspires a feeling of gratitude in me for having insisted with the National Committee that the publication of Murshid's works should fall to Salar Kluwer instead of to an outsider who had already virtually been promised the job.⁵⁶¹ When I inspect the booklet, I see that Sirkar has written an inscription:

"Blessed are the unselfish friends and they whose motto in life is constancy."
Hilversum, 15 December 1942

At first I think that Sirkar himself has thought up an appropriate saying for this day. Later, upon reading its entire contents, I encounter it in *Gayan*.⁵⁶²

And by this road Sufism has created an additional bond between me and the others, who have been an inspiration as individuals and also a great help in what is to develop. Two months later follows a short episode which, irrelevant as it may seem, forms a link in a chain of events. In the morning hours of 15 February 1943, a high-ranking functionary of the city of Amsterdam informs me of the following: That morning at 6:00 A.M. couriers left The Hague for all the capital cities of the Dutch provinces with a secret directive that by noon of the

same day lists of residents are to be compiled on the basis of administrative data. The precise intended use of this information is as yet unknown; later we learn that it was different from what we presumed at the time.

Nevertheless, the official warns me that my name probably appears on the list. A few telephone enquiries tell me that several others have already decided not to be at home for the time being. I decide to follow their example. After a telephone conversation with my wife I take the first available bus to Baambrugge and that afternoon we meet at the cottage in Groenlandsekade, near the Vinkeveense Plassen, which are completely deserted at this time of year. We have been renting this cottage since the summer of 1939. No one is likely to look for me in this solitude.⁵⁶³

Ever since 1939, we have spent not only our summer vacations but also our Christmas holidays and many winter weekends at this cottage. That is why we have ample fuel and supplies for a long stay. In the evening Paul arrives by bus and we pass a few days in apprehension. Then Paul and I go daily to Amsterdam. First comes a fifteen minute bike ride through the splendid lake landscape to Baambrugge. From there we take the bus to Amsterdam, and back. The early morning hours are a revelation to me, as I have never before lived in the country. This too will prove an important link in a chain of events.

On 21 March 1943, we go back to Amsterdam, to which most of my fellow runaways have already returned. Not much later comes the triumph of General Montgomery, to whose military gifts we will later owe the liberation of a virtually undamaged Fortress Holland.⁵⁶⁴ His advance is completed by the remarkable conquest of the impregnable Mareth Line in North Africa.⁵⁶⁵ Shortly thereafter Tunis falls, and a little later the Americans land in Salerno.⁵⁶⁶ In the east the Russians achieve breakthrough after breakthrough. We have now reached a stage in the game of which chess masters are wont to say: "The match is decided, the rest is only a matter of technique."

When I once again stay with Sirkar, our conversation returns to Shireen's attempts to gather recollections of Murshid. The resumption of Sufi work strikes all of us as an imminent and joyful change in our lives, and I express to Sirkar the objections that I think I should be allowed to have against my participation in what Shireen expects of us. I tell Sirkar about several of the experiences that I would like to keep for later, even though I am now prepared to share them with a few mureeds. I describe my deep-rooted reluctance to let strangers read these intimate things. Sirkar shares my reservations completely, but he also lets me know that he thinks it of great importance that I should write down what I have told him, if only because several things are totally new even to him. He proposes that I might then make a copy and that we keep the writings in our respective safes until the time is ripe.

And again a link has been forged in the sequence of events that will prove to take their inevitable course.⁵⁶⁷ On 4 June 1944, after seemingly endless months of anxiety, the fall of Rome becomes the sign for the invasion in the West.⁵⁶⁸ Under the most unfavourable meteorological conditions possible, Eisenhower decides to throw his invasion forces into battle in Normandy.⁵⁶⁹ Vilayat is again on board a mine sweeper in this decisive struggle. After a few hours of uncertainty and a few days of fearful tension, the German information about the course of the invasion turns out to be altogether contrary to the facts. Later it is admitted that the heavy American tanks were deployed by the second day, taking the German defenses completely by surprise.⁵⁷⁰

Yet a few weeks of rain and storm delay the advance. Then begins a summer such as we have not known in human memory, one that proves decisive. The Americans gain complete air supremacy and at a unprecedented pace, often almost unopposed, the allied tank divisions storm through all of northwestern France, around Paris, and along the coast to Flanders.⁵⁷¹ In Brussels German soldiers sell their revolvers and binoculars for a few francs. Resistance seems to be collapsing in various places. Can the end be at hand?

This summer is unusual for me. In March I had fallen seriously ill and I continue to feel the consequences. Even under normal circumstances I have always had to look after myself. Medical opinion now has it that I should seek complete rest. A compromise is reached. I will spend most of this summer in our cottage on the Vinkeveense Plassen, going to Amsterdam only a couple of days per week.

One consequence is that we move more and more things to the cottage. This also makes sense in view of the expected invasion of Holland, in which case, we believe, the country will be safer than the city. We therefore prepare for a possible prolonged stay, under completely chaotic circumstances if necessary.

This has the additional consequence that I now have many free days at my disposal and have virtually all our Sufi books at hand. It therefore becomes a period in which I penetrate more deeply into many of Murshid's works, which I can now absorb at leisure. For the first time since I became a Sufi, my impressions of all those years can come to maturation without my being distracted or hindered by the hectic circumstances of life in the city. From time to time I review the option of committing my Sufi memories to writing. It seems to me, however, that there is no good reason to get started in the next few years. In addition, at other moments, it seems to me that it would be wiser to abandon such thoughts forever.

As my health is still refusing to improve and a change of air is desirable, I ask Azmat Faber if I may come stay with her for a few days in Baarn, in "De Vlierstruik," to take in the pine-forest air.⁵⁷² Everything I undergo there

contributes to what I will eventually experience during the coming winter. The large collection of literature which is at my disposal revives old impressions and creates new ones. As for our conversations, these mainly concern the mureeds to whom we have both grown close since 1924. Azmat's clear but benign judgement gives me a new perspective on various personalities.

Once, when she is away for the day, I look through the complete collection of recollections that Shireen has given to Azmat for safekeeping. The colourful string of highly divergent impressions, which alternate the most exalted notions with the most banal details, give me still another picture of those unforgettable days when we had Murshid in our midst. And I unexpectedly also get to know many of my fellow mureeds better; the brief contribution by Hayat Kluwer is the climax for me.⁵⁷³

And it is on this quiet sunny summer day that I begin to understand two things: first that I have much more to relate about those days than any of the others and, secondly, that if I were to put myself to the task, I would want to adopt a format that would allow me to give the best of what I have to offer. But, again, I sense that I am not yet ready. Returning to Vinkeveen I tell my wife about my visit to Azmat and about everything that has remained with me from reading those numerous recollections. And then she in turn repeats the soft but emphatic question of why I do not play my part.

"You know that Sirkar is also of the opinion that everything you have told him should be preserved," she says, "and you would help so many people."

Astonished I look at her. "Do you really think so?," I reply.

"Yes, certainly," she continues to insist softly; "You know, I couldn't manage it at all, no matter how much I would like to, but you can reproduce everything so well and clearly, and you remember everything so well. Even if you were to do it for later, if you think you are not yet ready to give to others, we would be able to keep it and everything that you could write about Murshid would really benefit us all so much." Again I look at her incredulously, and still I can come to no decision.

In the first days of September of 1944, just as we on the point of returning to Amsterdam to allow Paul to resume his classes at the Montessori Lyceum, the advance of the Canadians and British reaches the Dutch frontiers. The "crazy Tuesday" of 6 September 1944 appears to bring the end of the German occupation. A few days later Montgomery attempts to cross the great rivers in one jump, with a substantial airborne force. Reversals, changes of weather and treason abort this grand scheme.⁵⁷⁴ After a desperate struggle the key positions along the rivers remain in German hands. The Allied Forces lose the battle for Arnhem. The English-Canadian offensive appears to have stagnated, and for millions of Dutch men and women the horrible winter of 1944-1945 has begun.

In the first days of September the railway workers heed a radio broadcast by Prime Minister Gerbrandy from London and lay down their tools *en masse*.⁵⁷⁵ And the Germans, who thought themselves in complete command of the situation, suddenly find themselves assailed by a “sleeping army” which paralyses their war effort in a masterly way. All traffic comes to a standstill. The right wing of the German front along the Rhine suffers irreparable damage, requiring constant vigilance and paving the way for its eventual collapse. Foaming at the mouth in fury, the Nazis decide to starve out the Dutch population. This plan is carried out both systematically and ruthlessly.⁵⁷⁶ Only a few months later, hundreds of thousands are to face death by starvation.

The totally changed situation presents us with a difficult problem. After a few weeks of waiting it becomes apparent that the Allied advance has bogged down. An immediate resolution of the war seems more remote than ever. The triumphal advance from Normandy to the Moselle and Meuse has come to a complete standstill for the time being. In the East a dispute over Poland brings the Russians to force a decision by refraining from action.⁵⁷⁷

One of our options is to return to Amsterdam more or less for good, as all travel by train, car, bus and boat is becoming impossible. The other possibility is to stay in the cottage, which almost certainly means that we will have to remain there for the duration of the war. The problems attached to the second option are that I will no longer be able to go to Amsterdam twice a week to run my accountant's office in person and that Paul will have to forgo his classes at the Montessori Lyceum. The advantages of Vinkeveen are many on the other hand. In the coming months access to food and fuel will be the all-important consideration. In Amsterdam, these will be nearly impossible to come by. Here in the country, we are already well-prepared for the contingency of a long period of stagnation of the distribution apparatus. Moreover, it should be possible to supplement our supplies in the surrounding countryside, if not with money, then by trading things for food.

When, not long thereafter, the electricity in the country is cut off, a fate soon to be expected in the cities, the problem of light becomes urgent. Here, again, we have already made the necessary provisions. As far as my practice is concerned, I can stay in touch by phoning the office or my clients a couple of times a day. Moreover, my assistants can look me up by bicycle, something that has already repeatedly been happening this past summer. To deal with the problem of Paul's education, I can invite my niece Elly, who has already helped him with his Greek and Latin in the past, to come stay with us.⁵⁷⁸ Because of the current railway strike her employment has been largely arrested, while the state of her health is so fragile that she stands a much better chance if she spends the coming winter with us.⁵⁷⁹

After we have weighed the odds for several weeks, I decide to consult the local physician. After an examination, he advises me to remain in the country for the time being and to rest as much as possible. Under the present circumstances, he deems a relocation to Amsterdam to be most inadvisable. We decide to follow his advice and have as much as possible shipped from Amsterdam to Vinkeveen to arm us against the ever-worsening situation.

For the moment the preparations for what is expected to be a severe winter take up much of my time and energy. In addition, I have access to a nearby telephone so that I connect with Amsterdam on a daily basis. A postal connection is maintained by a companion in misery who also lives on the Groenlandsekade and bicycles back and forth to Amsterdam several times a week. During October, I am therefore beset by all sorts of worries. At no time does it occur to me to use these weeks for the working out of my Sufi recollections.

But around November things begin to gain direction and momentum. It is as if, slowly but steadily, imperceptible influences are creating a situation in which nothing stands in the way of what I would still prefer to postpone for years. At this time, when the life of almost all Dutch people is becoming continuously harsher, coarser and more dangerous, I am unique in that things become ever easier for me, until finally, in consequence, my thoughts return to my nightmare, which I eventually interpret as the first unmistakable call to a slumbering subconscious. Just as a card player, who picking up his up his cards two or three at the time and discovering that he has been dealt some very good ones, becomes more and more joyfully amazed with each subsequent card at how such an unbeatable hand has come his way, so I am blessed with a sequence of apparently small but cumulatively inestimable favours of fate during this macabre winter. Inevitably these will in due time make me realize the background to all this and accept the consequences.

In the second half of November my niece Elly arrives. This produces a major change in our tiny community. Like so many men in the lugubrious winter of 1944, I have taken on numerous small domestic duties, especially on the days my wife goes by bicycle to Amsterdam to help friends in need and to bring back necessities for our country life. Until the day of Elly's arrival, I also kept myself occupied by assisting Paul with his school work, now that he has been completely deprived of his teachers. But Elly soon takes over both my household and tutorial tasks, which she performs much better than I am able. In addition, she proves to be a competent instructor in classical languages, something Paul has lacked until now. Not only have I been relieved of two worries, but I have suddenly been switched to a parallel track that leads in the direction of Sufism. More than ever, I therefore immerse myself in Murshid's works.

Even so it will be an apparently insignificant factor that will prove decisive. It so happens that until now the four of us have lived in a small kitchen, where the turf stove performs the double function of kitchen range and heat source. The larger room in which Paul and I do our work becomes continually more chilly and less hospitable. As a probable consequence, I develop such a severe attack of rheumatism that for days on end I can only stumble about the house with a cane, without going out. This situation compels my wife to transfer our anthracite coal supply from Amsterdam to Vinkeveen and to keep a small stove burning in the larger room. The positive effects show almost immediately. Soon I am back on my legs and, as a unique exception in all of The Netherlands, where the railway strike has ended all fuel distribution, I have continuous use of a heated room in which I will be able to work quietly and undisturbed.

More and more it begins to look as if our stay in the country will be a long one. The offensive in the West makes no progress to speak of. In Amsterdam the conditions become almost unbearable. There is no more gas and no electricity, and therefore almost no lighting. The food rations are reduced week by week in an ominous manner. On bicycles, or pushing handcarts, thousands of men and women head out to the Veluwe, the Achterhoek or the Wieringermeer to trade almost everything conceivable for food.⁵⁸⁰

What we hear about this makes the possibility of returning to Amsterdam seem even more remote. Compared to people in the big cities we still live in a kind of El Dorado because, even without undertaking long journeys, we repeatedly succeed in replenishing our provisions. We have known many of the inhabitants in these parts for years. The exceptional friendliness that my wife has always shown to young and old opens many doors for us that remain tightly closed to the hundreds of Amsterdammers. In this way we have also been able to put away a sufficient supply of turf before, in a matter of weeks, an endless stream of city folk carried off the eighty million turfs that were stored on a field next to the Vinkeveense Plassen.

But fortune continues to smile on us in other ways as well. Two young people have gone into hiding on a cabin cruiser on the Angstel River to evade the Nazi hunt for labourers.⁵⁸¹ One of the two, a well-known chess-player, is prepared to help Paul with his mathematics.⁵⁸² In this way another need is met. He also repeatedly brings back articles of food for us when our items of trade please the steadily more finicky farmers more than his own. And in the intact physical conditions in which I find myself, I feel constantly guilty when I think of others in the city.

In addition, Paul is a great help. Though he is only fifteen years old, he has put away childish things, such as sailing and fishing, and has taken in hand the cultivation of four different plots, which yield not only a substantial harvest of beans and peas but also a decent quantity of potatoes. In addition, there is a daily

supply of cabbage and beets, impossible to come by in the city, that last us far into the winter. With the sense of duty of a hunter or fisherman who is responsible for a family, he has already undertaken his preparations for the next season. Day after day, in all weather, he spends hours on his plots, which he has increased by two, digging, fertilizing and planting like a mature farm worker.

And as news from the cities becomes more and more ominous, as commercial life begins to grind to a halt for lack of coal, electricity and lighting, and as cold, hunger, disease and fear are taking over elsewhere, my circumstances only become easier. And finally I see what has come to apply to me: "He that has ears to hear, let him hear!"⁵⁸³ After a partially sleepless night I share with my wife the thought that I am beginning to believe that some deeper meaning is hidden behind these things.

With the four of us agreed that time and again our small community enjoys a measure of protection that can only surprise and delight us, it is not fitting to take this for granted and simply get on with daily concerns. And suddenly I recall the nightmare in which I heard the voice that caused me to descend to unknown depths, where I encountered what Wazir would have me associate with the Message. And as we continue to examine the meaning of it all, I begin to admit that the dream could be related to the ever-returning yearning of my wife that I must put my recollections in writing. That evening I make the first hesitant attempt, composing my first pencil notations of what I remember.

But then fate presents us with a hideous new threat. No matter how safe and unnoticed we may be, Dutch life below sea level is never without risk. One consequence of the shortage of coal is that the steam pumps now rarely function, so that the level of the Angstel and Winkel Rivers keeps on mounting.⁵⁸⁴ In Baambrugge the streets are already partially flooded. But the danger increases even more when rain continues to fall day and night and a howling storm from the north heaves the waves against the dike of the Winkel. If it collapses, the water will flow from polder to polder and we will have about half a meter [twenty inches] of water in our house within a few days and be entirely surrounded by a huge flood plain.

In all haste preparations are taken, leaving us with two possibilities. Either we seek refuge on the Angstel cabin cruiser, which will keep us safe from the mounting water but will make for a most inhospitable and cold abode for the winter, or else we flee to our small attic, where we will presumably last for quite a while unless the entire house collapses under the force of the water.

Meanwhile the severity of the storm increases. A number of residents work desperately at reinforcing the Winkel dike, which already has waves crashing over it. Saturday evening brings even more sombre news; if the northern winds hold, the dike will almost certainly collapse the next day.

During the night I lie awake for hours, in part because of the howling storm, and slowly I begin to understand that I have let a golden opportunity pass me by. Within a few days the water will have entered our rooms. Perhaps I will be able to hold out in the attic until the Canadians come and liberate us, but the opportunity to work in peace provided by the previous favourable circumstances, is now gone. And a sorrowful feeling comes over me that it is now truly too late and that this opportunity will never again present itself in this form. And still I hear the storm howling, until I fall asleep just before dawn.

But hardly is it fully light when I am awakened by Paul's cries: "Father, father, can you hear that the wind has shifted to the southeast? The sun is breaking through. Did the Winkel dike hold?" Accustomed to being in touch with natural phenomena, he has noticed a shift in the direction of the wind. Is it possible that the persistence of the storm can now save us? Out to gather information, he returns home with the news that the water has gone down two centimetres overnight. By the afternoon the danger has passed.

The lengthy period of snow and frost of 1944 to 1945 approaches quickly. It will always remain associated with the Ardennes offensive of General von Rundstedt and the heroic struggle for Bastogne,⁵⁸⁵ and to the wave of misery and hunger that was let loose on the population of Fortress Holland, with the exception of this one cottage where the portraits of Murshid continued to look down on us and where many Sufi books and souvenirs were kept from perishing in the waves.

The passing of this apparently inescapable threat has at once removed all doubt; a deeper purpose must be at work here. And now totally free of hesitation, I set out completely to adjust myself to the task at hand. That same evening I commence detailed descriptions of those who attended the gathering in Le Haras de Longchamp.

That night I again lie awake for a long time, and while I consider how I will describe the remaining individuals, it is as if, suddenly, all the images of that time return with unbelievable clarity. And it becomes clear to me what Goethe must have intended with his words in the Dedication to *Faust*:

Ye wavering forms draw near again as ever,
When ye long since moved past my clouded eyes.

The past is indeed beginning to return to me. When I have considered just what happened that day, I see one image after another appear before me: the motionlessness of Murshida Goodenough, the bronze carving of Murshida Martin's profile, the contained tension that governed Yussouf's entire being. And at the same time I see Murshid, sitting in the front row, dressed in black, listening

attentively to the words of Mrs van Hogendorp. And at that moment, more than twenty years after I experienced all this, I understand the closing lines of Goethe's "Zueignung":

What I possess seems far away to me,
And what is gone becomes reality.⁵⁸⁶

Nature has now changed dramatically. A period of severe frost is followed by day after day of exceptionally heavy snowfalls. The telephone service was disconnected recently. Now the delivery of letters begins to stagnate. After a few days we are almost buried in snow. And when the sun finally comes out, I am in a lonely but magic world, with everything entirely hidden under snow. It is an unfamiliar glittering winter landscape of the kind we see in many Dutch seventeenth-century paintings. And if that were not privilege enough, the daily exposure to this magic world contributes to the awakening of marvellous memories of yesteryear.

When I have completed my first chapter, "Le Haras de Longchamp," I read it to my wife. To my surprise she is most impressed and again urges me to continue in this direction. I begin the chapter called "Katwijk" but can't get past the first page. For months it remains lying there, until the solution is found. In the meantime I attempt to repeat the positive experiences of the first night. I have now fully decided to concentrate totally on these *Recollections* and to adapt my way of life to this end. In the afternoons I rest, sleeping when possible, with the result that I soon get up around 5:00 A.M., and then remain awake for the rest of the night. Once this has become a habit, I discover that my memories of those long-gone years come back with remarkable clarity in those nighttime hours.⁵⁸⁷

I see the Sufi field before me once more. Again the dining room in the Mureeds' House; again the landing of Fazal Manzil, with its rough, drab stones, where Murshid used to emerge from the house, looking around for an instant before descending to the garden. And I sense that the moment will arrive when I shall be able to combine all these relived impressions until I have wrought a faithful and complete description of those unforgettable times.

I begin with a chapter about Murshida Green, which then fails to satisfy me so that I hope to rewrite it completely.

Then I write a short study of Ali Khan. As I read it to my wife she relinquishes her inborn reserve and says repeatedly: "Marvellous! Yes, marvellous!" Nothing succeeds like success, and the following night I begin to reconstruct in my imagination the remarkable meeting of Murshid and Ali Khan that I have called "Reunion."

In the meantime, however, world history appears to have taken still another turn. In the last weeks of 1944, as the Siegfried line comes under ever-stronger

pressure from the Americans, Von Rundstedt and the elite troops of the last German reserves embark on a surprise counter-attack that penetrates deep behind the American lines. The German storm troops advance with frightening speed, aided by the frozen roads, which impede the moving of Allied reinforcements, and by snowstorms that largely rule out action by air. Fuel shortages ensure that this attack comes to a halt a few kilometres short of the Meuse line, but the threat to Antwerp remains real, endangering some of the gains made following the invasion.

Behind the German front the advance is temporarily halted because the junction point at Bastogne continues to hold, preventing a further breakthrough to the southwest. The German commander gives an ultimatum. A German army communication already announces that the trapped enemy combatants are heading to their doom. The ultimatum comes accompanied by severe threats if capitulation does not follow at once. The situation in the small fortification is desperate; there is almost no more food or ammunition, while the wounded have to make do with a mouthful of cognac. Resupplying will only be possible by air if the weather clears. A new advance is prepared at German headquarters. An end to the delay hinges on the surrender of Bastogne, which will clear this crucial junction.

And again German propaganda revives “the sneer of cold command” from the days of Ozymandias. The newspapers under German control carry an article entitled “Sure Thing,” which argues that American resistance to the east of the Meuse is completely broken and that the threat to the Rhine has been averted. They believe that the initiative is once more in German hands. And then, like the crack of a whip on the maps at German headquarters, comes the world-famous reply of the American commander at Bastogne, the shortest and most remarkable reply in all history: “Nuts,” which apparently means something like “Idiotic nonsense.”⁵⁸⁸ Literally, the answer reads as follows:

To the Commander of the German armies
Nuts!
The American Commander of Bastogne.

The totally exhausted garrison comes back to life when the response from their undaunted commander makes the rounds. A few days later the first American storm troops reach the combat zone of Bastogne, which is relieved by a rapid and decisive counter-offensive.

In this way romanticism was introduced even to the totally mechanized American military machine.⁵⁸⁹ The name Bastogne will remain inseparable from the heroic actions of a small group that introduced a final reversal to the situation

on the Western front. A little later the German army was pushed back to its previous positions. The beginning of the end is now truly at hand. From that day on, the German armies in the East and West meet with nothing but devastating defeats, which will lead to complete collapse within a few months.

But while the greatest struggle of all times is taking place in world history, this tiny area of a few square meters in which I live my protected existence must be the stage for my own struggle with the technical difficulties of the task which reached my consciousness from out of my dream. If I am to continue to write about the time when Murshid walked on earth and about everything that connected to it in the following period, I must try to do this, to quote from Murshid's *Inner Life*, "with serious dedication and as best possible, to fulfil my outer task in life."⁵⁹⁰

And now I repeatedly notice how much I lack in knowledge of all sorts of technical details that must be mastered to treat such a special topic in an acceptable way. I realize that I will need someone to help me. On the other hand, I am still loathe to broadcast my intention to proceed further than those who submitted their recollections to Shireen. I feel that I will eventually get around to describing things that are as yet intended only for a very few. I also believe that premature criticism might well rob me of my self-confidence. No hint of doubt may come to disturb me during those nightly hours, when images appear clearly and precisely before my eyes.

And to the trusted party that I must chose, the words of the *Frithiof Saga* must apply:

Don't take just anyone into your trust!
The empty house is open, the rich one locked!
Choose one alone, and no others,
What three know is soon common knowledge!⁵⁹¹

And then I decide to write to Azmat to communicate some of my intentions to her and to ask her to clarify things that my wife and I do not altogether remember. Azmat's positive reply to my letter also serves as a fresh boost, so that I continue with increased self-confidence.

As a continuation of "Ali Khan," I write "Chitrani." In addition, to the many descriptions of Suresnes, I have now also recorded a sketch of the Amsterdam Centre in "5 February 1927." I am also busy working out an essay on the HIRO and have started on my introduction. But despite this all, I am still not sure that I shall be able to proceed with the recording of my deepest and most strictly personal experiences, such as why, in Katwijk, I once wished for greater mastery of the art of silence as an almost complete and holy secret, or what I experienced when I was privileged to attend a succession of Samadhi silences in the presence of

Murshid. These matters surely concern only a trusted few. Shall I ever be ready to share with the world this and other experiences that I have never even mentioned to my wife?

Thus my thoughts float on another long silent winter night, when suddenly I recall fragments of a German poem that I had thought long-forgotten.⁵⁹²

One Deed.

Time swoops in on eagle's wings,
your reaper approaches you,
death, softly floating.

Your dust belongs to dust, your better life
to God and the world; your deed to both!
You have long, too long, been in your own debt!
Why do you still wait to redeem your old pledge?
Oh youth, one deed, while your pulse
still beats with fire and ambition.

Mature man, one deed, one devout fresh venture.
Oh, just one more deed before you die, old man.
And if you can't by thinking or versifying
make one proud gesture while on your orbit,
and if you can't carve your name with chisel or sword
into the golden disc of world history for remote posterity,
distinguish yourself. A deed's worth and value
are measured according to a man's desires and strength.
He who helps his brethren, is never forgotten.

Dig a well in arid desert sand,
plant a tree in barren heathen land,
so that a wanderer after many years
may quench his thirst on your well
and break fruit off your tree
and, gladly blessing you, may say:
'A good man has passed this way.'

And then I suddenly see that the words that lie at the heart of this poem: "He who helps his brethren, is never forgotten," are intimately related to Murshid's words on the occasion of my initiation in Fazal Manzil: "Remember that you will always be of help to your fellow mureeds."

Shortly before something very remarkable had occurred in my life. Late one evening, talking about Sufism with my wife, I take out of a concealed pocket my meditation instructions of 1924, which I had hidden with care with an eye to

possible detection if frisked by the Germans. Then we come to the remarkable discovery that, in addition to the meditations that I remember, there are two others that I have never applied for lack of understanding. Their meaning is still not clear to me, so I write to Azmat. Her reply clarifies everything. The one word means "favour," the other "self-confidence" of a kind that leads to complete certainty. And after I have carried out these meditations in the silent winter nights, I begin to understand that one favour after another is being bestowed on me and that this will engender such complete self-confidence that I will surmount all doubts as I proceed.

And then, once more reflecting on my dream, I begin to understand that I shall literally have to descend to the most profound depths of my feelings and thoughts and, following the call of my wife, help ensure that the Message, which slumbers under the immense threat of National Socialist dictatorship, will be in a sense brought back to life through my efforts.

Even then I again doubt that I am sufficiently gifted to contribute to such an important task. Year in, year out, my life has progressed in an atmosphere of mediocrity, with nothing to indicate that I might have the requisite aptitude, something not altered even by Sufism. I am still stymied by a little of my Western doubt. I still think of it as a fortunate circumstance that no one other than Azmat knows of my efforts and that I therefore can't be hindered by feelings of insecurity about whether others might take a cynical view of my attempts.

That is why I again think about the deeper meaning of the dream, which I am beginning to understand better even as I am still seeking an overall explanation. The spreading of the Message has been endangered by the frightful threat posed by Hitler's actions, and this may have become an obsession for my wife, which brought her subconscious to issue cries for help from the depths of her fears.

That could well be a partial explanation. But why did her cries for help direct themselves specifically to my subconscious?⁷⁵⁹³ What, precisely, could she expect of me? How is it to be explained that it is she who expects, as she has repeatedly assured me, that my descriptions of what I experienced in Sufism could deviate so completely from what others have thus far written, or will write, so that a completely new aspect of the Message will be illuminated by my recorded impressions?

Superficially considered, nothing would seem to point in that direction until, in that silent winter night, I have a clear and vivid vision of an episode of my life that may provide the key to the question of how she has come to nurture this belief.

Episode

(1912-1917)

CRUSADE

*A monk is standing in his cell,
at the ashen window grate;
Many knights in bright armour,
move through the pasture gate.*

*They sing songs of a devout kind,
in beautiful and solemn chorus,
And in their midst, of delicate silk,
flies the banner of the cross.*

*And at the city on the sea
they board their tall ship;
And off it heads on the green expanse,
and soon is nothing more than a swan.*

*The monk still at his window stands,
looking out after them.
"I am a pilgrim just like you,
and yet remain at home.*

*Life's journey through treacherous waves,
and hot desert sands,
It is also a crusade
to the promised land."*

(Music by Schubert)⁵⁹⁴

Shortly after I turn twenty-five it once more becomes apparent that my health can't take the busy and exhausting life as an employee in a large financial institution.⁵⁹⁵ Five years earlier I had a slight lung condition. A period of rest in the summer, followed by a winter in Davos, spent in a beautiful mountain climate in a cosy family pension, seemed to have averted the danger. But when an increasing hoarseness becomes paired with a general collapse, I learn from a consultation with a professor that, in addition to a relapse to the earlier pathological process, I am also suffering from a related throat condition, which

is deemed to be very serious.⁵⁹⁶ The word “incurable” has not yet been spoken, but it hangs in the air.

Once more I leave for Davos, this time for the Dutch Sanatorium there. Again my overall health improves, but no matter how much I try, on medical advice, to spare my voice by speaking softly or whispering, the throat condition persists ominously. In these surroundings, where people have seen countless illnesses develop along specific lines, there can be no more doubt. And I begin to understand from everything that takes place around me that this can only mean the beginning of the end. Perhaps, if I’m lucky, I may have a few more years, but certainly no return to the world of healthy, active people. But before this paralysing certainty is able to demoralize me completely, there comes a moment when fate offers me a chance at one last supreme effort.

Once perhaps, in each crisis of our lives, our guardian angel stands before us with his hands full of golden opportunity, which, if we grasp, it is well with us; but woe to us if we turn our backs sullenly on our gentle visitor, and scorn his celestial gift! Never again is the gracious treasure offered, and the favourable moment returns no more.

(The Silence of Dean Maitland)⁵⁹⁷

And so a moment of this kind comes my way on the day that I visit the sanatorium doctor for my monthly examination.

We all love this doctor. He is himself severely ill. Even if he is lucky, he has at most a few years to live, despite the favourable climate of the mountains that he is never again to leave. He is quiet, seemingly cold, but his eyes are exceptionally soft and friendly. I trust him completely. He examines, notes, reflects and then wants to let me go without saying anything. For a second I look at him with questioning eyes, in near despair. His sole reply is a vague gesture with his hand. I know all too well what it means.

As I get set to leave, he finally says: “Once more there has been little change. The healing of your throat remains a very serious problem, very serious, unless ...” I look at him tensely.

“Unless what?”

And then, suddenly, he exclaims:

“Unless you stop speaking altogether,⁵⁹⁸ but we all know that is impossible.”

As I continue to look at him, he suddenly repeats in a more vehement voice: “Impossible! How many have tried, only to expose themselves to fresh misery: hypochondria, nervous attacks, inconsolable melancholy! No! The

remedy is worse than the disease. With complete silence everything ends. Not one of the patients that we have treated here in Davos over the years has managed it!" And recovering his usual calm, he looks at me with an expression of friendly sympathy, without offering any hope.

But then, in my extreme need, a great determination takes hold of me. In a flash I have weighed the difficulties and made my decision. "Doctor," I ask him, "do you mean to say that I may yet be cured if I desist altogether from speaking?" Again he looks at me, but I note that his eyes evade mine. He hesitates to give me advice which he thinks can only bring me fresh misery. But I won't let go. My mind made up. I focus my question:

"How long, doctor? A year?"

He makes another vague gesture.

I persist: "Two years?"

Automatically he replies: "That's more like it!"

And now that he appears to be less completely opposed to my resolution, I suddenly see a ray of hope. What are two years compared to a whole lifetime, with its infinite possibilities?

Later I once heard Murshid speak about hope, the hope of supreme need, as a kind of cord that still connects us to heaven. And I reach out for the cord! I want to return to God's triumphant creation, and am willing to fight for it!

Again I ask him: "Doctor, give it to me straight, would I stand a chance if I were to be silent for, say, two years?"

He hesitates for an instant, as if engaged in inner struggle. Then, after casting a glance at the medical history lying before him to verify that his advice is responsible, something changes in him. "Yes," he says slowly but emphatically, "You have a chance." Then, sensing my inner determination, he repeats with changed emphasis and full understanding of what lies ahead for me: "Certainly. You have a chance!"

It is these words that make up my mind irrevocably. "Thank you doctor," I reply, "then these will be my last words in this sanatorium."

For a moment he looks at me and then follows a moment that I will never forget. For he demonstrates that he has fully accepted my decision and intends to give me his full support. Calmly he reaches for the house telephone and, once connected, his tone is again cool and business-like: "Is this the director? I want to inform you that the patient in room 41 has decided on my advice to cease speaking. Would you be so kind as to let the nurses know? You will be hearing from me."

When he has replaced the receiver I extend both hands to him out of gratitude for his understanding, and suddenly we face each other, man to man. In addition to being a dedicated physician, *dokter* Sonies is a high-minded

personality. He, too, is now completely immersed in his role. We look at each other for an instant, neither of us uttering a word. When the padded door of the examination room has closed soundlessly behind me, I walk slowly down the hall lost in thought. But I know I will succeed.

And suddenly I recall the melodramatic ending of Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, which I once read in a French translation entitled *Crime et Châtiment*.⁵⁹⁹ When Raskolnikoff stands trial for a murder committed under psychological duress, and expects banishment to Siberia, where his loved one will follow him to be forever united with him after his release, he speculates about whether he will be condemned to forced labour for twenty, or twelve, or possibly only seven years. When they hear the verdict they both cry out, overjoyed: "Only seven years!"

How short this episode will be for me! "Only two years!"

On the boulevard in Davos-Platz there is something unusual happening today. One of the patients, accompanied on his daily hour-long constitutional by a couple of sympathetic friends, has a notebook in the left sleeve of his coat and a pencil in his right hand. Whenever he can't adequately participate in the conversation with gestures or facial expressions, he writes down a few words rapidly while walking, along the lines of a telegram. In this way the conversations proceed unimpeded. After a while, none of the passers-by take any notice.

Not much later I leave the sanatorium and look for a room in a nearby villa. In some ways I have now become the monk of the "Crusade," who has temporarily done with the world. But soon I have become a regular on the terraces of the Dutch Sanatorium where, with the approval of the director, I instruct patients in the game of chess.

Chess does not require speech. What I have to say, I jot down on a slate, which is always at hand. By mid sentence, my partner has already comprehended what I had begun to write. Our contact is analogous to that of natives and whites, who soon manage to communicate using a few sounds.

The chess lessons meet with lots of interest. I soon have five pupils. After a few months we are busily engaged with intramural tournaments, which help dispel boredom. Repeatedly I play simultaneous matches with them. One pupil has soon advanced so far that he beats me. My arrival on the terraces is usually an event that breaks the daily monotony. My chess partners take turns accompanying me on my walks. When alone, I study literature. Several libraries are at my disposal. A world of beauty and mature wisdom unfolds for me. I also regularly attend sports events, such as the world skating championships, where Oscar Matthiesen breaks the world record, and the ski-kjöring behind racehorses on Davos Lake.⁶⁰⁰

Later in the winter follow breathtaking international competitions in ski jumping, with the winner soaring through the air in stately fashion for almost seventy meters, the distance from the turret of Liberty to the bridge over the Prinsengracht.⁶⁰¹ Repeatedly I take trips with a group of companions in adversity. We are elated when the crew of Van Holsboer wins the bobsled races and the Dutch flag is raised at the finish.⁶⁰²

Invited by sympathetic friends, I take part in a day-trip by horse sled through the Fluëla Pass in the direction of St. Moritz. On the way back the jet-black horses rush down the slopes at breakneck speed amidst the splendid snowy landscapes, with the sleigh bells making the only sound in the imposing solitude.

And one evening, when I brave a temperature of minus 30 degrees centigrade to attend a concert in the great hall of the spa, a youthful violinist named Stefi Geyer,⁶⁰³ then on the threshold between child prodigy and mature artistry, makes my heart beat faster with her passionate interpretation of Mendelssohn's violin concerto.⁶⁰⁴ The only drawback is that I have to remain completely silent amidst the endless bravos and bravissimos.

But in some respects I am beginning to return to the normal, turbulent life that I hope someday wholly to reconquer. In these days I begin to fathom the meaning of the words of Ellen Key:

I love the struggle!
I love what I have suffered!⁶⁰⁵

During all this time I stick to the letter of all my medical instructions, especially with regard to the rhythmic inhaling of the pure mountain air while completely relaxed.

In the evening, when all the lights on the surrounding terraces have been extinguished, I still lie outside on my lonely balcony, even if it plunges to minus twenty degrees centigrade. How wonderful are these solitary hours under the bright starry sky, surrounded by the glistening moonlit slopes in the perfectly calm evenings. And repeatedly the bell tower in Davos-Platz has sounded the midnight hour before I finally go inside.

In this way the winter flies by. In May I return to Holland, accompanied by a repatriating nurse from the Sanatorium. And in all that time I have not spoken a word to anyone. I have finished what I had begun.

But no matter how easily things went in Davos, where all of life centres on the patients, once returned to Holland I can truly say, like the monk, that "my life's way led through many waves and through hot desert sand." The meeting at Centraal Station in Amsterdam, where my mother and brothers have come to

pick me up, becomes a terrible ordeal. Never have I seen my mother so deeply distressed as when I greet her in silence, and my reunion with many friends and relatives is also harrowing because of their incomprehension of my situation. If I could only speak a few words! But I know that I would be lost. No one seems to understand that I am fighting for my life.

But one of my friends, who has always helped me as best he could all my life, and still does, writes, as if it is nothing out of the usual, and asks whether I would care soon to meet his young wife and bring my slate. The conversation, he has heard, should go well enough. His indestructible optimism triumphs once more. From the first visit I make contact. Our exchange of ideas moves naturally to the field of modern literature. His wife has just read *Inga Heine*.⁶⁰⁶ This period therefore brings an immediate and close friendship which is to last into the next generation.

And when, only two years ago, as I address him on the festive occasion of his fortieth anniversary as director,⁶⁰⁷ I look back on our lengthy friendship and everything we have experienced together and can again quote the closing words of *Inga Heine*, which had provided our first point of connection:

What is past, will never return;
But if it also went down luminously,
Its light will shine back for a long time!⁶⁰⁸

As soon as I have returned to Amsterdam, I decide to resume my study of commercial sciences. I meet an aged Jewish teacher named Markus.⁶⁰⁹ I write that he should think of me as a complete beginner, and I soon discover that he has been a wise choice. For with profound insight that borders on wisdom, he teaches me the essential issues in a few lessons. He understands the simplicity of life and reduces everything to uncomplicated, human considerations which, in the end, determine the technical details.

After an endless period of contained energy my vitality has at last found an outlet. With almost fanatic passion I throw myself on this study. Soon I am advised to write the next exam for a secondary teaching certificate in bookkeeping.

In the meantime, an Amsterdam professor performs a method of healing that requires extreme self-control on my part.⁶¹⁰ First my throat is desensitized by repeated applications of cocaine using a small brush. After long training I reach the stage at which I can continue breathing for several seconds while remaining immobile. Finally a small instrument is lowered down my throat and is carefully brought into contact with the spots on the vocal cords to be treated. At the same time, by switching on the electricity, a temperature of two thousand degrees Celsius is generated, which at once destroys the affected tissue. The scar tissue then has to mend slowly, requiring complete rest of the vocal cords.

These treatments once more make extreme demands of me. One day I am told that a Catholic priest was eventually able to sit like a bronze statue through half a minute of treatment. When I hear that, my penchant for setting records will not be denied. I am not satisfied until told that I have lasted even longer.

Everything goes well. The healing proceeds faster than expected and in my raging thirst for learning, I have soon mastered all the material for the exam. I have become the best student of the Markus Institute. But implacably, I continue to defend myself in all situations where people try to make me break my silence, no matter how bitter that may be from time to time. Apparently one simply cannot permit oneself, in one's native city, to live the life of a monk who has taken a vow of silence.

Finally, in August 1914 comes the written secondary examination in The Hague, where more than a hundred candidates have assembled in tropical heat. I have a very good day. By the afternoon, I am ready to hand in my work fifteen minutes early. The friendly chairman, who thinks I have become discouraged and wish to give up on the remainder of the exam, indicates to me that I have a fair amount of time left. I may not respond vocally, so I nod politely but deposit my solutions on the table of the examination committee. I am completely sure that I have solved all of the questions correctly.

The same friendly chairman later tells me that I had the highest score of all for that part of the examination. When all of us candidates from the Markus Institute have discussed our written submissions together, no doubt remains. My performance has been such that I really can't be refused for the oral examination.

But will I be able to participate? That is the question.

Two days in advance I astonish Mr. Markus by asking him to give me a trial oral exam. For the first time in ages I hear my own voice. I return from the oral exam with the so-called Diplomas K, XII and Q, which qualify me for group teaching in a secondary school and demonstrate that my powers of speech have survived almost completely unimpaired.

Among family and acquaintances this exam has caused new commotion, which only increases when I persist doggedly in my refusal to speak. But now I feel myself returning to a normal life. "Out of the jaws of death, back from the mouth of hell," nothing and no one can dislodge me from my chosen path. I want to complete my term of two years as strictly as possible. In view of my current medical treatment, that is certainly most advisable.

A little while later I have moved on to the next stage. Once again my wise teacher has given me precious advice. He believes that I should study to become an accountant. According to him I am bound to succeed. Hardly knowing what an accountant is, I turn to one of the city's best instructors and soon I find in

him a new father figure who is pleased to take me under his wing for the entire accountant's exam. His perspicacity and inventiveness find a ready response in me.

But first I have to complete the so-called preparatory exams in five different subjects. Although I have only nine months to prepare, I decide to make the attempt, seeing that only a superficial knowledge is required. I succeed at everything in this period. In May 1915, without any difficulties worth mentioning, I pass all five exams in a single day.

All my mother's concerns are at once forgotten. As I have also broken my silence and now work part time in an accountant's office, she surprises me with a telephone connection. With that gesture I am completely returned to normal society. Two years later, after a successful training period in a large accountant's office and after having won first prize in the submission competition of the monthly trade periodical *De Accountant*,⁶¹¹ I write the complete exams of the Netherlands Institute of Accountants. Five of the thirty-five candidates are admitted. Along with another student, I again achieve the highest score. On 15 December 1917, I am inducted into the Institute.

That also ends an episode of my life, which fortunately now returns to a more calm and balanced course. Having completely achieved what I had set out to do (the desperate attempt to regain my health combined with my no less determined effort to make up for the lost years in my career), my relentless drive to excel expires as suddenly as it was born. Within a few months everything appears to be forgotten. Entirely different problems command my attention. I again live like thousands of others whose lives proceed relatively smoothly. Considering my condition, however, I am more or less obliged to spend my life choosing the road of least resistance. Involuntarily I will always remain a bit of a monk, one who must lead a contemplative life because a curtailment of activity is ever called for, even in all that I can expect to achieve outside my profession.

And for my wife, who experienced much of that period, it is a certainty that it gave me a contemplative perspective on my life, and later on Sufism, which was bound to differ from that of Murshid's other mureeds. She knows, or better said she feels intuitively that what I have gone through will always leave its mark on me and my vision on things. And it is from this vision that she hopes my *Sufi Recollections* will be illuminated to save them for posterity. And once again that which emanates from her in this respect will return to my dreams, and this time so imperatively that it can no longer be misunderstood.

Dreams: Victory

In the meantime I am now almost completely accustomed to my new task. With great regularity I awake at about five in the morning. As I lie thinking about numerous minor events which return to my memory with remarkable accuracy, I repeatedly, and to my own amazement, find the words that I need to make it all come alive in a dignified, constructive but also engrossing fashion. And repeatedly, when done, I have the feeling that I can't possibly have written it all myself.

Upon completion, I read the material to my wife and now I discover a second working method. Once or twice a week my wife goes to Amsterdam to bring supplies to friends and family living under ever harsher circumstances, and now I have developed the habit of working everything out in my mind and then writing on the days of her absence. In amazing fashion, one page after another appears on paper, in sentences of which I had not previously been in the least aware. When, one evening, she returns home safely in a heavy snow storm, I ask her to arrange the rest of the evening in such a way that I will be able to read to her for about an hour. I have written almost twenty folio sheets on Suresnes this day.

In the near-crepuscular small space, lit only by the flame from a minuscule oil wick so that I am obliged to read with a magnifying glass, I make her my first confidante of what has taken place since my initiation by Murshid. And then she informs me that my descriptions are able to conjure up the complete past for her even to such a degree that she now better understands what happened than she did during her prolonged and repeated stays in Suresnes.

I am by no means completely convinced. Even so, I soon embark on the most elusive of my subjects, the Samadhi Silences of the summer of 1926. In fact, this topic is so exceedingly subtle that I repeatedly consider giving up on it. And it later comes as no surprise to hear from Sirkar that the material is so highly esoteric that he thinks it should never be published and ought to remain accessible to only a few higher initiates.

To accommodate this subtlety at least to some degree, I have already decided to treat the Samadhi Silences against the background of a detailed description of the entire Summer School of 1926, with personal descriptions of many of the mureeds then present, while introducing various events from my own life to provide contrast. But when I ask myself whether I am convinced that I am on the right track, or whether the growing interest and satisfaction of my wife has truly had its effect, I still feel as though I have lost my way. Should I persevere in this fashion?, I repeatedly ask myself.

A third letter from Azmat brings fresh encouragement. That evening I reply with a detailed report. Presumably as some kind of reaction, I have a second,

highly peculiar dream. I write it down right away in the morning, including my immediate associations upon awakening and then the supplementary associations in a conscious state, before enclosing it all in my letter to her. The description of my dream was as follows:

The buckets that Paul regularly empties on his land must be saved; there are about seven or eight of them, all to be kept; they are valuable. (This image returns repeatedly.) In the hall of a hotel several people are gathered. One, who holds a croquet ball in his hand, rolls it a little way down the corridor. Another, who has no notion about how to play croquet, rolls his ball in the same direction and, to my delight, touches the other via an improbably roundabout route. Next comes a man whom I once met with Ap (being Sirkar van Stolk) in Hotel Rozendaal.⁶¹² He is much better at croquet but his ball rolls way past the two others. Then comes the waiter, whom I have to pay for a book that I have bought. But I can find no money, until I hit upon a leather tobacco pouch, with money jingling in a square side pocket. But that tobacco pouch belongs to Ap and I do not want to use his money.

I therefore set out to fetch the book and meet two colleagues. Van der Zant (of the firm Van Dien en Uden)⁶¹³ asks if I have heard that Reder (of the firm Limperg),⁶¹⁴ our chairman, has left the bank. Then the other, Harms (the accountant of the Dutch National Bank),⁶¹⁵ whispers that he has also left the bank. Van der Zant nods that the same is true for him, but that it's not easy. He shows us a letter and describes his difficulties.

Then I go to the book stand on the railway platform, where the sales lady is reading the very book that I want. It is Bulwer Lytton's *Night and Morning*.⁶¹⁶ I want to pay but, startled, she says that I can't. She is only allowed to deliver items three days after an order. As it is only the first day, I have two days to wait. She keeps on reading intently; I do not get my book.

Upon awakening I associate manure, salt and seven with valuables. My colleague Reder must stand for "reder" or leader. Night and morning stand for awakening and dawn, and two days for two years. My conscious associations link manure with fertility, salt with salt of the earth, seven or eight with the number of completed essays, and Paul with the Apostle Paul. Although many images of this dream remain insoluble for us, the associations already yield enough clear indications that I need not remain in doubt. The completed essays must not be lost. They will prove to be valuable and even if I have to wait two "days" before my awakening, it will surely come. I sense that I must carry on.

It is perhaps inevitable that my first dream also comes back to me. I repeatedly discuss it with my wife. What, for instance, can it mean that I had

to descend four successive flights of stairs, and what can it signify that I was able to float down them with ease? Then something occurs to me. At school we were taught an English poem, "Enoch Arden," in which a seaman happens to be shipwrecked on an uninhabited island in the Pacific Ocean. Years later his wife, still living in England, meets another man who asks her hand in marriage. She hesitates, even though she is convinced that her husband is long dead. Then she decides to consult the Bible, something, my English teacher explained, was commonly done back then. She opens the Bible, places her finger on the page and reads the line that is indicated. According to the poem, the line in question read: "under a palm tree."⁶¹⁷

In some obscure way this notion suddenly fascinates me. Following the wife's example, I pick up what happens to be the top volume from the high pile of Sufi books, open it and read: "through the four planes of existence." I do not at once completely comprehend what this means but I have a vague notion that, in the dream, I again went through the four planes of existence after conquering my fear, and that it has been in some way made as easy as possible for me to descend to the lowest depths of my primitive feelings and thoughts.

Just how easy things have been made for me I realize every day, when I hear stories of the conditions in Amsterdam. There the population lives in unheated houses on one thin slice of bread and a quart of thin soup a day, with the Swedish Red Cross packages as the last material and moral lifelines that separate them from complete collapse. And in view of these current circumstances and after my consciousness-raising second dream, I have finally surmounted all doubt. Time and again I read the rapidly completed fragments to my wife. Time and again she tells me that I have brought Suresnes back to life for her, and that this winter will remain one of the most beautiful of her life. Under these circumstances, I abandon all reservations.

Restlessly I look in *Vadan*, *Gayana* and *Nirtan*, in *The Inner Life*, in *Education*, in the *Rose Garden* and in *Rassa Shastra* for fresh inspiration. Inspiration? In a description of Vivekananda,⁶¹⁸ I read that he can't warn seriously enough against the abuse of the word "inspiration." According to him at most one in about a million souls receives inspiration and the way that laymen use the word is most worrisome.

Be that as it may, for me the early morning hours continue to call back the images from those long-gone days, as Goethe says it: "While ye from mist and murk around me rise." And leafing through the beauties of the pictorial riches of Murshid's writings, of which the poetic language of *Rassa Shastra* charms me most, I always find new connections or new ideas which, in so far as my memory allows, I try to relate to quotations from Western literature. Because I have now set myself a quite different goal, namely, to find as many

links as possible between the best of the Western tradition and Murshid's ideas, instances of which I have begun to include in my successive chapters using works in my possession.

And now a new period dawns, the ravishing spring days of March 1945. For days on end it is beautifully warm summer weather, so warm that Elly has to seek the shade as she sits reading outside in her beach outfit. I have settled in against a sunny wall to the southwest, and there I find new inspiration in the beautiful language of Van Brakell Buys' remarkable books *Figures from Persian Mysticism* and *Basic Forms of Mysticism*.⁶¹⁹ The reading and rereading of these books, which reveal in flowery images the mysteries of centuries-old Persian Sufism, are a great help to me with my choice of words for what I now want to write myself. Repeatedly, at night, I compose sentences that could only have originated under this influence. I have always been a good student. Once again I can admire without reserve, and once again I experience the luck of the draw in this regard. Things are always made easy for me.

When I read to my wife in instalments what the entire progression of the Samadhi Silences meant for me, her acute interest comes paired with such a degree of emotion that I sense that the latter parts are now being inspired by her. I also return to the chapter about Katwijk, which I have not touched for a long time. And I try to write it in such a way, with complete disregard for my original hesitation, that it may serve to help those who will follow in our footsteps to Katwijk, not only the leaders but also the remaining mureeds. And once I have set out in that direction, I embark on an exposition on the difficulties that so many encounter in their early meditations and collect with care all that I recall Murshid ever said or wrote about the problem.

In the two chapters "Katwijk" and "Samadhi" I have now truly plumbed the depths of my own feelings, because in my person there has awakened the calling that Goethe celebrated in the lines:

Why should I seek the way with such deep yearning,
If not to show it to my brethren?

And at first I see something of the joy for my own creation that Jacques Perk announces jubilantly in his opening sonnet:⁶²⁰ Sonnets, sound! To write was to enjoy!

In the meantime, the last great battle is waging on all sides. Cut off from the oil fields of Romania, the already decimated German armies soon falter from acute fuel shortage. On the airfields numerous planes are destroyed because they lack fuel to take off. The pilots of fighters are given so little gasoline that

they refuse to take off. Himmler, the cruel ruler of all that remains of Germany, has hundreds of his best war pilots executed on one day, including some with legendary reputations.⁶²¹

In enormous and relentless thrusts the Russian armies advance deep into Germany. On one day they cut off the garrisons of four of the old Polish border fortifications, forcing them to capitulate.⁶²² In the west the Americans cross the Rhine when the bridge at Remagen falls undamaged into their hands,⁶²³ and the prophecy of Saint Odilia is at last fulfilled. "From all sides the triumphant armies penetrate the empire of the conqueror."⁶²⁴

Still the splendid spring weather continues. On day after day spent beside the water, I enjoy the fragile colours that characterize the spring landscape in all its unfolding beauty. Azmat's reply also reaches me in these days. As always, she shows keen insight into one of the essential points that the dream about which I have consulted her was intended to reveal. And still another of the barriers is removed. With still greater enthusiasm I commence "The Younger Generation" and complete "The HIRO."

I now make additional plans. We have already assembled numerous photos and I will request many more from others to supplement the descriptions in my chapters with a series of portraits and group photos from the time of Murshid so as to provide an organic context for later generations. And my imagination ranges still further. A long time ago the structure of the chapters took on such form that the fragments could serve as segments of a documentary film. A future director will not need to tax himself about the staging. The photographic material will make a valuable and indispensable contribution. Film crews will be able to reconstruct the human beings, surroundings, clothing and numerous other details, everything, for the film settings.

Restlessly I work on, also continually amplifying and improving the already completed chapters since I have a remarkable presentiment, which I repeatedly communicate to my wife, that I must hurry because the war will soon come to an end so that I will no longer have the opportunity to work full-time on the *Recollections*. For the time being, however, things do not at all look as if my expectation is about to come true. The Russian and American offensives proceed as desired, but above Fortress Holland new thunderclouds are gathering. After the Canadians have forded the IJssel River at Westervoort and almost the entire Veluwe is occupied,⁶²⁵ Fortress Holland lies surrounded by a continuous ring of inundations and mine fields.⁶²⁶ Inside are six elite German divisions, seemingly determined to fight to the death.⁶²⁷

In Amsterdam the population is dying of hunger. Twice a week my wife goes there to bring supplies that hardly suffice even for our closest friends now that the distribution of food has come to a virtual halt. The German occupiers confiscate

the last supplies to prepare for a long defence of their bunker strongholds. Never in the five years of war has the need been more acute than in precisely these days; dear friends and relatives have succumbed, and we are deeply concerned about others.

Suddenly, in this sinister period, comes the day that for me will always remain one of the most remarkable of my life and which will crown my work. On a radiant spring morning in April, around 9:30 in the morning, we suddenly see Gawery Voûte standing in front of our window, wearing her leather coat.⁶²⁸ She waves to us cheerfully. She is on her way back to Hilversum from her Haarlem Centre, where she has brought oats for her mureeds. Passing Vinkeveen she thought of us and has biked down the Groenlandsekade to see if we are still there.

She is persuaded to come in and after the first impressions of more than a year of separation have been exchanged, something makes me tell her that I have used this winter to commit my Sufi recollections to paper. I name several titles of chapters and as she does not have much time, I read out two relatively short fragments, first "Reunion" and then "5 February 1927." I am nervous about how she will react because, as I have told her, I do not have any indication of how others will respond to my work.

But when I have finished, no judgement follows. For some time Gawery has had apparent difficulty containing her emotion and now she sits very still, looking out to where the spring flowers bask in the sunlight and numerous birds sing their hearts out. At last she looks at me, tries to speak, but some time passes before she is able to express herself. "Theo," she says at last, "I can only tell you this; as I looked out at this sunny garden while you read, I truly had the feeling for an instant that I was back in the Sufi Garden. You have completely recalled Suresnes for me."

And when my wife joins us, I read the Samadhi Silence for the two of them. When I have finally spoken the final lines, which contain a description of my very last meeting with Murshid, Gawery gets up. She is again too moved to say anything and only presses our hands simultaneously for a long time. All she says is: "I thank you both for this morning!" After lunching with us, she stays for part of the afternoon, so that I am able to read "Katwijk" to her. Finally she departs, leaving me deeply impressed by the experiences of the day.

Now Gawery's impressions have confirmed what my wife has already been saying for months on end, I feel that I must get to work on what is almost completed. Again I wait for the night-time hours, which, with advancing spring, are increasingly dominated by the transition between starry nights and the following daybreak.

Daybreak! Suddenly I know the title of the chapter that is still missing and that I must insert to arrive at a rounded whole that will consist of two parts,

the first taking place during Murshid's life on earth, and the second after his departure. And in the following days I complete this most difficult chapter and, as far as I am concerned also the most subtle one because every word needs to be weighed. It is my description of the conversion of an idealistic person, deeply disappointed in Protestantism, to the wonderful charms of Murshid and Western Sufism.

In the spring nights it is as if the past lives again and I experience the dawn of Sufism for a second time. I see everything as if it happened only yesterday: the first Sufi church service in the home of Fatimah; the lecture with Tuyll; the loggia of the Mureeds' House, the garden of Fazal Manzil, where Murshid was among us; the entry made by Yussouf in the Corner House, all that and so much more that shook the foundations of my largely negative view on life before I had to confess to myself:

There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.⁶²⁹

But when I have completed "Daybreak," I also know that this first phase of my work as Sufi chronicler has been completed, both by me and in spite of me. And again I have the feeling that the end of the war must now be very near.

But before that happens, problems again come to a head in the next few weeks. In the cities famine has now reached such extremes that the German commander agrees to let Allied planes drop food supplies over Fortress Holland. And suddenly long strings of heavy bombers fly low over the Plassen, cheered frenetically by the population. Through our binoculars we see thousands of packages drop on Schiphol airport.

But there are also fresh dangers. Under pressure of the Canadian advance, the infamous concentration camp in Amersfoort, where thousands have died these years, is now totally cleared.⁶³⁰ The commander, a sadistic Dutch physician who is known as "the headsman of Amersfoort," has settled in nearby Abcoude, from where he wields a true reign of terror.⁶³¹ And we are again threatened by inundation. In addition, arrests and house searches are the order of the day.

At once I copy three chapters and send these by post to Gawery for safekeeping. Later I learn that they have indeed safely arrived. And now I know what impact the reading of my *Recollections* can have on my fellow mureeds, I ask my wife to take a few other chapters with her to Amsterdam for Lucie and Moenie, who have both suffered the effects of months-long malnutrition. Their reactions prove to be much the same as those of Gawery. Both let me know that it has really been of help to them, so that I mail them still other chapters the next week.

And then the end is truly at hand, as the news of Hitler's death brings the world conflict to its very last phase, which coincides with the capture of Berlin by the Russians. With the oppressive threat of Hitler to Western Sufism averted, I awake the next morning with a much relieved feeling and abruptly become aware of the connection between Hitler and Ophelia in my dream. Because suddenly I recall the words in *Hamlet* when Ophelia is found. The queen has already paid Ophelia the last honours by sprinkling flowers, adding the words: "Sweets to the sweet!," but the priest refuses her some of the final rites because she has sought her own death. Then her brother Laertes cries out in noble outrage:

Lay her i' the earth,
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A minist'ring angel shall my sister be
 When thou liest howling!⁶³²

Seen this way, this part of my dream can be interpreted as wish fulfilment. It is only now, with the threat removed that I realize that my wish has been granted and the obsession lifted.

For now the "sneer of cold command" of he who had become a demigod to thousands of greater and lesser slavish satellites, lies permanently behind us and he himself has been, so to speak, cast into the hell that he made such a horrible reality for so many millions on earth. Now that it can also be said of him, "where thou liest howling!," the Message will again prevail in Western Europe ("a ministering angel shall my sister be"), and she will be able, as it were, to take her place among the ranks of the foremost angels. And no longer will the threat "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" disquiet us. The voice of this twentieth-century Ozymandias has perished for always, together with the collapse of the burning ruins of the Reichstag in Berlin.

But for me, through all these years, there has always been that other voice, which throughout the dark days consistently brought the comfort and trust that have now triumphed over need and terror. That evening, in silent gratitude, I reread the passage from *Gösta Berling*, in which Selma Lagerlöf interprets in such an inimitable fashion all that I now experience:

Oh ye women of yesteryear! Whichever of you speaks, it is as if her thoughts dwell in Paradise. Pure loveliness you were, pure light. Ever young, ever beautiful you were, and friendly as the eyes of a mother looking at her child. Your voice never quaked in anger, your forehead never frowned. Your soft hands were never rough

or hard. You gentle saints, like decorated statues you stood in the temple of the home. Incense and prayers were offered to you; love wrought its miracles through you, and on your forehead shone the golden aureole of poetry (“The Ball at Ekeby”).⁶³³

That evening I show my wife the fully developed front page of my *Recollections*, which includes the dedication “To my dear wife” with, immediately below, Murshid’s beautiful words from *Rassa Shastra*:

Rarely does one see a Padmani in life; and the man who wins her heart gains the kingdom of Indra Loka, the heaven of the Hindus.⁶³⁴

A few days later the liberation of Fortress Holland becomes a fact. On Friday 5 May 1945, the German commander capitulates. The Dutch flag waves from all the towers of the surrounding villages. And it is remarkable that it is precisely the following morning, as I awake with an inexpressible feeling of relief, that a new symbol of the dream becomes clear to me, one that has so often foiled me, namely the connection between Ophelia, Camilla and, as Wazir proposed, the Message.

I become aware of the answer in a totally unexpected fashion. After writing the chapter “Daybreak” following Gawery’s visit, I revised it so often that I finally rewrote it completely over the last two days. In the evening I read it through a couple more times. Upon awakening, several passages were still etched in my memory and I formulated numerous additions and improvements, which I implemented immediately. And so I again repeat the lines that I remember in their entirety and that constitute the first sentences of this chapter:

During the winter of 1923, Camilla Schneider, the later wife of Shanavaz van Spengler, writes my wife about a remarkable easterner who has come to Holland to lecture!

Camilla! How can it be that I have missed it thus far? Camilla who for us became the angel of the annunciation of Sufism, the messenger of the Message! Now there can be very little doubt that Wazir had it right and that the slender white figure in my nightmare is connected to the Message, and Camilla was the dream symbol.

Now that the liberation is a fact, our thoughts naturally reach out once more to Sirkar and his family, about whom we have long been worried. First there were rumours that Velp had been evacuated during the period of frost, whereas later information indicated that the surrounding areas were badly damaged

during the Allied advance.⁶³⁵ As we are unable to learn anything about them, we decide to seek out information in Hilversum and Baarn.

In Hilversum we encounter Gawery and Manohary, who reassure us that our Velp friends have survived. They have heard this from Eric van Ingen, who happens to have shown up unexpectedly with Shaukat,⁶³⁶ with whom his mother stayed for some time. To our joyful surprise it turns out that he helped liberate us by fighting in a Canadian tank. After the capture of Arnhem he immediately looked up Sirkar in Velp.⁶³⁷ At the Voûtes I read a couple of chapters from my *Recollections* for them.⁶³⁸ Manohary observes that I have been able to save the vibrations of Murshid's time with great care, to convey them with complete accuracy.

We try to bicycle on to Baarn to look up Azmat,⁶³⁹ but on the way there we discover that, by decree of the Civil Service, no one may leave Hilversum until further notice. We carry this news back to the Voûtes. It happens that we can stay with them in the expectation that the closure will be lifted the next morning. While we are there, Zulaikha suddenly shows up, understandably overflowing with the news of Eric's unexpected return. She tells us all sorts of details: one morning in the fall of 1944, shortly after the liberation on the southern provinces, she found a letter from Eric in which he informed her that he hoped to cross the rivers through the German lines to go south. He said farewell to her, hoping to return safely after the liberation. The day before a car had stopped before Shaukat's place and a tall Canadian soldier had got out and headed straight for Zulaikha,⁶⁴⁰ addressing her with the words: "Well, Mom, I'm back!"

Eric had related how, after a highly adventurous and perilous crossing, he had finally reached Nijmegen, where he was able to join up with the Canadian army.⁶⁴¹ He witnessed the terrible weeks-long combat in the Reichswald and at Xanten and had then penetrated deep into Oldenburg with the triumphant tank columns.⁶⁴² That same afternoon he would again have to leave, and stay away for several months. His regiment was ordered to take part in the occupation of Germany, in some place yet unknown.

We arrange with Zulaikha that we will go to Shaukat's place to join Eric for a moment, and soon we are united there.⁶⁴³ With growing amazement I observe the almost unbelievable change in him. There is nothing left of his earlier effeminacy. His entire facial expression has become both harder and more masculine. I would hardly have recognized him. And while Eric sits there talking and I consider that he will again be separated from us for many months, when things may be every bit as difficult for him as during the recent combat, an idea dawns on me.

I know how Eric has always felt deep admiration for his father, no matter how young he was when he lost him. And I suddenly realize that it might be of help to him during his long absence if he could hear what I have written about

Yussoof in my *Recollections*. I know from sundry responses from those who have heard or read my descriptions that the characterizations are accurate and I also know how much time and effort I have lavished on the passages that are dedicated to Eric's father. His memory has certainly been of particular inspiration to me on repeated occasions. In many places I have commemorated his leading role in the first years of Sufism, as an example for us all. Dare I abandon my resolution to let almost no one share in what I have written until I have discussed everything with Sirkar, as we agreed?

But when I look at Eric once more, as he talks about driving off in the car that awaits him outside, and when I consider that his parents named him Eric Inayat, I recognize that the situation is an opportunity that I dare not miss. So I ask him if he can stay for another hour. When he affirms that he can, I tell him what has happened over this past winter. Then, when Zulaikha and Shaukat express the wish to listen in on what I have written about Yussoof, I begin to read from "Daybreak," a chapter in which he has become one of the key personages.

It is the first time that anyone has had the opportunity to hear this chapter, and I must conquer a deep-seated hesitation. I think it risky to read this material, which largely concerns myself, to someone like Eric, who may have grown a stranger to us because of the war. When I have finished, he merely says: "You said that you have written more about Dad; may I hear that too?" And then I read what I wrote about Yussoof and Zulaikha in the Haras de Longchamp and also my conversation with Egeberg in "The Younger Generation," where I elaborated on Yussoof's broad orientation. When I have finished that, Eric is the first to speak: "This book must be published," he says and comes and shakes my hand.

At the same time he changes his plans and proposes to wait for a few hours after all. Shaukat invites us all to the table and for a long time we remain immersed in lively conversation about the years behind us. To my great satisfaction I see that Eric has become more relaxed and cheerful. Several times our humour surfaces more ebulliently than it likely ever did during the entire occupation. Finally Eric leaves resolutely and heads straight for his car. We watch him drive off, each of us filled with feelings that can't be expressed in words.

The next day I read another few chapters to Shaukat and Zulaikha, and their opinion is that much of Suresnes has lived again; they want to hear even more. And Zulaikha reflects for a moment and says: "Now I know. Your style reminds me of Romain Rolland."⁶⁴ "Excusez du peu!" I reply cheerfully. But Zulaikha sticks to her guns, confirming the correctness of Van Brakell Buys' claim that Sufis lose all objectivity with any subject related to Western Sufism.

A few days later I pay a first visit to Amsterdam, after many long months of absence. In the course of the winter I have repeatedly been told that everything has become unrecognizably ugly because of the felling of trees, stripping of

bridge railings and destruction of parks. But as we drive into Amsterdam on a radiant spring day,⁶⁴⁵ accidentally amidst a Canadian tank division that is greeted enthusiastically by the population, the city, which is decorated with flags and orange cloth, looks thoroughly festive. And the next day, as I wander for a long time along canals and ramparts that I have known well since childhood, all radiant in fresh spring tints, a great feeling of happiness comes over me as I see that the irreplaceable and unique urban beauty of my city of birth has been preserved completely intact.

And just as when I used to ride into Amsterdam with a view from the train of the wide docks and stately quays, I experience the mood of the Pilgrim's Chorus of *Tannhäuser*:

Happy may I now look on thee, oh fatherland,
 And joyfully greet your lovely meadows;
 Now I can put my wanderer's staff to rest,
 As I have pilgrimed true to God.⁶⁴⁶

And this grateful mood only increases when I am able to locate almost all my friends and acquaintances, who have braved cold and hunger to stay alive. Sadly many of them, especially the older ones have changed almost beyond recognition.

I leave a few chapters of my *Recollections* at a time with Lucie; sometimes we read together. She is beginning to recover from her serious breakdown; soon she hopes to join us in the country. In this sombre winter she appears to have found a soul mate for whom Sufism is more important than anything else and who is determined to stay with her.⁶⁴⁷ She has only just been initiated by Ali Khan, and her intense longing for everything that is part of Sufism will ensure that she will be the first to be introduced to my complete *Recollections*.⁶⁴⁸

In these days I re-encounter many mureeds who have survived. Dildar, Moenie, Fatimah, all still in their own surroundings. What wonderful protection Amsterdam and her population have been granted in these past months!⁶⁴⁹ We have also finally heard from Sirkar. As contact by telephone or telegraph is still impossible and letters take ages to arrive, I grasp a sudden opportunity to hitch a ride to Arnhem by automobile; they are to pick me up the next day. When I get out at "Rozenhof" early in the morning, Sirkar proves to be in The Hague, but he is expected back the next day.

From Anita I learn what has happened to them this winter. After the airborne operation near Arnhem had failed,⁶⁵⁰ they hid the commander of the underground for a long time, until one evening someone came to inform them that Sirkar should flee at once. It happened that this individual had been warned

by a resident of Velp, whom the Germans had imprisoned in the cellar of the city hall.⁶⁵¹ In the afternoon he had overheard a conversation among the guards, from which he gathered that they had learned through treason who was hidden with Van Stolk. Orders had been issued to make arrests that evening, including the owner of the house. Hearing this, the prisoner had suddenly felt constrained to go warn the threatened parties and, with risk to his own life, had made a desperate attempt to break out. This, remarkably, he managed to do with the aid of a spoon. The cellar of the city hall had not been built as a prison, so that he was eventually able to loosen the bars. Only a half hour before the Germans appeared, Sirkar and his guest managed to flee, thus escaping certain death. The prisoner was also able to save himself.

In the days of the liberation, the surroundings of Rozendaal were witness to fierce fighting.⁶⁵² First came extended bombardments, which damaged virtually every house in Velp. On the last day, when the British had approached to within a few kilometres, there was a new bombardment, with countless grenades and smoke bombs of which about forty had landed in the proximity of "Rozenhof." The house was hit three times, but with limited damage, so that it remained largely inhabitable. The next morning the Germans had disappeared and the long columns of English tanks had passed by.⁶⁵³

Shortly thereafter Eric van Ingen had paid his visit and recently Vilayat had also visited them.⁶⁵⁴ He had served as naval officer on an English minesweeper and had belonged to the squadron that supported the invasion of Normandy.⁶⁵⁵ He was still serving on that vessel. It is a curious thought that Murshid's oldest son was called to take part in the violent expulsion of the enemies of Sufism, albeit indirectly. Vilayat had indicated that in Suresnes, both Fazal Manzil, the Mureeds' House and Sirkar's home had been spared from destruction, and that a field hospital had been installed in the latter. The Germans had used the Lecture Hall as a shooting range,⁶⁵⁶ but it, too, was still there. The Sufi Garden was being used for allotment plots.

After Anita has told me about all these vicissitudes of the past winter, she asks me about the *Recollections*, which I mentioned in my last letter to them. When I read out a few fragments, Anita begins to get interested. "Did you write anything about Djalilah?" she asks. "Sure," I reply. "I have written about all the workers of that time," and I read her a fragment from "Reunion." "And what did you write about Kefayat," she then asks. "He comes up in the chapter 'The Younger Generation,' the chapter that I have dedicated to you both," I reply. "And about Fazal Mai?" she then asks. "I wrote so much about her that I can't combine it all in one unit." Anita persists, however, so that I send away the car that comes to get me and stay for a few more days.

The next day, when Sirkar finally returns from The Hague, where

Sylvia, as Girl Scout, has taken part in the entry of the Queen. It is an unforgettable moment when I suddenly hear his voice outside and we see each other safe and sound after our long separation. For all those twenty years we had seen each other regularly, usually at only very short intervals. Now most of twelve months have passed, the last four of these without any communication whatsoever.

On Sunday morning, when Sirkar reads to the children from Murshid's writings outside on the terrace, which has remained completely undamaged between two flanking hits, Sufism comes completely back to life for us. Isabelle is soon to be initiated, and as we sit together, with Mrs. van der Neut amidst the children as of old, it is almost unbelievable that all of The Netherlands are free, and that all the past has come back in a new wave of recovery, for the country and also for Sufism. And I realize gratefully that I have played my part.

Every evening, when the children have gone to bed, Sirkar and Anita listen as I read. As a last survival of the days of deprivation, this takes place by candlelight, because there is as yet no electricity. To my delight, Anita's interest fully matches Sirkar's. During Murshid's lifetime, Anita attended only the Summer School of 1926, but, among other things, she at once recalls that she also attended the gathering with Murshid that I have described in my "Introduction." She, too belonged to that small group of mureeds to whom Murshid addressed the words: "My mureeds, help me, help me to spread the Message!" And the two of them also declare that my descriptions have brought Suresnes back to life for them. Sirkar is especially moved by my introduction to the chapter on the "Samadhi Silence," in which I attempted to describe a little of what should in principle be considered indescribable. But he deems the entire content of this chapter so highly esoteric that it will never be publishable.

During my stay at "Rozenhof" I discover a remarkable book by George Arundale, entitled *Nirvana*.⁶⁵⁷ In addition to the splendid descriptions of the Himalayas, I am particularly struck by what he writes about the great responsibility that ecstasy confers on those who have been privileged in some way to experience it. He describes how he was once irritated by a difference of opinion and how it became clear that this had seriously compromised his hopes of experiencing ecstasy once more. And, though on an entirely different plane, this will remain a stimulus to me to do the very best I can in my *Recollections*.

When Sirkar and I have read a few other chapters of my book and I then discuss with him my reasons for choosing the form of writing, he turns out to be in complete agreement. He also agrees with me that the greater part of the contents can for the time being only be destined for a limited number of our most trusted mureeds. Having discussed all this with Sirkar, I can continue with the writing of the conclusion to the "Introduction." I finish

this at Rozenhof on 5 July 1945, Murshid's birthday, finally bringing the work to completion.

During our discussion we have naturally gravitated a few times to the two dreams that were of such a great importance for what I have written. Sirkar gives a few more suggestions regarding some of the dream symbols. It becomes clear to me at a certain moment that "Oosterpark" is probably related to *Eastern Rose Garden*, presuming I write it "Ooster-park." But my deliberations are too vague to arrive at any precise analysis. On the last day of my stay at "Rozenhof," I hit on the idea of dedicating a separate chapter to this dream and what we believe we have been able to decipher thus far. This chapter would include both dreams in full, in the hope that later analysis may provide greater insight into the meaning of its symbols.⁶⁵⁸

And soon the hope is partially fulfilled. Because when I proceed to write this chapter, "Dreams," and read my description of the first dream to Lucie, I immediately ask myself why, after mentioning that the voice three times called my name, I repeat in the next paragraph that she called out "Theo! Theo! Theo!" Did I do this merely in the pursuit of accuracy and completeness?

"I am beginning to believe something quite different," I then say, "I am beginning to understand that the repetition in full of what I heard now suggests an entirely different train of thought!" And Lucie nods with approval, and at the same time I become aware that this has nothing to do with the abbreviation of my Christian name Theodoor,⁶⁵⁹ but that the meaning must be taken literally. In this way, step by step, I unlock the mysteries of the symbols of the dream.

In Rozendaal I also discuss with Sirkar the title of my recollections: *Twenty Years in and around Western Sufism*. I have tried to explain to him that I do not wish to create the impression that my work is exclusively about Sufism, and even less that it presents fairly firm and fixed ideas. The title should serve to indicate that the work concerns purely personal impressions and experiences, this being why I have continually opted for a narrative technique.

I am fully aware that as a consequence of my contemplative view on life, many of the notions developed could deviate from those of many others, including many Sufis. No one should be able to assume that I deal in facts to be accepted without question. On the contrary, everything is to be regarded as a personal vision, with the primary aim often being the reproduction of a given atmosphere. The words "in and around Sufism" are also intended to be taken in the sense of my described position as both outsider and insider of the Sufi movement. There is nothing in my words that should be construed as definitive.⁶⁶⁰

On the contrary, this work often presents ideas that allow all possible space for a totally divergent or even contradictory point of view. The first pages of the "Introduction" do not allow for any doubt in the matter. In addition, I

often adduce the opinions of others. Finally the use of many quotations is a clear indication that it was in no way my primary purpose to announce fixed ideas of my own, but that, instead, I continually sought support by mentioning ideas that others have published on these and related subjects, even though this is often done to help clarify my own point of view. That, in the end, the majority of my quotations come from the works of Murshid himself, should go without saying.

After we have agreed on the title, I look for a motto that might appear at the top of the "Introduction." I would prefer to find something from Murshid's work without it being *directly* applicable to him only. Obviously there must be numerous quotations that might apply more or less directly to the contents of my *Recollections*, but time and again these are not quite satisfactory. I would like to chose something that is both related to Murshid himself and to the universal orientation that forms the broad foundation of the Western Sufism that he founded and built.

I vaguely recall having once found something along those lines, but I can't for the life of me recall in which of Murshid's works I encountered it. Going by what has stayed with me with respect to works and meaning, I look in the *Unity* and *Rose Garden*, after having leafed through *Vadan*, *Gayan* and *Nirtan* in vain.⁶⁶¹ But nowhere am I able to find what is lost until, on a certain day and in the least expected place, in the chapter on "Prostitution" in *Rassa Shastra*, I finally re-encounter the following splendid passage:

The outlook of the great teachers whose teachings have changed the outlook upon life of millions and millions in the world, has always been alike in this: they have never been willing to point out the fault in another, and to hurt the faulty one. It was in their regard for the dignity of humanity, in their modesty and service, that lay the beauty and greatness of their great lives.⁶⁶²

As soon as I read and reread this, my decision is made. If it was anything that attracted me to Murshid and Western Sufism, it was the considerations described in this quotation, which are so perfectly applicable to the entire life's work of those who were the great teachers of mankind. And after having introduced a minor corresponding change in the text of the "Introduction," I have the feeling that I have nothing more to add and that a stage of my life is now definitely closed.

My premonition turns out not to have deceived me. Within a few weeks I am again completely swallowed up by the increasingly excessive demands of Western life.⁶⁶³

HOW MURSHID ANSWERED QUESTIONS

**THEO VAN HOORN'S CONTRIBUTION TO
THE SMIT-KERBERT COLLECTION**

Appendix

No. 50 writes:

In response to a request that I discuss some aspect of my most vivid memories of the days of Murshid, I propose to describe how he answered questions after his Public Lectures and to discuss the special character of this aspect of his teaching, which was of such great importance to his pupils.⁶⁶⁴ I choose this subject because it neither has been nor is likely to be treated in the same detail by others.⁶⁶⁵ In addition, it seems to me that my account may be of importance in another respect, especially in the future.

I have, as it happens, frequently observed that those who had taken on the task of lecturing in public on behalf of the Sufi Movement confessed to having experienced particular difficulties when answering questions from the audience after their presentations. Anyone who has repeatedly experienced what strange and even astonishingly unexpected questions may be asked, ones often without any apparent connection to the preceding lecture,⁶⁶⁶ will have to admit that the problems faced by those who have undertaken to answer such queries are by no means easy. And if this is already true for those who have often seen how Murshid himself solved such problems, how much more will this be the case for speakers of the future, who have not enjoyed this privilege. That is why the following contribution gives a number of impressions of what I remember of how Murshid dealt with this demanding problem. It is to be hoped that speakers at public lectures of the future may be able to find leads of use to them.⁶⁶⁷

As their name already indicates, the public lectures given by Murshid in many countries of the world were accessible to one and all. With respect to the lectures that he presented during the Summer Schools, which were held from 1921 to 1926 in the vicinity of Paris, it may be assumed that his audiences consisted mainly of mureeds, with the possible exception of an occasional Sunday afternoon, when some kind of advance publicity drew sundry Parisians to Suresnes.

In the case of the lectures held in European and American cities, the audiences must have consisted primarily of non-mureeds, and a large percentage of those must at times have had no notion of what Sufism is really about. It goes without saying that the constitution of an audience must normally have influenced the way in which Murshid approached the questions that were submitted to him in writing after the lecture proper, an opportunity of which many usually took advantage.

Before pursuing this subject any further, it is desirable to reveal that there could be important differences, in many ways, between the atmosphere that ruled during the Public Lectures themselves and that of the following question periods. First and foremost, one needs to consider that though the Public Lectures may have been intended primarily for those in attendance, they were also as a rule

recorded in shorthand.⁶⁶⁸ The worked-out versions of these shorthand records frequently ended up having to serve as reliable reproductions of the lectures, as Murshid often had neither time nor opportunity to submit them to revision himself.

Murshid therefore did not merely need to take into account how his words would affect his audience, but also whether the text of this lecture was as well-suited as possible for publication in print. These publications could eventually reach the eyes of an entirely different public than the one attending the lecture. It is likely that these factors repeatedly influenced the choice of words and way of presentation of the Public Lectures; the spoken word had to be clearly comprehensible for shorthand recording as well as compelling for the listeners who could follow the speaker with their eyes, while the possibility of later publication also had to be taken into account. The satisfaction of these diverging demands resulted in a measure of restraint in the presentation and wording of the Public Lectures. Some of them showed slight traces of this process in the form of a certain measure of reserve in the mode of expression.

The situation was usually completely different after the intermission, when the various folded notes containing the questions phrased by members of the audience awaited Murshid on the lectern. Here a measure of reciprocity generally ruled. A highly intuitive person like Murshid must usually have sensed, even in the course of his lectures, what reactions he was stirring up in his listeners, and in so far as this still remained uncertain, the majority of the questions left no doubt as to the intentions with which they had been put to him.⁶⁶⁹

These circumstances were potentially conducive to greater liveliness during the question session than had been possible during the Public Lecture. The atmosphere after the intermission repeatedly became all the more fascinating when Murshid was required to improvise and therefore had every possible opportunity to deploy all means at his disposal to convince the doubters and to give renewed inspiration to the converted. And indeed, Murshid could express himself more freely than during the lecture itself. The official component was done with; an overly literal publication of the spoken word was no longer a danger. But most importantly, those who remained behind to attend the question period following the intermission, did not belong to those of whom the Bible says: "I would that you were hot or cold, but you are lukewarm."⁶⁷⁰ Those who stayed on and sought closer contact via written questions could be either for or against, but nothing else! And in either case they were worthwhile, because at those moments Murshid was first and foremost a preacher for whom every Paul could become a Saul [*sic*] who might assist him in bringing his Message to mankind.⁶⁷¹

On the other hand, it repeatedly happened that one of Murshid's students, who had penetrated deeply into a spiritual problem, was not entirely satisfied

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by the content of Murshid's exposition. As a consequence, such a mureed would present a carefully prepared written question after the Public Lecture, intended to convey to Murshid that he had not investigated the matter in sufficient depth or that his intentions had been misunderstood. When such a situation occurred, Murshid could, quite out of keeping with his generally short and succinct responses to other questions, suddenly embark, as it were, on an entirely new lecture on this special aspect of the subject at hand, and it is especially those moments that belong to the finest that I remember from those years.⁶⁷²

Murshid would cast off all reserve. Sometimes a question would seem to inspire him and conjure up images of which he may well have been unaware until then. If he then noted that the question struck a chord with many of his listeners, as it were, he would seem to lose sight of time and in a sense present an improvisation on his own lecture.

His presentation at such moments was unforgettable, with his dignified, proud bearing, the penetrating glance of his jet black eyes, the splendid gesture of his raised right hand, the timbre of his deep, sonorous voice and, above all, his burning and inspired desire to raise those present "above the closeness of the earth."⁶⁷³ It was, in a word, something that bordered on the supernatural and that can hardly be expressed in words. Such moments must have revealed something of the enchantment that the most art-loving of Maharadjas had once found irresistible. And it was not merely Murshid's voice, his bearing and his gestures, but also his words that were truly unforgettable. I can still hear him cry out in reply to an irresolute question: "This is only a question of faith. All what you hope for will come: health, wealth, friends, relations, peace, joy and happiness, all these will come! Only faith is needed."⁶⁷⁴

No matter how much the public lectures tended to have a solemn and elevated character both in content and presentation, the question sessions repeatedly saw moments in which Murshid revealed an entirely different persona and in which his sense of humour found irresistible expression, sometimes even shifting into an equally effervescent and infectious jollity.

This can come as no surprise for those of us who knew Murshid well. After all, he coined the words: "Without humour life is an empty cup,"⁶⁷⁵ and one may surmise that it must repeatedly have cost Murshid great difficulty to hide from us that our more bizarre and awkward reactions sometimes caused him great inner amusement, as became apparent only later, from his comments to a few of his most intimate followers. But our inner nature will not be denied, and even Murshid lost control every once in a while. And when the questions included patent inanities, he did not hesitate to evade them with humorous observations, with the amusement that he openly displayed having an infectious effect on the entire audience.

Thus Murshid had once lectured in Suresnes on colours and their meaning in daily life, about their deep mystical dimensions and about the importance of being aware of these and to enter more deeply into them. It was a subject which, because it also had a purely technical side, was in a sense a little less solemn and elevated than usual.⁶⁷⁶ At one point, after opening the umpteenth question, Murshid suddenly looked amused and, hardly able to contain his mirth, said: "Well, this is a most remarkable question! Listen!" And again his eyes passed playfully over the hall as he read out the question: "As you have spoken today about colours, could you tell me what colour should the boudoir of a queen have?" After the ebullient laughter that followed, Murshid put down the note with a most dignified gesture and the following words: "As there is no queen here in France, I cannot answer this question!"

I recall that at that moment Ali Khan outdid us all in exuberance and simply laughed until he cried. It was a typical confirmation of another of Murshid's pronouncements, that one should not conceive of a spiritual man as someone who continually goes about with a long face.⁶⁷⁷ What has stayed with me with respect to this process of answering questions, regardless of any differences in the prevailing mood, is that, at least in my opinion, it was precisely in this asking and answering of questions that Murshid was closer to us than when he was presenting his teachings in the abstract, faced by a host of listeners.⁶⁷⁸ And this could also be of significance for those who are called on to perform a similar task to the best of their abilities in the future.

At those moments Murshid was no longer, as it were, a Master elevated completely above us. On the contrary, it was sometimes, and especially when a select core of participants was present, as if we were all united in a common purpose and the service of the same goal, a united realization of complete harmony and unity of conceptions and thoughts.

Never, therefore, would I have wished to absent myself from the second part of a lecture and the answering of questions because precisely their directness often yielded the complete resolution that the preceding lecture had not been able to give me because the deep mystical meaning of the lecture had not been completely revealed to me in all its implications at first exposure. With mounting concentration we remained together until at last there came the unforgettable moment with which all meetings were concluded. After a silent bow to his listeners, as if to thank them for their presence and attention, Murshid pronounced the solemn words: "God bless you!" after which he left the podium solemnly, lost deeply in thought.

In order to give as complete a picture as possible of what was for many mureeds an exceptionally educational part of their collective contact with Murshid, I will now consider a number of specific instances that I recall. It is

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probably common knowledge that Murshid had grave reservations about more and more common attempts to establish contact with spirits. Murshid had many objections to this pursuit, but he seemed particularly concerned that such contact should become truly widespread, so that everyone, regardless of his degree of spiritual development, might get involved.⁶⁷⁹ As a consequence Murshid showed a measure of aversion to answering questions in public that might force him to go into detail about such matters.

At one of the lectures, a mureed turned out to have submitted no fewer than three questions concerning devils. Now, Murshid knew perfectly well who had submitted these questions, and agreeable as always, he responded with mild humour to this for him so disagreeable insistence. At the third question Murshid broke out in laughter and said cheerfully: "Well, one of you seems to be especially interested in devils, for here is his third question on this subject. Let us hope for him that he will find himself comfortable in their presence." Similarly, in Suresnes, the question was asked whether someone who loved another should be persistent and remain patient even if his expectations were not, or scarcely, requited by the other party. Full of conviction, Murshid cried out: "This is not a question at all! Where there is no love, there is no patience! When patience has gone, there is no longer love! Then there is only give-and-take; you give me so much, I give you something more or something less, and in such a case, love has already go[ne] long ago; most probably it has never existed!"⁶⁸⁰

It is not entirely inconceivable that such a reply may at times have had an apparently unexpected impact on the individual who asked the question. But in such instances Murshid will have felt intuitively which of his mureeds had asked the question and will not have hesitated if he believed that this individual might benefit from having egocentricity of this kind exposed by shedding new light on the inner conflict betrayed by such a question.

To the question of what one ought to read now that there is such an overwhelming amount of literature coming out, Murshid answered, "Well, in the first place there are so many holy books about the great religions, about the life of the Prophets and of the Saints, that we could be fully satisfied reading them. Nevertheless, if one likes other books, there are always the works of Shakespeare, whose words are so full of nobility and dignity!"⁶⁸¹

And now, in closing, I would like to relate a very special instance of how Murshid was once asked a loaded question that was put to him without good intentions. This occurred at one of the first lectures that I attended, which was held early in 1924 in the Industrial Club in Amsterdam. It was known to me from a previous incident to which I had been witness that the audience included elements that were not well-disposed to Murshid's movement. I noticed that they conferred with one another and gathered from their conversation that they gloated about a

question that they intended to ask of Murshid in the hope that it would embarrass him. As soon as Murshid had concluded his presentation and the floor had been opened for questions, one of their numbers walked to the podium with a folded note. It goes without saying that I was very apprehensive about how this situation would unfold.

In order to reproduce as faithfully as possible how Murshid reacted to the question, I have to forge ahead of both question and answer. The question with which they hoped to confound Murshid in his capacity as religious personage read as follows: "Is Socialism good?" One should consider in this context that the Netherlands of the time were still more or less shaken by Troelstra's 1918 attempt to seize power for the social-democrats by threatening to stage a revolution,⁶⁸² while later social-democratic ministerial posts were looming on the horizon. The city council of Amsterdam had already become left wing by this time. By forcing Murshid to show his political colours and declare for Socialism, they hoped to unmask him as a revolutionary who could not possibly be an elevated religious person, seeing that Socialism rejects religion. If, on the contrary, he decisively rejected Socialism, he would forfeit the sympathy of a category of very important intellectuals of the time who seriously flirted with lectern socialism⁶⁸³ and yet also included many who, by their lack of solid ground underfoot, were in a certain sense ready for a transition to one of the popular religious movements of the time. So much for the question.

Before turning Murshid's reply, I must first refer to a passage from Murshid's works that reads as follows: "God is what is wanting to complete oneself"⁶⁸⁴ and, concomitantly, to his words: "All that will bring you nearer to God could be called virtue; all that will bring you further from God would be called the shadow of virtue."⁶⁸⁵

Returning to the turn of events on that afternoon, we need to consider that the note with the particular question lay at the bottom of the stack, having been the first to be submitted, and that it was therefore the very last to be answered, so that it took some time for the tension to be discharged.

Murshid slowly read and pondered the question "Is Socialism good?" and, after his eyes seemed to be fixed for an indivisible moment beyond the audience on another world perceptible only to him, there followed almost at once, without hesitation and in a firm voice, an answer that took me completely by surprise: "Socialism is good if it brings you nearer to God."

And after pronouncing the words "God bless you," Murshid left the podium.⁶⁸⁶

NOTES

THEO VAN HOORN AS SUFI MEMOIRIST

Cross references to notes to Theo van Hoorn's *Recollections of Inayat Khan and Western Sufism* are appended with the letter "R".

- 1 Hazrat Inayat Khan is often called Inayat Khan, including by Theo van Hoorn. Inayat Khan is akin to Van Hoorn. Khan, when applied as a suffix, is in the nature of a caste indication (like such European prefixes as "von," "zu," etc., potentially, though not invariably, evoking a capacity without defining a rank), with Inayat (meaning "benignity") as a personal name. "Pir-o-Murshid" means the most senior spiritual guide. Clearly this is a cut above Murshid (spiritual guide or leader) and Murshida (a female Murshid). Inayat Khan's mureeds (initiates or pupils) in Suresnes and elsewhere called him Murshid. He and the Brothers (meaning his brothers Maheboob and Musharaff and their cousin-brother Ali) often gave mureeds honorary Sufi or laqab names such as Yussouf (cf. notes 576-579 below). It is they who assigned Murshid the honorary "Hazrat," meaning something like "eminence," after their arrival in the West.
- 2 This aspect of the book was recently warmly recommended by Mahmood Khan, "Mawlabakhshi Rajkufu A'lakhandan: The Mawlabakhsh Dynastic Lineage, 1833 to 1972," in: Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine; Essays on the Life, Music and Sufism of Hazrat Inayat Khan* (New Lebanon, N.Y., Omega, 2001), p. 5, n. 11.
- 3 The pervasive impact of Theosophy on Western Sufism is an important theme of a recent study by the American orientalist Pir Zia Inayat-Khan (born 1971), *A Hybrid Sufi Order at the Crossroads of Modernity: The Sufi Order and Sufi Movement of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan* (unpublished doctoral dissertation, Department of Religious Studies, Duke University, Durham NC, 2006), pp. 24-44 and 83-192. Though there are points of similarity between our independent work, especially where we both relied on oral communications from Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Mahmood Khan, Pir Zia did not need to deal with the particular situation and point of view of Theo van Hoorn. Inversely, I was not writing a general history of Western Sufism. As a third important difference, Pir Zia takes a more positive view of the merger of Sufism and Theosophy that brought about the Movement over which he himself seems destined to rule as the next Pir-o-Murshid.
- 4 A comparison of the original edition of the highly compact atlas by G.J. de Vries, ed., *King Atlas Nederland voor school en toerisme* (King [peppermint]-Fabrieken Tonnema NV Sneek, 1936) with the anonymous tenth edition of 1992 will make most of the ominous differences clear. The 1936 version is

especially instructive because it includes maps of Amsterdam, The Hague and Rotterdam. It was immensely popular, seeing five printings and selling 700,000 copies in its first year alone. Theo van Hoorn and his friends almost certainly owned copies. It is to be hoped that it will soon be made accessible on the internet.

- In my “Preface and Acknowledgments” I admit that this book may include too much detail. Complete dates of birth and death, for instance, are generally pursued unto the second generation for Theo’s fellow Sufis, so that this book has arguable genealogical value. My pursuit of street names and specific house numbers may seem fetishist to many of readers, but addresses do matter in a small country where location recognizably reflects social class and where little has been torn down since Theo’s days. Now, thanks to the advent of Google maps, we can even visualize the precise spots where people lived.
- Theo van Hoorn discusses the so-called Smit-Kerbert collection in his “Introduction,” “Samadhi Silences” and “Ozymandias.” It exists in several sets. I have consulted both the original mimeographed compilation of Mahmood Khan and the more recent computer printout of Dr. H.J. Witteveen. Clearly, a certain amount of editing has occurred with the years. For instance, there are two versions of the contribution by Moenie Kramer. The more complete one is closed with a secretarial observation, “was signed Munir, 5 July 1961,” which suggests that she edited her original contribution of 1944 and that someone else undertook still further, post-1961, editing. I have made highly selective use of the collection, with its more than hundred contributions, because this book is supposed to be about Theo van Hoorn’s account of Western Sufism, and not about the Movement as a whole.
- I leave such key Sufis for my notes to the *Recollections*. Often official but uneven information is found under “Biographical Sketches of Principal Workers,” in: Elise Guillaume-Schamhart and Munira van Voorst van Beest, ed., *The Biography of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan* (Suresnes, Nekbakht Foundation; London and The Hague, East-West Publications, 1979), pp. 487-531, where one also finds a section with photographs (pp. 394-485) that are not offered online. Munira was Louise Christine van Voorst van Beest, born in Santpoort on 19 February 1916. She worked for the Dutch Foreign Service, her last posting being Accera, Ghana. She was married to a lawyer and judge from 1939 to 1950, ending up in the Biographical Department in Suresnes by 1973.
- “Tendentious” applies to much of Hazrat Inayat Khan’s *Autobiography*, included as Part II of *Biography* (1979), pp. 121-209. It is in fact an early ghosted effort consisting of stories told by Inayat Khan to Sakina (later Nekbakht) Furnée and Lucy Goodenough in his Biographical Department in Suresnes

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around 1922 to 1924, before he became overwhelmed by his Sufi duties. These stories were then organized, collated with versions in Regina Miriam Bloch, *The Confessions of Inayat Khan: Sufism is the Religious Philosophy of Love, Harmony and Beauty* (London, The Sufi Publishing Society, 1915), and repeatedly polished. Though Murshid's secretaries took exasperating interpretive liberties, *Biography* remains a key source.

- “Literary” refers to Elisabeth Emmy Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind: De levens-geschiedenis van Hazrat Inayat Khan* (Amsterdam, Wetenschappelijke Uitgeverij, 1973); *Inayat Khan: A Biography*, trans. Hayat Bouman and Penelope Goldschmidt (The Hague, East-West Publications and London, Luzac & Co., 1974); *Hazrat Inayat Khan: A Biography*, 2nd rev. ed. (New Delhi, Munshiram Manoharlal Publishers, 1981); and *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, 2nd rev. ed. (The Hague, East-West Publications, 2002). All four editions are indispensable because Keesing continually clarified and augmented some matters while omitting others. Though brilliant, moving and complete, Keesing's book too often rambles associatively, jumping about and omitting names. It also lacks an index, making it useless as a reference work.

- ¹⁰ “Naive” must serve to describe Wil van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan: Master of Life, Modern Sufi Mystic* (New York, Vantage Press, 1983 [written c. 1970]), which is nevertheless indispensable in places, especially with respect to Murshid's Indian background. Unfortunately, this volume has become rare and unaffordable. Luckily we now have Jan Slomp, *De Soefi Beweging* (Kampen, Kok, 2007), which is particularly strong on this phase of Murshid's life. The Nekbakht Foundation expects to publish an English edition in 2011.

I have learned from Azeem van Beek's children, via Waldo van Essen (e-mail of 9 January 1908), that he was born on 3 August 1903 and died on 1 April 1992. He had apparently completed his Murshid biography sometime in the 1960s. Azeem was a Dutch journalist and photographer who was still a young man when he attended some Suresnes Summer Schools of the 1930s, including the one of 1933 (cf. note 381R below). He later headed for the Dutch East Indies. With Indonesian independence, he went to South Africa, where he died.

- ¹¹ “Impenetrable” is how I would describe Mahmood Khan, “Hazrat Inayat Khan: A Biographical Perspective,” in: Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, pp. 65-126. The essay is authoritative and deals with all the key issues, but with the diplomacy befitting a senior Sufi and in a form so concentrated and yet convoluted that it requires virtual sentence-by-sentence deciphering and collating on the part of the non-specialist to extract a clear argument.

- ¹² “Inaccessible” applies to the fine but unpublished dissertation by Zia Inayat

Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, which surveys the history of Western Sufism to the late twentieth century, includes fresh documentary material concerning Inayat Khan's life and times.

In addition to the book-length works, there are two valuable sketches. The earlier of the two, by Mrs. Munira Lehner, "Pir-o-Murshid Hazrat Inayat Khan on His Life and Work," in: Rijka Christina Catharina Faber et al., ed., *1910-1950: Forty Years of Sufism* (Special International Issue of the *Sufi Quarterly*, Autumn 1950; The Hague, The Sufi Movement, 1950), pp. 25-31, can be exceptionally astute. The other, by Floris van Pallandt, "Hazrat Inayat Khan's Life and Work," in: *Hazrat Inayat Khan, The Sufi Message and the Sufi Movement* (London, Barrie and Rockliff, 1964, pp. 5-13), is rewardingly iconoclastic on occasion.

¹³ Shaikh-ul-Mashaik (or Shaikh-al-Mashaik) used to be a seniormost Sufi rank, one that has been secularized into an archshaikhate of the Indian caste of the "Bakhsheane" Hordekhans-grandshaikhs (under the so-called Fazal-Hidayat agreements). Mahmood is also half Van Goens, with his first name an Indian rendering of "Rijcklof," his great Dutch ancestor of the seventeenth century. He was born in The Hague on 10 November 1927, nine months after the death of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Until recently Mahmood Khan had an elder sister, Raheem-un-Nisa, who was born in The Hague on 30 April 1925 and died in Madeira on 13 August 2006.

¹⁴ That is why he is also *doctorandus* Mahmood Khan, this being the traditional Dutch all-but-dissertation degree (akin to the short-lived American M.Phil.) in all fields of study but law and engineering. Even though the drs. is now being replaced by a four- to five-year M.A., the normal duration of a study leading up to the *doctoraal examen* used to be at least seven years beyond a rigorous high-school programme generally requiring an astonishing three foreign and two classical languages. Mahmood read history and musicology at the University of Leiden. Note that Elisabeth Emmy Keesing, *Inayat Answers* (London, Fine Books Oriental / The Hague, East-West Publications, 1977), p. 3, or *Antwoorden van Inayat* (The Hague, East-West Publications, 1980), p. 3, and *Op de muur* (Amsterdam, Vita, 1993 [1981]), pp. 182-183, credits Mahmood with the conception and impetus behind her fine biography of Murshid.

¹⁵ Born at 5 Mozartkade on 12 June 1929, Paul van Hoorn was christened Theodoor Paul. He never adopted a Sufi name. Th.P. van Hoorn, as he presented himself to the world, worked in the Faculty of Economics of the University of Amsterdam from 1957, the year his father died, until 1990, ten years before he himself passed on. He is still remembered as a popular lecturer, but also as a loner. He must have taken early retirement (the so-called VUT) at age 61, as did just about everyone in the public sector around that time. In his last

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- years, his executor J.Th. (Joop) van Geffen informs me, Paul became a virtual recluse and stopped looking after things, with hydro bills and the like piling up everywhere.
- ¹⁶ Oral communication of 17 September 2007. Dr. Witteveen told me that Theo van Hoorn was able to create “a very special atmosphere” on these occasions.
- ¹⁷ Jan Lucas Inayat van Hoorn is a lawyer by training, and therefore *meester* (abbreviated as *mr.*) van Hoorn. A career diplomat, he is currently Dutch ambassador to the Czech Republic.
- ¹⁸ Wazir (Gerrit) van Essen (1905-1981) probably did not get to see the book, but he was still alive while Ameen was preparing it for publication. There are other Dutch mureeds, such as Mary de Haan and Lodewijk Anne Rinse Jetse de Vries Feyens, for whom I have no dates as yet. My inclusion of Loes van Hoorn may seem surprising, as Theo does not give her name, but he does tell us she was a Sufi who had been initiated by Mohammad Ali Khan. I exclude the several individuals whom Theo van Hoorn mentions only as children, such as Paul van Hoorn, Ameen and Ellen Kramer, and Isabelle, Helen and Eric van Stolk. Eric van Ingen starts off as a child in 1924 but, unlike the others, is reencountered as an adult just before the end of the *Recollections*.
- ¹⁹ Despite the deprivations of World War II, Dutch society of 1960 was still essentially the same as that of 1940. The sixties, however, changed life and institutions drastically, as we learn from the shrewd observations of Karel van het Reve, *Ik heb nooit iets gelezen en alle andere fragmenten* (Amsterdam, G.A. van Oorschot, 2003), pp. 288-289. Dutch Sufis generally managed to cling to tradition by ignoring the initiatives of Fazal Inayat Khan (1942-1990), who succeeded Musharaff Khan as Head of the Movement in 1967, while American Sufis largely surrendered to Fazal and/or hippiedom. Cf. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 263-267.
- ²⁰ We should not forget that Theo van Hoorn also mentions Vilayat Inayat Khan, who outlived him by most of four decades. Vilayat first performs briefly as a lively child in “Reunion” and then more elaborately as an elegant heir apparent in “The Younger Generation,” but he puts in still another appearance towards the end of the latter chapter, where he is portrayed as a misguided young man who is out to disregard the beneficent intentions of Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling (1865-1939). On the other hand, Theo proposes that Vilayat had learned his lesson (cf. note 510R below) and advances him as the future “mystic of reason in the Sufism of Murshid.”
- ²¹ It stands to reason that Mahmood Khan would have seen no need to publish non-specifically Sufi portions of the *Recollections* around 1980, when he was in his early fifties, but he has assured me that he was not consulted back then and was agreeably surprised by their sudden appearance.

- ²² For that golden rule, formulated less than a decade before Theo's time of writing, see *The Sufi Movement: Universal Worship* (Geneva, International Headquarters, 1936), pp. 4 and 17.
- ²³ Theo van Hoorn quotes from only eleven items of the large *oeuvre* of Hazrat Inayat Khan. In arguable order of importance for the *Recollections* these are: 1) *The Inner Life*, 2) *The Mysticism of Sound*, 3) *Education*, 4) *Art, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, 5) *Gayan*, 6) *Vadan*, 7) *Nirtan*, 8) *Rassa Shastra*, 9) *Autobiography*, 10) *In an Eastern Rose Garden*, and 11) *The Power of the Word*. Van Hoorn twice mentions *The Soul, Whence and Whither?*, but one of these instances is only in connection with Sirdar van Tuyll van Serooskerken, whereas the other is a paraphrase of something Murshid never said. Ameen Carp's bibliography to the 1981 *Herinneringen* lists seventeen works by Hazrat Inayat Khan that were available in Dutch translation at that time. They include all the items quoted by Theo van Hoorn except for *Art*, *Autobiography* and *The Power of the Word*, none of which have been translated into Dutch to this day. Of the remaining eight Inayatian works cited by Theo van Hoorn, all but *Nirtan* and *Rassa Shastra* were translated into Dutch shortly after their original publication in English, meaning during or not long after Inayat Khan's lifetime, so that Theo could have had them at hand while he wrote his *Recollections* in the winter of 1944-45.
- ²⁴ In *Education*, for instance, Inayat Khan has children proceed from two years of "infancy" to three years of "babyhood," so that he continually writes about "the baby" when he must have meant "the toddler." Privately, Murshid was painfully aware of the inadequacies of his English. He and the Brothers hoped that his eldest son, Pirezade Vilayat, would reformulate his Sufism, but Vilayat preferred to consolidate his father's success with a colourfully expansive presentation. It is to be hoped that Vilayat's eldest son, Pir Zia Inayat-Khan, will take on this daunting task.
- ²⁵ Margaretha Anna Maria Meyboom was a brilliant translator of primarily Scandinavian literature, including the works of Selma Lagerlöf (1858-1940). Any Dutch child who was weaned on *Niels Holgerssons wonderbare reis* has enjoyed the elegant fruits of Meyboom's labour. Similarly Ina Boudier-Bakker, who transformed Murshid's *In an Eastern Rose Garden* (London, The Sufi Publishing Society, n.d. [1922]), into *In een oosterschen rozentuin* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1932), was a highly accomplished and prolific writer of novels for women. Meyboom was the most important early Inayatian translator, however. Even before *Het innerlijk leven* (see note 26 below), she had produced *De Boodschap en de Boodschapper; opgetekende lezingen van Inayat Khan* (The Hague, Tuyll van Serooskerken/Soefi-Beweging, n.d. [1923]). It was followed by *Tonen van de ongespeelde muziek uit De Gayan* (The Hague, Servire, 1926;

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- 2nd ed., Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1933) and *Vadan, De goddelijke symfonie* (The Hague, Servire, 1927; 2nd ed., Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1945; cf. The Hague, Boucher, n.d. [c. 1930]).
- ²⁶ Margaretha Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven: Een reeks lezingen van Inayat Khan* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1924; 2nd ed. Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1938). *The Inner Life* was based on a course of lectures that Murshid gave in Katwijk aan Zee in September of 1922. The earliest printed edition, put out by the Book Depot for Sufi Literature of Khalifa Nargis (Jessie Eliza) Dowland and her friends in Southampton, is not dated but must have followed almost at once. Theo presumably did not own it, as even his learned friend Louis (Salamat) Hoyack, *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, n.d. [1947]), p. 273, listed nothing earlier than the third edition (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1936).
- ²⁷ Van Hoorn was referring to Hazrat Inayat Khan, *De mystiek van het geluid*, trans. Carolus Verhulst (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, n.d. [1936]), as opposed to Hazrat Inayat Khan, *The Mysticism of Sound* (Southampton, The Sufi Order, n.d. [1923]; 2nd ed., London, Luzac & Co., 1927). I have used the second edition revised of Verhulst's translation, which dates from the 1950s (Geneva, The Sufi International Headquarters Publishing Society / Zaandijk, Firma J. Heijnis Tsz., n.d.).
- ²⁸ In 1921 Carolus Verhulst founded Uitgeverij Servire of The Hague, later of Katwijk aan Zee, which eventually became Mirananda of nearby Wassenaar. In addition to Inayat Khan's *De mystiek van het geluid*, Verhulst put out his own translations of several works by Kahlil Gibran, P.D. Ouspensky and others. Though Verhulst was a Sufi who published and republished dozens of Inayat Khan's works over the decades, he clearly had no strong commitment to Murshid's lucid thought as opposed to all sorts of abstruse competing notions. There was a falling out between Verhulst and the Sufi hierarchy by the late thirties, explaining both a substantial hiatus in his Inayatian publications and the fact that Theo does not mention his name (cf. note 561R below).
- ²⁹ Hazrat Inayat Khan, *Education* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1936), as opposed to C.D. Voûte, trans., *Opvoeding* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1940). I have consulted the latter in an authorized second edition of the 1950s (Zaandijk, Firma J. Heijnis Tsz., n.d.). Given that Theo knew both Salar Kluwer and Manohary Voûte well, he must have owned her *Opvoeding* but chosen not to use it.
- ³⁰ Theo does not specify that the volume was in English, which was certainly the case. He owned the third edition of this wonderful work (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1940), which had been published in separate volumes in 1931 and 1938.

- ³¹ For Margaretha Meyboom's early translations of *Gayan* and *Vadan*, see note 25 above. As Murshid's aphorisms are relatively short, Theo may well have learned his favourite items by heart. As long as we know both the volume (eg. *Gayan*) and the body of texts (eg. "Boulas") for any given saying, it is easy to spot it in one of the sundry editions, including *The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan: Gayan Vadan Nirtan* (London, Barrie and Rockliff, 1960) and its reprint, *The Dance of the Soul: Gayan Vadan Nirtan: Sufi Sayings* (Delhi, Motilal Barnasidas, 1993), as well as in Munira van Voorst van Beest, ed., *The Complete Works of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan. Original Texts: Sayings I, Part I* (London and The Hague, East-West Publications, rev. ed., 1989 [1983]).
- ³² C.D. Voûte, trans., *Rassa Shastra: Beschouwingen over de verhouding der seksen* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, n.d. [1946]), as opposed to Hazrat Inayat Khan, *Rassa Shastra: The Science of Life's Creative Forces* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1938). With his last quotation of the *Recollections*, Theo specifies his source as "het hoofdstuk 'Prostitution'" (the Prostitution chapter), indicating that he ignored Voûte's translation when it came out. It is perhaps noteworthy that a spinster should have undertaken to translate Murshid's books on childrearing and sexual relationships. Manohary also produced a second and perennially popular *Het innerlijk leven* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1940), but Theo van Hoorn appears to have preferred Margaretha Meyboom's pioneering version. Finally, as a bit of an oddity, there is a problematic *Aforismen* (Deventer, Ankh-Hermes, 1980), this being Manohary's Dutch rendering of a brief collection of anecdotes about Murshid "brought together by Kefayat LLOYD" and first published in *The Sufi Quarterly*, vol. 3, nos. 3-4, vol. 4, nos. 1-4, and vol. 5, no. 1, December 1927 to June 1929. Though Mumtáz Armstrong apparently wrote an introduction to this volume (as translated by Manohary), we see that the compilation is much older than that (cf. note 93R below).
- ³³ Hazrat Inayat Khan, *Art, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1935). Theo loosely paraphrased a few paragraphs of Hazrat Inayat Khan, *The Unity of Religious Ideals* (London, The Sufi Movement, n.d. [1929]), which was not translated into Dutch until recently; cf. *De eenheid van religieuze idealen* (Katwijk, Panta Rei, 1994). In addition, Theo quotes one sentence from memory and in Dutch from *The Power of the Word*, a single lecture by Murshid which was published separately in London around 1920 and updated in the mid-twenties. Theo must have owned this small pamphlet, which was never republished by Kluwer, whether in English or in Dutch (cf. *SM*, Vol. II, pp. 157-161).
- ³⁴ At first, Ameen Carp still hoped that the Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation had kept the manuscript in a storage facility, along with other archival material. Repeated searches turned up neither manuscript nor related correspondence.

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- Ameen Carp now believes (email message of 3 June 2009) that the Egeling Foundation must have returned the manuscript to Paul van Hoorn, so that it was presumably destroyed at the time of Paul's death (cf. note 15 above).
- ³⁵ Sophia E.M. Saintsbury-Green, *The Wings of the World, or the Sufi Message as I see it* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer; London, Luzac & Co., n.d. [c. 1934]), pp. 25-26, and Gisela Munira Craig, "Visit to the Durgah," in: *The Sufi: A Bi-Annual Journal of Mysticism*, vol. 1, 1933, pp. 49-50. For Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha*, which is famous, and Maxwell Grey's *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, which is now obscure, see notes 239R and 597R below.
- ³⁶ The Wahiduddin site is currently most easily accessed by Googling "Sufi Message" and choosing the Wahiduddin "On-Line Texts" option. One possibility is to use the search engine for the entire site to locate a given key word or phrase. The other is to click on the volume required and the specific text needed, and then to use the universal "Ctrl F" search function within the text on screen. Either method will access the contents of the twelve "orange volumes" of *The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan*; henceforth *SM*, ed. Floris baron van Pallandt (London, Barrie & Rockliff, 1960-1967 / Barrie & Jenkins, 1972-1974; rev. ed., Katwijk aan Zee, Servire, 1978-79 [with Vol. XIII added in 1982]) and of the five revised and expanded volumes (II, VI, VIII, XIII and XIV), renamed *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*; henceforth *SMSL* (Farnham, Sussex, Element Publishers, 1991; The Hague, East-West Publications, 1996ff.) This combined corpus of lectures is being supplemented for research and editorial purposes by a truly authoritative source edition, *The Complete Works of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan*, ed. Munira van Voorst van Beest (London and The Hague, East-West Publications, 1988 ff.), sponsored by the Nektakht Foundation and currently being edited by Donald A. Graham. For instance, Murshid's *Gayan*, *Vadan* and *Nirtan* came out as *SMSL*, Vol. XIV, as based on separate earlier editions, but they are now also available as *Complete Works [...] Sayings I, Part I* (1989). Such volumes may be downloaded (<http://nekbakhtfoundation.org>) with their original hardcover pagination.
- ³⁷ The retreat began with the so-called *Mammoetwet* (mammoth law), which was passed in 1963 but only went into effect in 1968. A *gymnasium* or a HBS (Higher Bourgeois School) diploma of about 1970 was still essentially the same as one of Theo's youth. Ameen Carp could therefore safely assume that all his readers over thirty had still fallen under the old dispensation.
- ³⁸ Th. van Hoorn and Th.M.E. Liket et al., *Gedenkboek P.F. van Hoorn* (Amsterdam, Salm, 1937), in the very front.
- ³⁹ Cf. Karin Jironet, *Sufi Mysticism into the West: Life and Leadership of Hazrat Inayat Khan's Brothers 1927-1967* (Leuven, Peeters, 2009), p. 86, who takes Van

Hoorn's testimony at face value. For a brief biography of Raushan Mensink, who was not at all flighty, see note 133R below.

⁴⁰ George Madison Priest published his translation in 1941, suitably close to Theo's time of writing. His rendering is also appropriately Romantic and remarkably faithful, given that Priest wrote in rhyme. His work is readily available online under his name. Here, as elsewhere, the internet proved preferable to hard copy because of the indispensable "Ctrl F" search function.

⁴¹ These include *Aboe Markub*, *Angelino en de lente*, Bagatelle, Bird, *Gösta Björling*, Bois de Charme, Eiffeltoren, Harras de Longchamps, Kamaswavi, Omar Khayam, Selma Lagerlöf, Lords Cricket Ground, Anna Pawlona, Shamana, *Siddharta*, and Vivekenanda (instead of *Abu Markúb*, *Angiolino*, Berling, Bois Charme, Byrd, Eiffel, Haras de Longchamp, Kamaswami, Khayyám, Lagerlöf, Lord's, LLOYD, Paulowna, Samana, *Siddhartha* and Vivekananda). With respect to Aboe, however, substituting an "oe" for the "u" (as in Bandoeng, Soekarno, etc.) became common practice while Holland ruled the Dutch East Indies.

⁴² We now have Bhakti instead of Bakhti; Eichthal instead of Eichtal; Ekbal Dawla instead of Ekbal Dawlat; Fata instead of Fatah; Fathayab instead of Fatayab; Hartzuiker instead of Hartsuyker; *Hu* instead of *Hoe*; Khushi instead of Kushi; Kjøsterud instead of Kjöstrud; Lakmé instead of Lakhmhé; Lensink instead of Lansing; LLOYD instead of Lloyd; Mahtab instead of Mathab; Mashaik instead of Mashaikh; Moenie instead of Moenir, Musharaff instead of Mashureff; Mohammad Ali Khan instead of Mohammed Ali Khan; Mumtáz instead of Mumtz; *Rasa Shastra* instead of *Rassa Shastra* (the regrettably incorrect title of one of Murshid's book); Saute Sarmad instead of Saute Soermad; Shakti instead of Shakhti; and Vilayat instead of Vialyat. Some of these items are debatable. For instance, "Mashaikh" is also correct, but it was not the form preferred by Maheboob Khan himself.

⁴³ In her contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection, as amended by herself by 5 July 1961 (cf. note 6 above), Moenie reflects on why Murshid named her Moenir (the Dutch version of Munir) instead of Moenira (Dutch for Munira), the female equivalent. She proposes that Murshid had understood that the responsibility for her family rested on her shoulders. I suspect that this observation was coloured by her divorce from Piet Kramer some four years after Murshid's death, by which time she had six children to raise on her own (cf. note 300 below). Moenie must have developed her revisionist theory before Theo wrote in 1944-45, as Shireen Smit-Kerbert's introductory list of Sufi contributors calls her "Moenir Kramer-van de Weide." As a twist to this story, Mahmood Khan tells me that Murshid actually named Johanna Kramer "Munnie," which would have made her "Moennie" to Dutch Sufis. The double "n" turns a "silent saintly being" into a "pretty little thing," this

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being the kind of inside joke much appreciated by Murshid and the Brothers. Johanna Kramer was buried in Amsterdam's Nieuwe Oosterbegraafplaats. In the funeral announcement, her daughter Marijke (Amsterdam, 7 August 1920 - Katwijk, 21 May 1993) referred to "our unforgettable Moeni." Confusion about her Sufi name prevailed to the last.

- ⁴⁴ Hendrik Pieter Marchant (1869-1956) was the Dutch Minister of Education at the time. Basically, the Teutonic "sch," as in "mensch," changed into an "s," as in "mens," which is how the Dutch actually pronounce the word. Declined articles and double-vowelled adjectives were other targets, with "in den hooge hemel" changing to "in de hoge hemel." Instruction in the new spelling commenced at once, but conservative authors, including Louis Hoyack, clung to their old ways until the late forties. In a letter that he wrote to Gertrud Leistikow on 27 April 1937, Theo uses "mensch" and "tusschen" (between) instead of "tussen," as well as "den laatsten tijd" instead of "de laatste tijd," making it likely that the spelling of the *Recollections* was pre-Marchant from cover to cover.
- ⁴⁵ As a closely related problem, there are the "vans" of the Dutch social hierarchy. I do not refer to surnames in combination with one or more Christian names or other prefixes, such as Theo van Hoorn, Sirkar van Stolk, *jonkheer* van Ingen, or Baron van Tuyll, because the "v" is then invariably lower case (except in Flanders). The complication arises with names without any kind of prefix. According to current Dutch (and English) usage, Theo van Hoorn then becomes Van Hoorn. In the Holland in which Theo was raised and educated, however, this was not done with respect to members of the patriciate and nobility. Theo correctly rendered his distinguished fellow Sufis as "van Stolk," "van Ingen" and "van Tuyll." Two upper-crust authors, van Schendel and van Suchtelen, are other examples. With very few exceptions, which are presumably slips on the part of a typesetter, Theo's approach was respected in the 1981 Dutch edition. However, it would have been outright retrograde to follow suit three decades later, so that the reader should expect to encounter Van Stolk, Van Ingen and Van Tuyll in the present edition.
- ⁴⁶ I have been able to discover nothing about Sonies beyond what Theo van Hoorn tells us. As a caveat, we should consider that the Dutch usually address their family physician (*huisarts*) by a combination of *dokter* and his or her last name.
- ⁴⁷ As we read in note 609R below, Markus must have been Lion Markus (1867-1926), who was about forty-seven years old when he taught Theo. Baron van Hogendorp was the career diplomat Otto van Hogendorp (1858-1936), the husband of Mahtab van Hogendorp (cf. note 385R). For information about the distinguished social activist D.A. van Krevelen (1872-1947), see notes 517R and 518R. Alexander Alekhine is discussed below as "The False Idol."

- ⁴⁸ Dr. W.R. de Vaynes van Brakell Buys, who was born in the last days of 1904 (24 December), was a commoner but carried a noble name by anomalous inheritance (de Vaynes van Brakell). Even Buys (Paulus Buys!) had a patrician ring in pre-1795 Republican days. He had considerable range, with about forty books and articles to his name. Theo van Hoorn mainly used two of his works on Persian mysticism, having occasion to mention them several times. They are *Gestalten uit de Perzische mystiek* and *Grondvormen der mystiek* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1938 and 1940). Van Brakell Buys also wrote a book on Jalal al-Din Rumi, *Fragmenten uit de Mashnawi* (Amsterdam, Arbeiderspers, 1952), which is still available from East-West Publications. In addition, he published widely on mysticism and non-Western religion in general. And if that were not enough, there are books on Shakespeare (n.d.), Spinoza (1934), Friedrich Hebbel (1937), Plotinus (1940), Friedrich von Schelling (1941), John Keats (1941), Christina Rossetti, Emily Brontë and Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1949), and Walter Pater (1950), as well as a translation of Lytton Strachey's 1928 *Elizabeth and Essex* (1947).
- ⁴⁹ More work might lead to Bremen and the name "Horn." Note that East Friesland always had a strong Dutch connection and was actually part of The Netherlands during the Napoleonic era (1807-1815). My information about the Van Hoorns is from the "Collectie Familieadvertenties" in the Centraal Bureau voor Genealogie (henceforth CBG) in The Hague (under "Hoorn, van") supplemented by sundry telephone directories and address books in their collection and that of the Koninklijke Bibliotheek (henceforth KB), as well as by a family tree kindly supplied to me by Lydia van Hoorn of Tervuren, Belgium. Despite considerable overlap, all these sources proved indispensable.
- ⁵⁰ To give the names and full dates written on the gravestone from top to bottom and translated into English, we have Maurits Frans van Hoorn, born and died 3 November 1891; Jacobus van Hoorn Gerritz., born 17 September 1844 - died 5 October 1910; Guurtje Pieper, widow J. van Hoorn, born 5 March 1854 - died 31 December 1917; Petrus Franciscus van Hoorn, born 23 May 1885 - died 18 September 1937; Mr. [*meester*] Reinhard van Hoorn, born 11 January 1894 - died 15 January 1922; Theodoor van Hoorn, born 25 November 1887 - died 28 September 1957.
- ⁵¹ The founding and final years of the firm are established by the archive for the family business, "Bijzonder[e] Collecties Nederlandsch Economisch-Historisch Archief, Bijzonder[e] Collecties 1374, Firma Jacobus van Hoorn jr, Amsterdam," which has some material going back to 1840. If there is solid evidence for a 1903 crisis, it must be buried somewhere in this archive. Peter Krusen, a researcher at the municipal archives of Amsterdam, looked

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through the several feet of uninventoried material and reported that it concerns nothing but information about coffee auctions and financial transactions and that he was not able to discern any financial emergencies (e-mail message of 14 January 2007). It may take an accountant to extract the relevant material.

- ⁵² Here and elsewhere such information is from the Collectie Familieadvertenties of the CBG in The Hague. The mandate of the firm extended only to dealings in tea and coffee and explicitly ruled out loans and mortgages.
- ⁵³ The *Algemeen adresboek der stad Amsterdam* for 1852-53 has Jacobus van Hoorn (49 Water bij de Mandenmakerssteeg), Jacobus van Hoorn jr. (149 Warmoestraat; “makelaar”) and Gerrit van Hoorn (Prinsengracht 51) all living at separate addresses. The *Algemeen adresboek* for 1878-79 has Jacobus van Hoorn jr., “makelaar in Koffie en Thee,” living at 101 Keizersgracht. The address of the “Wed. [widow] G. van Hoorn” (i.e., Lucie Rahusen) is given as 7 Nieuw Waals-Eiland, later (after 1879) to become 114 Prins Hendrikkade. Her son, Jacobus (“koffie-ko”) Gerritsz. van Hoorn is said to be living in with her. That same year, 1879, he moved to 31 Prinsengracht and in October of 1883, to 35 Prinsengracht. In April of 1891 he moved to 101 Keizersgracht, the former place of business of his brother Jacobus van Hoorn jr., “broker in tea and coffee,” who had died on 11 January 1890. According to the *Algemeen adresboek* for 1901-1902, the *Firma* Jacobus van Hoorn jr., Jacobus Gerritsz. van Hoorn, and Anton Marie van Hoorn, also a “broker in tea and coffee” are all at 101 Keizersgracht, along with “Mej. [Miss] C.S. van Hoorn.” According to the *Adresboek der Stad Amsterdam* for 1927-28, the firm “Jac. van Hoorn Jr., Makelaar in Koffie en Thee,” was by then located at 55 Heerengracht (now spelled Herengracht).
- ⁵⁴ Anton Marie married Anne Diederika Broekman, who died in childbirth on 25 February 1902, while they were living at 101 Keizersgracht. In the telephone directory for December 1925, he is said to be married to C.C.F. (Christian Carolina Frederika, or Lien) van Hoorn-Muller and living at 32 Paulus Potterstraat, near the Rijksmuseum, where he remained until his death on 21 May 1942. She outlived him by most of two decades. The 1959 Amsterdam phone directory has her living at 54 Minervalaan. This marriage was without issue. Anton Marie lies buried with his wife’s family in Zorgvlied (grave N-I-96), about fifty feet from his cousin and partner Jacobus Gerritsz.
- ⁵⁵ During the late teens and mid-twenties, Hendrik lived at 199 Koninginneweg. According to his *persoonskaart* (official data card), he moved to 10 Raphaëlstraat on 16 March 1929. The telephone directory of December 1929 confirms that he was living there. The *Algemeen adresboek* of 1939-40 adds that he is a “broker in tea and coffee.”

- ⁵⁶ To be precise, Christina married Simon on 23 April 1879 in a double Rotterdam wedding, with her sister, Dina Anna, marrying Cornelis Tevis of Amsterdam. Here, again, certain names ran in the family. Clearly Dina Anna was named after her aunt Dina Anna, just as Lucie was named after her great aunt Lucia (also Lucie) Rahusen.
- ⁵⁷ Cathalina Stefanie (Cato) van Hoorn (Amsterdam, 8 November 1851 - Bussum, 11 June 1939) is briefly discussed in Pieter A. Scheen, *Lexikon Nederlandse beeldende kunstenaars 1750-1950* (The Hague, P.A. Scheen Kunsthandel, 1970), Vol. I, p. 508, immediately before Dina Anna van Hoorn.
- ⁵⁸ As with the Van Hoorn tea and coffee brokers, we can trace the movements of the “commissionairs” Van Hoorn over the decades. The founding announcement of 1848 has the “Prinsengracht over de Noordermarkt” as address. In the *Algemeen adresboek* of 1852-53, both Hendrik van Hoorn and Van Hoorn & Co. are at 230 Brouwersgracht, with Gerrit at 51 Prinsengracht. Of course there is no listing for Simon, who only became a partner in 1870. By 1878-79, both Simon van Hoorn, “commissionair,” and Van Hoorn & Co, “commissionairs,” are at 47 Brouwersgracht. All these addresses are within a few blocks of each other. Simon and his business are no longer listed in the *Algemeen adresboek* of 1901-02. A newspaper announcement of the death of his mother-in-law, Mrs. A.D. Erkelens, on 23 August 1898, proves that Simon was in Nijmegen by then. His sister Cathalina was there as well, continuing to look after Simon’s children.
- ⁵⁹ As indicated in the preceding note, Simon was living in Nijmegen by the summer of 1898. Jan Lucas van Hoorn remembers hearing about a single crisis of the 1890s, one that hurt Jacobus Gerritsz. van Hoorn but wiped out the less prudent Simon. If we trust Paul van Hoorn, however, there must have been two distinct years of disaster for the two men.
- ⁶⁰ Hendrik van Hoorn was Simon van Hoorn’s oldest child. He married Frances Alexandra Seiffert (1884-1969) in Nijmegen on 24 November 1910, two years after his father’s death, and then made a fortune in the Dutch Indies, where four of his five children were born between 1911 and 1917. The couple was apparently back in Nijmegen before 22 September 1920, when their fifth child and only daughter, Catherina Christina Elise Mathilde, was born there. Presumably they attended the wedding of Dien and Theo on 26 April 1921. Generous Theosophists and big spenders in general, he and his wife had managed to go through most of the money by the time he died on 3 December 1957, a couple of months after Theo.
- ⁶¹ I have assumed that neither Theo nor Rein ever failed a grade. As Theo was born on 25 November 1887, he would not have been allowed to enter grade one until 1893. With six years of elementary school and five years of HBS, he

- should have graduated in 1904, at age seventeen. Reinhard, who was born on 11 January 1894, would have started school in 1899. With six years of elementary school and six years of *gymnasium*, he should have graduated in 1911, also at age seventeen.
- ⁶² There were two HBS streams, A and B. Anyone in the three-year A stream was altogether out of luck with respect to university entrance (as were children who completed *Meer Uitgebreid Lager Onderwijs*, or MULO, meaning “broader elementary education”). The HBS-B stream admitted to engineering and the sciences, but not to law or the humanities (the social sciences barely existing back then). Given their professions, brothers Gerard, an archaeologist, and Reinhard, a lawyer, no doubt attended *gymnasium*. Piet van Hoorn, we shall learn, certainly did as well. It is only with respect to Hendrik that we are not certain. As an aside, I believe that the elementary school of the Van Hoorn brothers must have been the Nieuwenhuizenschool at 76 Singel.
- ⁶³ All this was virtually legislated, along with the school curricula and the university programs and degrees. If Theo had graduated from *gymnasium* with a so-called “Beta” instead of an “Alpha” diploma, he would still not have been able to study any of the arts, but a supplementary state examination (*Staatsexamen*) could have opened the way for him, as it did for many others.
- ⁶⁴ The school itself went back to 1847. The architects, Willem Springer (1815-1907) and his son Jan B. (1854-1922), mixed Dutch (Jacob van Campen: 1596-1657) and French (Claude Perrault: 1613-1688) models. The building cost 146,980 guilders, a staggering sum for the 1880s. In 1926, two years after Theo became a Sufi, “het Amsterdamse gymnasium” became today’s famous Barlaeus Gymnasium to distinguish it from the newly built Vossius Gymnasium to the south. Early in the twentieth century, however, the former was the only game in town.
- ⁶⁵ It is the so-called Coymans House, consisting of two identical homes under one roof designed by Jacob van Campen for Balthasar and Joan Coymans in 1625. It is Amsterdam’s earliest residence in the Classical Baroque. Sadly, its upper story was renovated and botched when the HBS moved in.
- ⁶⁶ I know this only from Loes van Hoorn, Theo’s second wife, via their son Jan Lucas. As Bad Bentheim makes brilliant sense in every way, I have made no effort to verify the information.
- ⁶⁷ I owe my medical expertise to Professor Dr. Peter Sterk, a senior lung specialist formerly at the University of Leiden and currently with the University of Amsterdam. It is impossible to say whether Theo’s condition was in fact helped by prolonged silence, as antibiotics have now made this approach obsolete. That Theo’s throat still required electrical scorching in Amsterdam, suggests that silence did not work all that well.

- ⁶⁸ See, especially, Inayat Khan's comments in *Education* (cf. *SM*, Vol. III, p. 70), which Theo undoubtedly read in 1936 to 1938, as he quotes from the preceding and following few pages in connection with the education of young Paul: "It is not necessary for every child to be brought up to be a musician, but elementary teaching of music is necessary for every child. It will help it in every walk of life. Whatever it may do[,] a musical training will help it. And therefore musical training must not be considered as a branch or as one part of education but as the foundation for the child's whole life."
- ⁶⁹ On page 226 of *De Accountant: Nederlands Instituut van Accountants* for December 1917, we read the following announcement (in translation): "**COMPETITION FOR STUDY AND PRACTICE. Winner of the sixth competition Accountancy.** Mr. Th. van Hoorn came forward as winner of the sixth competition under the pseudonym 'Metropol', and was presented with a splendid edition of his own choosing of Karl Marx's work: *Das Kapital*."
- ⁷⁰ According to Scheen, *Lexikon*, Vol. II, p. 508, Dien attended the Rijksakademie in Amsterdam from 1911 to 1916.
- ⁷¹ We know the date of the wedding from Theo and Dien's *persoonskaarten* and from the family tree supplied by Lydia van Hoorn. We do not know the particulars of the marriage itself, but the celebrations are certain to have taken place in Hamdorff, on Laren's Brink, a renowned complex of hotel, restaurant, exposition space, ballrooms and pub, where everyone went. The only place that I have found mention of Dien and Theo's betrothal, is in the *Collectie Familieadvertenties* of the CBG in The Hague.
- ⁷² The *persoonskaarten* of Theo and Dien begin with their home at 5 Mozartkade. Their earlier connections with 187 Johannes Verhulststraat are established by the *Recollections* and, more precisely, by the membership lists in the journals of Theo's chess club (*VAS Clubnieuws*), discussed below. Theo, incidentally, never refers to Amsterdam Zuid. Strictly speaking, the Johannes Verhulststraat was in Amsterdam Oud-Zuid, whereas the Mozartkade was in Nieuw-Zuid. The distinction is best ignored, however, as what was still "Oud" (old) in Theo's day is sometimes "Nieuw" (new) today. This, for instance, is true for the Euterpestraat and the Raphaëlstraat, where Theo's sister-in-law Luci and brother Hendrik lived.
- ⁷³ This information is based on two announcements in the *Collectie Familieadvertenties* of the CBG. One proclaims the birth, at 187 Johannes Verhulststraat, of Frank Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Th. van Hoorn-van Hoorn. The date is 29 September, but no year is given. Another announcement thanks people for interest shown in the birth and is dated 1922 (though incorrectly filed under 1929 on the assumption that it pertains to the birth of

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Theo Paul van Hoorn). Everything else that I posit about Frank is what Jan Lucas van Hoorn recalls hearing many years ago. It appears it was the Nazis who carried Frank off and ended his life. If so, that means Theo shouldered the expense of the boy's care for two decades.

- ⁷⁴ The dotting is at once apparent from the *Recollections*. Theo does not mention, however, that Paul was not a strong child, so that he and Dien worried about his health as well. Paul was healing-treated in Suresnes by Mohammad Ali Khan, which may in part explain their trusting and affectionate respect for him. By his teens, Theo tells us, Paul had grown into a determined and robust farmer, but I have heard persistent rumours that he became a hypochondriac once on his own. Ironically, in that case, he died from an operation on a nonmalignant but neglected brain tumour.
- ⁷⁵ With “Sufi bodies” and “organizations,” I simply translate Paul’s “instanties en organisaties.” By the former, Paul presumably meant individuals and small administrative units that operated under Geneva “appointment,” with the latter being the larger bodies, such as the National Dutch Sufi Society, which they served.
- ⁷⁶ See *VAS Clubnieuws*, vol. 11, nos. 9/10, 1929, p. 10, or the Amsterdam telephone directories of December 1929 and 1930, for Theo’s Amsterdam business premises. I return to the uncertainties of Theo’s The Hague business location in connection with his “Daybreak” chapter.
- ⁷⁷ “Accountantskantoor Th. van Hoorn” is said to be located at 58 Rokin in the 1 May 1946 and 30 May 1947 membership lists of *De Accountant*.
- ⁷⁸ See the *De Accountant* membership lists for 1 April 1948 and 5 May 1949. J.Th. (Joop) van Geffen, the solicitor (*notaris*) who was Theo’s van Hoorn’s executor forty-three years before performing that task for Paul, says he recalls that Theo worked for Van Dien, Van Uden & Co and left because his partners were unhappy about his Sufism. If so, this was still another unpleasant aspect of his life that Theo managed to keep to himself.
- ⁷⁹ In 1943 S.C. Bakkenist set up the “economic department” for Preyer & de Haan. It became independent in 1956. There is no evidence that Theo had fully retired the year before, as Paul suggests. Theo’s association with Preyer & De Haan, and then Bakkenist, Spits & Co., is documented year by year in *De Accountant*, right up to their July 1957 directory. At the time of Theo’s death less than two months later, his fellow partners at the new Bakkenist, Spits & Co placed an add to complement the funeral announcement submitted by Loes van Hoorn. Theo, we learn, was one of six partners. In addition to the premises on the Museumplein, Bakkenist, Spits & Co had offices on the Emmastraat as well as in The Hague, Rotterdam, Arnhem, Antwerp, Djakarta, Medan, Surabayaia, Makassar, New York and Willemstad (Curacao). This was a

large and prosperous firm, and one particularly well-suited to Theo's interest in international finance and business administration.

⁸⁰ Paul's "opdracht," or mandate, at the University of Amsterdam was Business Economics. He defended his dissertation on *Some Aspects of Policy Formation and Policy Justification* (in translation) on 11 May 1979, two years before he wrote his introduction to his father's *Recollections*. At the time of his death, an announcement placed by his colleagues stressed his vital contribution to the graduate program in business administration.

⁸¹ See Th. van Hoorn, "Aanleg en geschiktheid voor het beroep van accountant," in: *Maanblad voor accountancy en bedrijfshuishoudkunde* (henceforth MAB), vol. 11, March 1934, pp. 41-44. The article is a positive review of a small book by Eugen Schigut, *Die Berufseignung des Bücherrevisors. Ein Beitrag zur Psychotechnik des Berufes* (Vienna, Öst Wirtschaftsverlag, 1933). Schigut was interested in predictors of success in intellectual professions in general, whereas Theo concentrates on the implications for accountancy in particular. The two men may well have met; like Theo, Professor Schigut attended the Amsterdam accountancy conference of 1926.

⁸² Th. van Hoorn, "De betekenis van vermindering van de druk van internationale dubbele belasting bij de uitvoering van het E.R.P." (European recovery program), *MAB*, vol. 22, October 1948, pp. 275-281; "Het vierde Internationale belasting congres van de I.F.A.," *MAB*, vol. 25, January 1951, pp. 77-80; "Indrukken van het 6e I.F.A. congres," *MAB*, vol. 26, December 1952, pp. 486-490; "Indrukken opgedaan tijdens het zevende Internationale congres voor belastingrecht te Parijs," *MAB*, vol. 28, February 1954, pp. 58-64; "Indrukken opgedaan tijdens het achtste Internationale congres voor belastingrecht te Keulen van de I.F.A.," *MAB*, 2 parts, vol. 28, December 1954, pp. 489-493, and vol. 29, January 1955, pp. 32-37; "9e congres van de International fiscal association (I.F.A.) te houden van 5 tot 9 September a.s. te Amsterdam," *MAB*, vol. 29, July 1955, pp. 318-319 (in which Theo notes that the first two I.F.A. congresses had taken place in Scheveningen in 1939 and 1947. No doubt he attended those as well); and "Indrukken van het negende congres van de I.F.A. (International Fiscal Association)," *MAB*, vol. 30, April 1956, pp. 171-182.

⁸³ That Louisa Helena Maria van Hoorn-Copijn was beautiful is established by photographs. Born in Magelang, in the Dutch East Indies, she had been twice married before Theo, first and very briefly (from 10 March to 27 May 1937) to Frans Herman Seipgens, President of the Nederlandsche Bank in Batavia, and then to Antonius Josephus Kuijpers, whom she married in Amsterdam on 29 June 1938 and divorced there on 8 February 1950. Theo's divorce took place on 9 May 1951. The wedding followed on 7 June 1951, with Jan Lucas Inayat following on 18 September of that year.

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- ⁸⁴ Jan Lucas van Hoorn recalls hearing about his baptism. Given that Theo, Loes and Gawery were Sufis, there cannot have been a baptismal font or water involved. For the “baptismal” version of the Universal Worship, see *The Sufi Movement: Universal Worship*, pp. 14-15: “4. — RECEPTION OF AN INFANT (CHILD).”
- ⁸⁵ Both Theo and Dien registered at 98 Nicolaas Maesstraat on 27 July 1951. Paul, who was in his early twenties by then, was already on his own. Friso Kramer recalls that Paul lived with the Kramers — i.e., with Moenie, her six children, and a few other boarders — at 6b Beethovenstraat sometime after the Second World War. Paul eventually moved in with his academic mentor, Professor *meester* Dr. Gerard Marius Verrijn Stuart (1893-1969), and his wife at 1 Stadionkade in Amsterdam Zuid. Paul remained at that address after Verrijn Stuart’s death in 1969, first with the widow and then on his own. He registered in Zandvoort on 12 June 1992 (no address given, but cf. note 88 below) and died in Amsterdam on 13 November 2000. He lies buried, unmarked, in the family grave in Zorgvlied.
- ⁸⁶ Both Theo and Dien officially moved from the Nicolaas Maesstraat to 147 Gerrit van der Veenstraat on 28 April 1954. Certainly 147 Gerrit van der Veenstraat was always primarily Lucie’s place. She settled there (when it was still 147 Euterpestraat) on 3 September 1928 and died there on 12 August 1962, almost five years after Theo. She kept up her medical work until 1953, by which time she was in her mid-sixties. Loes and Jan Lucas van Hoorn continued to be the registered occupants of the house until 1988.
- ⁸⁷ Dutch people sometimes registered at a given address to establish their right to live there, or elsewhere in the same city, and that was particularly true of Amsterdam, with its perennially acute housing shortage. Official tenants could hardly be evicted, however, so that people allowed only truly trusted individuals to register at their address. In the case of Lucie and Dien, we should also consider that they were sisters and best friends.
- ⁸⁸ Because Theo van Hoorn owned the two apartments on the Favaugeplein in Zandvoort (overlooking the beach and sea across the Boulevard Favauge from the rear windows), he and Dien had the option of staying there while officially residing on Amsterdam’s Gerrit van der Veenstraat, or vice versa. We know from her *persoonskaart* and her entry in Scheen, *Lexikon*, Vol. I, p. 508, that by 19 May 1965, Dien had left Zandvoort for Driebergen, where she died on 17 September 1968.
- ⁸⁹ I am reminded of Theo van Hoorn’s professed admiration for the renowned Swedish educator and feminist Ellen Key (1849-1926) and her concept of man’s “Einsamkeitsbedürfnis,” or “need for solitude” in both society at large and in the marital union in particular (cf. notes 150R and 151R below).

- ⁹⁰ I owe the cause of Theo's death to his son Jan Lucas.
- ⁹¹ The Great Crash began on 24 October 1929. We know that Theo had taken possession of his new home by 22 February of that year (see note 207 below). He probably bought it by 1927, however, before construction commenced and when the general mood was still euphoric. Even so, Theo seems to have started diversifying to meet expenses, as the *Adresboek der stad Amsterdam* or 1927-28 lists him as an accountant but adds the sideline of "leraar M.O. Boekhouden" (teacher of secondary-school bookkeeping), which is still the case in the *Adresboek der stad Amsterdam* of 1939-40. The Amsterdam phone directory for December 1929 still lists Theo as an accountant only, but the one for December 1930 again adds the "M.O. Boekhouden."
- ⁹² Again, our source of information was Joop van Geffen, Theo's executor. Under the terms of the 1951 divorce, Dien kept the little there was, including the Zandvoort apartments. Jan Lucas van Hoorn, who had just turned eight when his father died, well remembers the rapid transition from a life of plenty to one of genteel poverty, with his mother needing to work and take in a boarder and with Bakkenist, Spits & Co helping out the family finances with big ticket items such as a refrigerator. At the time I first met her, in the fall of 1964, Loes was working for Bender, a downtown Amsterdam firm that specialized in pianos and upscale stereo installations.
- ⁹³ The phenomenon is identified by Dr. H.J. Witteveen, *Universeel soefisme: de weg van liefde, harmonie en schoonheid*, trans. Aleid Swierenga (Utrecht, Servire, 1995), pp. 63-64, who describes the Geneva conversion of Azmat Faber. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 117, also discusses the pattern, citing two Smit-Kerbert contributions (including Hayat Kluwer's) under number. Note also what Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling wrote about first seeing Murshid in a Lausanne lecture hall: "Instantly the revelation came to me 'That is the Master I have been waiting for and whom I have hoped fervently to have the privilege to see one day.'" Much the same was true for Sirdar van Tuyl van Serooskerken on a railway platform in Arnhem (Sirdar living at 37 Velperweg in that city at the time). Murshida Goodenough suddenly began a new life upon meeting Murshid, as did the Swedish Sheika Sarferaz (Hilda) Meyer de (or von) Reutercrona (born 1863). Hayat Kluwer, whom I quote below, is still another example out of what must have been dozens.
- ⁹⁴ Gertrud Louise Leistikow, her husband Pieter Jongman (1890-1939), and their son Igor (1926-2003) are repeatedly discussed in Theo van Hoorn's "Younger Generation" chapter. Gertrud was born in Bückeburg, near Hanover (then Prussia), on 21 September 1885. Much of the following biographical sketch is based on information kindly supplied to me by Jacobien de Boer, who is currently preparing a detailed study of the dancer for publication.

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- ⁹⁵ Courtesy of Jacobien de Boer.
- ⁹⁶ See the announcements in the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* (henceforth *NRC*) of 31 July 1914. This and other newspapers are now available online via the website of the Koninklijke Bibliotheek (kb.nl under “kranten in beeld”).
- ⁹⁷ Gertrud Leistikow’s first husband was Siegfried Werner Muller, an architect whom she had married in Berlin on 25 May 1912.
- ⁹⁸ Cf. *Handelsblad* of 17, 21 and 22 December 1917; *Nieuwe Amsterdammer*, January 1918; *NRC*, 16 July 1918; *NRC*, 3 October 1918. The October performances were again with Max van Gelder’s cabaret.
- ⁹⁹ Jacobien de Boer informs me that Gertrud’s Carlovac triumph is mentioned in a publicity flyer entitled *Getrud Leistikow: Neueste Besprechungen des In- und Auslandes: Glanzender Erfolg in Amsterdam*, which also reports on her Dutch successes of 1917.
- ¹⁰⁰ Courtesy of Jacobien de Boer, who informs me that the precise date of this event (“een pompeiaanse avond”) is not known.
- ¹⁰¹ See, for instance, Mieke van der Wal, *Jan Sluijters Vrouwen* (exh. cat., Assen, Drents Museum; Zwolle, Waanders, 2002), fig. 64.
- ¹⁰² According to his *persoonskaart*, Jongman was born on 8 February 1890 in Sappemeer, a small rural community to the south-east of Groningen. He was the eighth of ten children of Thies Jongman (1852-1928), a carpenter and oil-crusher’s helper, and Rijna Bakker (1852-1942). The couple married in Sappemeer in 1876. Pieter’s three-year-older brother Roelf (1887-1958) was a painter and draughtsman.
- ¹⁰³ Theo van Hoorn mentions this in a letter of condolence he sent to Gertrud Leistikow on 27 April 1939, nine days after the death of her husband.
- ¹⁰⁴ See Kasper van Ommen, *‘Begin daar, waar geluid is’: Het Rotterdams Conservatorium en de Rotterdamse Dansacademie: 1930-2000* (Rotterdam, Stichting Vrienden van het Rotterdams Conservatorium, 2001), pp. 53 and 55. I have yet to corroborate Van Ommen’s claim.
- ¹⁰⁵ Sadly the handsome building (and first purpose-built music school of Holland) burned down under mysterious circumstances in 1969. For a photograph, see Rutger Schoute, “Uit de geschiedenis van de vereniging ‘Muzieklyceum’ te Amsterdam,” in: *Mens en Melodie*, vol. 30, 1975, p. 114.
- ¹⁰⁶ See notes 425R to 430R and 452R below for detailed information.
- ¹⁰⁷ Igor Bogdan Jongman was born in Amsterdam on 12 February 1926 and died there on 1 September 2003. A portrait drawing of Igor (black chalk on paper, 38 x 52cm; signed “Jan Sluijters and inscribed “Igor Bogdan/AET 5 mnd”) was put up for auction in 2006 at Christie’s of Amsterdam (lot 288), but withdrawn.
- ¹⁰⁸ Courtesy of Jacobien de Boer. She thinks that Pieter Jongman may have done the actual contracting, as a clay model of the house says that it was

“built by Piet Jongman.” The house no longer exists but the drawings are in the Hamdorff archive in the NAI (Netherlands Architectural Institute) in Rotterdam.

- ¹⁰⁹ Amsterdam Municipal Archives, Woningboeken 1924-1953, archive no. 5445: “Atelier van P. Jongman Aalsmeer Wijk 1 No 223.” The previous tenant left on 3 April 1924. The following one moved in sometime during 1929. This area has since become a fashionable domain for the young and upwardly mobile.
- ¹¹⁰ Courtesy of Jacobien de Boer. In 1923 and 1924, Gertrud addressed letters to the Dutch writer Henrik Scholte (1903-1988) from this atelier, indicating that she stayed there when not in Aalsmeer (until 1925) or Loosdrecht.
- ¹¹¹ See Schoute, “Uit de geschiedenis,” p. 115.
- ¹¹² See Van Ommen, ‘*Begin daar, waar geluid is*’, p. 55. Her official farewell was on 20 August 1934.
- ¹¹³ The dance school was located on the Marbuweg in Malang. Gertrud must have truly intended to make a go of it, as she and Pieter sold their house in Schoorl before leaving. Jacobien de Boer tells me that the place went for six thousand guilders, a substantial sum at the time, meaning that the Jongmans still had financial reserves.
- ¹¹⁴ Jacobien de Boer expects to publish this register and identify most of the individuals present at the event. Friso Kramer helped identify his mother Moenie and his father’s second wife, Bodi Kramer-Rap, who stands next to him.
- ¹¹⁵ On 9 January 1939 Dien wrote to Gertrud: “but do you know what I think is unkind of you? [...] that you assumed that we are not enthusiastic or elated about your return! I am enormously pleased and think that this is particularly unkind of me! When someone has left for another country to work and make a lot of money and is not able to hang on, having to return home early with less than a tenth of what he had wanted to earn.” The letter will be published by Jacobien de Boer as part of her book on Leistikow.
- ¹¹⁶ The complete letter is reproduced below. Very recently Igor Jongman’s widow discovered another letter written by Theo, this one to extend his condolences to Igor at the death of his mother and to review the close family ties one more time. The letter will be published by Jacobien de Boer.
- ¹¹⁷ For the circumstances of Gertrud’s return to Amsterdam, see note 451R below. According to her persoonskaart, she registered at 5 Mozartkade on 4 November 1939. By 17 November she had arrived at 89 Stadhouderskade, where she rented living and studio space above an automobile showroom. She died there on 21 November 1948.
- ¹¹⁸ Again, courtesy of Jacobien de Boer, who intends to do research at the NIOD (Netherlands Institute for War Documentation) to see what, if anything, is on record. The NSB was the Nationaal-Socialistische Beweging, the movement

that was friendly to the Germans. Igor concludes: “I myself have always remained indignant with respect to these former friends -- if anyone, Dien showed up once at the final sickbed.” Igor’s recorded his recollections on loose sheets around 1980, when Gertrud’s archives were inventoried for the Theatre Instituut Nederland (TIN), the Dutch Theatre Institute. Dien should have known that Gertrud had many Jewish friends, including her accompanist, Olga Moskowsky-Elias (Amsterdam 1899 - Solibor 1943) and the painters Else Berg (Ratibor 1877 - Auschwitz 1942) and Samuel L. (Mommie) Schwarz (Zutphen 1876 - Auschwitz 1942). Else and Mommie, who married in 1920, perished on the same day, 19 November 1942.

¹¹⁹ Hendrik Endt was born in Zaandam, north of Amsterdam, on 12 August 1902. Judging from the near-empty file at the Muziekinstituut at the Royal Library in The Hague, the material that I present here is almost entirely new. That he attended the Muzieklyceum, is not certain. We do know, however, that he did not graduate in piano from the competing Amsterdamsch Conservatorium; cf. Sem Dresden, ed., *Gedenkboek uitgegeven ten gelegenheid van het 50-jarig bestaan van het Amsterdamsch Conservatorium (1884-1934)*, p. 73 (or, in point of fact, from the Koninklijk Conservatorium in The Hague; cf. access no. 3.12.02.01 online).

¹²⁰ Several ads and notices in *Het Vaderland* establish that Endt repeatedly accompanied Ljungsberg in The Hague’s Diligentia theatre in the first week of October 1928. To bridge the gap between 1928 and 1938, Endt was in Charlottenburg (near Berlin) on 4 May 1929, when he married Erna L. Staib (born in Cologne on 1 March 1901), whom he may well have met via Leistikow. On 20 August 1930, the couple arrived in The Hague, where a daughter, Anmemarie Luise (partly named after Gertrud Louise?), was born at 39 Mariastraat on 24 December. Endt’s several rental addresses are all listed at the Hague Municipal archives, ending up with 45b Malakkastraat in The Hague’s posh Archipelbuurt, where he registered on 6 April 1937. By 7 December 1937, he had left for 152 Wittenburgerweg, a semi-detached villa in nearby Wassenaar, where he presumably still rented rooms. In his seven The Hague years, he had somehow found Sufism, served as the piano teacher of Dr. H.J. Witteveen (oral communication of 17 September 2007) and lost his German wife (who also taught the piano).

¹²¹ In his ghosted autobiography, *Unfinished Journey* (London, Macdonald & Jane/Futura, 1981 [1977]), p. 203, Sir Yehudi writes: “For two seasons after the Los Gatos break, I worked with a Dutch pianist, Hendrick [*sic*] Endt, whose niceness as a person made up for a certain weakness of technique. He was a high-minded young man, a disciple of Rudolf Steiner, and he gave me a book of Lao-tsu’s sayings which to this day is my constant companion.”

- ¹²² According to articles in *Het Vaderland*, the two artists performed together in London, Rotterdam and Amsterdam during the late winter and spring of 1939. A review by Olin Downes in the *New York Times* of 5 December 1939 indicates that Menuhin and Endt played in Carnegie Hall on the preceding evening.
- ¹²³ On 8, 15 and 21 May of 1940, the two artists performed together in Town Hall, Sydney. We can still hear Menuhin and Endt play their mixed repertoire on EMI Classics 1996-01-04 and 1996-04-04.
- ¹²⁴ Reviews by Howard Taubman in the *New York Times* of 29 July 1940 and 28 January 1941 have Menuhin and Endt back in Carnegie Hall on the preceding days. According to the *Cornell Alumni News*, vol. 48, 15 May 1946, p. 9, Endt accompanied the seventeen-year-old violinist Patricia Travers at an Ithaca, New York concert of 27 April. Finally, still another Taubman review, dated 17 December 1947, has Travers and Endt in Carnegie Hall on 16 December 1948, twelve days after she turned nineteen. Endt apparently died on 29 July 1954. His funeral notice was placed by “all his friends” in the Dutch town of Wassenaar, but there is no indication of where or how he passed on. As my request for his *persoonskaart* at the CBG came up negative, he presumably died in the USA.
- ¹²⁵ Van der Wal, *Jan Sluijters Vrouwen*, p. 74. Like Dien, Sluijter’s daughter Lies (born 7 March 1924) and two of his daughters-in-law studied dancing with Gertrud, though at a later date. In their case it was in her studio at 89 Stadhouderskade. In addition to rare examples of Sluijter’s Leistikow portraits reproduced in art-historical studies of the artist (e.g., Van der Wal, *Jan Sluijters Vrouwen*, fig. 64) there are several online illustrations of works by him (and others) showing her at various stages of her career. The example that I chose to illustrate was with Kunsthandel Ivo Bouwman at the time.
- ¹²⁶ This is hardly surprising. As Theo mentions in passing, Gertrud was strong in grotesque expression, something that is not likely to have appealed to him but that certainly recommended her to Jan Sluijters. In a negative review in *Het Vaderland* (accessible online) for 6 December 1923 of a Sluijters exhibition being held in the Fine Arts Building (Gebouw van beeldende kunst) at 80 Vondelstraat, Just Havelaar (1880-1930), a humanist artist and critic who had once admired Sluijters enough to write a book about him, laments the lack of redeeming tragical, spiritual or aesthetic qualities in the painter’s denigrating treatment of the female nude, arguing that “there is no ardour, no youth, no tenderness left in this withered eroticism.” Havelaar adds that “Sluijter’s vision is at its most menacing when he sets out to depict something macabre, as in his portrait of the dancer Leistikow or in the symbolic drawing [of] Paris (the world’s brothel).” In short, this was a show out of hell for someone like Theo.

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- ¹²⁷ To be precise, Salamat (Louis Johan August) Hoyack or Hoijack was born in Rotterdam on 5 March 1893 and died in The Hague on 16 February 1967. His third wife, Johanna Daniëla Hoyack-Cramerus, was born in Hilversum on 5 April 1891 and died in The Hague on 13 July 1979. Both Hoyack's parents were born in Amsterdam (in 1860 and 1864), but his father's family had come from Hungary. Louis wed Alice Germaine Victorina Paternoster on 22 July 1920, divorcing her on 11 October 1922. Then followed Frederika Maria Hopman, who was married to him from 8 June 1923 to 26 January 1926. They had a son, Hendrik Lodewijk, who was born in Munich on 12 December 1924 and died in Utrecht on 29 May 1991. That means that Frederika was pregnant when Louis and Theo van Hoorn probably first met at the 1924 Summer School, which they both attended. Louis married Johanna Daniëla on 11 January 1927, shortly before the death of Hazrat Inayat Khan and in part because Murshid agreed that his second wife was not remotely on the same Sufi wavelength (see the Smit-Kerbert collection, no. 4). Hoyack and Cramerus probably settled in Paris at that time.
- ¹²⁸ Hoyack's many books, including a couple in French, can be reviewed by consulting the online catalogue of the Royal Library in The Hague (kb.nl). Hoyack's most important contribution to Western Sufism, his *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan*, was not published until about 1947, two years after Theo completed the *Recollections*. His Smit-Kerbert contribution indicates that he thought of himself as the intellectual insider-outsider of the Movement, able to converse with Murshid at a higher level of understanding than his fellow mureeds. Mahmood Khan recalls how Salamat pointedly exempted himself from a celebration of the Confraternity of the Message after he had lectured to the Young Sufis about his book, which arguably shows intellectual discernment beyond the ordinary. Note that Murshid himself thanked Hoyack. See *Biography* (1979), "Diary," p. 200. For more information on Hoyack, see Mahmood Khan, "A Biographical Perspective," pp. 66-68, 72 and 100. Our photograph comes from Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 80.
- ¹²⁹ There is no doubt a tumultuous story to be told here, but we have only a few telling facts. It appears that the marriage collapsed during 1939. According to his *persoonskaart*, Louis Hoyack was in The Hague by 21 June 1940 and living at 20 Bazarstraat, this being the "Sufi House" mentioned by Theo van Hoorn in his "HIRO" chapter. By 15 March 1941, Louis had moved to 31 Sweelinkstraat. When his mother died six days later, the funeral announcement had "L.J.A. Hoyack" living in The Hague, with "J.D. Hoyack-Cramerus" residing in Rome! Hoyack divorced Johanna Daniëla on 22 November 1944 and married one Catherina Petronella Veronica van der Straaten on 9 January 1946. Wife number four died on 10 October 1959. On 4 May 1960, Louis remarried

Johanna Daniëla. They remained husband and wife until death did them part seven years later.

- ¹³⁰ Louis Hoyack's *Boodschap van Inayat Khan* of 1947 confirms a process of intellectual relativization, though always combined with immense respect for Murshid. The trend is more immediately apparent, however, from his brief contribution to a 1950 bundle on the history of Western Sufism. See Louis Hoyack, "The Philosophy of the Sufi Message," in: Faber et al., ed., *Forty Years of Sufism*, pp. 68-72.
- ¹³¹ We shall have occasion to mention Theo van Lohuizen again, in connection with the 1956 expropriation of the Sufi Land in Suresnes. According to Arnold van der Valk, *Het levenswerk van Th. K. van Lohuizen 1890-1956: de eenheid van het stedenbouwkundig werk* (Delft, Delftse Universitaire Pers, 1990), p. 22, Lohuizen learned about Sufism shortly before he married Helena Anna Maria Peters on 8 April 1925 (having met her three years before), and joined the Movement shortly thereafter, soon to be followed by his young bride, but the records of Theodoor Paul Hakim van Lohuizen, Kadir's third son (born in Amsterdam on 28 November 1935) indicate that his father was initiated on 20 January 1924, several months before Theo. In other words, Inayat Khan initiated Kadir at about the same time as Dien van Hoorn and Camilla Schneider.
- ¹³² The movements of Van Lohuizen are complex. Kadir was born in Den Burg (on the island of Texel) on 5 August 1890. His father, Arnold Johan Marinus van Lohuizen, was "ontvanger van registratie en domeinen" (receiver and registrar of public domains), so that young Theodoor ended up living in Middelburg, Culemborg, Apeldoorn and Zwolle before completing his five-year HBS diploma in Enschede. Shortly thereafter the family must have moved to Amsterdam, as illustrations in Van der Valk, *Lohuizen*, p. 40, fig. 21 and p. 41, fig. 20, show young Theodoor sitting on the back steps of his parental home at 185 Johannes Verhulststraat on 5 July 1919 and 25 May 1924. In both years Theo was resident immediately next door, first with his brother Piet and then with his wife Dien. Theodoor van Lohuizen was living in Delft in the former year, however, in connection with his studies. In 1921 followed Rotterdam and, from 1928, Amsterdam.
- ¹³³ The move to Amsterdam occurred a few months after the Rotterdam birth of Van Lohuizen's first child and son, the later Shaikh Subhan (Professor *ingenieur* Hans Peter) van Lohuizen, on 28 February 1928. (Subhan died in Deventer on 12 March 2006.) Kadir's *persoonskaart* informs us that he left Amsterdam for Bussum in 1937, where he remained at 25 Isaac da Costalaan until 1953. In 1947 he became Adjunct Professor at the Technical University of Delft, but he never moved back to that city. In 1951 he attempted to secure a

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regular professorate at Delft, but failed in his bid. Even so, he gave up his long-standing position in Amsterdam in 1953 to concentrate on his Delft activities. On 27 August of that year he moved to 22 Schiefbaanstraat in The Hague (close to Delft), where he died on 9 December 1956.

¹³⁴ Like so many Sufis in this story, Kadir and his family settled in Amsterdam Zuid, in their case at 18 Michelangelostraat, in close proximity to Theo's brother Hendrik and Dien's sister Lucie. In his capacity as researcher for the City Planning Department (Afdeling Stadsontwikkeling), Van Lohuizen became a colleague of Mushavir (Piet) Kramer at Public Works. But there were other connections. Professor doctorandus Wali (Christian Wilhelm) van Lohuizen (born 5 February 1932) has informed me (telephone conversation of 12 January 2008) that his parents knew the Kramers very well, whereas Friso Kramer has told me that he was temporarily boarded with the Van Lohuizens as a six-year-old, around the time that his mother Moenie left his father Piet and the Kramer family home at 117 Johannes Verhulststraat. The *Recollections* make it clear that Theo and Dien were very close to Moenie as well. For a Montessori connection, see note 136 below.

¹³⁵ That Theo could be assertive is clear from his performance as a fund raiser and organizer for his *Chess* club, as recorded below, and especially in the way he introduced Alexander Alekhine to the VAS (cf. note 213 below). His conservative orientation is only implied in the *Recollections*, but it is out in the open in his contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection (translated below), with its dismissal of the great socialist reformer Pieter Jelles Troelstra (1860-1930) and the alleged "lectern Socialism" of Dutch intellectuals such as Van Lohuizen. For information about Kadir's lack of assertiveness and his social-democratic sympathies, which can be traced back to his late teens, see Van der Valk, *Lohuizen*, pp. 40-42 and pp. 19 and 22. Van der Valk (p. 43) also discusses Kadir's positive outlook on life, ostensibly based on his Sufism, which could be "almost naive," so that he found it impossible to fail or discipline his students.

¹³⁶ Helena Anna Maria Van Lohuizen-Peters, known as Enne, was born on 6 May 1889 in Hagen, Germany, but by all accounts spoke flawless Dutch. She died in Amsterdam on 2 December 1993, being the only Sufi in our story to have lived more than a hundred years. She shared her husband's socialist orientation. In fact, when she and Kadir married in 1922, she was living with the family of F.M. Wibaut (1859-1936), alderman and leader of the social-democrats in Amsterdam (Van der Valk, *Lohuizen*, p. 22). Unlike Azmat Faber, Dien van Hoorn and Moenie Kramer, Enne was professionally active as a Montessori teacher. Enne's Smit-Kerbert contribution also mentions that she convinced Dien to enrol Paul van Hoorn in her own elementary school.

- ¹³⁷ On the court at Djokja, see the basic Jodjana study by Marcel Bonneff and Pierre Labrousse, “Un danseur javanais en France: Raden Mas Jodjana (1893-1972),” in: *Archipel: Études interdisciplinaires sur le monde insulindien*, vol. 54, 1997, p. 236, as well as M.P. Heijmans-van Bruggen and René Sylvester Wassing, et al., *Djokja en Solo: beeld van de Vorstesteden* (Purmerend, Asia Minor, 1998). “Raden” is a higher title than “Mas” (“gold”). The combination “Raden Mas” (often abbreviated as “R.M.”) carried considerable prestige in The Netherlands. The aristocratic aspect is also clear from Raden Mas’ travelling companion to The Netherlands, the later Sultan Hamengkoe Boewono VIII (ruled 1921-1939), who attended the University of Leiden.
- ¹³⁸ The social conscience of Raden Mas is apparent from the *NRC* of 26 November 1918, which contains a summary of a speech that he gave to the Hollands-Indischen Studentenkring (Dutch-Malay Student Society) of Rotterdam, in which he argued at length that exploitation should be a thing of the past, that better educational opportunities — especially for women — are badly needed, and that Javanese society is ready for self-government.
- ¹³⁹ See Jan Pieter Glerum, *De Indische Israëls* (Zwolle, Waanders, 2005), pp. 62 and 66. Jodjana danced again late in 1916 as Kelona in the opera *Alina* by Constant van de Wall (1871-1945), but he did so under the stage name Harsaja (Joy) so as not to alarm his parents. There is no doubt that Raden Mas Jodjana intended to return to Java to serve his people, and he clearly put any career as dancer on the back burner until he had completed his studies. The proposition that he stopped studying and started dancing in 1916 (cf. Bonneff and Labrousse, “Un danseur Javanais,” p. 226) is caricatural. If it came from his daughter Parvati, she did not know one of her mother’s publications (cf. Kourshed [Raden Ayou Jodjana], “Jodjana als danser,” in: *Het Masker: Geïllustreerd tijdschrift onder leiding van Simon Koster*, vol. 2, 1922, p. 181) in which Raden Ayou mentions that her husband deeply regretted his few triumphant performances of 1916 and that he worked for a year and a half on a subject, the god Vishnoe, more worthy of his gifts and purpose.
- ¹⁴⁰ For Jodjana’s blanket response to criticism of his art, see Raden Mas Jodjana, “Het standpunt van den modern-Javaanschen danskunstenaar,” in: *Oedaya*, vol. 4, January 1927, pp. 6-9. The “Hindu more than Javanese” criticism came from Th.B. van Lelyveld, “Open brief aan Raden Mas Jodjana” (pp. 74-75), followed by another rebuttal (p. 76) by Jodjana. The Buddhism reproof was published anonymously in *Het Vaderland* of 19 May 1920. For entirely positive reviews of Jodjana’s art, see B. van Eysselsteijn, “Raden Mas Jodjana: Een kunstenaar van internationale betekenis,” in: *De toneelspiegel: Maandschrift gewijd aan tooneel, muziek en dans* (taken over from *Oedaya*), vol. 2, September 1930, p.

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128-131, and Anonymous, “Raden Mas Jodjana,” in: *Cultuur en gemeenschap, decembernummer*, January 1945, pp. 6-7.

¹⁴¹ See Bonneff and Labrousse, “Un danseur javanais,” p. 242, who also mention the dance journalist André Lévinson (1887-1933), the critic-musicologist Henry Prunières (1886-1942), and the actor-film director Abel Gance (1889-1981).

¹⁴² These photos, some of which look like woodcuts, drew widespread media attention. See *Het Vaderland* of 20 March 1923 and 1 May 1923, with references to the illustrated daily *De Kunst: geïllustreerd dagblad voor toneel, muziek, beeldende kunsten [...] etc.*, 17 March 1923, p. 297; 23 March 1923, p. 317; and 28 April 1923, inserted supplement following on p. 392. The 17 March paper (pp. 297-298) refers to an exhibition of Berssenbrugge’s photos in the Galerie Kleykamp in The Hague. Bert Haanstra (1916-1997) made a film of Jodjana dancing his creation “God Shiva” (available on CD as part of “Bert Haanstra Compleet”), but that was not until 1955, three decades after Raden Mas had made his reputation.

¹⁴³ This material is from a couple of highly convenient paragraphs in Glerum, *De Indische Israëls*, pp. 62 and 66-67, and a few pages that Maartje de Haan, curator and manager of The Hague’s Museum Mesdag, posted on the museum website in connection with an exhibition of 10 June to 9 October 1905 entitled *Isaac Israëls en Raden Mas Jodjana: Een Indische vriendschap*. Glerum’s material is solid but not footnoted, and his bibliography is not all that helpful. De Haan is clearly closer to the primary sources, but has no footnotes either. For more on Jodjana and Dunand, see Bonneff and Labrousse, “Un danseur javanais,” pp. 228, 230 and 241, who also mention “l’atelier du peintre [Jean] Colin [1881-1969] — boulevard du Montparnasse.” Bonneff and Labrousse date Jodjana’s Paris contacts with Dunand and others to “between 1920 and 1926,” but following the population register of The Hague (cf. note 174 below), it is more likely to have been between 1923 and 1926.

¹⁴⁴ The year was 2005. Cf. note 143 above for the literature. Jodjana did not like Israëls’ paintings (nor those of Van Gogh), not even the portraits of his own aristocratic person. The Bremmer portrait of Jodjana is mentioned in *Het Vaderland* of 23 February 1923. Altorf’s mask of the dancer is adduced in the *NRC* of 11 October 1923. Anton van Anrooy’s portrait is found in *The Illustrated London News*, 23 March 1929, p. 485, along with Anrooy’s garbled claims that Jodjana was the son of a sultan and disinherited for “marrying a Dutch lady of good family.” For descriptions of Jos Croin’s portrait of Jodjana, see the anonymous and enthusiastic discussion in the *NRC* of 18 May 1925 of a Paris exhibition of Croin’s work and Cornelis Veth, *Jos Croin* (Amsterdam, Het Hollandsche Uitgevershuis, 1947), p. 23.

- ¹⁴⁵ Khourshed de Ravaliéu's presence in Inayat Khan's *khankah* is repeatedly confirmed in several issues of *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine* from September 1915 on, establishing her basic credibility, which has never been cast into doubt. For her complete testimony, see "Autobiography," in: Raden Ayou Jodjana, *A Book of Self Re-Education. The Structure and Functions of the Human Body as an Instrument of Expression* (Essex, England, L.N. Fowler & Co., 1981), pp. 163-176. This segment of her book was published, with minor editing, in Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, pp. 384-393. Raden Ayou's importance did not escape Mahmood Khan, who brought her to the attention of Elisabeth Keesing, who relied on what she learned during interviews conducted in Amsterdam in the sixties. See Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de Wind* (1973), pp. 126-128.
- ¹⁴⁶ See Raden Ayou Jodjana, *A Book of Self Re-Education*, pp. 172-173, or "Autobiography," in: Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, pp. 389-390.
- ¹⁴⁷ For Inayat Khan's request that she avoid the Sufi Order, see *A Book of Self Re-Education*, pp. 169 and 174, or "Autobiography," in: *A Pearl in Wine*, pp. 387 and 391. For the quotation (which is also found in Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 93-94), see *Self Re-Education*, p. 171, or *Pearl in Wine*, pp. 388-389. For Murshid's own mixed feelings, see "Journal," "Organisation," in: *Biography* (1979), pp. 234-240.
- ¹⁴⁸ I was able to make the initial connection to "Elisabeth Pop" thanks to art-historical publications (cf. note 143 above), which show no further interest in her personas as Pop or De Ravaliéu. When Gerrit Pop died in 1924, he garnered extensive necrology in Dutch newspapers, which can be accessed via the Collectie Familieadvertenties of the CBG. Being a member of the lesser nobility, *jonkvrouw* Serraris is discussed in W.J.J.C. van Bijleveld, ed., *Nederlandsch (later Nederland's) Adelsboek* (The Hague, W.P. van Stockum, 1903ff; Vol. XLIV, 1951), p. 238.
- ¹⁴⁹ "Stodgy" did not rule out divorce. On 10 October 1905, *Jonkvrouw* Serraris and Gerrit Pop were divorced in The Hague on 10 October 1905. On 18 August 1906, she married one Willem Hendrik Peter Mirandolle (1849-1929), who predeceased her by two years. One month later, on 18 September 1906, Pop married Maria Carolina Bertha Peltzer in Utrecht. He must have outlived her, as the newspaper announcements of his death identify him as "widower of vrouwe B. Peltzer von Ziegesar." Remarkably, given his times, Pop twice married above his social station.
- ¹⁵⁰ Proclamations for births, marriages, divorces and deaths for the Municipality of The Hague are now available online. The Artz-Pop wedding took place in The Hague. Only her mother signed the certificate of marriage, but her father gave the required permission (she was only nineteen) by notarized statement.

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- Perhaps we can discern here a measure of alienation between Betty and her father that eventually found expression in her disdain for the family name.
- ¹⁵¹ Both father and son are briefly discussed in Scheen, *Lexikon*, Vol. I, p. 31. Numerous examples of their art may be found online. For a brief monogram on Artz senior, see Tiny de Liefde van Brakel, *Tussen Katwijk en Parijs: David Adophe Constant Artz* (exh. cat., Katwijk, Katwijks Museum, 2001).
- ¹⁵² “Gifted” because Helene Ottilië Wilhelmina Adelheid Schemel was also highly musical, having studied piano in Berlin. She married David Adolf Constant Artz on 9 October 1880 and was widowed on 8 November 1890, three years before she founded Maison Artz, which was at first located at 91 Laan van Meerdervoort. On 27 November 1897, she married Friedrich Gustav Julius Sues, known as Gustav, who was also an art dealer (as he mentioned in a newspaper add telling creditors of his late wife to contact the “Notarissen NOORDENDORP & Laboyrie, te ‘s-Gravenhage, Javastraat No. 34” before 1 April 1907). One of her ventures was a major, expensive and unprofitable American travelling exhibition of the art of Willem Mesdag (1831-1915). The *New York Times* for 2 December 1902 mentions that the show is about to leave for St. Louis but that it will end up back in New York, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
- ¹⁵³ See J.F. Heijbroek and Ester L. Wouthuysen, *Portret van een kunsthandel: de firma Van Wisselingh en zijn compagnons, 1838-heden* (Zwolle, Waanders, 1999), p. 151. The photo belongs to the Rijksmuseum, as does the gorgeous buffet designed by Carel Adolph Lion Cachet (1864-1945) behind young Tony. He can be sighted on the Ellis Island site on 22 September 1903. The population register of The Hague proves he had returned by 23 March 1905. On 15 December 1905, however, he passed through Ellis Island once more, this time in the company of his mother. He must have met Elisabeth Pop, fresh out of high school, within a year or so and swept her off her feet. On 16 March 1907, only eleven days before the wedding, Tony and Betty returned to The Hague from New York. Their first daughter, Lislie, was probably conceived in the States.
- ¹⁵⁴ The SS Berlin came from Harwich. This major disaster off the Hook of Holland, which was recently made the subject of a gripping documentary, also claimed Helene’s young stepdaughter, Lisli Ida Sues. She and her mother were only two of 128 victims. Before Tony took over, the Maison Artz collection was auctioned at the Kunstkring at 15 Herengracht in The Hague. The auction included twenty-six works by Tony’s father David and seven by his half-brother Constant. See De Liefde van Brakel, *Tussen Katwijk en Parijs*, p. 81.
- ¹⁵⁵ All my information is from the National Archives in The Hague: Royal Conservatory of Music in The Hague, access no. 3.12.02.01, components 262

(1910) to 264 (1912). Bonneff and Labrousse, “Un danseur javanais,” p. 228, reported on the authority of Raden Ayou’s daughter, Dr. Parvati Chavoix-Jodjana, that her mother studied at the “conservatories of The Hague (piano, 1912), and of Brussels (song).” We now know, however, that Brussels (and Berlin) preceded The Hague, meaning Betty Pop fitted in a year of study between high school and marriage or else went abroad before her youngest child could walk. Berlin, we recall, was where her mother-in-law had studied piano (cf. note 152 above). Any serious biography would need to consider such connections.

¹⁵⁶ On De Bois see J.F. Heijbroek and Ester L. Wouthuysen, *Kunst, kennis en commercie: De kunsthandelaar J.H. de Bois (1878-1946)* (Amsterdam/Antwerp, Contact, 1993), a rock-solid work which includes an indispensable sub-chapter (pp. 36-45) on the ups and downs of Artz & De Bois.

¹⁵⁷ The American journey of 1912 is discussed by Heijbroek and Wouthuysen, *J.H. de Bois*, pp. 43-45. Tony’s arrival in the States does not show up on the official Ellis Island site.

¹⁵⁸ The RKD owns a copy of the small and rare announcement diptych for this show, *Tentoonstelling van portretten door G. Birnie* (PREC/17B155), which includes a list of the eighteen anonymous sitters and two illustrations of Birnie’s work, a woman on the front and a girl on the inside.

¹⁵⁹ My only indication of the fate of Maison Artz comes from the Hague telephone books of the time. Starting with 1913, we first encounter Artz & De Bois at 14 Lange Vijverberg. Then follows A.T.A. Artz at the same address right through to October-February 1914-1915. By the February-October 1915 guide, A.T.A. Artz has disappeared. Anthony does not reappear after the war, not even as a private party. The address books for the city show the same pattern, with A.T.A. Artz last listed in the 1914-1915 volume.

¹⁶⁰ Elisabeth and Anthony lived above Maison Artz at 14 Lange Vijverberg, like Tony’s mother before them. (J.H. de Bois always continued to reside in Haarlem.) The population register specifies 18 November 1914 as the day of departure for the Artz-Pop family. Young Artz may just have thought that Germany would violate Holland’s neutrality, just as it had with Belgium. Mahmood Khan recalls, via his family, that Anthony worked as a censor with the British Government. Assuming that was some kind of postal censorship, that makes sense, since Tony had no doubt mastered English during his few American years and since Betty’s father had run the Dutch postal services and was currently doing the same job in the Dutch Indies. If anyone had the clout to make it happen, it was Pop senior. A documented connection with the Dutch Consul General H.S.J. Maas (cf. note 162 below) raised the possibility that Tony may have worked for the Dutch Consulate in London. Research does not bear that out, however.

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- ¹⁶¹ *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, no. 3, September 1915, p. 44. Mahmood Khan recalls that the mother of B.G. Tucker was a wealthy woman who was not a Sufi but nevertheless a good friend of Inayat Khan. Another person whom we encounter in the Artz family circle is the painter Matthijs Maris (1839-1917) a family friend whom Tony had inherited from his father's Paris period, before 1874 (see De Liefde van Brakel, *Tussen Katwijk en Parijs*, p. 45). In 1877 Matthijs signed a contract with the English art dealer David Cottier and began what is generally assumed to have been a reclusive life in London. We know from correspondence cited in *De Gids* of 5 January 1912 that Tony and Matthijs had resumed the family friendship by then. The *NRC* of 28 August 1917 tells us that at "the funeral of Mathijs [*sic*] Maris" in Hampstead, "Mr. and Mrs. Tucker-Artz [and] Mr. Artz [NB, no Mrs. Artz-Pop] were among "the friends who followed the coffin." "The flowers on the bier came from the gentlemen Maas, Wisselingh, Tucker and Artz." H.S.J. Maas was the Dutch Consul-General in London from 1897 to 1922. The reporter, the later famous historian Pieter Geyl (1887-1966), mistakenly assumed that Wisselingh was another man, but the flowers must have come from the widow of the art dealer E.J. van Wisselingh (1848-1912), who continued to take an interest in Matthijs Maris to the last.
- ¹⁶² See *Biography* (1979), p. 431, figs. 34 and 35, for photos of Rose Benton by herself and (unidentified) in the group. The man said to be Herr E. Glaser Crohas looks like Anthony Artz.
- ¹⁶³ See *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, no. 4, 15 November 1915, p. 71; vol. 2, no. 1, April 1916, p. 2; vol. 2, no. 2, November 1916, inside back cover; followed by *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 2, no. 3, May 1917; vol. 2, no. 4; October 1917 [minus the "for Holland" with respect to Tony and literature]; vol. 3, no. 1, April 1918; vol. 3, no. 2, July 1918 [minus "for Holland" for her]; vol. 3, no. 3, January 1919 [again minus Holland]; and vol. 3, no. 4, June 1919 [the same].
- ¹⁶⁴ Raden Ayou Jodjana, *A Book of Self Re-Education*, pp. 164-165, with the photograph of Khourshed with tamboura following on p. 159. The puzzling seven crowns and seven stars may refer to Jodjana's Indonesian heraldry, which can hardly have been on Inayat Khan's mind around 1917. As a footnote to Raden Ayou's rank revisionism, even her fictive De Ravaliu ancestry, complete with a southern-French Huguenot provenance, ended up serving to explain how she had set out on "the path to the Orient," meaning the fated arms of Jodjana. This bit of flimflammy must have come about by way of Parvati Jodjana, who was trusted by Bonneff and Labrousse, "Un danseur javanais," pp. 230 and 237. The Pops were neither an old nor a French family, however. The Serraris family cannot be traced back any further than 1701

and were neither Huguenots nor from southern France. They only began to move up in the world under Napoleon Bonaparte, becoming Dutch nobility by Royal proclamation on 8 October 1832.

- ¹⁶⁵ The population registry of The Hague specifies 5 October as the date of departure from London. The date of registration in The Hague was 20 October 1918. The precise address of *jonkvrouw* Serraris was 274 2e Cornelis Schuytstraat, a location razed by the Germans during World War II. Elisabeth's registration at 17 Ruysdaelstraat in Amsterdam dates to 15 October 1918.
- ¹⁶⁶ Raden Mas was fastidious about registering his movements, so that we have multiple addresses for him even in Rotterdam. He left that city on 5 April 1919 and settled at 109 Thomsonlaan in The Hague by 10 April. He had moved on to 1 Jacob van der Doesstraat by 9 September 1920.
- ¹⁶⁷ An anonymous reviewer for the *NRC* of 6 October 1920 deemed the contribution of "Mrs. Kourshed-de Ravallieu" to this "Oriental evening" a mixed success. There was faint tinkling from some plucked instrument or another behind a screen, giving her inadequate instrumental support, perhaps explaining that "her singing was blemished by want of purity [...] even though we could hear that the singer has a few good notes, especially in her middle register."
- ¹⁶⁸ See the digitalized *Het Vaderland* newspapers (available online via the KB). On 25 February and 3 March, Jodjana danced at Pulchri Studio. On 8 April it was at the Haagsche Kunstkring. His regular accompanist was one Mrs. Franken-Hauss.
- ¹⁶⁹ Jodjana, *A Book of Self Re-Education*, p. 185. The "nine years" should surely read "five years."
- ¹⁷⁰ The Hague population register states that Elisabeth Pop arrived from London and moved in with Raden Mas Jodjana on 7 March 1921. The London part makes no sense in view of the evidence that she was in Amsterdam by the fall of 1918 and sang in Rotterdam in the fall 1920. Anthony is said to have moved within the same municipality, which makes better sense. Clearly the entire family left the home of Elisabeth's mother and stepfather on the same day. Tony did not remain on the Riouwstraat for long. On 1 June 1922, he headed back to London.
- ¹⁷¹ See Kourshed [Raden Ayou Jodjana], "Jodjana als dancer," pp. 179-181. I quote from a description of this article in *Het Vaderland* of 20 September 1922. The "formerly de Ravallieu" suggests that Kourshed's association with Jodjana was widely known by then.
- ¹⁷² See the digitalized *Het Vaderland* and *NRC* newspapers for 23 February to 11 July 1923. The "oostersche liederen," for instance, are mentioned in both newspapers for 26 March. In *De Kunst* of 18 April 1923, p. 400-403, Peter

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van der Braken indicates that some members of the audience would have preferred the gamelan over Khourshed de Ravalieu's piano playing, but concludes: "No, we should be grateful that there is an intermediary between Jodjana's art and Western notions about it. We should be grateful that there is a woman — Khourshed de Ravalieu — who gives her all and seeks — together with Jodjana — a fraternization of art from the East and West."

- ¹⁷³ See Bonneff and Labrousse, "Un danseur javanais," p. 228, who add that "Bhimo (Bhima) is one of the five Pandava, the principal heroes of the *Mahabharata*; Parvati is the consort (spouse) of the god Shiva."
- ¹⁷⁴ The population register of The Hague again gives more precise dates. The Jodjanas left for Paris on 11 December 1922, returned to The Hague on 13 July 1923, left for Paris on 24 August 1923, and returned to The Hague on 3 August 1926.
- ¹⁷⁵ In 1919 and 1920, we recall, Raden Mas lived on the Thomsonlaan and Jacob van der Doesstraat. On 7 April 1921, he and Elisabeth Artz-Pop moved into 61 Obrechtstraat together. After their return from Paris on 13 July 1923 (for one month only) they were at 37a Zoutmanstraat. Back from Paris on 3 August 1926, that became 35 Valkenboslaan, their fixed address until they and the children left for Vergoignan on 6 and 22 April 1936.
- ¹⁷⁶ The Jodjanas must have had contacts in Paris, but Anthony had travelled extensively in America and maintained business contacts there, including with the Macbeth Gallery in New York (closed in 1953) until at least 1911 (cf. the online index to the Macbeth files). As mentioned above, Tony again journeyed to the States and Canada in 1912, shortly before the breakup of Artz & De Bois. Certainly Lislíe and Marjorie continued to play a part in Anthony's life until his death. On 5 November 1924, He married Charlotte Marie Felicité de Waard (1895-1976) in London on 5 November 1934 (about five months after the premature death of his sister Helene on 13 June 1924). Charlotte bore Tony a son named Wolter in Voorburg, near The Hague, on 11 April 1926. His *persoonskaart* has them returning from Switzerland to Amersfoort on 8 June 1934 and indicates that he had retired from the art trade by then. When Tony died in Amersfoort on 3 February 1941, Lislíe, Marjorie, Charlotte and Wolter were all listed on the funeral announcement. Marjorie had married one Z. Lodomirsky on 24 May 1934. Lislíe wed *ingenieur* J. Vreede on 28 May 1941, a few months after her father's death. Wolter's future wife, and widow, was to be one G.R. Artz-De Wit, who died in Amsterdam on 21 September 2008. Marjorie died in The Hague on 29 July 1976, only months before her stepmother had passed on there on 14 December, but Lislíe lived until 15 June 1998, when she died in Bruges. All three couples had one or more children, some of which must still be alive as I write.

- ¹⁷⁷ Cf. note 164 above for a related matter. Dr. Parvati Chavoix-Jodjana was a trusted source of Marcel Bonneff and Pierre Labrousse, who appear to have been totally in the dark about Elisabeth Pop's first husband and her two children by him. Again, Parvati must have known. The population register of The Hague indicates that Lislie Artz rejoined the Jodjanas for three full years, from 31 December 1930 to 15 February 1934, after which she returned to Paris. Possibly she came to Holland for some kind of post-secondary study and might have preferred to register with her father, but he was in Switzerland at the time (cf. note 176 above).
- ¹⁷⁸ For a concise *curriculum vitae* for Henri Jacob Roemahlaiselan (Ambon, 18 July 1902 - Amsterdam, 12 October 1990) see Bonneff and Labrousse, "Un danseur javanais," p. 230, n. 19 and p. 231, n. 22, with a photo on p. 235. Apparently the Jodjanas first met him in 1927, after they had returned from Paris to The Hague. Roemah became a great comfort to the Jodjanas after they lost Bhimo late in the war.
- ¹⁷⁹ On this touring activity, which took the Jodjanas and company as far as Warsaw, see Bonneff and Labrousse, "Un danseur javanais," p. 232. That the Jodjanas also reached England is established by "A Prince Comes to Peckham," in: *The Children's Newspaper*, 22 June 1935, p. 4.
- ¹⁸⁰ "Un danseur javanais," p. 230, write "at first in Cotignac (Haute-Provence; 1934), then in Dardennes (Var; 1935), finally in Vergoignan (Gers) in 1936, when the family settled in our country." Raden Ayou and Mas officially left The Hague on 6 April 1936, with Bhimo and Parvati following on 22 April. Bonneff and Labrousse, "Un danseur javanais," p. 242, mention that the Jodjanas taught the German dancer and choreographer Kurt Jooss (1901-1979) and his star performer Alain Wayne (dates unknown). Erica Binswanger, the wife of the Swiss psychoanalyst Dr. Kurt Binswanger, also became a pupil of Raden Ayou. Raden Ayou herself identified Kurt Binswanger as a pioneer physiotherapist with whom she studied. See Raden Ayou Jodjana, *Ruimte: essentie van liefde* (Soest, Kairos, 1980), n.p., inside the back cover. In addition, Vergoignan drew artists such as the sculptor Ossip Zadkine (1890-1967), the actor Albert van Dalsum (1880-1971), and the members of the Hungarian String Quartet (founded in 1935).
- ¹⁸¹ Bonneff and Labrousse, "Un danseur javanais," p. 242, simplified by Glerum, *De Indische Israëls*, p. 68. Apparently Raden Mas had attended some of the great gatherings organized around Krishnamurti in Ommen in the twenties and thirties (cf. note 487 below).
- ¹⁸² For the programme, see Bonneff and Labrousse, "Un danseur javanais," p. 244, as apparently quoted from information distributed by the centre: "art and science of movement, kinetic pedagogy and therapeutic pedagogy,

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chorégie[?] and choreography, dance and dramatic art with accompaniment, song, declamation, piano, javanese orchestra.” The authors add “with some involvement in drawing, printmaking [and] making costumes.”

- ¹⁸³ An Islamic background is to be expected from a relation of the Sultan of Djokja. For Jodjana’s Hindu sympathies, see Khoureshed [Jodjana], “Jodjana als danser,” p. 181. Like the followers of Hazrat Inayat Khan, who tried to ignore his Muslim identity, Raden Ayou mentions only his passion for “Hindu culture, which had such a great impact on the development of his people.” Another similarity between the two courtly artists is that they both assumed that relatives back home would disapprove of public performances as, respectively, musician and dancer. For Raden Mas’ early use of a pseudonym, see note 139 above.
- ¹⁸⁴ Raden Ayou Jodjana, “Raden Mas Jodjana: Onderricht en werkwijze van Jodjana en zijn medewerkers,” in: *Perspectieven van wordende cultuur*, no. 3, March 1939, pp. 343-351. The gist is captured by Bonneff and Labrousse, “Un danseur javanais,” p. 242, as quoted from a centre publication: “each student will be instructed according to universal laws of movement, of rhythm and of composition; he will be actively supported in a search of *his own mode of expression* and an entirely personal style of movement.”
- ¹⁸⁵ See Bonneff and Labrousse, “Un danseur javanais,” p. 230, n. 20, who mention another famous Ozenx refugee, the French-Hungarian composer Joseph Kosma (1905-1969), who is best known for *Les feuilles mortes* or “Autumn Leaves.” These authors (p. 230, n. 1) also remain our only source for the short but rich life of Bhimo and the tragic circumstances leading up to his death. The anonymous author of “Dichter door den dans: op bezoek by Raden Mas Jodjana,” in: *Wereldkroniek*, vol. 48, November 1945, pp. 10-11, interviewed Raden Ayou in Amsterdam in November, repeating her account of the hardship of the war. Parvati had just enrolled in medicine to carry on her brother’s dream. She returned to her studies in Bordeaux and eventually married Dr. Pierre Chavoix (died 1996), a paediatrician and specialist in diabetes (see Bonneff and Labrousse, p. 225, n. 1). She currently lives in La Réole, where her father lies buried (cf. note 189 below).
- ¹⁸⁶ See “When a Czech Prisoner Came Back Alive from Buchenwald,” in: Jodjana, *A Book of Self Re-Education*, p. 184
- ¹⁸⁷ More precisely, on 8 August the Dutch Government invited the Jodjanas to come tour The Netherlands. They and the photogenic Parvati (who was a great media success) performed in Amsterdam and elsewhere in the fall of 1945, using equipment brought from Ozenx in a truck belonging to Prince Bernhard’s staff (see Anonymous, “Dichter door den dans,” p. 10). Raden Mas and Ayou formally registered at 92 Schouwweg in Wassenaar, near The Hague,

on 29 November 1945 but returned to France on 12 January 1946. They finally settled at 64 Haarlemmermeerstraat in Amsterdam on 18 October 1947. I have all such addresses from her *persoonskaart*, which begins after World War II.

¹⁸⁸ Raden Ayou's *persoonskaart* specifies her profession as "artiste," which is scratched out and changed to "lerares toneelschool." Her presence at the venerable Amsterdamse Toneelschool at 150 Marnixstraat (founded in 1874, and not to be tinsel wrapped as "l'Académie d'Art dramatique d'Amsterdam"), where Raden Mas also taught, is confirmed by Simon Vinkenoog on his online "Kersvers" site (Friday, 23 February 2007). Vinkenoog writes that Raden Ayou was the voice coach of Van Ulsen, who graduated from the Toneelschool in 1949, and Shaffy, who arrived there in 1952. Both went on to become Dutch cultural icons.

¹⁸⁹ Though Raden Mas Jodjana was naturalized on 15 December 1961 (in conformance with a law of 23 November), there is no *persoonskaart* for him because, plagued by poor health, he left for France on 29 November 1971 to join his physician daughter and son-in-law in La Réole, where he died on 20 September 1972. His wife was visiting Djokjakarta at the time. Bonneff and Labrousse, "Un danseur javanais," p. 238, who make much of this coincidence, specify that she was there at the invitation of Jodjana's family.

¹⁹⁰ See Vinkenoog's "Kersvers" blogs for 23 and 24 February, 2007. He says that he took his quotations "from a text of 22 double-spaced typewritten pages: *Raden Ayou Jodjana / Impressions of a Pupil Who Worked with Her Over a Period of Sixteen Years*. Eight scraps of life, 'vignettes' written between London [in] 1964 [...] and Amsterdam [in] 1980 by an apparently wealthy lady [possibly Dawine de Jaager-Vreede] who disposed over a secretary and was continually on the move, but who does inform us that Madame Jodjana died on 28 December 1981 and was born on 1 February 1890 [*sic*]. The writer of these notes, who is unknown to me, indicates in her *Foreword* (London, Autumn 1982) that Madame Jodjana asked her to describe her experiences, which could later serve as an introduction to her own book on Self Re-Education. 'Later the format of the book changed. She wrote it entirely in beautiful prose poems [free verse] so that the introduction became inappropriate.'" Curiously, Vinkenoog asserts that *The book on Self Re-Education* "never appeared."

¹⁹¹ Simon Vinkenoog's imprecise reference to "late 70s, early 80s" does not help in connection with someone who died in 1981. Vinkenoog lived in Paris for eight years, returning to Amsterdam around the time that the Jodjanas moved from the Vondelstraat to the Valeriusstraat. Vinkenoog must be mistaken about having visited Raden Ayou on the Van Breestraat, which is one block closer to the Vondelpark than the Valeriusstraat. More convincing is his claim that Raden Ayou and Roemahlaiselan (cf. note 178 above) shared "a floor on the

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Amstel [River] belonging to the Russian choreographer Georgette Rayevski.” It is possible that this address was temporary and unofficial. According to Bonneff and Labrousse, “Un danseur javanais,” pp. 231 and 242, Roemah and Ayou also ran a course in Paris around 1965, when they lived on the rue de Montsouris.

- ¹⁹² Inevitably what she says is more complicated than that. In a blurb at the back of Raden Ajoe Jodjana, *Ruimte: essentie van liefde*, she states in the third person that “In 1917 her guru *Hazrat Inayat Khan* instructed her to pass on the teachings that she had received from him, but in an entirely different way, as suited to the nature of westerners. By paying attention to everything that takes place in the space of the body, she discovered the connection between the build and function of the body and the creative process — between the material and immaterial [means] by which we are able to express ourselves, both in art and in daily life.”
- ¹⁹³ See note 79R below and Raden Ajoe Jodjana, “Beschouwingen over ruimte-verhoudingen (opgedragen aan Mevrouw Dawine de Jaager-Vreede),” in: *Synthese: maandblad voor het geestesleven van onzen tijd*, vol. 2, 1937, pp. 313-315, 381-395 and 386-392. The editors (pp. 311-112) warn us not to expect “pure logic” from Raden Ajoe. As I understand it, she argues that all polarities or opposites, whether physical or intellectual, are arbitrary and undesirable. We must seek for “the axis which forms the absolute balance of the complete unity of observation, i.e., the complete unity of the observed and the observer.” Balance must be truly absolute, however, or it will result in regression to polar feeling and thinking.
- ¹⁹⁴ Raden Ayou Jodjana. *A Book of Self Re-Education*, p. 174. “Autobiography,” in: Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, p. 391, has “Mrs. van Goens-van Beyma” and “normal family life.”
- ¹⁹⁵ If so, Raden Ayou must have come over for the wedding herself, as the Jodjanas resided in Paris at the time. Mahmood Khan’s “Biochronology” (see *A Pearl in Wine*, p. 91) indicates that Murshid was in The Hague in the late spring, late summer and late fall of 1921, around the time that Elisabeth Pop divorced Tony Artz and set up house with Raden Mas Jodjana, but Begum was not present on those occasions.
- ¹⁹⁶ See Raden Ayou Jodjana, *A Book of Self Re-Education*, p. 172, or “Autobiography,” in: Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, p. 390.
- ¹⁹⁷ The very little that I have been able to discover about Reinhard’s suicide is what Jan Lucas van Hoorn recalls hearing from his mother Loes and uncle Gerard, namely, that a young lady broke Rein’s heart. We may well ask whether that alone can drive a reasonably stable individual to such a desperate act, but questions of this kind could only have disrupted Theo’s narrative without

contributing anything to his overall design. For us, however, it is useful to know that Rein may well have been an oversensitive or outright unstable young man.

- ¹⁹⁸ Van Hoorn and Liket et al., *Gedenkboek P.F. van Hoorn*. It is primarily a publication in honour of a very strong chess player. This booklet was Theo's second publication (since his 1917 competition essay for *De Accountant* never saw print), following on his 1934 book review (cf. note 81 above).
- ¹⁹⁹ The VAS was the strongest Dutch chess club at the time. The *Gedenkboek*, as well as many issues of the *Tijdschrift van den Nederlandschen Schaakbond* (TNSB) (Journal of the Dutch Chess League) and, especially, the *VAS Clubnieuws* prove that both Theo and Piet van Hoorn were highly active members. Piet joined in 1909. Theo only became a member in 1919, when he was introduced by Piet. "De Roode Leeuw" was designed by Foeke Kuipers (1871-1954) in 1911 to 1912. My photograph, kindly supplied by Hotel de Roode Leeuw, shows the building in its original condition.
- ²⁰⁰ Theo's *Recollections* tell us that he lived on the Johannes Verhulststraat, but not at what number. Thanks to the very first issue of the *VAS Clubnieuws* (vol. 1, no. 4, 1917, p. 15), we know that on 10 March 1917, Piet was living at 187 Johannes Verhulststraat. On 22 January 1919 (vol. 2, no. 11, p. 99), when Piet introduced Theo at the VAS, both men were living at that address. In 1921 and 1922, Piet is not listed as a member, which makes sense, given that he was in Italy at the time. By 21 February 1923, Piet had returned to the VAS (vol. 5, nos. 7/8, p. 94), but not to join his brother, who had married Dien and fathered Frank Richard by then. Piet's address is given as "p/a Bestuur V.A.S." (meaning "c/o VAS Executive"). Any stays of Piet with Theo must have been of a temporary nature and probably preceded or followed his Italian travels of 1921 and 1922 and his absence of 1929 and 1930.
- ²⁰¹ Pierre Henri Ritter or Dr. P.H. Ritter jr., as he was known, was one of several contributors to the *Gedenkboek*. He and Piet van Hoorn knew each other well from their *gymnasium* days, as well as from their shared freshman year at the University of Leiden. Ritter became a well-known journalist, man of letters, critic and publicist, who owed his celebrity to a pioneering but largely uncritical weekly radio program on books. Ritter was on the air from 1925 to 1957, except for a few of the war years, when the Nazis shipped him off to Buchenwald for being openly critical of National Socialism.
- ²⁰² As mentioned, the VAS was the strongest Dutch club at the time. In the twenties and thirties, right up to his death in 1937, Piet van Hoorn consistently belonged to the VAS top ten, giving even its international star, Dr. Max Euwe, a run for his money. Theo was a lesser proposition, representing the club at its second-rank level in tournaments.

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- ²⁰³ Again, the *VAS Clubnieuws* spells it all out for us. Theo was a regular board member from 1923 to 1927. He was treasurer of the executive committee for the honouring of Dr. Emanuel Lasker on 23 November 1928 (vol. 10, nos. 11/12, 1928, p. 103). Other members were Max Euwe and *meester* Alexander Rueb, the FIDE president from 1924 to 1929. Theo also served as treasurer on the committee organizing the tournament of 16 to 23 February 1930, which included an Euwe-Spielmann match (vol. 11, nos. 9/10, 1931, p. 10) and the one, mentioned in my quotation, preparing a Capablanca-Euwe match around January 1931 (vol. 12, nos. 3/4, 1932, p. 19). We shall return to his connection with Alexander Alekhine.
- ²⁰⁴ Van Dien founded his firm in 1893, making him Holland's first accountant. Later in the nineties he frequently advertised in the *Algemeen Handelsblad* as "leraar in het boekhouden" (teacher of bookkeeping) and "accountant," located at 37 Gelderschekade. C. van Uden became a partner in 1915. Theo would certainly have known Van Dien well, as both men were VAS members during the late teens, the twenties and the thirties. Van Dien was also a great networker at international accountancy conferences. He showed up in St. Louis in 1904 (on the last day, without credentials), at the same world exhibition that attracted young Anthony Artz, and was Honorary President in New York in 1929. In 1926 he headed an important international conference in Amsterdam, in which Theo participated (cf. note 246R below).
- ²⁰⁵ Boudewijn J. van Trotsenburg lived at 178 Johannes Verhulststraat, just across and down the street from Theo. By 1927, he had moved to 88 Sarphatistraat in Amsterdam Oost. I assume that Boudewijn did the introducing, as he served on the executive of VAS and was one of the founders and best players of Parkwijk. Just when the introduction took place is not clear, but it must have been before December of 1921, when Theo played, and lost, for Parkwijk against the Haarlemsche Schaakvereniging; see *TNSB*, January 1922, p. 27. A rematch was held on 24 April 1922, when Theo lost again; see *TNSB*, June 1922, pp. 167-168. Boudewijn and Theo also played for Parkwijk against VAS; see *VAS Clubnieuws*, vol. 7, no. 7, 1925, p. 239. Parkwijk was co-founded in 1910 by Dr. J.F.S. Esser (1877-1946), a famous plastic surgeon and important art collector. Esser later named his daughter Boudewina after Boudewijn, who was also chairman of the KNSB, the Royal Dutch Chess Union. The Parkwijk club, which met every Tuesday from 8:00 P.M. to 12:00 P.M., was located at 2 Hobbemastraat in Amsterdam, across from Leidsche bosje, or Leidsebosje (where there is now a nightclub and hotel called "The Mansion"). It had a unique ambience thanks to the membership of cultural figures such as Esser himself and the painters George Hendrik Breitner (1857-1923) and Willem Witsen (1860-1923).

- ²⁰⁶ Theo mentions in his 1937 obituary that Piet worked for him, but he does not specify a time. As is customary in Holland, Piet van Hoorn's employer placed funeral notices to accompany those from the family (mentioned below). The name of Piet's firm was N.V. BeTeHa, and he is said to have been *procuratiehouder* or assistant manager. We learn from Th. Liket's obituary in *De Schaakwereld* (mentioned below) that the director of his firm was "den Heer N.C. Tienstra," who, at the funeral of 22 September, vouched for Piet's competence and humanity as supervisor. Note that 18 September 1937 was a Saturday. Today that would be a strange day to be at work. Back in 1937 it probably raised no eyebrows.
- ²⁰⁷ Wewerecall that Piet van Hoorn travelled in Italy in 1921 to 1922. On 10 November 1923 (*VAS Clubnieuws*, vol. 6, no. 2, 1923, p. 125), he is said to be living at 26 Rijnstraat, moving to 2 Noorder Amstellaan (now the Churchillaan) in 1925 and 140 Reguliersgracht in 1928. Around 1929 to 1930 he was travelling, as he is not listed for those years. He surfaces as a new VAS member on 23 September 1931 (vol. 12, nos. 7/8, p. 33), with address unknown. Possibly he stayed briefly with Theo and Dien, who had moved to 5 Mozartkade shortly before 22 February 1929 (*VAS Clubnieuws*, vol. 11, no. 3, 1929, p. 7). By 1932 Piet was living at 56 Van Baerlestraat, near the Concertgebouw.
- ²⁰⁸ For an indication of what Euwe had in mind, read the deeply moving page and a bit published in 1937 by P.F.'s friend, *meester* Evert Straat: "Averse to all things dogmatic, he took nothing on authority. [...] For those who could follow his train of thought and could understand his dissatisfaction with himself, it was a joy to debate with him. [...] But there were also some who did not appreciate his sharp intellect, and who found him trying — and with such individuals the debate tended to turn into a polemic [...]." See E. Straat, *Praatschaak: Avonturen van een Kiebitz* [being a collection of early newspaper articles], 2 vols. (The Hague, Bert Bakker/Daamen, 1956), Vol. I, *Fascinatie; Apologie; Problematiek; Pret; Theoretica; De Meesters*, pp. 167-168.
- ²⁰⁹ These newspapers, which are not yet available online, came in morning and evening editions. I have not specified which, even though that could save future researchers some time.
- ²¹⁰ Gerard, who had no offspring, was married to A. van Hoorn-van Vliet, being Johanna Catharina Alida (Annie) van Vliet, at the time. On 11 July 1946 he wed Johanna Jacoba Cornelia van Hoorn-Groneman, who outlived him. He died in Utrecht on 15 July 1969, more than a decade after Theo.
- ²¹¹ Hendrik (cf. note 45), who died eleven years before Theo, is said to be married to L.M.G. van Hoorn-Kerkhoff, being Ludowina Margaretha Gosewina Kerkhoff. On 3 February 1942, the couple moved to 111 Stadionweg, a few blocks to the south. On 1 December 1945, they moved on to 25 Leemzeulders in

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- Laren, where Hendrik died on 28 October 1946. According to the Amsterdam telephone directory for 1951, his widow had either stayed at or moved back to 111 Stadionweg.
- ²¹² Mahmood Khan recalls seeing Elly at “Young Sufi” meetings after the Second World War. I learned from another former young Sufi, Hakim (Harald Horatio) Faber, that he assumed her to be Theo’s daughter. Elly was already twenty-seven by the time she arrived in Vinkeveen. Possibly she had shown Sufi leanings before then. For more on Elly, see note 578R below.
- ²¹³ For Theo van Hoorn’s decisive role, see Straat, *Praatschaak*, p. 101. His insistence can be dated to 1926, as the Alekhine-Euwe match (5 1/2 to 4 1/2) began on 22 December 1926 and ended on 6 January 1927. Alekhine’s generosity and modesty (for a world-champion) were part of a personality that proved highly seductive. People like Theo van Hoorn and Boudewijn Trotsenburg probably did not care to consider that their idol was effectively refusing José Raúl Capablanca (1888-1942) the rematch that had been part of the deal for his own shot at the title. That Alekhine was highly superstitious about cats, or that he sported the title Dr. without having completed his Sorbonne jurisprudence dissertation, is the kind of thing we can find online today but that no one wanted to know in the 1920s and 1930s.
- ²¹⁴ For a recent overview of the controversy and literature, see Ken Whyld, ed. and trans., *Alekhine: Nazi Articles* (3rd. ed., Olomou, Czech Republic; Publishing House Moravian Chess, 2002), complete with photocopies of the German texts as first published in the *Pariser Zeitung*, along with footnotes to the textual variations of later versions. Note, also, that Alekhine had played chess in the Third Reich during the war. See, for instance the photograph in *Deutsche Schachzeitung*, vol. 96, November 1941, p. 162, which shows him playing Efim Bogoljubov in Warsaw in October of 1941. Alekhine’s admirer, Generalgouverneur Reichsminister Dr. Hans Frank (who was hanged in Nuremberg on 16 October 1946 for his war crimes), is sitting at his left elbow.
- ²¹⁵ First came the *Pariser Zeitung* and the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden*. Then followed the *Deutsche Schachzeitung* (= *DS*), which eliminated Alekhine’s Euwe diatribe and split the remaining two essays into three. For the English translations, as based on the subdivision in the *DS* (and again minus the Euwe piece), see “Jewish and Aryan Chess,” in: *Chess*, vol. 6, August 1941, pp. 162-164 [*DS*, vol. 96, April 1941, pp. 49-53], “Jewish and Aryan Chess - Part 2,” in: *Chess*, vol. 6, October 1941, p. 3 [*DS*, vol. 96, May 1941, pp. 65-67, “Alekhine Runs Amok Again!,” in: *Chess*, vol. 7, January 1942, pp. 53-54 [*DS*, vol. 96, June 1941, pp. 82-84]. B.H. Wood, the editor of *Chess* (discussed below), appended a paragraph of astute criticism by *DS* editor Max Blümich

(1886-1942) without identifying its point of view for his readers. Blümich was himself anti-Semitic, but he did not care for Alekhine's inaccuracies and opportunism. See also Whyld, *Nazi Articles*, pp. 1-2, who hypothesizes about why Blümich did not publish Alekhine's closing attack on Euwe. Most likely Blümich felt compromised because Euwe was still listed as a contributing editor of the *Schachzeitung*. In fact, Euwe remained on the cover until 1943, something the Dutchman later blamed on his own "passivity." See Alexander Münnighoff, *Max Euwe: biografie van een wereldkampioen* (Amsterdam, Andriessen; Amsterdam-Antwerp, Keesing, 1976), p. 347.

²¹⁶ Whyld, *Nazi Articles*, pp. 35-36, in his translation. Hans Kmoch was Johann Joseph Kmoch (1894-1973). His Jewish wife was named Trudy.

²¹⁷ See the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* of 23 March ("Judisches und arisches Schach" [Jewish and Aryan Chess]), 28 March ("Die arische Angriffsidee" [The Aryan Concept of Attack]) and 2 April 1941 ("Das Judenschach ausgestellt" [Jewish Chess Exposed]). The division of the material, and therefore the titles, differed from those of the *Pariser Zeitung*. The essential role played by the accessibility of the *Deutsche Zeitung* is pointed out by Münnighoff, *Max Euwe*, p. 346.

²¹⁸ On 26 January 1927, Van Hoorn published an article about one of the early Alekhine-Euwe games (*Clubnieuws*, vol. 8, nos. 10/11/12, 1927, pp. 323-325) that he himself had helped arrange. See also note 203 above concerning the Euwe-Spielman and Euwe-Capablanca matches that Theo helped organize. In the *Recollections*, Theo admires Alexander Alekhine for his genius but also Max Euwe for his "razor-sharp analysis." We may assume, therefore, that Alekhine and Euwe, as well as Alekhine *vis-à-vis* Euwe, played an important role in Theo's imagination. Euwe, incidentally, lived at 173 Valeriusstraat in Amsterdam Zuid during the twenties, but he moved to the Johannes Verhulststraat shortly after Theo had relocated from there to 5 Mozartkade. From 1926 to 1956 he was a full-time teacher at the Gemeentelijk Lyceum voor Meisjes (Municipal Lyceum for Girls) on the Reijnier Vinkeleskade, close to Theo's home on the Mozartkade.

²¹⁹ According to meester Evert Straat (*Praatschaak*, p. 107), who spent part of the war as a non-Jewish hostage in Buchenwald, the news about Alekhine's articles reached even this concentration camp in 1941 and had a devastating effect on the morale of the inmates.

²²⁰ See *Chess*, vol. 6, June 1941, p. 129; vol. 6, August 1941, p. 162; and vol. 7, January 1942, p. 54. It is important that B.H. Wood received only snippets of gossip about Alekhine's outrageous attack on Euwe, and that it was never printed in Britain. In Amsterdam, by contrast, people in the know must have been going over those particular paragraphs with a fine-tooth comb.

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- ²²¹ A novel about Alexander Alekhine could be entitled *The Ecstasy and the Stupidity*. For the best summary of this tragedy, including an evocation of Alekhine's astonishing brilliance and further evidence of his dark side, see the short essays by E. Straat, "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" [where are the snows of yesteryear] and "Van zijn voetstuk gevallen" [fallen from his pedestal], in: *Schaakpraat*, pp. 93-105 and 106-110.
- ²²² See Whyld, *Nazi Articles*, pp. 3-4, who offers six combinations and permutations of "Who and Why," noting that they have all found support at some time or another.
- ²²³ See L.G. Eggink, "Dr. A.A. Aljechin," in: *Tijdschrift van den Koninklijken Nederlandschen Schaakbond* (= *TKNSB*), vol. 53, no. 1, October 1945, pp. 3-6, esp. p. 6.
- ²²⁴ See, for instance, Ton Sibbing and Leo C.M. Diepstraten, *Schaken in WO II: Landau en anderen* (Amsterdam, Stichting Max Euwe-Centrum, 1995), pp. 5-6, and Whyld, *Nazi Articles*, *passim*. That not everyone, especially in the British chess community, accepted Eggink's verdict, is clear from the material in *TKNSB*, vol. 53, no. 3, December 1945, pp. 49-53. In a letter to Eggink (p. 51), Julius Du Mont (1881-1956), H.B. Wood's successor as editor-in-chief of *Chess*, wrote that he did not wish to exonerate Alekhine but that it might be better to add a little water to the wine: "The only thing I worry about is the future of Chess. [...] after all you do not have to kiss your opponent, you do not even have to shake hands with him." As it happened, Alekhine's lonely death in a hotel room in Estoril, near Lisbon, on 24 March 1946, resolved the problem.
- ²²⁵ I would have trimmed this material to a few overgrown footnotes if there had been a decent publication on the topic to which to refer the reader. My effort is largely based on a substantial but anonymous piece of investigative journalism in the *Algemeen Handelsblad* of 6 January 1938, the day of Barmat's death. Admittedly this is not truly a primary source, but Theo presumably read both it and the earlier articles on which it was based. In other words, it is probably closely related to Theo's understanding of things. The need for an historied novel was already expressed by the unidentified author of this incisive piece. The best photograph of the Barmat clan is found in *De Courant-Nieuws van den Dag* of 10 January 1927.
- ²²⁶ We know Julius' place and date of birth from his wife Rosa's *persoonskaart*. According to an Amsterdam newspaper announcement of his death (mentioned below), Julius' father Abraham was sixty-seven when he died on 30 March 1931. That places his birth in 1866-67. Abraham had three children around the time he turned twenty-two, Julius being his third child and son. Obviously the year 1883, given for Julius' birth in Frans van Burkom et al.,

Leven in toen: vier eeuwen Nederlands interieur in beeld (Zwolle, Waanders, 2001), p. 258, is altogether out of the question.

- ²²⁷ The family name of Rosa's mother was Van Emden. It is the newspaper announcement of the engagement (Collectie Familieadvertenties, CBG), which is not mentioned on Rosa's *persoonskaart*, that gives Petrikan as Julius' last city. That means he came to Holland from Poland, not Russia. Nor did he immigrate to Germany, as is claimed in Van Burkom et al., *Leven in toen*, p. 258. Petrikan, or Petrowski, was swallowed up by the Holocaust. Rosa's place and date of birth (Eindhoven, 28 August 1886) are given on her Amsterdam *persoonskaart*. It was easier to marry in England, so that the London wedding of 2 February 1911 specified on her *kaart* suggests that someone in Holland objected to the marriage.
- ²²⁸ In Margreet Schrevel's biography of an important Dutch Labour figure, Jan Willem Matthijsen (1879-1949), in *Biographisch Woordenboek van het Socialisme en de Arbeidersbeweging in Nederland*, 9 vols., P.J. Meeters et al., ed. (Amsterdam, IISG/Aksant, 1986-2000), Vol. IV, 1990, pp. 146-149, Barmat's activities during and after the First World War are discussed, but not really fleshed out.
- ²²⁹ *Algemeen Handelsblad* of 6 January 1938. Note, however, that David is not mentioned there. It was, of course, not Julius himself who fled to the neutral Netherlands in 1917, as in Van Burkom et al., *Leven in toen*, p. 258. We know that at least two of Julius' siblings were born in Lodz — Rosa on 12 September 1893 and Henri (Herschel) on 4 March 1892. No doubt the parents, Abraham Barmat (1866-1931) and Chewa Barmat-Pechowitsch (1864-1943), came to Amsterdam as well, as Abraham died in Amsterdam in 1931 and as Chewa was deported from the city in 1943.
- ²³⁰ According to Schrevel, Barmat ended up virtually running the Rotterdam-based socialist newspaper *Voorwaarts*. Jan Willem Matthijsen, its manager, was in Barmat's employment for years on end, first on a part-time basis in the late teens, and then full-time in Berlin by 1921. In that year Julius wrote a letter to Pieter Jelles Troelstra, the formidable Frisian socialist lawyer, journalist and politician (Internationaal Instituut Sociale Geschiedenis, "Archief Pieter Jelles Troelstra," no. 52). In 1928 Troelstra, who was in his retrospective phase by then, wrote five letters to Barmat (Archief Troelstra, no. 33). He even sent the convicted swindler a telegram welcoming him back to the Netherlands (as reported in *De Telegraaf* of 29 April 1933). Barmat's socialist connections could only have confirmed Theo van Hoorn's low opinion of the financier.
- ²³¹ See *De Telegraaf* of 1 January 1925. Obviously these are up-market addresses. Isaac lived elsewhere in Berlin. David lived in Hamburg, looking after business there. Salomon Barmat is said to have had a son in the family business, but he and Dora Barmat-Tennenbaum had only one child, a daughter.

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- ²³² According to the *Algemeen Handelsblad* piece of 6 January 1938, these included the “Berlin-Burger Eisenwerke, A.G., the Eisenmatthes Konzern, and Konzern J. Roth A.G., with its many dependent subsidiaries, and several banks, including the Deutsche Merkurbank, Bremer Privatbank, Wiener Merkurbank, and the Preussische Hypotheken Aktien-Bank.”
- ²³³ For information on Elte, see L. van Grieken, P.D. Meijer and A. Ringer, “Harry Elte Phzn (1880-1944) Een onafhankelijk [independent] architect in Amsterdam,” in: *Negentigste Jaarboek van het Genootschap Amstelodamum*, 1998, pp. 159-195, and L. van Grieken et al., *Harry Elte Phzn. (1880-1944). Architect van de joodse gemeenschap tijdens het interbellum* (Rotterdam, BONAS stichting, 2001), *passim*. Harry Elte Phzn. was the son of Philip Elte (1844-1918), an orthodox Jew and the anti-Zionist editor of the *Nieuw Israelietisch Weekblad* (1875-1918). We learn in Van Grieken et al., *Harry Elte*, p. 79, that Elte’s 1921 patron for 77-78 Oosterpark was not Julius himself, but a Barmat front named Administratie en Exploitatie Maatschappij [Administration and Exploitation Company] “La Novita.” In 1927 Elte did the Frank Lloyd Wrightian synagogue on the Jacob Obrechtplein (about equidistant between Theo’s two homes), which the Barmats presumably attended. The cleansing house of the cemetery in Muiderberg, where Julius rests, was an Elte building of 1933. Elte himself lived in a handsome house designed by himself (as part of a complex of fourteen dwellings) in 1928 and located at 44 Stadionweg, only three blocks from Theo.
- ²³⁴ Henri (Herschel) Barmat had married Helena de Winter-van Emden (born 25 November 1892) on 29 March 1921. She had been married before, to one Lionel Isaac Kirschbaum of Deventer, who died in Auschwitz on 21 January 1943. I have yet to establish what happened to Henri, Helena and Sonja Manja after their alleged flight to Poland in 1938. One suspects that Henri jumped from the frying pan into the fire.
- ²³⁵ I am still following Dutch sources. Needless to say these events did not take place during the teens (with Barmat as German minister of finance!), as proposed in Van Burkom et al., *Leven in toen*, p. 258. As we read in *De Telegraaf* of 1 and 2 January 1925, the Barmats colluded with another “Russian immigrant,” one “Kutisker,” and with strategic contacts inside the Preussische Staatsbank and cooperative officers in their business empire. On the actual Barmat arrests, see note 236 below. Understandably, German scholars have been more interested in the scandal’s political fallout for figures such as Anton Höfle, George Heilmann, Gustav Bauer (who was reinstated, and who was no longer Chancellor at the time) and Friedrich Ebert (who was accused of helping the Barmats obtain their permanent residence permit). The Germans seem remarkably uninformed about the Barmats and their movements, however.

- ²³⁶ See, for instance, the headline in *De Telegraaf* of 11 December 1926, "THE BARMATS TO BE BROUGHT UP ON 11 JANUARY." The subheading reads "A trial of seven to eight months" and is followed by some twenty-five lines of information. Truly sensational, however, were the detailed reports of the Barmat arrests as printed in *De Telegraaf* of 1 and 2 January 1925. The capture of Julius on 31 December 1924 involved hundreds of policemen on land and in small motorboats. Henri and Salomon were arrested the same day as Julius. David's turn came shortly thereafter, in Hamburg. Izak was seized when he returned from a hunting trip. Naturally there were numerous other arrests. The two De Winter sisters, Julius' wife Rosa and Henri's wife Helena, spent the whole night behind bars. Even Julius' son Louis, who was only thirteen, was held the whole morning. Presumably the Barmats had gathered in Berlin for the holiday season.
- ²³⁷ The applicable Dutch laws are explained in some detail in the *Algemeen Handelsblad* of 7 January 1938. Even if Rosa had died or divorced Julius, his son Louis Izaak would have given him right of entry. Julius repeatedly tried to obtain Dutch citizenship, the last time in 1936. At the time of his son's wedding to Gerda Lea Kohn in London on 18 March 1937, Julius was said to be stateless.
- ²³⁸ The *Algemeen adresboek* for 1927-1928 still mentions the Barmat office at 717 Keizersgracht but skips over the house numbers of the private dwellings. The Barmats go altogether unmentioned in the Amsterdam telephone directories of the late twenties.
- ²³⁹ The "Schewa" at the top of the funeral announcement was Chewa Barmat-Pechowitsch, Abraham's wife. She was born in Tolschen on 2 April 1864 and died in Solibor on 7 May 1943. At the time she was deported, she was still living next to the Oosterpark at 118 Linnaeusparkweg. In order of age the brothers were Salomon, Julius, Henri, Izak (not Izaak) and David. The sister, named Rosa (like Julius' wife), had married one Jozef Predludny (also spelled Pridludni). Born in Lodz on 12 September 1893, she died in Auschwitz on 11 February 1944. Only Rosa and Henri had more than one child. All told, the Barmat clan numbered almost two dozen men, women and children.
- ²⁴⁰ For instance, Julius' name came up in connection with the Stavisky scandal, which shook the Third French Republic in 1933 to 1934. Serge Alexander (Sacha) Stavisky (1886-1934) came from the Ukraine and swindled the French every which way, including with a pyramid scheme involving industrial real-estate development. The death of Stavisky led to major riots between supporters of the Right and Left (i.e., the government). The Barmat connection, mentioned in the *Algemeen Handelsblad* of 7 January 1938, has yet to be investigated.

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- ²⁴¹ Note, that Barmat did not flee to Brussels in 1932, as claimed in Van Burkom et al., *Leven in toen*, p. 258. For the addresses of Rosa, see her *persoonskaart*, which states that she returned from Brussels to Amsterdam on 1 February 1933, after which follow “varied addresses,” at one of which Julius must have been reunited with her. As a complication yet to be researched, *De Telegraaf* of 29 April 1933 reports that Henri Barmat had been arrested in an Amsterdam hotel room the day before at the request of the Swiss authorities. We also read in *Het Volk* of 2 May 1933, that the Dutch Minister of Justice has informed Julius that he is an “unwanted alien” and has to leave the country.
- ²⁴² I am again following Dutch newspapers, this time *De Telegraaf* of 6 and 7 January 1938. I do not understand just how the scam worked, but it was an elaborate shell-game involving the two banks, a front called Tamega & Co, and a Portuguese straw man.
- ²⁴³ According to *De Telegraaf* of 13 and 14 January 1938, Henri was on the run and probably in Poland at the time. In addition to his four-year prison sentence he was fined 14,000 francs. Two other conspirators, L. Gyseling and M. Loewenstein, got five and four years respectively, and that same 14,000 franc fine. Loewenstein was the man running the front called Tamega. The three accused also had to pay the court costs of about 60,000 francs and make restitution to one “den heer den Stein” for the 100,000 francs he had lent to Goldzieher & Penso. One tragic character named “de Vreeze,” a mere employee who did not dare cash his pay checks but who was still blamed for not blowing the whistle on his superiors, received a sentence of four months on probation and a fine of 350 francs, leaving him unemployable at a time of high unemployment.
- ²⁴⁴ The Belgians clearly wanted to be sure about the circumstances of Julius’ death, as they appointed two medical experts and two legal observers. The resulting delay must explain why Rosa did not find time to place the near-obligatory death announcement in a Dutch paper. The claim that Julius Barmat committed suicide, found in anti-Semitic German versions of events, is without foundation. He had been in terrible health for more than a decade and was suffering from severe respiratory problems when he was extradited and made to stand trial.
- ²⁴⁵ See *De Telegraaf* of 10 January 1938. The short article says that the train from Paris arrived at Centraal Station on 9 January at 11:09 A.M., and that Julius’ remains were laid to rest that same afternoon. Muiderberg is several miles to the east of Amsterdam. In 1938 it was still located on the IJsselmeer (the Zuiderzee before 1932). It is now on a much reduced IJmeer, across from Flevoland, which was reclaimed after the Second World War.

- ²⁴⁶ See “Barmat, Mevr. R.” in the *Algemeen adresboek* for 1939-1940, or her *persoonskaart*. Louis Izaak had already completed his Leiden doctoral thesis in jurisprudence (*De regel “locus regit actum” in het internationaal privaatrecht*) almost two years before his father’s death. The Amsterdam address book for 1939-1940 has him (Barmat, Mr. Dr. L.I.) listed as an insurance broker (NV Verzekeringsmaatschappij Aurora), living at 58 Zuider Amstellaan, to where he had moved from 7 Minervaplein on 5 April 1937. Shortly thereafter he became Louis Izaak de Winter (though not officially until 3 February 1948).
- ²⁴⁷ “Controversial” because this body was subsequently accused of having helped orchestrate the destruction of Amsterdam’s Jews. Louis de Winter also enjoyed a measure of immunity because his wife, Gerda Lea Kohn, was German. We know that Louis repeatedly visited his mentor, the great Leiden jurist Eduard Maurits Meijers (1880-1954), in Westerbork. See L.M.I.L. van Taalingen-Dols, *De strijd om een mensenleven: 1940-1945* (Goes, Oosterbaan en Le Cointre, 1960), pp. 80ff. Louis also supplied free Paraguayan passports to fellow Jews. See Izaak Kisch, “De Winter sous l’occupation,” in: *The Netherlands International Law Review*, vol. 19, 1972, pp. 102-106. For a photograph of him, see Willy Landwer, *Het fatale dilemma: De Joodsche Raad voor Amsterdam 1941-1943* (The Hague, SDU, 1995), p. 180. In 1962 he became Adjunct Professor of International Private Law at the University of Amsterdam. His chair followed in 1967. Until then he had remained an insurance broker (see the preceding note). He died on 14 November 1972, a decade before his mother, leaving behind his wife Gerda Lea and their four sons, born between 2 August 1939 and 3 May 1948.
- ²⁴⁸ Just about all of this information, with precise dates, is typed on Rosa’s *persoonskaart*. The card states that Rosa moved “abroad” on 4 September 1944, but a postwar supplement (no. 81) to *De nieuwe Amsterdammer* (which ceased publishing in 1920), lists her as one those who were known to have returned from Theresienstadt. On 3 October 1945, she moved in with her son Louis, who was still at the same address as before the war (cf. note 246 above). On 23 March 1946 Rosa moved to Bloemendaal with Louis and his family, remaining there for over a year. Then came three more Amsterdam addresses for Rosa, the last being 39 Mensinge, where she spent her final fourteen years. She died on 9 January 1982.
- ²⁴⁹ See Van Grieken et al., *Harry Elte*, p. 79. The alterations were done by a firm called J.H. van der Veen. My arguably excessive interest in the site results from the circumstance that my wife and I lived at 75 Oosterpark from January to July of 1972. A monument to Theo van Gogh now stands across the street from Julius Barmat’s one-time residence.

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- ²⁵⁰ Van Burkom et al., *Leven in toen*, ill. on p. 259, with photographs of the interior, but not a good one of the stairwell itself. There are more photos in Van Grieken et al., *Harry Elte*, pp. 79-80, but the only substantial one of the stairwell is in Van Grieken et al., “Harry Elte,” p. 165, fig. 5. The firm that supplied the woodwork was Gebr. Reens of Amsterdam, owned by Richard Reens. Daniël van Dorp was the employee responsible for the woodwork for 77-78 Oosterpark. The interior was designated a protected monument in 2002.
- ²⁵¹ Louis was living in Leiden by then. An agent of Barmat rented the double house to a Christelijke HBS (Christian Higher Bourgeois School), which opened its doors in 1934 and remained there until 1957, when the property was bought by its current owners. The next tenants were accountants. Then came a firm which specialized in information science and, most recently, another accountant. If you wish to experience a little of Julius’ dream and Theo’s nightmare, you can simply drop in on Willem Freen, of Freen & Co, at 77-78 Oosterpark during business hours.
- ²⁵² See *De Telegraaf* of 20 January 1927 and “De val van het huis Mendelssohn” in: Johan de Vries, *Geschiedenis van de Nederlandsche Bank*, Vol. II, *Trips tijdvak 1931-1948, onderbroken door de Tweede Wereldoorlog* (Amsterdam, NIBE, 1994), pp. 190-192.
- ²⁵³ We may ask what the word “country” would have meant to *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, who travelled widely throughout pre-partition India and also saw Nepal, Ceylon and Burma. Most likely he would have thought in terms of all of India, the equivalent of at least several European nations of his time. Or was Inayat thinking of the European situation of his Suresnes audience? Most importantly, what on earth was Theo thinking?
- ²⁵⁴ Such a proposition would still have been heretical in Theo van Hoorn’s days. Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” p. 76 and n. 18, has pointed out that “when the single books mainly of thematic lecture courses, published before 1940 carried an imprint explaining they were ‘extempore discourses’, this aroused protest from a leading follower asserting that such was offensive to the element of ‘inspiration’ informing their Pir-o-Murshid’s utterances.” The accompanying note is highly informative in that it virtually identifies the leading follower in question as Murshida Goodenough, and illuminates the process of “sacralization.”
- ²⁵⁵ Donald A. (Sharif) Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom of Sufism: The Career of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan in the West,” in: Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, p. 146, notes that, while travelling, *Hazrat Inayat Khan* often gave substantially different lectures with the same title on successive days.
- ²⁵⁶ These individuals recurrently sought to recast his often strikingly aphoristic or poetically evocative pronouncements into more British or, at least, less

Indian English. But Hazrat Inayat Khan could not fail to notice that his own vision and intentions were being narrowed down to the understanding or preferences of his pupils. More specifically, his work was slanted in the direction of Christianity (Zohra [Mary] Williams and Kefayat [Gladys] Lloyd), Theosophy or immature Hindu-Buddhist perceptions (Murshida Lucy Goodenough), article-style “proem” (Dr. Oskar Cameron Gruner), metaphysical and neo-Christian enthusiasms (Murshida Saintsbury-Green), and ritual (Sirdar van Tuyl van Serooskerken).

- ²⁵⁷ Cf. Keesing, *Inayat Answers*, pp. 52-54, or *Antwoorden van Inayat*, pp. 53-55.
- ²⁵⁸ Classifying Goethe as a literary figure is hazardous. His so-called *Sturm und Drang* phase anticipates aspects of Romanticism in its reaction to the Enlightenment and its emphasis on genius, nature and emotion. Goethe’s subsequent Weimar Classicism, which reinstated humanistic ideals, is virtually a category of his own, one that includes his *Faust*.
- ²⁵⁹ As an illustration of oral history at its very worst, Theo attributes his own notions to Murshid, claiming that “Inayat Khan once said approximately the following to one of his mureeds.” As Murshid might have said: “Do not invent my words!” The twenties and even more the thirties saw a great deal of this kind of textual or biographic mythologizing. Perhaps the unidentified mureed was Shanavaz (Gerard) van Spengler (1888-1976), whom Theo’s quotes to the effect that a Cherag “should really be standing in a cathedral, in which his words could resound like the sounds from an angelic choir!”
- ²⁶⁰ As Theo van Hoorn read in Van Brakell Buys, Goethe admired the great Sufi poet Hafiz of Shiraz, or Khwaja Shams ud-Din Hafiz-i Shirazi (c. 1326-1380). But Goethe’s interest in world literature and Sufi poetry, as shown in his *West-Östlicher Divan*, adds up to a kind of repressed mystical eroticism that has nothing to do with Inayat Khan’s Sufism. Verlaine could have had access to a key work by August Schmölders, *Essai sur les écoles philosophiques chez les Arabes et notamment sur la doctrine de l’Algazzali* (Paris, F. Didot, 1842 [Aalen, Scientia, 1975]), but I have found no evidence that Verlaine read this book or in any way embraced Sufism.
- ²⁶¹ Van Hoorn records how Yussouf talked appreciatively about the music of Maheboob Khan, but mainly in terms of “how completely Maheboob has succeeded, in the spirit of Murshid, in making his talents serve the spread of his brother’s teachings.” In other words, Theo wrong-headedly annexes Maheboob’s beautiful and innovative music to what I would call “the myth of the Message” (discussed below). Beyond that, Theo does not devote a word to the nature or appeal of Indian music. Hazrat Inayat Khan, on the contrary, did develop a deep appreciation of Western music. See Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 91-93 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 120-123; *Golven* (2002),

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pp. 109-111). The key passage was omitted from the 1981 Indian edition, despite supporting evidence in *Biography* (1979), Part III, Journal, "Music," pp. 253-257. In fact, Murshid's fondness of Western styles can be traced back to Baroda, where his London-trained uncle Alaodin Khan (Dr. A.M. Pathan: died 1949) was in charge of the court orchestra and military bands playing overtures by Gluck, Rossini, Suppé and others. Inayat left Baroda in 1902, but Maheboob and Ali continued with Dr. Pathan until 1910.

²⁶² I think of Van Brakell Buys' *Gestalten uit de Perzische Mystiek*, pp. 35, 41, 43-45 and 47, as his *Grondvormen der mystiek* offers no translated poetry. When it comes to poetry, of course, language is almost everything. Unfortunately Van Brakell Buys' Persian was weak (though stronger than his Sanskrit). His work in English literature, and especially on Rossetti, Bronte and Barrett, won praise, as did his philosophy, but Orientalists called him an amateur. His interest the latter field and his publications on mysticism in effect caused him to be passed by for the Leiden chair in English Literature.

²⁶³ As Theo probably read in Meyboom, trans., *De Boodschap en de Boodschapper*, pp. 42-43: "By joining the Sufi Movement, one relinquishes neither one's faith nor one's religious community, nor the path of the Master that one follows, nor his Holy Scripture. The Sufi Movement does not ask her members to change religion; it helps them better to understand their own religion [in translation]." Note that this material differs substantially from "The Message and the Messenger," in: *SM*, Vol. IX, pp. 233-246 (or on pp. 269-289 of the original, 1929 edition). Even so, *De Boodschap en de Boodschapper* of 1923 is no doubt a responsible translation of the *princeps* text of *The Message and the Messenger*. The English versions of 1929 and 1963 are heavily edited (cf. note 355 below). The copy of the *De Boodschap en de Boodschapper* in the Royal Library in The Hague contains the ex-libris of Theo's good friend "S.A. van Stolk."

²⁶⁴ On Catholic mysticism, see William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience: Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion Delivered at Edinburgh in 1901-1902* (London, New York and Bombay; Longmans, Green, and Co., 1902), pp. 406-415. With Dutch Protestants and Catholics literally or figuratively at war from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, the Catholic tradition can hardly have inspired Theo. In fact, he probably first learned about the great Catholic mystics a few years before he wrote his *Recollections*, from reading Van Brakell Buys, *Grondvormen der Mystiek*, pp. 3-5. With respect to Protestant mysticism, or rather a lack of it, see James, *Religious Experience*, p. 406: "It is odd that Protestantism, especially evangelical Protestantism, should seemingly have abandoned everything methodical in this line. Apart from what prayer may lead to, Protestant mystical experience appears to have been exclusively sporadic."

- ²⁶⁵ See Keesing, *Op de muur*, pp. 63-64, on the protective secrecy surrounding Salima van Braam and Sufism in Amsterdam of the early twenties. The Willie de Koningh mentioned by Keesing (pp. 62-63), much later became the third wife of Musharaff Khan, Murshid's youngest brother.
- ²⁶⁶ Elisabeth Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 157 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 214-215, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 142-143, *Golven* [2002], pp. 191-192), discusses a few Sufis who remained members of their Christian communities, but mentions no names. Zohra (Mary) Williams apparently had no Theosophical leanings whatsoever and may well have returned to Anglicanism after she faded out of Sufism around 1920.
- ²⁶⁷ This example is from Prof. Inayat Khan, *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty: Sufism is the Religious Philosophy of Love, Harmony and Beauty* (London, The Theosophical Publishing Society, 1914), p. 31. It must have been Zohra (Mary) Williams, a vitally important follower and helpmate and the daughter of an Anglican minister, who introduced him to much of Christian doctrine in 1914 to 1915. In other words, Murshid grew up with Eastern religions but only tried to come to grips with Christianity when he was in his early thirties. The process is illustrated by "The Mystical Meaning of the Resurrection" (*SM*, Vol. VIIIa, pp. 181-183; *SMSL*, Vol. XIV, pp. 252-253), one of Murshid's early lectures. The last line of the fifth paragraph is almost literally Buddhist, whereas the piece as a whole is strongly Vedantic in flavour. Mahmood Khan tells me that the Brothers, and therefore probably Inayat himself, effortlessly combined such "analytical" Buddhist and Vedantic approaches with Koranic "substantive" all-encompassing afterlife concepts.
- ²⁶⁸ A search under "Jesus Christ" in the online Wahiduddin site leads to dozens of quotations from the New Testament but not one that addresses Christ's role as Redeemer. Michiel Cornelis van Mourik Broekman (1878-1945), *Geestelijke stromingen in het christelijk cultuurbeeld* (Amsterdam, Meulenhoff, n.d. [1949]), p. 115, has argued that Hazrat Inayat Khan "did not fully fathom the nature of Christendom. [...] The essentially redemptive character of this religion escapes him." I would argue that Murshid probably understood well enough, but that he felt a natural antipathy to core Christian doctrine. In the "Anecdotes" (*Biography* [1979], p. 261, we see him deftly sidestepping the issue: "A lady came to see Murshid and said to Murshid, 'now look here, Murshid, I want to speak with you on an important subject, for it is a question of faith. Now I believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and our Redeemer and that his religion must be taught to the heathen world. And I hear you consider all the prophets equal. Now, that I cannot understand.' Murshid answered, 'I have never said that all prophets are equal, I only said that I do not feel equal to judge

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them, following the words of Christ: Judge ye not. So I simply bow my head to all in humility.”

- ²⁶⁹ How a transcendent Islamic faith managed to accommodate immanentist Sufi mysticism, even though the latter ignored the main thrust of the Koran, was explained by Reynold Alleyne Nicholson (1868-1945), *The Mystics of Islam* (London, Routledge & Kegan Paul; reprint of London, G. Bell and Sons, 1914), pp. 4-8. This work is especially important because Inayat Khan may well have read it.
- ²⁷⁰ For *Hazrat Inayat Khan* on Divine Grace, see especially the closing three paragraphs of his *Health*, based on his lectures on that topic (*SM*, Vol. IV, pp. 55-56). The material is quoted in the original English by Hoyack, *De Boedschap van Inayat Khan*, pp. 214-216. I return to Murshid's typical Muslim-mystical convictions about grace below, in connection with his dim view of Christian attempts to convert others.
- ²⁷¹ See, for instance, *SM*, Vol. I, pp. 13 and 27, and Vol. IX, pp. 101 and 103, as ably summarized by Karin Jironet, *The Image of Spiritual Liberty in the Western Sufi Movement Following Hazrat Inayat Khan* (doctoral dissertation, University of Amsterdam, 1998), pp. 86-87. Murshid also spoke in terms of a “divine sun,” shining in “radiance” and “rays.” See, for instance, “The Secret of the Spirit” (*SM*, Vol. X, pp. 41-42): “Every atom of the universe, having come from the sun, from the divine sun, makes every effort to return to it.” Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” p. 82, dates Inayat Khan's conversion to a predominantly immanent God to 1895, when he was about twelve. The insight was inspired by Koran 51.20-21 and 50.16, as quoted to him by his grandfather, Maula Bakhsh, and his father, Rahemat Khan, the key idea, as added by Maula in Hindustani after the Arabic quotation, being that “The signs of God are seen in the world [i.e., in manifestation], and the world is seen in yourself.” The decisive event is mentioned in all biographies, with some variations.
- ²⁷² See, most notably, the last six of the “Suras” in Murshid's *Vadan*: “Death takes away the weariness of life and the soul begins life anew.” “Death is a sleep from which the soul awakens in the hereafter.” “Death is the crucifixion after which follows the resurrection.” “Death is the night after which day begins.” “It is death which dies, not life.” “The Life everlasting is hidden in the heart of death.” Hazrat Inayat Khan makes it abundantly clear that the resurrection mentioned in the Bible should not be seen as involving the body. It is the mind and soul that live on (the mind being a step lower than the soul, and less one with the infinite, or the creative spark of the universe). See, for instance “The Mystical Meaning of the Resurrection” (*SM*, Vol. VIIa, pp. 181-183; *SMSL*, Vol. XIV, pp. 252-253), especially the opening sentences. In “The

Secret of Breath” (*SM*, Vol. IV, pp. 188-195), Inayat Khan adroitly addresses the objections of the “Many [who] will say, ‘How uninteresting to live after death not as an individual, a body, but as a mind!’”

²⁷³ We know about Sirdar’s thought because his numerous Sunday sermons were recorded over the years and eventually published in four indigestible volumes, *Groter christendom* [Greater Christianity], Vol. I, *Oude Testament* and Vol. II, *Nieuwe Testament* (The Hague, Boekhandel Oriental Bookshop, 1968 and 1969), *Het heilige boek der natuur* [The Sacred Book of Nature] (Rotterdam, East-West Publications, c. 1973), and *De karavaan naar de eeuwigheid* [The Caravan to Eternity] (The Hague, East-West Publications, 1975). Sirdar’s wrong-headed notions about reincarnation are discussed below.

²⁷⁴ I quote direct from Hazrat Inayat Khan (*SM*, Vol. I, pp. 70-71) instead of translating the more graceful Dutch version in Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, pp. 18-19, which Theo van Hoorn would have used. In passages such as these, Inayat Khan fuses “a higher form of idolatry” evolved from the polytheist Hindu tradition dear to him from childhood (cf. *Biography* [1979], pp. 38, 40, 45, etc.) with the Muslim teaching and Sufi meditative practice of the “Divine Names” or “Attributes” (“Asma-al-Husna,” “Sifāt Allah”). The Names or Attributes of God can be conceived by the human spirit, but the being of God (Dhat Ilahi) cannot, though it may be experienced by the soul after death or in mysticism.

²⁷⁵ Inayat Khan recognized that his mureeds might have trouble dealing with anything abstract, but personal or abstract is not the real issue here, as Murshid allowed for both. In his reflections on “The God-ideal” in his *Unity of Religious Ideals* (*SM*, Vol. IX, p. 90), he notes that “the realization of the abstract God is the satisfaction which comes after we have perfected the worship of the personal God.” Abstract is better, however, for “knowledge [of God] is found in the abstract.” Even when we approach God at a relatively personal level, however, we should think abstractly enough to appreciate that God is not a distinct person. At the same time, Inayat Khan insisted that though God is definitely not a personality, He does have personality (*SM*, Vol. IX, p. 70). Basically, Murshid deduced the personality of God, the macrocosm, from the reflected personality of man, the microcosm, and then postulated that “man is the miniature of the personality of God.” Ultimately, however, “since God is the only Being[,] He cannot be compared [so that] even the use of the word personality in speaking of God would be a mistake.” All this is explained in greater detail by Louis Hoyack, *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan*, pp. 60-61, and “Is God persoonlijk of onpersoonlijk,” in: *De Soefi Gedachte*, vol. 7, no. 1, March 1951, pp. 6-8.

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- ²⁷⁶ As we learn from one of his late lectures (“Capacity,” in: *SM*, Vol. XI, pp. 20-24, esp. p. 21), which dates from 1925 or 1926, Inayat Khan believed that when we address the ubiquitous creator, or the “divine sun” (cf. note 271 above), He is given “qualities and merits” by our own “capacities” (being “the intuitive centres in this physical body of man”), just as the light of the sun is shaped by a window through which it passes. “The sun is not triangular or square, it is the window that is this shape.”
- ²⁷⁷ See Inayat Khan, “The Message Papers,” Fazal Manzil Archive (copy), p. 25, n. 121, as quoted and cited by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 244.
- ²⁷⁸ See *SM*, Vol. XI, p. 62.
- ²⁷⁹ See the limited circulation *Witboek over Suresnes* (Internationaal Hoofdkwartier van de Soefi-Beweging; Commissie voor onderzoek, 2 vols., 1957), Vol. I, p. 84.
- ²⁸⁰ The anonymous “Addendum” to the *Witboek over Suresnes*, which must date from shortly after the final expropriation of the Sufi Grounds in June of 1957, remains unpublished. The Dutch reads: “Nu de ontwikkeling ons hierheen heeft geleid, heeft het geen zin krampachtig aan het verleden te blijven vasthouden. De soefi-Beweging zal voor de toekomst moeten werken en moeten vertrouwen dat alles tenslotte door den Almachtigen God ten goede zal worden geleid.”
- ²⁸¹ See *Witboek*, Vol. II, appendix 14.10, pp. 193-194, with the quotation on p. 194. Vilayat, who was probably playing to the galleries, wrote the letter on 2 February 1956. Possibly he meant to refer to the perfect justice of Allah, since it is the son of God whom Christians believe “shall come to judge the quick and the dead.” In either case, Murshid Kadir van Lohuizen will have got the message. By all accounts a modest, positive and conciliatory man, he stood accused of having been in collusion with the Municipality of Suresnes. His distress at these unjust charges probably hastened his death. According to *Het Vaderland* of 14 December, the funeral of the preceding day was a major Sufi event, the morning Universal Worship having been led by Dr. H.J. Witteveen, with Musharaff Khan singing hymns. Kadir lies buried in Oud Eik en Duinen cemetery in The Hague, like Maheboob Khan, who preceded him there by most of a decade, and Ali Khan, who followed him a few years later.
- ²⁸² See Lou de Jong (1914-2005), *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden en de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, 14 vols. (The Hague, Nijhoff, 1969-1991), especially Vol. Xb, 1981, part 1, pp. 187-221, figs. 60-68, including disturbing photographs of emaciated people marked by hunger oedema and beyond caring, and of corpses in the Zuiderkerk, wrapped in paper and string and identified by luggage tags because there was no wood for coffins, the ground was frozen, and no one had the energy to dig in any case.

- ²⁸³ William James, *Religious Experience*, pp. 78-126. James was soon translated into Dutch by Joanna Petronella Wesselink-van Rossum [1860-1930], *De verscheidenheden op het gebied van de godsdienstige ervaringen; Een studie over de menselijke natuur [...]* (Utrecht, Leydenroth, 1907). However, nothing suggests that Theo read James, whether in Dutch or in English.
- ²⁸⁴ See, for instance, the conclusion to Murshid's *Health* (*SM*, Vol.IV, p. 56), where he urges his followers not to dwell on "miseries, troubles, difficulties, injustice, hardheartedness, coldness of the world, all ugliness from everywhere."
- ²⁸⁵ James, *Religious Experience*, pp. 94-126. There is a great deal of information about New Thought currently available, but James offers the inestimable advantage of an overview from genuine intellectual distance and a truly superior mind. In addition, as pointed out by Robert H. Thouless in his "Preface to the Paperback Edition" of *An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion* (Cambridge University Press, 1961 [1923]), p. xi, James' approach, which is invaluable for our present purposes, soon lost interest to more "modern" psychologists, who "would, for example, probably be impatient of James's discussion of the nature of the mystical experience and a number of other questions that cannot be regarded as behaviour studies." Thouless concludes with one of the great understatements of his century: "Although the shift towards behaviourism has been of value to psychologists in directing their attention to soluble problems and away from mere speculation, I still feel that its narrowing of the psychologist's field of interest has led to some loss."
- ²⁸⁶ James, *Religious Experience*, pp. 94-95.
- ²⁸⁷ James, *Religious Experience*, p. 95, n. 1.
- ²⁸⁸ James, *Religious Experience*, pp. 101-105, 120-121, and 123-126.
- ²⁸⁹ See the chain of quotations in James, *Religious Experience*, pp. 115-116, with references to Horatio Willis Dresser, *Voices of Freedom and Studies in the Philosophy of Individuality* (New York and London, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1899), p. 33 and 46, and *Living by the Spirit* (New York and London, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1900; 1906), p. 58, and Ralph Waldo Trine's *In Tune with the Infinite or Fullness of Peace Power and Plenty* (New York, Bell & Sons, 1899 [1897]), pp. 117 and 214. A few publishing houses catered to the insatiable appetite for the latter work, making for at least a dozen editions in English between 1897 and 1933. For instance, Bell & Sons put out London editions of 1901, 1905, 1915 and 1919. See also note 355R below.
- ²⁹⁰ Ralph Waldo Trine, *In harmonie met het oneindige*, trans. Gustaaf Frederik van de Wall Perné [1877-1911] (Almelo, Hilarius, c. 1904 [or 1902?]; 2nd rev. ed., The Hague, Drukkerij "Vrede," 1905). The work was again put out by De Ploeg of Utrecht in 1928, whereas J. Engelhorn's of Stuttgart produced at least five German editions before World War II (1910, 1911, 1922, 1928 and 1936).

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It appears that Wazir van Essen named his son Waldo after Ralph Waldo Trine, who was presumably named after Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882). That there was also interest in Horatio W. Dresser is proved by a translation by one Mevrouw Bronsveld-Breijer of his *A Book of Secrets: With Studies in the Art of Self-Control* (New York, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1902) as *Het boek van vele geheimen* (Baarn, Den Boer, 1903).

²⁹¹ In 1902, James, *Religious Experience*, p. 94, had written that "I am ignorant of what foothold it [New Thought] may yet have acquired in Britain," but the adds in question establish that it soon became a genuine presence. See, for instance, *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 2, no. 4, 17 October 1917, where we encounter "THE HIGHER THOUGHT CENTRE & INTERNATIONAL NEW THOUGHT ALLIANCE" on 39, Maddox Street (Hanover Buildings), Regent Street, W.1. and "The New Thought Centre" on 3, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. There must have been some rivalry, as the latter advertiser informs us that "This Centre has no connection with any other London organisation."

²⁹² James, *Religious Experience*, p. 87.

²⁹³ *Religious Experience*, p. 88.

²⁹⁴ Again, *Religious Experience*, p. 88.

²⁹⁵ This quotation is from *SM*, Vol. VIIIa, p. 129. To find several other statements to the same effect; one need only search under "evil is only the shadow of goodness" and "badness is only the shadow of goodness" in the online Wahiduddin site. See, also *Amin, The Faithful Trustee* (*SM*, Vol. XII, p. 247), where the wise Talib explains the nature of good and evil to his young nephew Amin: "Good and evil are relative terms, my son. Evil is nothing but the lack of good. Nevertheless, good is real and evil is its shadow. When one believes this and tries to bring out in another the good there is in him, one finds that no soul, however wicked, is void of goodness. To understand all is to forgive all."

²⁹⁶ See the last two of Inayat Khan's twelve points in "WHAT THE SUFI ORDER AIMS AT ACCOMPLISHING IN THE WORLD," in: *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, no. 2, 15 September 1915, p. 47: "mobilising an army of the thoughtful to fight against the ignorance, which has brought the world to such a grave crisis" and "establishing peace on earth by esoteric training."

²⁹⁷ For some context, see the first paragraph of "The Law of the Inner Life" followed by the last paragraph of "Freedom of Action" of Inayat Khan's *The Inner Life* (*SM*, Vol. I, pp. 85 and 84): "Those who live the inner life begin to see a law which is hidden from the average man. There is the law of nature[,] which is known as science, and that of life[,] which is called moral law, but beyond science and morals there is another law [...] which can be understood by an

open heart and an awakened soul. [...] Now the question is, do those who are spiritually advanced have any special conception of morals? Indeed they have, and their morals are [...] much greater than the average human being can conceive. [...] No doubt their way of looking at things may be criticized and may not be generally understood. Yet their law is more akin to nature, their laws are in harmony with the spirit. Their laws have their effect as phenomena.” In addition, see Inayat Khan’s discussion of “Moral Culture” (*SM*, Vol. III, pp. 233-262), with its three stages of morality for mystics, being “reciprocity,” “beneficence” (meaning benevolence) and “renunciation.” Renunciation is the highest and most highly personal stage, “where the difference of ‘mine’ and ‘thine’ and the distinction of ‘I’ and ‘you’ fade away in the realization of the one Life that is within and without, beneath and beyond [...]”

²⁹⁸ Nor is Murshid’s approach easily accessible to us. It involved modern qualification and relativization of conventional notions about human conduct, and yet it was founded upon old-Indian concepts of transcending the bondage of the “pairs of opposites,” including good and evil. It is important, however, to recognize that Murshid’s position differed from Hindu philosophy, in which all external forms are said to be illusion, accident, or “maya,” without any lasting meaning. Murshid argued that though “The positive has no independent existence, yet [...] it may not be regarded as an illusion” (*SM*, Vol. V, p. 14; cf. also *SM*, Vol. XI, pp. 15 and 18-19). This is probably not the place to go into such matters, but Inayat Khan’s pervasive concern with apparent duality and fundamental unity can be traced by searching under “duality” in the online Wahiduddin site.

²⁹⁹ I owe the term “leading follower” to Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” p.125, n. 100. It perfectly captures figures such as Lucy Goodenough, Sophia Saintsbury-Green and Sirdar van Tuyl. They were the most important of Inayat Khan’s followers, but though they loved and revered him, they also knew where he should lead them.

³⁰⁰ First and foremost there were Zulaikha (Joop) van Ingen-Jelgersma and Sirdar van Tuyl van Serooskerken. They married on 17 November 1910 and divorced on 11 December 1920. Theo mentions their divorce, but that was no doubt because both had gone on to other good Sufi marriages, with Zulaikha marrying Yussouf van Ingen almost at once, on 14 January 1921. Sirdar took his time, marrying Saida Willebeek le Mair on 2 February 1922. Moenie Kramer, who had married Piet Kramer on 27 February 1908, divorced him on 24 June 1931. By that time they had six children, born in 1908, 1918, 1920, 1922, 1924 and 1928, all at 117 Johannes Verhulststraat, just down the street from Theo and Dien. Piet remarried on 29 July 1931, which was about as soon as possible given Dutch procedure. He remained on the Johannes

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Verhulststraat, whereas Moenie moved (via one other, temporary, address) to 6B Beethovenstraat, close to Theo's new home on the Mozartkade. Kafia (Wilhelmina Diderika) Blaauw-Robertson carried the name of *meester* Paul Alex Blaauw, a member of a patrician family, whom she married on 23 March 1916 and divorced on 28 July 1933, after bearing him three sons. We have already discussed Louis Hoyack and Ella Cramerus, who broke up shortly before World War II. The highly intelligent Belgian Sundra Lecocq-Madier married Akbar de Watteville before discovering that a noble name could also be oppressive. Finally, I have heard rumours of a Dutch-Belgian couple who divorced over what their daughter should or should not eat.

³⁰¹ I was alerted to Manohary Voûte's tuberculosis by her half-brother (and my cousin by marriage), Dr. Aldo M. Voûte. She was apparently in Davos around 1936 to 1937. The family was worried because Davos was expensive and its physicians reputedly expert at prolonging treatment. Isabelle van Stolk has informed me that she, too, suffered from tuberculosis and was confined to bed during the six months of 1940 that the family stayed in Hotel Rosendael while waiting for Villa Rozenhof to be ready for occupancy.

³⁰² Being an accountant, Theo van Hoorn can hardly not have noticed the Depression. It appears that many Sufis remained relatively unscathed because they still owned land, having converted only partially to paper investments. Since land values soared after the Crash, these individuals recovered quickly. One possible exception was Fazil (Alfred Edward) de Vries Feyens, the father-in-law of Murshid Karimbakhsh Witteveen. Dr. Witteveen has informed me (oral communication of 17 September 2007) that Fazil was reduced to genteel poverty by the Crash and, having no experience with gainful employment, was forced to rely on help from the family. It was presumably for financial reasons that Fazil relocated from a handsome estate near Utrecht to the village of St. Cloud, near Suresnes (cf. note 469R below), life being much cheaper in France. It seems, however, that Fazil was forced to move before 1929 because he had relied on an incompetent or corrupt financial manager, and that the Crash only exacerbated his problems.

³⁰³ Robert Blaauw, the oldest of three sons of Kafia Blaauw-Robertson, was born in Rotterdam on 9 February 1917 and faced a German firing squad in Leusden on 20 July 1943.

³⁰⁴ According to Jan Lucas van Hoorn, Lucie van Hoorn ran afoul of the occupying forces by criticizing the *Nederlandse Artsenkamer en Vereniging van Ziekenfondsartsen*, an organization instituted on 20 December 1941 by *Reichskommissar* Arthur Seyss-Inquart (1892-1946) to render Dutch physicians subservient to German health-care policies (which curtailed and then eliminated services for Jews). By all available accounts, few Dutch

physicians joined this body, so that in 1943 the Nazis responded by making membership compulsory and automatic. Those who vocally opposed the *Artsenkamer*, however, could expect serious trouble.

- ³⁰⁵ For figures and information, the Dutch generally turn to De Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden*, Vol. VIII, 1978, pp. 579-883, and Vol. Xb, 1982, pp. 826-905. Lou de Jong himself lost his parents and his twin brother to the holocaust.
- ³⁰⁶ For Van Dien's international high profile, see note 204 above. I have his address from the 1932 membership list of the VAS (the last to be published in the *VAS Clubnieuws*), which also includes Theo van Hoorn among its 180 members. Van Dien started off at 37 Geldershekade. He then relocated to 1c Sarphatistraat (close to his business at no. 5), but moved on to 145 De Lairesestraat sometime before the 1925 VAS membership list was drawn up.
- ³⁰⁷ Benjamin Frank lived and ran his medical practice at 60 Oudeschans in 1925 and at 22 Vijzelstraat by 1929. His status as Alekhine's tournament physician is recorded by L.G. Eggink and W.A.T. Schelfhout, *Partij verloren ... : Gedenkboek ter herinnering aan de schakers in Nederland, die tijdens de bezetting heengingen* (Amsterdam, Joachimsthal, 1947), pp. 201-202. Alekhine needed medical attendance because he was in terrible physical shape, whereas Max Euwe had made sure he was super-fit for the gruelling series of matches staged in dozens of locations all over The Netherlands. Euwe, on the other hand, had his full-time job to worry about (see note 218 above).
- ³⁰⁸ The precise date of "Verordnung no. 199" is from Sibbing and Diepstraten, *Schaken in WO II*, p. 7. Note, however, that people had been expecting this edict for some time. A month before he was made to resign, Emanuel addressed the club membership; see E. van Dien, *Neo-schaak: resumé van een voordracht gehouden in het Vereenigd Amsterdamsch Schaakgenootschap op 28 september 1941* (Amsterdam, *De Schaakwereld*, November 1941). Even though this lecture was about proposed changes to the rules of the game, the aging Van Dien can only rarely have shown his face around the club by then, so that it can be construed as a statement of a kind.
- ³⁰⁹ For instance, on 26 November 1940 professor Rudolf Pabus Cleveringa (1894-1980), the Dean of the Faculty of Law at the University of Leiden, took over a lecture from his colleague Eduard Maurits Meijers to protest his removal from his post by a Nazi decree of 23 November. The day after his courageous but measured address, Cleveringa was sentenced to seven months in prison. Needless to say, Meijers was not reinstated.
- ³¹⁰ A list of thirty-four VAS members, almost all of them Jews, who actually perished in the course of the German occupation, was published by two strong fellow players, Leonard Gerardus Eggink (1881-1959) and Willem Andreas

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Theodorus Schelfhout (1874-1951), *Partij verloren*, pp. 200-207. It does not include Emanuel van Dien, who (according to the Digital Monument to the Jewish Community of Amsterdam) died on 24 March 1943, while in hiding in a location unknown. It was probably better that way, as his wife and two of his four daughters perished in Auschwitz, Solibor and Bergen Belsen. Happily, a few individuals, such as Louis Gans, returned from abroad. As an aside, Theo does not appear to have been active in the VAS after the war. He is definitely not mentioned in *V.A.S. 1822-1952: Programma van het 130-jarige bestaan van het VAS*.

³¹¹ There is continuing debate about what the Dutch knew and could have done, as opposed to what they chose to know and actually did. Most recently, *A State of Denial*, a documentary produced in 2008 by Hedda van Gennep (born 1929), argued that the Dutch Government-in-exile in London must have been informed about the fate of Dutch Jews because, in a *Radio Oranje* broadcast of October 1942, Queen Wilhelmina voiced her personal distress at the “systematic extermination” (*stelselmatig uitroeien*) of her Jewish subjects. Certainly explicit information about the gas chambers at Dachau was smuggled to Holland and appeared in the illegal *Parool* newspaper on 29 September 1943. In general, it is now agreed that the majority of the Dutch cooperated with the Germans until it was too late.

³¹² For facts and photographs, see Jan van Es, *Waakzaam in Woerden: De gemeente-politie 1813-1993* (Woerden, Stichting Stichts-Hollandse Bijdragen, 1993), pp. 32-33. In addition, there is *De Telegraaf* newspaper of 6 and 7 September, mentioned below. However, my version of events follows that of Eric Inayat van Ingen, as interviewed by Corine de Vries for *De Volkskrant* on 27 February 1997 (available online), which makes better sense. Unlike the early sources, which claim that the unidentified maid happened to be away at the time, Eric indicates that her name was Frieda, that she was at home and looking after him for the night, and that she actually invited her lover, named Bock, to the house.

³¹³ Van Ingen lived at 101 Singel in Woerden. Very recently, I learned from Walter van de Wetering of the Woerden Regional Archives that the *Woerdensch Weekblad* is available online, offering a few additional facts under 6 September 1933. Van Ingen was shot thrice, twice in the head and once in the heart. He was wearing shoes and a pair of trousers pulled over his pyjamas when found by a passing labourer between 5 and 5:30 A.M. This detail presupposes that Yussouf had already retired for the night when his manager wandered into his bedroom.

³¹⁴ Eric, who was eleven years old at the time, was at home on the fateful night and overheard parts of the argument. He also heard the shots but mistook them for firecrackers (cf. note 312 above). Zulaikha was in Suresnes but expected

back soon. Her father, Professor Gerbrandus Jelgersma (1859-1942), dropped by the house in the morning, hoping to find her there, and was therefore one of the first at the scene of the crime. Three funeral notices appeared in *De Telegraaf* of Thursday, 7 September 1933. The first was placed by Van Ingen's widow, Johanna Classina van Ingen-Jelgersma, and their young son, Eric Inayat Eduard. The second came from Yussouf's older brother, *jonkheer meester* Lodewijk (Louis) van Ingen (1895-1972) and his wife Johanna Munk (1894-1978), also Sufis, who lived on the Van Bylandtstraat in The Hague. The third, and most informative notice lists the entire Jelgersma clan in Oegstgeest, Batavia, Leiden (Zulaikha's parents), and Groenekan. The funeral service took place on 9 September in the Protestant church of Woerden.

³¹⁵ Graham, "Spreading the Wisdom," pp. 140-141, note 30, reviews the Western history of the concept of *fanà*. The last of the ten Sufi Teaching of 1917 reads "There is one path, the annihilation in the unlimited which raises the mortal to immortality and in which resides all perfection." Murshida Goodenough understandably preferred "immersion" to "annihilation." The idea, however, is to pass beyond the mortal and limited, which includes all "false ego." *Fanà* is not the same thing as Buddhist Nirvana, which culminates in *baqà* (duration, durability, lastingness), which is in turn open to differing esoteric and metaphysical interpretation.

³¹⁶ Cf. note 296 above. In addition, see *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 3, no. 4, July 1918, p. 5: "The great suffering that mother earth is passing through in these times, and the blood that is staining the soil of the world[,] is not in vain from a seer's point of view; it signifies the birth of a new era and a new world." As Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 91, has pointed out, Inayat Khan conceived of a racially unified and "radically post-nationalist, and even post-religious future." Sophia E.M. Saintsbury-Green, *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan by a Disciple* (London, Rider, n.d. [1930]), pp. 61-64, describes how, on the train from Holland to Paris, Murshid used "His Power" to help her take in the whole war in one unified and God-like vision: "to see the War is to see into the cauldron of Hell itself — a cauldron from which arise, as from some vast abyss in the bowels of the earth on which we live, the fumes of a poison deadlier than death, brewed from the lusts and hates of men." All this hate, lust, death and hell imagery runs counter to Inayat Khan's teachings and sensibilities, being a product of Murshida Green's neo-Christian imagination.

³¹⁷ Cf. note 294 above. I should repeat, however, that Inayat Khan's teaching was rooted in mysticism and not primarily concerned with issues of morality in a wider, societal sense. Murshid denied neither the existence nor the validity of the "law of life, which is known as morals," as opposed to "the law of the

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- inner life” that most interested him (cf. note 297 above), so that a part of him would surely have understood that Adolf Hitler was an abomination. Anyone in pursuit of beauty through mystical transport, however, cannot afford to dwell on the likes of Ozymandias.
- ³¹⁸ The first book on the topic was by Jean Overton Fuller, *Madeleine* (London, Gollancz, 1952), but news of Noor’s cruel death was widely known before then. The most recent book, based on much fuller documentation, is Shrabani Basu, *Spy Princess* (Thrupp, Stroud [Gloucestershire], Sutton Publishers, 2006). Its great weakness is its superficial treatment of Noor’s formative years in Suresnes.
- ³¹⁹ Cf. note 503 below. Many of these events are documented in the *Witboek over Suresnes* and were scrutinized by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 238-253. For a recent and tactful summary, see Jironet, *Sufi Mysticism into the West*, pp. 66-75 and 113-129.
- ³²⁰ For the death of Robert Blaauw in 1943, see note 303 above. Kafia’s second son, 2nd lieutenant Michiel Frederik Blaauw, who was born in Rotterdam on 30 January 1920, died in action in Padang, on Sumatra’s west coast, on 29 July 1947, during the first of two so-called “politioenele acties” (punitive military campaigns) against Indonesian Nationalist guerrillas. Fortunately, Kafia’s third son, *meester* Quinten Joris Blaauw, who was born in Batavia on 1 March 1923, outlived her. A faithful Sufi, he is probably still alive.
- ³²¹ Both Sirkar van Stolk and Wazir van Essen were Suresnes fixtures and play important roles in the *Recollections*. We may safely assume that Sirkar discussed his concern about the Bolshevik menace with his friend Theo. Wazir emigrated to South Africa before his mentor, however. Correspondence in the *Witboek over Suresnes*, Vol. II, p. 27, proves that he was living at 2 Broadwalk, Pinelands, Cape Town, by 26 March 1950, where Sirkar was his guest at the time. Mahmood Khan tells me that Sirkar was additionally eager to leave Europe because he feared the ire of Mohammad Ali Khan, having backed the Suresnes faction of Vilayat and the Société Anonyme Soufi against the Geneva grouping of Ali and International Headquarters, as discussed below.
- ³²² Helen Petrovna Blavatsky, *De stem van de stilte en andere uitgelezen fragmenten uit het “Boek der gulden voorschriften,”* trans. Clara Streubel (Amsterdam, Theosophische Uitgeversmaatschappij, 1907). Streubel translated after the fifth edition of Madam Blavatsky’s standard work on Buddhism. By the time Theo became a Sufi, *De stem van de stilte* had already seen three editions. Theo may also have read one or more works by the prolific Friedrich Maximilian Müller (1823-1900), who published widely on Indian religions and, especially, Buddhist texts, many of his editions appearing during the 1880s and 1890s with Oxford’s Clarendon Press and London’s Longmans, Green, and Co.

- ³²³ When Theo van Hoorn is in Sirkar van Stolk's Villa Rozenhof in July of 1945, he is drawn as if by a magnet to a book on the Himalayas put out by the Theosophical Publishing Society, namely, *Nirvana* by George Sydney Arundale (1878-1945), a close associate of Annie Besant (discussed below), and speculates about what its author has to say on the subject of "ecstasy" (cf. note 657R below).
- ³²⁴ For the Van Hoorn family ties, see note 60 above. Theo himself mentions Hendrik as a Theosophist who trained his friend Yussouf in managerial practices and was admired by him. Typically, however, he does not give Hendrik's name.
- ³²⁵ Two Dutch converts identified in the *Recollections* are Sirdar van Tuyl van Serooskerken and Zulaikha van Ingen-Jelgersma, Sirdar's first wife. Murshida Egeling, Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans-Waller, and Sirkar van Stolk also had previous Theosophical connections, as did Salamat (Louis) Hoyack. No doubt other Dutch mureeds arrived at Sufism via Theosophy as well. (However, Aldo Voûte tells me that he has never heard Theosophism mentioned in connection with his half-sisters Gawery and Manohary.) Murshidas Saintsbury-Green and Goodenough were English Theosophists who converted to Sufism. Shabaz Best and Nargis Dowland also come to mind. Virtually all Western Sufis, whether former Theosophists or not, must have been raised in some Christian denomination or another. Murshida Egeling, for instance, started off as a Catholic. The Voûtes came from a Huguenot (French Calvinist) background (with a Baptist mother). Murshida Goodenough was an Anglican (which can mean Catholicism minus the papacy). Given her predilection for Passion imagery, it can come as no surprise that Murshida Green was raised as an Anglican as well.
- ³²⁶ Murshid's position is clear not only from his extreme reserve when asked to pronounce on the themes of occultism, karma and reincarnation (cf. "Review of Religions," in: *Biography* [1979], p. 224) but also from his caricaturing of them in the lively sketches that he jotted down for his mureeds to act out on free Summer-School evenings. Cf. the Reincarnation characters in *Una* (*SM*, Vol. XII, p. 224); occultism in the fourth and sixth chelas of *The Bogeyman* (*SM*, Vol. XII, pp. 181 and 183), etc. In addition, see Louis Hoyack, *Reincarnatie volgens Hazrat Inayat Khan* (Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, n.d. [reprint from *Mensch en Kosmos*, vol. 2, 1938]), *passim*; and *Gedachten en aphorismen* (Deventer, N. Kluwer, 1960), p. 61. Hoyack also touches on the matter in his Smit-Kerbert contribution (no. 4). In his *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan*, pp. 71-74, he credits Murshid with a "doctrine of impersonal reincarnation" or "doctrine of the meeting of souls," in which a soul returning from earth to the spheres can transmit "impressions" (such as "accomplishments, talents,

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- experiences and knowledge”) to souls heading in the opposite direction, but this has very little to do with reincarnation in the Theosophic sense.
- ³²⁷ Because Murshid knew that reincarnation in Hinduism and Buddhism was not a reward system but a consequence of spiritual shortcomings, he did not validate the inverted doctrine of the Theosophists. At the same time, being especially appreciative of Hinduism and not wishing to criticize that religion in front of his Western followers, Murshid did not openly controvert the Theosophists either. Cf. his early conversation with the great saint Manek Prabhu, as reported in *Biography* (1979), pp. 81-84.
- ³²⁸ See Van Stolk with Daphne Dunlop, *Memories of a Sufi Sage* (The Hague, East-West Publications, 1967), p. 130. Sirkar refers his readers to his deficient understanding of *The Soul - Whence and Whither?* as well as to Murshida Goodenough’s equally impaired renderings of Inayat Khan’s ideas.
- ³²⁹ See Baron van Tuyll van Serooskerchen [sic], “Karma and Re-incarnation,” in: *Sufism: A Quarterly Magazine for Seekers After Truth* [edited by S.E.M. Green], December 1923, pp. 5 and 10. In addition to Van Stolk and Van Tuyll, there are two publications by Mumtáz Armstrong that must be of interest but that I have yet to consult. See Ronald A.L. Armstrong, “The Sufis and Reincarnation,” in: *The Aryan Path*, vol. 4, no. 3, June 1933, p. 388, and “Sufism and Reincarnation,” in: *The Aryan Path*, vol. 4, no. 11, November 1933, p. 796.
- ³³⁰ The connection between Sophia Saintsbury-Green and Annie Besant appears to have been common knowledge in informed Sufi circles. Murshid himself identified Murshida Green as a “special pupil of Mrs. Besant” (*Biography* [1979], p. 149). See, also, a rare German booklet by Vilayat Inayat Khan, *Hazrat Inayat Khan: Biographische Skizze von seinem Sohne* (Zurich, Kommisionsverlag J. Bollmann, 1961), pp. 52-53.
- ³³¹ See Keesing, *Inayat Khan*, p. 163, and *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 110. For reasons unknown, the latter insight is not found in the Dutch *Golven* editions of 1973 and 2002. Zohra had many things to make her unhappy (cf. note 516 below). The competition between “Zohra Mary Williams” and “Sherifa Lucy Goodenough” can be traced using the introductory information to *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*. In vol. 1, no. 3, 15 September 1915, Zohra is the sole English national representative (along with Rabia Ada Martin for America and others for France, Russia and India) below Hazrat Inayat Khan. In *The Sufi*, vol. 2, no. 2, April 1916, we read that “Regina Miriam Bloch has resigned her sub-editorship of the Sufi, therefore Miss Zohra Mary Williams has been elected to take her place” and that “Miss Sherifa Goodenough has been appointed Literary Representative for England.” In *The Sufi*, vol. 2, no. 2, November 1916, Zohra and Lucy are close in stature, with the former being English representative for mysticism and the latter for literature. By *Sufi*:

A Quarterly Sufi Message, vol. 3, no. 2, 2 July 1918, Zohra and Rabia Ada Martin are listed just before Lucy Goodenough, but Rabia Martin remains the National Representative for America, whereas Zohra has become one of sixteen nondescript “Authoritative Representatives.” Much more concretely and strategically, Sherifa Lucy Goodenough has become General Secretary of the Sufi Order. Outmanoeuvred by Goodenough and other Theosophizers, Zohra left organizational Sufism after Murshid’s departure from Britain in the fall of 1920.

³³² The KB catalogue proposes a publication date of 1930, which may be a hair too late, as a dedication dated January 1930, in Murshida Green’s distinctive handwriting, figures in the presentation copy: “From the writer to the Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh [Maheboob Khan] with devotion to him and the Message.” Sophia Saintsbury-Green was repeatedly a house guest of Maheboob and Shadiby Khanim around this time. Within months of her giving a copy of her *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan* to Maheboob, she demonstrated her devotion to him by her strong support of his right to be Esoteric Head of the Movement (in which capacity he had functioned since September of 1927), as contested anew by Armstrong and Van Tuyl in 1930 (see Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 214-217).

³³³ The work by Murshida Green that Theo van Hoorn professed to admire was her *Wings of the World*. He apparently did not know her earlier and more exalted *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan* even though it is alluded to at the beginning of a long passage that he quotes from her *Wings*, p. XII: “It has been the great privilege of the writer to depict elsewhere some of the aspects of the Personality of the Messenger known to the world as Inayat Khan.” Mahmood Khan tells me that it was always common knowledge in Sufi circles that the anonymous disciple was the modest Sophia. That she was the author of the booklet is in any case established by several considerations (in addition to the allusion mentioned above). The work is in accomplished but artificial English. Not only did Murshida Green write in this way, but textual comparison to her *Wings of the World* further bears out her authorship. Especially her tendency to capitalize just about every other word is highly distinctive. In addition, Murshida Green was the single English eminence in Katwijk at the 1922 Summer School, of which she gives a unique description (discussed below). Finally, who else could have had the authority and means to see this booklet through to publication? Sensibly, the *Memories* are ascribed to her in Hoyack, *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan*, p. 274, in Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 163, and in the archives of the Nektakht Foundation. Even so, the KB catalogue lists the work under “Disciple.”

³³⁴ Saintsbury-Green, *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 83.

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- ³³⁵ I have this information from the online lexicon of Sanskrit sponsored by the University of Cologne, but I have verified it in other authoritative dictionaries. According to Murshida Ratan Witteveen-de Vries Feyens, trans., *Hazrat Inayat Khan, De Ziel, van waar, waarheen?* (Katwijk aan Zee, Panta Rhei, 1989), p. 266, however, “Bodhisatva” (incorrectly spelled with one t) is Sanskrit for “apostle.” She gives no source but does supply a hundred-word definition of all that the concept encompasses in her estimation. Hers is the most recent exegesis of the turgid text from the same general orientation that induced it back in 1930.
- ³³⁶ See “Mysticism” in *SM*, Vol. XI, Ch. VI, p. 166. In Islam generally, “nabi” and “rasul” were religious words meaning “prophet” and “messenger.” These had already tended to become mystical-initiatory categories in classical Sufism. To Inayat Khan and his Brothers, Muhammad himself was always “the noble Prophet” (*rasul-e-Karim*), “the Prophet of God” (*Rasul Allah*), or “the Prophet [par excellence]” (*ar Rasul*). In Persian, Muhammad was “the honoured Message-bearer” (*Hazrat-e-Payghambar*). The Koranic revelation itself was for them “the divine message” (*ar risalet al ilahiye* in Arabic or *paygham-e-ilahi* in Persian). In all three of the above epithets, the rendering as “Prophet” is fully interchangeable with “Messenger” (a distinction of principle between “nabi” and “rasul” largely being a theological construct).
- ³³⁷ Saintsbury-Green, *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 58-59.
- ³³⁸ *Memories*, pp. 57-58.
- ³³⁹ *Memories*, pp. 51
- ³⁴⁰ *Memories*, pp. 85-86.
- ³⁴¹ *Memories*, p. 87.
- ³⁴² Moenie Kramer wrote about her Messianic expectations of the early twenties in a paragraph that she added in 1961 to her own 1944 contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection (no. 15).
- ³⁴³ Smit-Kerbert, no. 46, as translated by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 152. Pir Zia (pp. 151-154) discusses the phenomenon of “the Messianic aura surrounding Inayat Khan,” specifying (notes 68-72) more than a dozen instances.
- ³⁴⁴ This was, at least in part, because Hazrat Inayat Khan failed decisively to challenge the fantasies of individual mureeds. In fact, Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 153, adduces a few instances in which his grandfather would seem to have been begging to be misunderstood. For instance, when Louis Hoyack asked Inayat Khan whether he was the World Teacher, Murshid is to have replied, “You have said it.” As indicated above, Pir Zia’s interpretation of such tentative replies differs substantially from mine.
- ³⁴⁵ The brief passage in question is from Hazrat Inayat Khan’s *Education (SM)*, Vol. III, p. 60). In support of his proposition that children must be introduced to the “God-ideal” as soon as possible, Inayat Khan quotes Matthew 6:33: “Seek

ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” Note, however, that Murshid substituted three dots for “and his righteousness,” thereby turning a pronouncement on the exigencies of Christian salvation into a pedagogical recommendation for Sufi parents with young children. Theo went one step further and left out the three dots, thereby wiping out Murshid’s intellectual footprints.

³⁴⁶ Saintsbury-Green, *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 79-80.

³⁴⁷ We have already reviewed several passages that establish her point of view, which is the theme of her fifth chapter, “The Prophet,” pp. 69-91. For Murshid’s harnessed power, see especially p. 61 of “The Master”: “And, underlying all, His Power; that, like a drawn sword flashing from the scabbard, would at times leap forth to prove Him Warrior as well as Saint, Master as well as Servant of Humanity.” A fine working example of Murshid’s power in action is when, with Murshida Green by his side, he strides undeterred through a stream of traffic, charming a bucking draft-horse along the way. Once we know that Murshid grew up with horses and still went riding in America (a photo has survived), on the beach of Wassenaar (cf. note 336R below), and in the Bois de Boulogne, the tale loses some of its impact.

³⁴⁸ Moenie Kramer’s “simple girl” was a nurse, and must therefore have been a young woman. That may explain why she soon relapsed to adult incomprehension: “She was quite baffled and thought it silly of herself. How could she have taken someone for Christ?”

³⁴⁹ The comparison of Inayat Khan to Jesus Christ led to some of the most amusing passages of the peripheral Inayatian literature. Note, for instance, the claim of Murshida Rabia Martin that, during a New York power outage, Murshid “made shine from his forehead a bundle of light which illuminated my paper so that I could go on writing down his words without interruption.” Azeem van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 135-136, took this report at face value, concluding that “It seems to be a primary energy, which the mystic can apply when and where he wants to.” Van Beek also repeats Murshida Green’s story about Inayat Khan’s miraculous parting of a sea of London traffic. According to Van Beek, Murshid could “change the pitch of the vibrations of the atoms of his body, and was thus able to ignore the traffic and become invisible.” Jesus Christ had managed much the same trick, Van Beek reports reassuringly, beating Murshida Green at her own game. How being invisible should have protected Murshid, leave alone the terrified Sophia by his side, is not clear. Don’t even ask why he could not have waited for a hole in the traffic, like lesser mortals.

³⁵⁰ See in this connection (which Theo mentions in passing in “Haras de Longchamp”), Van Stolk, *Memories of a Sufi Sage*, pp. 66-67. According to

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- Sirkar, “Murshid was going more and more deeply into a state of ecstasy. Rapt and still, he seemed to be in another world. And then suddenly, as if the words had been wrung from him he cried, ‘How wonderful is the power of the living Christ.’” But Murshid was reacting as might a courtier to a palace ceremonial, with Christ as substitute for a Hindu god, and not as a worshipper illuminated by anything essentially Christian.
- ³⁵¹ Saintsbury-Green, *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 74-77. The passage is quoted and discussed by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 149-151. Dr. Witteveen has assured me that Theo van Hoorn’s version is wrong, whereas Murshida Green’s account is correct. It is communally read at Murad [or Morad] Hasil [not Hassil] to this day. In her very brief summary of Green’s testimony, Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 138 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 188; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 129; *Golven* [2002], p. 168), arbitrarily decreased Murshid’s absence to half an hour.
- ³⁵² One can find any number of illustrations of this kind of thinking in Saintsbury-Green’s *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*. See, for instance, pp. 46-48, in which Murshid’s energy levels are shown to take the kind of sudden but temporary nosedive that many of us have experienced while travelling after lecturing. For Murshida Green, however, it had to be one of the elaborate “moments that revealed His Saintship.”
- ³⁵³ Inayat Khan, *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, pp. 34-35. I have changed the word “supplement” to “seal” on the evidence of other Inayatian quotations to follow (cf. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 154, n. 74).
- ³⁵⁴ Inayat Khan, “The Unity of the Masters,” in: *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 3, no. 4, June 1919, pp. 7 and 9.
- ³⁵⁵ Compare closely “The Unity of the Masters,” pp. 6-9, with Dr. Oskar Cameron Gruner in *The Way of Illumination* (London, 1922), pp. 71-78, and Floris van Pallandt, ed., *SM*, Vol. I (1960), pp. 29-33. Probably Dr. Gruner used material previously edited by Sophia Saintsbury-Green. He was in the process of converting to Catholicism at the time (under the influence of his wife, as he informed Mahmood Khan back then), which could explain why his *Way of Illumination* reads a bit like a catechism.
- ³⁵⁶ See *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, no. 3, 15 September 1915, pp. 46-47. In *Biography* (1979), “Anecdotes,” p. 262, we read: “Someone asked Murshid: ‘Are you the head of the Sufi Order?’ ‘No, God’ he said. ‘And you?’ ‘The foot’ said he.” See also p. 265: “A person seeing a ring on Murshid’s finger asked: ‘What mystical signification does your ring convey?’ ‘It says that those whose hearts are not yet open to the every-revealing life around them, they look for mystery in me.’”
- ³⁵⁷ *The Sufi. A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 3, no. 2, July 1918, p. 2.

- ³⁵⁸ See “The Idea of the Coming of a World Teacher,” in: *The Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 4, no. 1, January 1920, p. 10.
- ³⁵⁹ “The Idea of the Coming of a World Teacher,” p. 11. I quote only about a third of Murshid’s exposition. “The light of guidance” renders, in secular non-confessional English, the arch-Sufi concept of Nur-i-Mohammadi, the life divine enabling all existence and, above all, animating the human soul, of which Muhammad forever remains the culmination. The Theosophizers then recast it as the spirit of guidance to approximate it to the Holy Ghost, turning a mystical into a neo-Christian concept.
- ³⁶⁰ Inayat Khan, *The Unity of Religious Ideals* (1929), Part VI, “*The Message and the Messenger*,” pp. 282-283. This work was in fact a production of Khalifa Nargis Dowland and her friends in Southampton. Inayat Khan intended it to form a set with his work on morality, which was not published until later because it was of less immediate interest to the Theosophists. The quoted passage is included in the add-on Parts VI and VII of the original edition, which could well be a posthumous pastiche of Murshid’s sayings on the topic. That, at any rate, has long been known to be true for some parts of Part VII.
- ³⁶¹ See *The Unity of Religious Ideals*, in: *SM*, Vol. IX, p. 242. Floris van Pallandt was an outstanding editor, so that Sufis have every reason to be grateful to him, but with this kind of intervention he corrupted the historical record, i.e., Murshid’s own conception and presentation. For more on Murshid Huzurnaváz van Pallandt himself, see note 138R below.
- ³⁶² Possibly Inayat Khan set out to encode his message in learned falderal because he knew that it was not wanted by his followers. As another concession to their groove, the entire Part III of “*The Unity of Religious Ideals*,” “The Spiritual Hierarchy,” demonstrably meets Theosophical expectations in both title and content. Part IV is heavily edited to conform to their expectations as well.
- ³⁶³ Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Message*, p. 155.
- ³⁶⁴ See *Biography* (1979), p. 226, quoted by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 155-156.
- ³⁶⁵ They were encouraged by the Koranic prescription (Kor. 42: 50.) that “It belongs not to any mortal that God should speak to him, except by revelation, or from behind a veil, or that He should send a Messenger and he reveal whatsoever.” See Arthur J. Arberry (1905-1969), *The Koran Interpreted*, 2 vols. (London, Allen & Unwin; New York, Macmillan, 1955), Vol. II, *Suras XXI-CXIV*, p. 198. No two versions are nearly identical, however. Clearer, for instance, is N.J. [Nessim Joseph] Dawood [born 1927], trans., *The Koran* (Harmondsworth, Middlesex, Penguin Books, 1961 [1956]), p. 154: “And it is not given to mortal man that God should speak unto him otherwise than through sudden inspiration or from behind a veil, or by sending an apostle

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- to reveal, by His leave, whatever He wills.” For still another alternative, see Mohammad Asad [Leopold Weiss, 1900-1992], trans., *The Message of the Qur'an* (Gibraltar, Dar al-Andalus, 1980), p. 748: “It is not vouchsafed to any mortal that Allah should speak to him except by revelation, or from behind a veil, or through a messenger sent and authorized by Him to make known His will.”
- ³⁶⁶ Cf. E.A. [Ab_ al-'Alā'] Afifi, *The Mystical Philosophy of Muh.yid Din-Ibnul 'Arabi'* (Cambridge University Press, 1939; New York, AMS Press, 1974), pp. 95-98. See also the closely related exegesis by the editors of *Biography* (1979), pp. 178-179, and by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 156.
- ³⁶⁷ Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 162.
- ³⁶⁸ For this brilliant and leaned argument, including my several brief quotations, see *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 156-162. However, Pir Zia's working assumption is that *Hazrat Inayat Khan* saw himself as a successor to the Chishti tradition, which we shall see is a mistaken notion.
- ³⁶⁹ See his “Personal Account” in: *Biography* (1979), p. 189. I could not resist the temptation to change “more difficult even” to “even more difficult,” “made me speechless” to “left me speechless,” and “in saying ‘No’” to “to say ‘No’”).
- ³⁷⁰ Theo mentions “many others [beside himself] who were present that evening and who subsequently set out ceaselessly to proselytize for him.” This is remarkable given that he earlier refers to “a small assembly of followers.” Later, in his “HIRO” chapter, he gives Zulaikha van Ingen as a lone example: “She belongs to those who have fully embraced Murshid's call to his followers, ‘Help me to spread the Message,’ as her life's work, and will hear of no compromise on this point.” It appears, however, that Zulaikha counted on airwaves to do the job.
- ³⁷¹ See Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, Part I, p. 197. See also Jan Slomp, *De Soefi Beweging*, p. 113, who adduces an unpublished text entitled *Tasawwuf*, preserved at the Sufi secretariat in The Hague, in which Inayat Khan observes that he never sought out his followers, who turned to him on their own accord.
- ³⁷² *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, no. 3, 15 September 1915, pp. 46-47
- ³⁷³ *The Sufi*, vol. 2, no. 2, November 1916, p. 1.
- ³⁷⁴ Inayat Khan, *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 17.
- ³⁷⁵ Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” pp. 107-109.
- ³⁷⁶ This vitally important letter of 16 August 1911 was first published and quoted by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 74. Pir Zia concluded with suspect logic that “Despite his criticism of Christian missionaries, the comparison itself suggest that Inayat Khan saw his journey to America as one that mirrored and inverted the civilizing mission of orientalist adventurers and missionaries in India.”

- ³⁷⁷ See *Biography* (1979), p. 221. The passage is part of Murshid's relatively polemical "Journal: Review of Religion." For a similar but less explicit quotation with the same drift, see *Biography*, p. 234, as quoted by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 105.
- ³⁷⁸ See Bloch, *The Confessions of Inayat Khan*, p. 34, or "Confessions" in *SM*, Vol. XII, pp. 146-147: "I visited several murshids [...] but they made no response." See also *Biography* (1979), pp. 73-75 and esp. 77-79.
- ³⁷⁹ Sayyid Abu Hashim may even have been thinking of the well-publicized success enjoyed by Swami Vivekananda (1863-1902) in the 1890s in America, including as Indian representative at the 1893 Parliament of World Religions in Chicago. Certainly Inayat Khan was well aware of this conference. We know that his grandfather Maula Bakhsh considered attending to represent Hindu music, and that young Inayat hoped to go along. See *Biography* (1979), pp. 50 and 231.
- ³⁸⁰ Hoyack, *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan*, p. 10. Recently Graham, "Spreading the Wisdom," pp. 129 and 154, again proposed that "Inayat Khan looked upon himself as a missionary." Note that Inayat Khan left Baroda on 13 September; we do not know precisely when he shipped for the States. Even Murshid himself ended up being confused on this point.
- ³⁸¹ The date of 1892 proposed by Mahmood Khan, "A Biographical Perspective," p. 81, could well be too late (oral communication from the Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh himself). Also, cf. "A Biographical Perspective," p. 109: "Inayat Khan had been the nephew of Dr. Pathan long before he became the mureed of Sayyid Abu Hashim." The most important of a few keys to young Inayat's dreams of Western travel was the departure of his uncle (and later father-in-law) Alaodin Khan for London in the early 1890s. The stirring stories told by Dr. A.M. Pathan upon his return in 1897 no doubt further fuelled Inayat's wanderlust.
- ³⁸² According to Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 51 (Inayat Khan, p. 66; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 42; *Golven* [2002], p. 61), Sayyid Abu Hashim Madani died on 7 October 1907. As is well known, Inayat Khan left Baroda for the USA, via Bombay and Naples, on 13 September 1910.
- ³⁸³ See *Biography* (1979), p. 301.
- ³⁸⁴ See *Biography* (1979), p. 316. The mention of Japan may come as a surprise, but the Land of the Rising Sun captured the imagination at the time for having bested Russia in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 to 1905.
- ³⁸⁵ Hazrat Inayat Khan (as told to Oskar Cameron Gruner), *The Story of My Mystical Life* (The Hague, East-West Publications, 1982).
- ³⁸⁶ Musharaff Moulamia Khan, *Pages in the Life of a Sufi: Reflections and Reminiscences* (London, Rider & Co., 1932; Wassenaar, Mirananda, 1982).
- ³⁸⁷ I return to this topic below. Much of the documentation is found in note 458.

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- ³⁸⁸ On the events and the letter (of which Mahmood Khan kindly supplied me with a copy), see Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 71-75. Here, as elsewhere, my interpretation differs from his.
- ³⁸⁹ More than a decade later, Inayat Khan came up with much the same tendentious proposition for the benefit of the financially comfortable women editors of his autobiography, claiming that St. Denis had “helped keep the wolf from our door.” See *Biography* (1979), p. 124.
- ³⁹⁰ T’Serclaes, “Biography of the Author,” p. 15. This London-based Belgian aristocrat owed his three Christian names to his maternal collateral ancestor, R.M.C. van Goens (1748-1810), a fiercely anti-French and pro-British literary scholar, mystical-religious thinker, and exiled Utrecht regent who introduced Enlightenment and Romantic ideas to still Classicist Holland.
- ³⁹¹ Or, to quote Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” p. 109, it was “an obvious occasion for a benedictory encouragement highlighting the recipient’s proven aptitudes and aspirations.”
- ³⁹² For detailed information, see Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” pp. 107-109.
- ³⁹³ In a newspaper article of 28 August 1909, Inayat Khan argues that “It is a well-known fact that oriental music in India has been decaying day by day.” See *Biography* (1979), p. 325.
- ³⁹⁴ See Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 75-76, for a letter of 11 December 1911 in which Inayat Khan advises Rabia Martin that she may have to take over in America because “my presence is very necessary in India to save Hindu music from its downfall.”
- ³⁹⁵ Bloch, *The Confessions of Inayat Khan*, p. 42, or *SM*, Vol. XII, p. 150. Mrs. Bloch was a productive poetess who also wrote a few books, including a worthwhile history of Jewish contributions to mankind. In addition, she helped launch *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine* in February of 1915.
- ³⁹⁶ *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 3, no. 4, June 1919, p. 3, as part of a “Pictorial Supplement” on *Hazrat Inayat Khan* that was almost certainly written by Zohra. Elisabeth Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 204, n. 16 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 275; *Golven* [2002], p. 249, n. 16) explains that she preferred Zohra’s version over all others.
- ³⁹⁷ *Biography* (1979), p. 123. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 64-74, surveys the reception history of what he identifies as a “foundation myth” of Western Sufism. Zia omits Hoyack, *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan*, pp. 10-11, Vilayat Inayat Khan, “Confraternity,” in: Faber et. al., ed., *Forty Years of Sufism*, p. 85, Vilayat Inayat Khan, *Biographische Skizze*, p. 32, and Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 51 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 66; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 42; *Golven* [2002], p. 61), who referred to “a blessing and charge.” Zia shows that

Floris van Pallandt, "Hazrat Inayat Khan's Life and Work," p. 9, ignored the alleged Madani "injunction" and argues that Van Pallandt (pp. 11-12) drove an unwarranted wedge between Murshid and the Chishti tradition. Zia also points out that Vilayat Inayat Khan, *The Message in Our Time* (San Francisco, Harper & Row, 1978), p. 69, elaborated on the Chishti connection. I believe that Murshid would have sided with Van Pallandt in this instance (cf. note 434 below). Recent-recurrences of the myth are found in Johann Figl, *Die Mitte der Religionen: Idee und Praxis universal-religiöser Bewegungen* (Darmstadt, Wissenschaftliche Buchgesellschaft, 1993), pp. 99-100; Witteveen, *Universeel soefisme*, p. 82; Jironet, *The Image of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 72 (who refers to Murshid Abu Hashim's "advice" to his mureed) and Graham, "Spreading the Wisdom," pp. 127-128, who improbably condensed the notion of "injunction" into one of "commission." H.J. Witteveen, *Tot de Ene: de weg van het universeel soefisme* (Deventer, Ankh-Hermes, 2006), p. 16, expanded the Madani injunction to embrace his own understanding of the history of Sufism: "With this message, Sufism took on a new, universal form, in which Hinduism and Buddhism gained their place next to Islam, Judaism, Christianity and Zoroastrianism."

³⁹⁸ That must explain why even Jan Slomp (born 1932), a highly discerning Islamist and former missionary to Pakistan, recently assigned the Madani injunction a pivotal place in his account of Inayat Khan's life, going so far as to reproduce it on his back cover as an interpretive key to the entire Sufi Movement. See Slomp, *De Soefi Beweging*, p. 21, who offers "a new Dutch translation after the English text in *Biography*" (1979), p. 111.

³⁹⁹ Not surprisingly, young Inayat Khan's reply to his sceptical uncle, as appended to the "injunction" in *Biography*, does not sound remotely authentic, having all the earmarks of much later secretarial alteration. I will return to the vital importance of Inayat Khan's complex personal and financial ties to his uncle Alaodin.

⁴⁰⁰ "Go thou *abroad* [italics mine] into the world, harmonise the East and the West with the thy music; spread the knowledge of Sufism, for thou art gifted by Allah, the most Merciful and Compassionate." See *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, nos. 1-4, February, May, September and November 1915, inside the back covers (with the photograph of the four Brothers as "The Royal Musicians of Hindustan" and "The Servants of the Sufi Order" added in the September and November issues). All four mentions add: "Reprint from 'Indian Magazine', London." In the same 1915 issues of *The Sufi*, the Sufi Order is said to have "representatives" and "musical representatives" in England, France, America, Russia and India, with Inayat Khan as "The General Representative on his World Tour" (i.e., still based in India), and with him and his Brothers as "THE SERVANTS OF THE SUFI ORDER."

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- ⁴⁰¹ For the seven Sufi teachings and the five objects of the Order, see Graham, "Spreading the Wisdom," pp. 133-134, who dates both to about 1914.
- ⁴⁰² "Music is the food of the soul" (Ghiza-i-ruh) is an old Sufi saying to which Murshid himself added "and the source of all perfection." As Nawab William Pasnak explained it in his biannual Sufi magazine *Caravanseraï*, no. 9, December 1992, p. 17, "The dietary start is traditional Sufi – the subsequent full-mouthed plunge into the source could come naturally only to Hazrat Inayat Khan."
- ⁴⁰³ "THE AIMS OF THE SUFI MOVEMENT IN THE WEST" are listed inside the cover of *The Sufi*, vol. 2, no. 2, November 1916.
- ⁴⁰⁴ These words were recorded by Regina Miriam Bloch in 1914 and quoted in *The Confessions of Inayat Khan*, p. 48 (*SM*, Vol. XII, p. 154). Bloch's *Confessions* may well present a flowery version of Inayat Khan's actual words, but there is no reason to challenge the essential reliability of this particular pronouncement, which is in any case consistent with the ideas expressed by Murshid himself in *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, pp. 52-54.
- ⁴⁰⁵ Again, Inayat Khan, "The Idea of the Coming of a World Teacher," in: *Sufi*, vol. 4, no. 1, January 1920, pp. 10-11.
- ⁴⁰⁶ Theo van Hoorn, we shall see, believed that Inayat Khan decided to sacrifice his music to his mission. Writing a year or two after Van Hoorn, Hoyack, *De Boodschap*, p. 11, dismissed music as an early interest of Murshid: "Inayat Khan was at first a musician, and had already garnered laurels at the courts of the Indian rajahs." A few years later again, Vilayat Inayat Khan, "Confraternity," in: Faber et al., ed., *Forty Years of Sufism*, p. 85, had Murshid forsake "a regal career as a musician for his great calling [...]." As a twist, Floris van Pallandt, "Hazrat Inayat Khan's Life and Work," p. 10, saw music as subservient to Murshid's study of Western psychology and society. In the recent version of the career of Inayat Khan by Dr. Witteveen, *Universeel soefisme*, pp. 11 and 53, Murshid was at a loss about how to disseminate his Message in 1910, and therefore temporarily fell back on "music, his profession." Strictly speaking, however, music was not Murshid's profession when he came to the West. He was an amateur in the very best historical sense of that word.
- ⁴⁰⁷ See *Biography* (1979), p. 121.
- ⁴⁰⁸ As an equally improbable alternative, Floris van Pallandt, "Hazrat Inayat Khan's Life and Work," p. 6, proposed that Murshid came to the West with a "task" instead of a message, namely, "to make of Sufi mysticism the spiritual counterpart of modernism itself. [...] To accomplish this task he left everything he possessed and cherished behind, though the life and career he abandoned had been in many respects brilliant and full of promise."

- ⁴⁰⁹ According to Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 166, The Hague was “where Sirdar and Saida van Tuyl had built a large Sufi Centre at 78 Anna Paulownastraat (close to the Peace Palace).” Though Sirdar and Saida had recently renovated a tram station into a home with an ample drawing room (which Theo mentions in his “Daybreak” chapter), the adjacent Sufi temple was not constructed until 1928, so that there was no “large Sufi centre” in 1924. Nevertheless, the salon of the perennially Theosophical Sirdar would have been an appropriate place for wild talk about a world message. Only one day before, Inayat Khan had spoken in Rotterdam, at the home of Sirkar van Stolk’s parents (before they moved to the rural estate “Langenhorst” in Wassenaar). Knowing that Sirkar, the real-estate specialist of Western Sufism, had more pressing worries than the construction of a temple, Murshid steered clear of the topic on that occasion.
- ⁴¹⁰ The opening paragraph, which is part of a lecture of 18 January, is from Van Voorst, ed., *Complete Works [...] 1924 I* [2004], p. 36. The second and third paragraphs are selected from a much longer transcription of a Mureed’s Class of four days later (1924 I, p. 53).
- ⁴¹¹ Nevertheless, Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom,” pp. 129 and 154, took Murshid’s plea for ten thousand dedicated workers as historical evidence for “the very large scale on which he now considered his mission.” Similarly, Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 166-167, took the call for ten thousand workers at face value. As a curious aside, Murshid claims, with hyperbolic irony, that the citizens of Detroit tried to detain him with the promise of ten thousand new mureeds in one year (letter from Murshid to Amina Begum, 9 February 1926, cited by Zia Inayat Khan, p. 183).
- ⁴¹² Not surprisingly, Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom,” p. 155, observes that “it must be said that now, some seventy years later, this many workers have not yet appeared.” If we expect to find *dedicated* workers, the picture is even bleaker.
- ⁴¹³ As an example of dramatics at the other end of the numerical scale, one that took place during his 1925 to 1926 American journey, a disillusioned Inayat Khan is to have shouted at Sam Lewis (1896-1971), “I have not as many loyal mureeds as I have fingers on one hand.” See Samuel L. Lewis, *Sufi Vision & Initiation: Meetings with Remarkable Beings*, ed. Neil Douglas-Klotz (San Francisco & Novato, Sufi Islamia/Prophecy Publications, 1986), p. 46, Murshid Wali Ali Meyer, “A Sunrise in the West: Hazrat Inayat Khan’s Legacy in California,” in: Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, p. 407, or Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 184.
- ⁴¹⁴ Keesing, *Inayat Answers*, pp. 123-124, gives several quotations to this effect. See, for instance, *SM*, Vol. X, p. 15: “I have seen a mystic walking in a religious

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procession with the peasants, singing hymns with them before an idol of stone. He himself was greater than the god in the procession and yet he was singing with the same reverence as everybody else. He never had any desire to show that his belief, his realization, was higher or greater than the realization of others.” Another fine example occurs in Murshid’s *The Inner Life* (SM, Vol. I, p. 84): “Therefore advanced souls regard such laws [i.e., for children] with respect, and observe them when they are in the community. They do not condemn them. they will not criticize them. [...] we must have regard for the laws of the majority.”

- ⁴¹⁵ The precise date was 19 July 1923 (cf. *Complete Works [...] 1923 II* [1988], p. 146). Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 190, mistakenly has Murshid refer to “numerous countries,” though that is probably what Murshid’s mureeds wanted to hear.
- ⁴¹⁶ *Complete Works [...] 1924 I*, p. 35. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 166-167, spotted a connection between his grandfather’s “two major organizational goals” of 1924 to 1926, “the need to develop a large cadre of active workers, and the need to build a Sufi temple.” He assumes that both goals were genuine, however, whereas I argue that Murshid pretended to the first in order to advance the second.
- ⁴¹⁷ The standard monograph on the architect is by Bernhard Kohlenbach, *Pieter Lodewijk Kramer 1881-1961: Architect van de Amsterdam School*, trans. Carin Creemers (Maaßen, V+K Publishing/Inmerc, 1994), where we find no mention of the Suresnes temple project. Piet’s son Friso, the celebrated industrial designer, says he recalls seeing his father’s drawings and plaster model, but that he has no notion where they could be. Apparently the maquette was on show in Fazal Manzil in Suresnes during the thirties but must have been lost during World War II. The well-documented post-war deliberations concerning the future of the Suresnes Sufi Land, including its Universel (see *Witboek over Suresnes, passim*), never once mention Piet Kramer. In a short historical review of the Sufi Movement composed by International Headquarters in Geneva around 1956 (*Witboek*, pp. 7-11), one reads (p. 9) that “The building is designed by Pir-o-Murshid himself [...]”
- ⁴¹⁸ I know about Inayat Khan’s keen interest in the Great Paris Mosque (located in the fifth arrondissement) from Mahmood Khan, who heard all about it from his father Maheboob. Mahmood’s recollections focused too exclusively on 1924, however, as is reflected in Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 167. There are splendid photographs of the Paris Mosque available online.
- ⁴¹⁹ Doumerque, who was a Protestant, had been elected as twelfth President of France only one month before. The structure was sponsored by the French Government in recognition of the contribution made by Muslim soldiers

from the colonies to the struggle against Germany during the Great War. It is likely that the project was also supported by the Sultan Yusuf ben Hassan of Morocco (1882-1927), whose rule began with the 1912 Treaty of Fez, which made Morocco a French protectorate. Morocco was the only place where the Mudéjar style was still a living tradition by the 1920s.

⁴²⁰ For a sound study of Ahmad-al-Alawi, see Martin Lings, *A Moslem Saint of the Twentieth Century: Shaikh Ahmad al-Alawi; His Spiritual Heritage and Legacy* (London, Allan & Unwin, 1961). The meeting of the two Islamic gurus is mentioned by Wazir van Essen, “Donker Afrika?” in: *De Soefi Gedachte*, vol. 5, no. 1, March 1951, p. 26, who writes that Ahmad al-Alawi (whom Wazir believed to be Tunisian) attended a Sunday “public lecture” in Suresnes. Luckily Al-Alawi brought an interpreter because he spoke French and Arabic, whereas Inayat Khan spoke English and Urdu. Wazir writes that Al-Alawi blessed Murshid’s work and continued to attach importance to the link between East and West. Wazir thought more in terms of North African Sufism as a link between Western Sufism and the rest of the African continent, where he himself was living by then. Sirdar and Saida van Tuyl then went to call on the Algerian Sufi guru. Musharaff Khan wanted to go along, thus paying a polite return visit in the name of Murshid, but he was not wanted. The visit may have fostered Sirdar’s observation that “to be a Sufi one really ought to be a Muslim” (“om Sufi te zijn moet je eigenlijk Moslim zijn”). In this way, the same man who showed no interest in Inayat Khan’s Muslim identity (e.g., by postulating the possibility of reincarnation by the grace of God), was equally insouciant about Murshid’s universalizing and secularizing intentions.

⁴²¹ We know about Inayat Khan’s admiration for the Taj Mahal from what he writes about the monument in his section on architecture in his *Art: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* (SM, Vol. X, pp. 204-205), as reported on by Theo van Hoorn, but also in several other places in Murshid’s collected lectures. Of course Inayat Khan knew that the Taj Mahal is a mausoleum. As I have suggested above, Murshid was probably already thinking in terms of his own *durgah* or grave monument. His followers, who had the Universal Worship on the brain, no doubt primarily thought in terms of a church (temple in French being a church for everybody but Catholics, who have their *églises*).

⁴²² Given the allergy of Inayat Khan’s followers to his Islamic identity (as amply documented below), I am inclined to accept Mahmood Khan’s conjecture that Murshid’s “rich followers appear to have been unwilling to support an Islamic-Moorish looking structure, instead reinterpreting the intended edifice as having to be like ‘four Buddhas’ forming a square, or other such fantasies [...]” Mahmood saw the maquette of the temple in Fazal Manzil during the 1930s and recalls that “its Far Eastern outlines looked safely un-Islamic, unless,

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of course, it had been inspired by Indonesian rather than Hindu-Indian or Buddhist models.”

- ⁴²³ See *SM*, Vol. IX, p. 262. Note 263 above features a similar quotation. Another vital example occurs in *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, January 1919, p. 4. Some other examples are *SM*, Vol. VII, p. 179: “Sufism is not a new religion or community. It does not want to add a community to the world. It is an attitude of life, not taught by any particular principle or dogma [...]”; *SM*, Vol. IX, p. 256: “Sufism cannot be called a religion because it is free from principles, distinctions and differences, the very basis on which religions are founded [...]”; *SM*, Vol. IX, p. 264: “Sufism is neither a dogma nor a doctrine; it is neither a form nor a ceremony.”; *SM*, Vol. X, p. 248: “The Sufi movement, therefore, does not stand as a barrier between a member and his own religious faith, but as an open door leading to the heart of that faith.”; *SM*, Vol. X, p. 257: “Then what is the purpose of the Sufi movement? To make a new religion? No, it is to bring together the different organs of one body as they are meant to be united [...]. The Sufi Movement has members belonging to many different faiths, and who have not given up their own religion. [...] The Sufi Movement, therefore, is not a sect; it can be anything but a sect, and if it ever became one it would be quite contrary to the ideal with which it was begun.”; and *SM*, Vol. XIV, Part II-2: “It is not a new religion, it is not a certain cast or creed.” The only, and partial, exception to the rule is *SM*, Vol. IX, p. 269 (or, slightly different, pp. 323-324 of the 1929 edition), which is a posthumous and heavily edited version of Inayat Khan’s thoughts on “The Sufi Movement.”
- ⁴²⁴ Theo, for instance, must have read Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, pp. 38-39 (cf. *SM*, Vol. I, p. 83): “The Hindus have always known this philosophy, for the reason that they had a perfect religion, a religion in which one aspect of God was characterized as human; and their various Devas are nothing but various characteristics of human nature, each of them adored and worshipped. In this way not only God, but the whole human nature in all its aspects, was adored and worshipped. It is that which makes the Hindu religion perfect.” Or see *SMSL*, Vol. XIII, p. 116: “One thing is very admirable in the Hindu religion. It is so very vast in its ways of worship, and in its doctrines and ideal and forms and philosophy, that it gives a scope for a person of every grade of evolution; he has an answer in the religion of the Hindus, whatever grade of evolution he has reached. [...] Hinduism is not one religion: Hinduism is many religions itself.”
- ⁴²⁵ A conceptual delight in Hinduism had already been present in his maternal grandfather, the patriarch Maula Bakhsh, and in his father, Mashaik Rahemat Khan. The former was a fourth-generation Hindu convert, the latter a fifteenth generation Central-Asian “Ashraf” immigrant. Maula Bakhsh loved

South Indian (Dravidian-Carnatic) values. Rahemat, from still further north, looked at Gujarat society with almost a colonizer's severity and appreciation. Young Inayat Khan therefore developed an aversion to the narrowly orthodox Islam of Gujarati commoners, including their puritanical ignorance of music and courtly ways. Murshid's younger maternal uncle, Alaodin Khan (Dr. A.M. Pathan), went so far in his secular and Hindu sympathies that he wished for cremation instead of burial. That wish was disregarded, as it might have placed his large legacy under Hindu instead of Islamic law (though precisely that change might have saved the opulent Maulabakhshi material heritage from being dispersed).

⁴²⁶ This quotation is from the frequently repeated introductory information to *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, *passim*, and vol. 2, no 1, April 1916. It is subsequently omitted for reasons of space.

⁴²⁷ This is announced in every issue of *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine* up to vol. 2, no. 4, October 1917 (by then *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*). Dr. H.J. Witteveen, *Universeel soefisme*, pp. 17-21, and *Tot de Ene*, pp. 11-21, recently concentrated on the first kind of Sufism by virtually sidetracking Islam and tracing the ancestry of Inayat Khan's "universal" Sufism directly back to Egypt and the pre-Socratic wisdom of the Hermetic tradition. Still more recently, Jan Slomp, *De Soefi Beweging*, pp. 36-47 and 52-78, has again allotted India and Islam their rightful place in the history of Inayatian Sufism.

⁴²⁸ Both quotations occur in the text above. See notes 354 and 359 above for the sources.

⁴²⁹ Inayat Khan, *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 34.

⁴³⁰ *Spiritual Liberty*, p. 38. These words have been quoted by Graham, "Spreading the Wisdom," p. 131, to demonstrate that "the dictionary definition [of Sufism] as 'the mysticism of Islam' is problematical, and was explicitly rejected by Inayat Khan." They prove nothing of the sort, however. What Inayat Khan was saying is that the prehistoric origins of Sufism are debatable (in accordance with the 1914 review of the evidence by Nicholson, *The Mystics of Islam*, pp. 2-27), but that the historic connection with Islam and its universality is not. The words "may rightly be called" are surely perfectly clear given the evidence presented above. To paraphrase Murshid's proposition, "Sufism is the spirit of Islam, as well as the pure essence of all religions and philosophies."

⁴³¹ Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's election as honorary member of the Order is announced in *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 3, no. 3, January 1919, p. 2. Some of his accomplishments, such as his renowned translation of the Koran and his work as school principal, only came later. His conversion to Islam apparently took place in 1894, but he did not want to break his mother's heart by coming out of the Christian closet at that time.

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- ⁴³² See *Sufi*, January 1919, p. 4, as well as Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 108, who changed the archaic word “straitest” to “straightest.” It was Pir Zia who positively identified the interlocutor on the basis of a letter, dated 24 August 1918, from Marmaduke Pickthall to Lucy Goodenough.
- ⁴³³ Again, *Sufi*, January 1919, p. 4. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 108-109, does not quote these opening lines but concentrates on the second half of Murshid’s reply. It stresses the ecumenical aspect of his approach, which is less to the point in this precise context.
- ⁴³⁴ He did so most clearly when dictating in Dehli in early December of 1926: “In giving this universal movement the name ‘Sufi’, he did not pretend to make it a branch of any existing institution or Tarikat [tariqa = order]. It is an institution which stands on its own foundations [...]” Even the extremist Theosophical interpretation of the “Sufi Message” would appear to have been entertained by Murshid to demonstrate precisely that independence from the confines of earlier schooling. As might be expected (and as observed by Jan Slomp, *De Soefi Beweging*, p. 46), the thriving Islamic Chishti tradition ignores the contribution of Hazrat Inayat Khan.
- ⁴³⁵ For Murshid’s discussion of Jalaluddin Rumi, see “Sufi Poetry” in *SM*, Vol. X, p. 141. My quotation of Sa’adi is from *In an Eastern Rose Garden*, p. 94 (*SM*, Vol. VII, p. 179). It is one of Murshid’s most common quotations. A search of the online Wahiduddin site yields eight variants (II-43, IV-37, VI-1, VI-21, VII-20, XIV, Part I-19, Cupid and Psyche-5 May 1921, and Dutch Papers-Mysticism VI). For the “sacred manuscript of nature” as third “Sufi Thought,” see *SM*, Vol. I, p. 15.
- ⁴³⁶ A quite different figure with similar objections was Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah (1894-1969), a conservative Afghan Muslim who belonged to the orthodox Naqshbandi Order. Though he was not a co-founder of the Anjuman Islam, as proposed by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 103, Ikbāl Ali did contribute to *The Sufi*. He abandoned Murshid and eventually published a book pointedly entitled *Islamic Sufism* (London, Rider & Co., 1933). Several British Islamists have followed his example over the decades. See, for instance, Martin Lings, *What is Sufism* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1975), esp. p. 16, who does not devote as much as a footnote to Hazrat Inayat Khan. Ikbāl Ali’s son, the prolific Anglo-Afghan writer Idries Shah (1924-1996) embraced and popularized a more universal kind of Sufism than that championed by his father.
- ⁴³⁷ To quote Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” p. 121, “What had been obvious but accessory with Rumi, Ibn al Arabi, Abdullah-Abdi-Bosnawi and the Indian Chishtis, became a central principle with Hazrat Inayat Khan.” This principle is already clearly voiced in the second half of Murshid’s 1919

reply to Marmaduke Pickthall (discussed above): “To a Sufi[,] revelation is the inherent property of every soul. [...] We do not shut ourselves off from any community, but are ready to unite with all and any, for within we are already united with the Infinite. Our Order is composed of truth-seeking people of different faiths and beliefs, who are not in any way obliged to give up the faith or belief they have[,] not to accept a certain faith or belief, nor are they, if they have none, compelled to adopt one.”

- ⁴³⁸ We know this from the Sufi Islamia Ruhaniat Society’s *Book of Instructions for the Murshid* by Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan (Eugene Oregon, Ruhaniat Secretariat, 1978), which Murshid compiled for Rabia Martin from about 1911 on. The SIRS was set up independently by Samuel L. Lewis, a former collaborator of Murshida Martin, who took on the name Sufi Ahmed Murad Chishti in his determination to secure independence from the Movement by a return to its roots as he understood them. That Inayat Khan did not ask Murshida Martin to become a Muslim (as mentioned by Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom,” p. 144, n. 33) was to be expected given his aim philosophically to identify Sufism with mysticism *per se* while retaining Sufi “esoteric” practices and related theories as such.
- ⁴³⁹ The difficulties of being a Muslim in London of the war years are discussed in detail by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 86-91 and pp. 105-106.
- ⁴⁴⁰ The earliest scars were inflicted by the siege of Khartoum in 1884-85, at the conclusion of which General Charles George Gordon and his Anglo-Egyptian garrison were butchered by Mahdi Muhammad Ahmad. This defeat, which lay at the heart of Gladstonian Christian Islamophobia, was at last avenged in 1898 by Sirdar Horatio Kitchener. In addition, there were the “Mutiny” in northern India of 1857 to 1858 and the three Afghan Wars of 1838 to 1842, 1878 to 1880, and 1919.
- ⁴⁴¹ The last Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, Mehmed VI (1861-1926), reigned from 1918 to 1922. An enormous amount has been written about the march of Empire during the 1910s and 1920s, which involved two of the most remarkable figures of the twentieth century, Thomas Edward Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia: 1888-1935) and Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (Mahatma Gandhi: 1869-1948). For sheer vitality and readability, the synthesis by Jan Morris, *Farewell the Trumpets* (London, Faber and Faber, 1978), pp. 157-282, is impossible to beat.
- ⁴⁴² Inayat Khan, *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 22. The many Islamic elements of *A Sufi Message* were readily spotted by Louis Hoyack, *De Booschap van Inayat Khan*, p. 13, and M.C. van Mourik Broekman, *Geestelijke stromingen*, pp. 111 and 115. The booklet has a prehistory in the SIRS’s *Book of Instructions for the Murshid* (cf. note 438 above), in which the training procedure is still

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explicitly Islamic, with Hindu elements. Note that Inayat Khan repeated the seven grades of Sufi initiatic practices, though in a slightly different order, in *Spiritual Liberty*, p. 55 (cf. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 77-78, esp. p. 77, n. 38). No doubt this *Book of Instructions* helped codify important material for posterity, as the Islamic elements were not as consistently ordered into a single coherent system and method in subsequent training instructions of the Western Movement itself. Despite a gradual process of secularization, however, Murshid always kept the “*Tasawwuf*” (the Islamic term for Sufism) for aspects of his teachings for advanced mureeds.

⁴⁴³ Inayat Khan, *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 35.

⁴⁴⁴ Keesing, *Inayat Khan*, p. 163, and *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 110 (but not the 1973 and 2002 Dutch *Golven* editions), engaged in a kind of Eurocentric exoneration of Inayat Khan by presenting him as an invited member rather than as the instigator of the movement, but Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom,” p. 144, has rightly argued that Murshid “created” it. The Anjumani Islam is advertised in *Sufi* (vol. 3, 1918), with the secretarial address specified as 86 Ladbrooke Road, Murshid’s *Khankah*. The address is also clear from the still unpublished *Laws of Anjumani Islam*, which specify the rooms to be allotted to the institution. The *Laws* name Inayat Khan as both founder and Chairman and were clearly written or dictated by him. The other “Members of the Committee” were Khwaja Ismaël (Secretary), Maheboob Khan (Joint Secretary), Miss Z.M. Williams (Treasurer), Mhd. Ali Khan (Joint Treasurer), Miss S. L. Goodenough and Musharaff Khan. Of course, the great rivals Zohra Mary Williams and Sophia Lucy Goodenough were not to be excluded from any venture of Murshid’s, not even one promoting Islam in general as opposed to Sufism in particular. It was presumably Murshida Goodenough who saw to it that the Anjumani Islam ended up with seven “Objects” and *seven* “Works.”

⁴⁴⁵ Inayat Khan also had Hindu followers in London, but these were prepared to share him with westerners. One key Muslim figure was the Secretary of the Anjumani Islam, Khwaja Ismaël (dates unknown). According to Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 107, and *Golven* (2002), p. 129 (presumably based on conversations with Raden Ayou Jodjana), Ismaël was a good friend of Inayat Khan and the Brothers and even “came to cook throughout the war whenever a ‘dervish-diner’ was put on.” Like most of his compatriots living in London at the time, Ismaël eventually returned to India (in his case to Hyderabad in 1920). Keesing, *Inayat Khan*, p. 142, also mentions (Abdullah) Yussuf Ali (1872-1953), a famous Koran translator and commentator, whereas Keesing, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 98, adds Dr. Abdul Majid, the president and founder of the All India Muslim League. Yussuf Ali was chairman at

the inauguration of the “Khan Kah,” the Headquarters of the Sufi Order at 86 Ladbroke Road, on Friday, 15 October 1915, as well as at the second anniversary of the Sufi Order on Thursday, 5 July 1917. That same year both the “Id-ul-Fitar” and the “Id-ul-Zola” prayers and celebrations were held in the *Khankah* by the Islamic Society under the auspices of the Sufi Order. See *The Sufi*, vol. 1, no. 4, November 1915 and vol. 2, no. 4, October 1917.

⁴⁴⁶ Cf. Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom,” p. 144: “dedicated to promoting the understanding of Islam and to promoting improvement of the social conditions in the Muslim world.” For additional information, see Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 103-106, who (p. 105) extracted its “four purposes” from a letter written by Inayat Khan to the India Office (India Office File 1797) on 13 April 1920: “to build a mosque, to procure a house for its offices, to publish religious literature, and to raise a fund for the support and education of the orphans of those Muslims of The British Empire who fell in the recent war.”

⁴⁴⁷ See “OUR PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT,” in: *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 3, no. 2, July 1918, pp. 4-5.

⁴⁴⁸ According to Keesing, *Inayat Answers*, p. 14, or *Antwoorden van Inayat*, p. 15, Murshid’s followers were sensitive even about “Sufism” and asked him to adopt a more neutral Western word. It is not surprising, given today’s political climate, that some mureeds are again touchy about Inayat Khan’s Islamic identity. See, for instance, the apologetic tone struck by Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom,” p. 144, esp. n. 33.

⁴⁴⁹ Lucy Goodenough’s role was explained to me by Mahmood Khan (cf. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 104). Goodenough’s Inayatian books are *Akibat, Life after Death* (1918); *The Phenomenon of the Soul* (1919); and *Love, Human and Divine* (1919), all three published by the London Sufi Publishing Society from late 1914 or early 1915 on, and then taken over by Southampton’s Book Depot for Sufi Literature (i.e., by Khalifa Nargis Dowland) as part of the “Voice of Inayat Series.” As Elisabeth Keesing, *Inayat Answers*, p. 242, or *Antwoorden van Inayat*, p. 239, observed, Murshida Goodenough took liberties with Murshid’s content while improving on his English, so that it is no loss that her books have never been republished. According to an oral tradition passed on to Maheboob Khan and his family by Rabia Robertson [see note 394R below], Murshid himself later disqualified Goodenough’s work as “very poor”

⁴⁵⁰ The importance of Sa’adi’s words is discussed above. For the faulty quotation, see Inayat Khan, *In an Eastern Rose Garden* (c. 1922), p. 94. The introductory material that I quote is found in the very front of the booklet. The devious editor in this instance was probably Lucy Goodenough, although Dr. Gruner may have had a hand in it as well.

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- ⁴⁵¹ This same sequence of events is reviewed in Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 104. As a welcome extra, Zia introduces a letter from Hazrat Inayat Khan to Murshida Rabia Martin, in which we find Murshid making a virtue of necessity: “As time progressed [after 1915] Islamic references consistently diminished in all of the Order’s publications. Inayat Khan was clearly conscious of the general shift in his teaching style. In 1920 he confided to Martin: ‘No doubt I have been by experience more adaptable and I can work with the Western people much better than I did before. I have studied their psychology and I know what they like and what they do not like and how to approach them on these subjects and therefore I have been lately successful too.’” Note, however, that the reference to Inayat Khan’s “teaching style” is enigmatic, while the implication that Murshid conspired with his leading followers in the erasure of Islam, is wrong. The nefarious editing took place in the same years that Inayat was still engaged in pro-Islamic rhetoric, whereas his reluctant capitulation to the wishes of Goodenough and company dates to the time of his relocation to the continent.
- ⁴⁵² Bertha Titia Jelgersma was married to *meester ingenieur* H.J. Kiewiet de Jonge, who died in Batavia on 29 July 1933. She then returned to the Netherlands with her son Paul, moving into 350 Van Alkemadeaan in The Hague. Paul Kiewiet de Jonge eventually became a colleague of Mahmood Khan at the Dutch Foreign Office and passed on this choice bit of oral history. As traditional Christians did not care for Sufism and Theosophical Western Sufis did not care for Islam but often admired Vedantic thought, Hindu Sufism may have looked like an attractive alternative to someone such as Zulaikha.
- ⁴⁵³ See, for instance, Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten uit de Perzische mystiek*, p. 19, where he refers to the great Sufi texts as “veins of gold in a granite substratum,” and p. 39, where he reminds his readers that “millions of Muhammadans accept Jalalu’d-din and Ghazali as benchmarks of their faith” and asks “what arrogance prompts us continually and obstinately to deny this simple fact.” Van Brakell Buys returned to his conviction in *Grondvormen der mystiek*, as on pp. 6-57, throughout his chapter entitled “Al Ghazali, the testimony of Islam,” and on p. 171, where he observed that “not only did Rumi always think of himself as a devout Muslim, but his fellow believers have never ceased to honour him as such.” Similar Louis Hoyack, *De Boedschap van Inayat Khan*, p. 9, cautioned against “scholars who, almost without exception, approach the material in question from the outside while motivated by an aversion, by now inherited, to all things Islamic.”
- ⁴⁵⁴ Transcriptions of the two lectures were kindly supplied to me by Mahmood Khan. No doubt the Nekbakht Foundation will publish them in the near future. As a closing footnote to this disposition, consider the message that

Inayat Khan wrote on music paper for his son Hidayat, as reported in “My First Violin” by Hidayat Inayat Khan, *Once Upon a Time* (Groningen, Sufi Broederschapscentrum, 1997), pp. 24-25. What Hidayat calls a “Wazifa,” or mantra, turns out to be a phonetic transcription from the Gujarati script into Urdu of the shortest possible form of the Muslim profession of faith: “La ilaha ill’allah, Muhammad Rasul Allah” or “In the name of God - No Godhead but the One God. Muhammad is the Messenger of God.”

⁴⁵⁵ My information on Inayat Khan’s Indian background is based on two essays by his nephew, Mahmood Khan, “The Mawlabakhsh Dynastic Lineage” and “A Biographical Perspective,” in: Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, pp. 3-63 and 65-126, as well as on numerous discussions with their author. The aristocratic aspect of Hazrat Inayat Khan was not wasted on one contemporary of Theo, namely Mourik Broekman (*Geestelijke stromingen*, p. 111), who noted that “a certain aristocratic quality to his bearing and testimony is certainly unmistakable.” Theo van Hoorn apparently did understand that Hazrat Inayat Khan belonged to the privileged classes. In “Katwijk,” for instance, he has Sirdar mention “that once he [Murshid] had decided to devote himself to his spiritual work as preacher [*sic*], he gave up equine sports along with many other things.” But the insight comes encapsulated in a caricatural version of what I would call “the myth of the Message.”

⁴⁵⁶ I am quoting from Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” p. 75, who supplies detailed and yet compact information. Any untrained Western head soon begins to spin at the complexities of Indian class and caste structures, paternal and maternal family lines, coexisting religions and sects, multiple schools of mysticism, competing educational systems and bewildering rites of passage. Only fragments, such as Inayat attaining the state of Samadhi in the summer of 1909 (*Biography* [1979], pp. 103, 105 and 111) make us sit up in recognition. Less authoritative but more readable than Mahmood Khan’s exposition is Part One of Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 3-80, which, until recently, remained the best place to begin. That honour now goes to the first half of Jan Slomp, *De Soefi Beweging*, pp. 9-78. An English translation, commissioned by the Nektakht Foundation, should come out in the near future.

⁴⁵⁷ For Hazrat Inayat Khan’s genuine commitment to the West, see the observations of Andrew Rawlinson, *The Book of Enlightened Masters: Western Teachers in Eastern Traditions* (Chicago and La Salle, Open Court, 1997), p. 547. But Murshid had no wish for anything approaching true integration. His hair and dress alone establish that much. Even in Suresnes, Murshid was still arranging family marriages, most strikingly, between his elder daughter Noor-un-Nisa and his younger cousin Alladad Khan, strictly speaking the

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fifth “cousin-brother” of his own generation but in age much closer to his children. Inayat’s American wife Begum broke the engagement in 1929, so that Alladad became the sole heir of family honours, estates and property.

⁴⁵⁸ For information, see Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 91 and 99-100 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 120 and 132; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 75, 90 and 101-102; *Golven* [2002], pp. 109 and 119-120) and Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” pp. 89, 115-117 and 125-126. First the Brothers hoped to travel home from London in 1913, in part because Maheboob’s continued absence had been hard on his bride Sabira-Biy, whom he had married (as arranged by Inayat) immediately before his departure from India in 1910. With Sabira-Biy’s death in 1913 (as mentioned in a newly discovered letter addressed by Murshid from London to Rabia Martin in San Francisco on 10 June 1913), a Russian route home suggested itself, but their intended return to India just prior to the outbreak of the First World War was prevented by political disturbances in Turkistan. As Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 99 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 132; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, 1981, p. 90; *Golven* [2002], p. 119) rightly argued, the Brothers never ceased to be homesick. Finally, with respect to 1918, the evidence is to be found in as yet unpublished correspondence in the hands of Mahmood Khan. As pointed out by Mahmood Khan, “Biographical Perspective,” pp. 125-126, the Sufi Constitutional Rules of 1917 still assumed that Headquarters of the Sufi Order were in England “for the time being, being removed from India and temporarily established in London.”

⁴⁵⁹ Cf. Inayat Khan’s personal account in *Biography* (1979), p. 185. This suggests that Murshid regarded Fazal Manzil above all as a welcome shelter for Begum and the children. In true Indian style he invited Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling to move in, so that his family might enjoy the security of an elderly lady’s presence.

⁴⁶⁰ Even after Murshid’s departure and death, Maheboob Khan said that but for his Dutch marriage, he would have returned to India. After his death in 1927, Murshid’s Western organizations became sacrosanct and there could no longer be question of overseeing them from Baroda. From then on, visiting rather than returning home became the only option. Maheboob and Mohammad Ali Khans, with the Begum and Murshid’s children, went there in 1928 to 1929. Musharaff Khan returned at least twice. Maheboob Khan intended to take his family there in 1940 but was foiled by the Second World War. The effective absence of the four Brothers from India ultimately led to the collapse of their House. Western Sufism was built on the ruins of their lineage.

⁴⁶¹ There are other striking illustrations of this point in Musharaff Khan, *Pages in the Life of a Sufi*, pp. 50-52. For further examples, see Inayat Khan’s warm reception of an old servant of his own Murshid, who had been slighted by a

gatekeeper, as recorded in *Biography* (1979), p. 78. Very similar is an anecdote involving a pedlar, also in *Biography*, p. 92. For related tales about the graceful treatment of a servant and of a camel driver by Inayat Khan's grandfather, Maula Bakhsh, see *Biography*, pp. 27 and 28. Murshid's father was equally gracious in his treatment of servants, as we are told in Musharaff Khan, *Pages*, pp. 51-52, where such superior behaviour is explicitly related to the "the Islamic faith of brotherhood." Rahemat showed the same consideration for the younger generation: "My father was so careful[,] I remember, when talking to the children of servants or of poor people, never to let them feel any difference or condescension." In addition, rulers such as the Nawab of Rampur or the Maharajah of Baroda, demonstrated impeccable style when dealing with their social inferiors, as we read in *Pages*, pp. 36, 76-77 and 79-83, taking an interest in their education and improvement and even sending one promising youth off to study at Columbia University.

⁴⁶² Inayat Khan's deference for Mahtab is conveyed by Theo van Hoorn's *Recollections*. Murshid's elaborate courtesy to Ekbal is remembered from the many stories she told her grandson Mahmood Khan. I write "public life" because women played an important role in the affairs of the Maulabakhshi household. See Mahmood Khan, "The Mawlabakhsh Dynastic Lineage," esp. p. 45.

⁴⁶³ *Biography* (1979), pp. 143 and 149.

⁴⁶⁴ *Biography*, p. 141.

⁴⁶⁵ I am paraphrasing Arnon Grünberg (born 1971) as he quoted the composer Louis Andriessen (born 1939) in the *VPRO Gids*, no. 25, 20-26 June 2009.

⁴⁶⁶ Mahmood Khan has informed me that the chronology of the earliest years is still unclear and that his own "Biochronology" in Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine* is in need of revision. To concentrate on the wives, in 1899, when only seventeen, Inayat married his first cousin, Ulma-Biy, the only child of his uncle Alaodin Khan, the younger of Maula Bakhsh's two sons (the elder uncle being Maula Bakhsh's heir and successor, Murtuza Khan-i-Maulabakhsh). After Ulma's early death in that same year, Hazrat married Amiran-Biy from Jaipur, who died in 1902. See Musharaff Khan, *Pages in the Life of a Sufi*, pp. 41-46, and Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 32-35 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 40-41, 43; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 21, *Golven* [2002], pp. 39-42).

⁴⁶⁷ As pointed out by Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 97-101 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 127-132; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 83-90; *Golven* [2002], pp. 115-119), the Russians had their problems but at least they knew what it meant to be a Khan (*Golven*, p. 99, *Inayat Khan*, p. 132 (*Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 89; *Golven* [2002], p. 119). One online site claims that Murshid was invited by his much-maligned fellow mystic Grigori Rasputin (1869-1916) to bring

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music and harmony to the troubled court of Tsar Nicholas II, but that is an apocryphal connection.

- ⁴⁶⁸ I mention only the two low points of their musical career in the West. We have already discussed Ruth St. Denis and her American tour of February to April of 1911. The Brothers performed the same service for the ever-controversial Mata Hari (Margretha Geertruida Zelle) at her Paris residence and at the Université des Annales in October and December of 1912. Inayat Khan was not impressed by Mata Hari, but she recognized that he was special. See Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 86-87 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 114-116; *Golven* [2002], pp. 103-105). The latter passage is omitted from the 1981 Anglo-Indian *Hazrat Inayat Khan* edition. For Mata Hari's letter to Murshid, see *Biography* (1979), pp. 371-372. The brothers intended such exposure to lead to useful contacts in Paris society, just as Ruth St. Denis served to get them from one end of America to the other.
- ⁴⁶⁹ In India the Brothers had performed only in privileged close circles, such as courts, music lovers' societies, learned circles of Brahmins, etc., where a pecuniary award might be presupposed but never solicited. Such vulgar remuneration had to be masked by extending it in the form of precious gifts, jewellery, gold medals, honours and titles, lands or estates, and the like.
- ⁴⁷⁰ Any shortfall of income was largely due to Alaodin Khan (Dr. A.M. Pathan), who seduced young Inayat with wondrous stories about his own London studies and Western travels during the 1890s. But when Inayat's turn came to go West, Alaodin did not support him because his nephew stubbornly refused to qualify himself for a solid occupation or career.
- ⁴⁷¹ Musharaff, who for a time had lived with his oldest brother in Calcutta (cf. his *Pages in the Life of a Sufi*, pp. 65-71) remained there for a while longer and then returned to Baroda, rejoining him in New York in February of 1912, by which time he was sixteen (and it was snowing). In 1914, in Moscow, he fell in love with the teenage daughter of Noor-un-Nisa's nurse, a Tatar girl "of fairy-like beauty." See Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 112. The American Begum vetoed the marriage, however. This marked an early conflict between her and the Brothers, but they gave in to her wishes because, in India, women ruled supreme in marriage matters.
- ⁴⁷² Noor-un-Nisa: Moscow, 1 January 1914; Vilayat: London, 19 June 1916; Hidayat: London, 6 August 1917; and Khair-un-Nisa: London, 3 June 1919.
- ⁴⁷³ The problem was a near love-hate relationship between the young Inayat and his not-so-much-older uncle Alaodin, much of it centring on their rival claims for the allegiance of Hazrat's younger brother Maheboob. The brilliant Inayat had ruled the family roost intellectually from the death of Maula Bakhsh in 1896 until the cosmopolitan Alaodin, by then Dr. A.M. Pathan, took over

with his return from England in 1897. Murshid admired Alaodin and married his only daughter, but having to play second fiddle encouraged him to start his career as traveller in 1900, at the age of eighteen. As a result, Maheboob became Alaodin's hope for the future instead. He expected to decide on the marriage of his intended heir, but in 1910 Inayat arranged for Maheboob to marry Sabira-Biy without his uncle's permission and then carried his brother off to America almost at once. Instead of sending Maheboob back to India in 1911, as could easily have been done, Inayat took him to England and the Continent instead. The death of Sabira in 1913, after years of neglect, no doubt angered the proud Alaodin as well (c.f. Mahmood Khan, "A Biographical Perspective," p. 117). Of course, any such subtleties were lost in the posthumous editing of *Biography*.

⁴⁷⁴ For Inayat Khan's later comments on the London poverty as his "bitterest enemy," see *Biography* (1979), p. 185.

⁴⁷⁵ We learn from *A Quarterly Sufi Message* that Margaret Skinner was already a member of the Executive Council by 1917. Using unpublished minutes of Executive Council meetings, Mahmood Khan is able to establish that the move to Gordon Square was in an advanced stage by 12 May 1920, at which time Miss Skinner proposed a June inauguration. We know that Inayat Khan already performed in the new Sufi House by 29 May (cf. fig. 84 below). For the whole incident, including its consequences, see Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 120-122 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 162-164; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 109-111; *Golven* [2002], pp. 146-149); who does not mention Margaret Skinner by name and tends to add or omit bits and pieces, depending on the edition. With respect to the house, she reports that Murshid did not like it, thinking it much too large. The truth is that Murshid did not like being dependent on his followers, and especially not on one patron, but that he did appreciate the ample space and believed that his personal doubts should be subservient to his work. The Brothers would not have made any concessions whatsoever.

⁴⁷⁶ Keesing (cf. note 475 above) improbably blames the eviction on a deluded spinster, believed by Miss Skinner, who accused Inayat Khan of making advances. The idea may well have come from Raden Ayou Jodjana, who left London in October of 1918, before these events. By her old age, however, she had grown all too ready to think the worst of the mureeds who had banded together in the Sufi Order. In the 1981 Anglo-Indian edition of Keesing, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 163, it is this columnious spinster who is forgiven by Murshid, but she virtually disappears by the 2002 edition of *Golven*. Mahmood Khan tells me that Sharif Donald Graham has recently stated that matters of Sufi policy and, especially, the Anjumani Islam were the real issues.

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- ⁴⁷⁷ The conflict is alluded to by Murshid (*Biography* [1979], p. 149): “Differences among my loving friends threatened our Movement with a break-down and caused the removal of the *Khankah* to Geneva.” The preceding sentence is equally stoical: “By the rising wave of a mureed [Margaret Skinner], we then were situated at Gordon Square in a much more suitable house, much more convenient in every way; but at the falling of the wave it was ended.” (In Urdu-Arabic, Maudj [Mauj], or wave, can also mean “mood” or “enthusiasm.”) Elisabeth Keesing tells us that the debt amounted to about two hundred pounds, which would be the equivalent of many thousands of dollars today.
- ⁴⁷⁸ Jessie Eliza Dowland, the manager of the Polygon Hotel, was a major player in early Western Sufism, with a substantial “Principal Workers” biography. She was National Representative of England from 1921 to 1933. Aside from her generosity to Inayat Khan and her vital publishing activity for the Movement, she wrote three early expositions of the teachings of Murshid, all semi-anonymously under her Sufi name Nargis, *At the Gate of Discipleship* (London, The Sufi Movement, n.d.), *Between the Desert and the Sown: The Way of the Disciple: Some Practical Teachings for Aspirants to Discipleship* (Southampton, The Sufi Movement, 1923), and *The Lifted Veil* (Southampton, The Sufi Movement, 1925).
- ⁴⁷⁹ This is highly oversimplified. In the fall of 1920, Murshid left the Sufi work in England in the hands of Sophia Saintsbury-Green and others and set up temporary residence in Tremblaye, France, which he had already visited twice in the spring of that year. When he left Tremblaye for Geneva in November of 1920, it was on the spur of the moment, by himself, with a one-way ticket and otherwise empty pockets. From that moment on, Murshid’s prospects improved and he travelled incessantly within Europe, building up extensive international contacts. Readers should be sure to consult Mahmood Khan’s Biochronological Survey in his “Biographical Perspective,” p. 91, before proceeding to the much more detailed but disorganized material in Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 121-140, (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 165-192; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 112-131; *Golven* [2002], pp. 147-171).
- ⁴⁸⁰ See Floris van Pallandt, “Hazrat Inayat Khan’s Life and Work,” pp. 10-11, and Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” p. 91, who has informed me that normally the Brothers would not have dreamt of challenging Hazrat Inayat Khan, but that they had been left scarred by the Skinner debacle. While Inayat Khan travelled widely, his family remained close to Paris, moving from Tremblaye to Wissous in 1921 and, finally, to “Fazal Manzil” in Val d’Or (St. Cloud), later the municipality of Suresnes, in June of 1922.
- ⁴⁸¹ As mentioned, all Hazrat Inayat Khan says about her is that “Miss Margaret Skinner has been helpful in many ways.” Elisabeth Keesing confused Miss

Skinner with Miss Shirley and therefore misquoted Murshid as saying: “She was enthusiastic for some time and did a great deal then.” See *Biography* (1979), p. 143. Much of Margaret Skinner’s rehabilitation occurred after Murshid’s death, however. She followed Mumtáz Armstrong as editor of the *Sufi Quarterly* (after some interruption when sponsors cut Mumtáz off financially in 1933) and recorded Musharaff Khan’s wonderful tales of his youth in India, as published in his *Pages in the Life of a Sufi*. Though the combined outcome of Musharaff’s memory and Miss Skinner’s editing is not always equally reliable, these remain a vital source concerning the early years of Murshid and the Brothers. A new, critical edition is badly needed, however.

⁴⁸² I owe my information to a substantial file of documentation assembled by Mahmood Khan. The situation was complicated. When Hazrat Inayat Khan established the Sufi headquarters in Geneva in 1920, there was a single small ruling body, being a kind of privy council under his control. When a formal constitution was created in 1923, it had to answer to Swiss national law. The early ruling body split into an International Council consisting of National Representatives and an Executive Committee. The larger body met and voted on resolutions embodying proposals, but these had to be validated by the Executive Committee, in which Murshid held a deciding plurality of votes. Van Tuyl and Armstrong started off in the initial single ruling body of 1920 but later became national representatives, explaining their frustration and initiative.

⁴⁸³ The events are summarized by Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom,” p. 152, n. 41, but by far the most complete account, including a breakdown of the actual voting, is found in Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 178-181, where we learn (p. 190) that Murshid barely defeated the challenge by using his four votes, and that “two of the most vocal supporters of the motion to limit the Representative General’s constitutional powers were also two of the most zealous advocates of the idea that Inayat Khan was the Messenger of God. Ironically, their wish to enhance his symbolic authority led them to attempt to diminish his literal authority.” As Sophia Saintsbury-Green supported the amendment, we may safely assume that she was one of the two figures to whom Zia alludes to so delicately. The other must have been Sirdar van Tuyl (cf. *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 151).

⁴⁸⁴ Both Graham, “Spreading the Message,” p. 152, n. 41, and Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 181, quote from a letter from Murshid to Rabia Martin, dated 9 December 1925, stating that “after the Geneva Council, if it were not for the Cause, I would have left the whole affair and gone to the East [...]” Naturally, I have the information about Maheboob’s intervention from his son Mahmood.

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- ⁴⁸⁵ The fourth American journey began in November 1925 and lasted seven months, allowing Inayat Khan to return to Suresnes in time for the 1926 Summer School. The events of this exhausting journey are related in detail by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 182-188.
- ⁴⁸⁶ Mahmood Khan informs me that the Brothers were left in no doubt about his uncle's decision to retire (cf. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 190). Wil van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 210, claims that Inayat Khan told the Brothers he would definitely not return, but Mahmood questions that melodramatic version of events. There were other reasons why Murshid gave up in 1926. His frustration had been mounting for years due to numerous intermittent incidents. Also, he knew he was in poor health and presumably intended to seek out India's Ayurvedic and Yunani treatment. Had he lived and remained in India, he would presumably have run his Movement from Baroda, leaving Suresnes in the capable hands of his brother Maheboob.
- ⁴⁸⁷ Krishnamurti publicly embraced his role in Adyar in 1925. He revoked his decision on 3 August 1929 in the Dutch town of Ommen, which had become home to the European headquarters of the Order of the Star of the East, suitably housed in a castle (Kasteel te Eerde) donated by Philip Dirk baron van Pallandt (1889-1979). Ommen was the site of large and successful camp-like meetings in 1927, 1928 and 1929, and they continued after Krishnamurti's lecture on "The Dissolution of the Order of the Star," so that Holland remained a major venue for his continued activity as an important world teacher who would not be an incarnated godhead or superhuman eminence.
- ⁴⁸⁸ It is reminiscent of the nineteenth-century myth of the bipartite Rembrandt, with its brash and successful young artist and an introspective and neglected late one, as discussed by J.A. Emmens, *Rembrandt en de regels van de kunst* (Amsterdam, G.A. van Oorschot, 1967 [1964], pp. 12-37). The tenacity of such myths can be explained by their accessibility and underlying element of truth.
- ⁴⁸⁹ See Mahmood Khan, "A Biographical Perspective," pp. 113, on the failure of Inayat Khan's musical mission "because the widening circles of Western mureeds could not use it for contemplative and meditative purposes."
- ⁴⁹⁰ Cf. Graham, "Spreading the Wisdom," pp. 133 and 140. Note, however, that the shift to a more Theosophical Order was already under way by 1916, with the appearance of hierarchies (cf. *The Sufi*, vol. 2, no. 2, November 1916, for the listing under "SUFU REPRESENTATION"). In this and other 1916 issues, Murshid's musical mission and "The Royal musicians of Hindustan" are no longer mentioned. As mentioned below, the Sufi Order still had an activity called the Eastern Music Society, but it found no place in the Sufi Movement of 1923. Still, an Eastern Music Society lived a desultory life in Leeds until 1927,

when it published Maheboob Khan's first two English-language compositions from Murshid's *Vadan or Divine Symphony* and *Nirtan or the Dance of the Soul*. But survival through commercialization was so distasteful to Maheboob that he allowed the society to lapse altogether.

⁴⁹¹ Inayat Khan wrote his *Mysticism of Sound* while still in London. As Mahmood Khan, "A Biographical Perspective," p. 103, points out, Inayat Khan intended it to be the first part of a trilogy on music as it pervades the universe, which would have constituted his masterpiece before a hoped-for return to India. The three volumes and their tables of contents are announced as "IN THE PRESS" in *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, no. 3, 15 September 1915. Other examples of the process of sublimation are the titles of Murshid's trilogy of aphorisms — *Gayan*, meaning "vocal music," *Vadan*, meaning "instrumental [mainly percussion] music," and *Nirtan*, meaning "dance" or "dramatics."

⁴⁹² See *SM*, Vol. II, pp. 151-152, as quoted and put in perspective in the splendid essay by the distinguished nonagenarian Indian musicologist R.C. Mehta, "Music in the Life of Hazrat Inayat Khan," in Zia Inayat Khan, ed., *A Pearl in Wine*, pp. 160-175, esp. pp. 174-175. It has been incorporated as chapter 8 in his recent and tenth book, *Indian Classical Music and the Gharana* [i.e. court-musician lineage] (New Delhi, Readworthy Publications, 2008), pp. 123-142.

⁴⁹³ At the end of the war, Inayat Khan proposed to return to concertizing to replenish the Sufi finances. Except in cases of special necessity, however, he avoided giving concerts "in public" and for money. He was no longer anonymous, as in his first Western years, but had become comparatively well-known in some circles. And so reemerged his old Indian sense of it being derogatory to perform in public and commercially instead of in privileged close circles. But in private, at home, visiting friends, or as part of meditative sessions, music continued whenever possible or called for. Even in his last years, Murshid usually travelled with his beloved vina and found time to play it.

⁴⁹⁴ This is not elegant speculation. Apart from his many references to aristocracy as a cultural ideal (see *SM*, Vol. III, p. 113; Vol. VI, p. 53; Vol. VIII, p. 239; Vol. IX, pp. 30, 96, 120, and 126-127; Vol. X, p. 91; and Vol. X, Part II/2, pp. 244-245) and to nobility as the standard concept of moral excellence (*SM*, Vol. I, p. 220; Vol. III, p. 222; Vol. VIII, p. 239; Vol. IX, p. 79), as well as his constant imagery of kings and kingliness, the theme of breeding played a role from his earliest teachings onward. This is arguably most explicit in "*The Way of Illumination*," section "Poems," pp. 93-97 (after *Sufi: A Quarterly Sufi Message*, vol. 3, no. 3, January 1919, pp. 1-2). There, the ordinary man is contrasted unfavourably with superior beings, the gentleman, the wise man, the holy man and the superman (the latter derived from Nietzsche via Sir Mohammad Iqbal, as also

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- from the Hindu *Paramatma*). For Murshid's criticism of democracy, see *SM*, Vol. VI, pp. 47-48 and 55. There are more such references in the unpublished lectures (those in the ongoing brown-volume source edition).
- ⁴⁹⁵ Though I have a fair amount of information (by way of Maheboob Khan and his son Mahmood) that sheds light on the problematic home life of Inayat Khan around 1924 to 1926, I believe the topic is better left to his grandson Zia. For the little that Murshid himself is to have said on the topic, see *Biography* (1979), pp. 185-186, where he professes gratitude for having his wife and children safely in Fazal Manzil under the protection of "Mevrouw Egeling." Though Murshid and Begum were a genuine love match, as shown in his letters to her while travelling, any marriage between an Indian mystic and an American woman was bound to involve psychological pressures. Also, Inayat Khan was frequently away for months on end. When at home, especially during the Summer Schools, his mureeds, including the hovering Sakina Furnée and Kismet Stam, continually intruded on their private life. Understandably, it appears, Begum came to resent the demands of her husband's followers and even vented her frustration in public on occasion.
- ⁴⁹⁶ See *SM*, Vol. VI, pp. 177-178. Like much other material pertaining to the 1925 and 1926 Summer Schools, Murshid's full lecture has yet to be published. Until then, we cannot be sure just how much Theo van Hoorn embellished the story.
- ⁴⁹⁷ Inayat Khan had repeated bouts of pneumonia in the London years. There was also illness at home in 1922 and American treatment for a mouth complaint in 1923. In addition, Inayat Khan was ill in the spring of both 1924 and of 1925, and again in the autumn of the latter year, after the Tuyll-Armstrong balance-of-power crisis in Geneva. The spring 1925 sickness, which commenced during an April visit to England, was severely painful and continued after Inayat's return to "Fazal Manzil." Elisabeth Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 120 and 177-178 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 162 and 241-243; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 164-165; *Golven* [2002], pp. 145-146 and 215-217), discusses Murshid's weak health (including his "thin blood") and inability to cure himself. Apparently Murshid believed that he needed to be sick for the sake of personal growth. He also profoundly admired the Shiva principle of absorbing poisonous influences, of which he interpreted inoculation and injection as partial modern versions. Consequently he was apt to take overdoses of medicine to speed up recovery (something that was much less harmful with India's Ayurvedic or Yunani medical systems), which may have undermined his health even further. There is even talk of Murshid taking strychnine as a stimulant or medicinal compound on occasion. Murshid's younger brother Musharaff died unexpectedly from his related

Shivaic convictions in 1967, prior to a planned visit to Pakistan and India. He had a diabetic condition and defied medical advice against a cholera injection.

⁴⁹⁸ Elisabeth Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 177 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 241; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 164; *Golven* [2002], p. 215), studied all the Smit-Kerbert contributions and concluded that: "Apart from those closest to him, who knew, only one of all those writers of memoirs noticed that he was tired and ill. In their eyes the perfect master could not be ill." I have yet to identify that one exception to the rule.

⁴⁹⁹ See Saintsbury-Green, *The Wings of the World*, pp. 7-8, and Murshid Talewar Dussaqq, "Discourse," in: Faber et al., ed., *Forty Years of Sufism*, pp. 17-18.

⁵⁰⁰ After the Second World War, it was difficult for Dutch mureeds to travel to Suresnes because of currency restrictions. Nor was the Mureeds' House in any state to receive them. Summer schools were therefore held in The Netherlands, in De Bildt-Berkenhove (organized by Gawery Voûte) in 1946, in the Godelineschool (at 6 Mozartlaan) in Hilversum in 1947, and in the building of the Theosophical Society (at 67 de Ruyterstraat) in The Hague from 1949. The 1948 Summer School was planned for Hilversum but was cancelled on account of the death of Maheboob Khan. The threat of Suresnes expropriation first arose in March 1950, with the danger coming to a head in the second half of 1954. The actual expropriation took place on 29 March 1956, with the value of the property determined by a *jury d'expropriation* in the fall of that year. Despite Sufi attempts at legal stalling, the sale was ratified in June of 1957, with demolition beginning almost at once. For details, see *Witboek over Suresnes*, vols. 1 & 2, *passim*.

⁵⁰¹ See note 188R below. The so-called prophecy of Sainte Odile was in any case first thought to apply to World War I.

⁵⁰² Both Inayat and Maheboob Khans, very close and very different, were in the last instance highly elusive to both mureeds and outsiders and took little notice of the internecine rivalries and squabbles of their mureeds. Mohammad Ali and Musharaff Moulamia Khans were temperamentally closer to their mureeds and therefore also within easier reach.

⁵⁰³ I have seen the evidence in the personal archive of Mahmood Khan, but the matter is also reviewed in the *Witboek over Suresnes*, Vol. I, p. 15, with little regard for Sirkar's good name. For example, "The S.A.S. threatened to become totally dependent on a small group of wealthy mureeds and especially on its administrator [...]. It is curious and unpleasant in this connection that Mr. van Stolk took out a mortgage on the mureeds' house to cover his personal loans." The investigative committee consisted of Karamnavaz van Bylandt (*meester Willem Frederik Lodewijk graaf van Bylandt: 1896-1990*), Khushnasib

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Hübner (mentioned just below) and Karima Muster, a Geneva-based woman accountant (cf. note 497R below).

- ⁵⁰⁴ No one denies that Murshida Goodenough made an important contribution to the Movement. The specific bones of contention are discussed below, in a few of the notes to the *Recollections* (such as 19R for the “Silsila Sufian”). Goodenough aspired to being a kind of Sufi kingmaker and the spiritual power behind the throne (though at an impressive distance) and not, like Murshida Martin, to succeeding the Pir-o-Murshid herself.
- ⁵⁰⁵ Murshida Lucy Goodenough was so hard to like that not even Inayat Khan’s benevolence could get around it. He compared her aristocratic breeding to that of a horse and observed that “Though retiring, exclusive and remote by nature, and independent and indifferent in appearance, which has turned many against her and caused many troubles, she has many pearl-like qualities hidden under a hard shell.” See *Biography* (1979), p. 141. Mahmood Khan (who has positive memories of Sophia Saintsbury-Green) confirms this picture of Lucy Goodenough as a distant and arrogant individual. See also the impressions of Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 155 (second paragraph) and p. 156 (third paragraph), which show the Murshida to have been a terrible spoilsport. Raden Ayou Jodjana, *A Book of Self Re-Education*, p. 172, or “Autobiography,” in: *A Pearl in Wine*, p. 389, noted that Goodenough kept aloof from both the other mureeds and Inayat’s family, but professed to like her all the same.
- ⁵⁰⁶ After the death of Hazrat Inayat Khan, Goodenough suffered a complete breakdown and “was diagnosed as suffering from a disorder of an erotic strain” (Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 195), which suggests that her relationship to him had involved a measure of sublimation all along. The diagnosis has come down to us thanks to Murshid Talewar Dussaq, Secretary-General of IHQ Geneva. Dussaq reported in 1953 (archives of Mahmood Khan) that shortly before his final departure for India in 1926, Murshid had spoken appreciatively about Murshida Goodenough but had warned him delicately: “The only problem, is that she is a woman.” Dussaq was taken aback because he felt that this observation was out-of-character for Murshid, but he understood when visiting Goodenough in her French clinic (her presence at IHQ being urgently required) and consulting the specialist there.
- ⁵⁰⁷ As we read in Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind* (2002), p. 162, Inayat Khan called Murshida Fazal Mai “my backbone” and allowed her to buy him his house and look after his children’s schools and music lessons. The backbone compliment is not found in the original Dutch edition of 1973 or in the English editions of 1974 and 1981, suggesting Keesing got it from Hidayat Inayat Khan, the current head of the Sufi Movement and Order. Hidayat may

not have intended to convey what the tribute probably signified, namely, some further shift of responsibility for Murshid's wife and children to Murshida Fazal Mai, and an intention to justify this to them.

- ⁵⁰⁸ This is an oversimplification, but essentially correct. The pursuit of harmony requires meditative introspection because "God constitutes the whole being [...], and every soul has the source of the divine message within itself" (See "Some Aspects of Sufism" in *SM*, Vol. I, p. 33). The state of harmony or "God consciousness" becomes more complete and lasting as the mureed becomes more mystically adept. Just how this works is passed on from murshid to mureed, and mainly by personal example. According to Mahmood Khan, "A Biographical Perspective," p. 122, his uncle "Hazrat Inayat Khan [...] remained convinced that the actual reality of mysticism could never be reduced to intellectual concepts, let alone verbal expression, any more than the 'highest music' could be reduced to the 'limitations' of notation of any kind."
- ⁵⁰⁹ See "Sufic Training" in Inayat Khan, *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, pp. 40-41: "The *Murshid* prefers a *Mureed* whose mind is unembarrassed with [unencumbered by] other methods of training; who is free from worldly considerations; and is possessed of whole-hearted perseverance; and capable of committing himself with perfect faith and devotion to the guidance of his *Murshid*."
- ⁵¹⁰ See *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 2, no. 1, April 1916, inside the front cover, where we read that the Sufi Movement in the West aims "To simplify mysticism by a logical and scientific training." The second half of this statement was probably intended to indicate a shift away from the Chishti, or religious element, towards a "secularization" of the method in a philosophizing yoga-like sense.
- ⁵¹¹ The preceding material is based on the eighth chapter of Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 103-122 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 137-165; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 92-112; *Golven* [2002], pp. 124-148) and especially on Mahmood Khan, "A Biographical Perspective," pp. 119-124, whom I paraphrase repeatedly and quote in this instance. Other than *Murshid* and the Brothers there were almost no true adepts in Suresnes. One probable exception was Talewar (Émilien) Dussaq, whom Theo mentions, but not in that connection (see Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 133, confirmed by Mahmood Khan). Characteristically, this Cuban was praised by: "There is something Arab in that man."
- ⁵¹² On coming to the West, Hazrat Inayat Khan found that generally, and particularly amongst Theosophists, there was no clarity of distinction between "mysticism" and "occultism." He therefore avoided the term "mysticism,"

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instead using “religion” (in the sense of acknowledging a supreme being permanently pervading the universe), “religious philosophy” or “metaphysics” until in his own teachings he had completely disentangled the two. Only in the later stages of Inayat’s career did the term “mysticism” come into its own, witness the marvellous lectures so-entitled in *SM*, Vol. X, or the “Mental Purification” series in *SM*, Vol. IV. On the other hand, “the mystic” was present all along.

- ⁵¹³ I quote Mahmood Khan’s “A Biographical Perspective,” pp. 120 and 125-126, where the process is discussed in greater detail. As the critical period ran from the summer of 1914, when Murshid returned to England, to the fall of 1926, when he left for India, “decades on end” may seem like an exaggeration, but the claims of his disciples did not end with his death.
- ⁵¹⁴ Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 131 and 133, rightly points out that the Church of All emulated the Theosophical Liberal Catholic Church. But the Liberal Catholic Church was derived from Catholicism, especially in the form of High-Church Anglicanism. It is in any case significant that Inayat Khan had a low opinion of the Liberal Catholic Church. See “Review of Religions,” in: *Biography* (1979), p. 225.
- ⁵¹⁵ And yet bits of *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty* of 1914 did not make their way into the multi-volume *Message* of the 1960s. Just try to find Inayat Khan’s section on “Concentration” in *Spiritual Liberty*, pp. 55-56. Inayatian scholarship should in any case never assume the existence of a complete, fixed and reliable message within the volumes of *The Sufi Message* or *The Complete Works*, as did Jironet, *The Image of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 83. The Sufi Message evolved, step by step, and from year to year, even as Murshid evolved and his mureeds took liberties.
- ⁵¹⁶ Elisabeth Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 120-121 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 163-164; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 110-112; *Golven* [2002], pp. 140-141 and 146) writes differing versions of sundry London altercations that included a long-standing feud between Zohra Williams, a daughter of an Anglican minister, and Murshid’s Theosophist followers. Note that Zohra’s role is not mentioned in the Anglo-Indian edition of *Golven*. According to Keesing, Murshid encouraged his many converts, who all had their own ideas, to find their personal synthesis in the pursuit of harmony, but that was not easy in the case of Mary Williams, who lived under one roof with Inayat Khan and his family at 86 Ladbroke Road, and Lucy Goodenough, who did not, but who nevertheless had greater access to Murshid’s private quarters. Raden Ayou Jodjana indicates that Zohra was very nervous, while Lucy remained silent and remote. Zohra lost the contest and had withdrawn from Sufism by the time Inayat Khan departed from Britain in 1920.

- ⁵¹⁷ An exhaustively documented instance followed in the late forties and early fifties with intense political infighting between International Headquarters in Geneva and the Société Anonyme Soufi of Suresnes over the future of the Sufi Land, the planned Universal Temple, and related matters (again, *Witboek over Suresnes*). Theo was no doubt kept up-to-date by his friend Sirkar van Stolk, who was a leading member of the SAS faction until 1951, when he left for South Africa. A contributing factor was the death of Maheboob Khan on 3 July 1948, followed by a divisive proclamation issued by his nephew Vilayat Inayat Khan on 16 September, in which Vilayat claimed an unconditional hereditary right to eventual leadership of the Movement without first seeking approval from IHQ.
- ⁵¹⁸ See Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 118-119 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 160, from which I quote with minor editing) and *Golven* (2002), pp. 143-144. For reasons unknown, this passage was omitted from the Anglo-Indian edition. For the “SUFI ORDER: CONSTITUTION AND RULES” (to give the correct title) themselves, see *Witboek over Suresnes*, Vol. II, pp. 14-16. Even the Anjumani Islam, which had S.L. Goodenough as one of the “Members of the Committee,” ended up with seven “Objects” and seven “Works.”
- ⁵¹⁹ See *The Sufi. A Quarterly Magazine*, vol. 1, May 1915, p. 30; vol. 2, April 1916, pp. 2-4; vol. 2, October 1917, p. 21; and vol. 3, April 1918, pp. 9-16; all previously cited by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 98-99, nn. 93-96. Though Zia proposes that such popular science interested Inayat Khan in relation to his pursuit of the “scientific rationalization” of mysticism, Murshid must have known that it had nothing whatsoever to do with music or mysticism.
- ⁵²⁰ Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 94, proposes that Jodjana’s “unequivocal assertion that Inayat Khan ‘never created’ the Sufi Order in London has the ring of hyperbole,” but he mounts no serious argument, noting “that the family was in a precarious financial situation that limited their options.” Zia, who refers to “Khorshed de Revalieu [*sic*],” made no attempt to identify her person or point of view.
- ⁵²¹ For the quotation and its context, see Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 132 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 179; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 122; *Golven* [2002], p. 160).
- ⁵²² In other words, the London organization was arranged in overlapping circles, with Murshid at the centre. The Geneva version became structured vertically, in distinct steps, with Murshid at the top. The working reality of Western Sufism and Suresnes remained horizontal, however, so that in 1924 Theo van Hoorn was able to approach Murshid directly to be initiated.
- ⁵²³ For anyone who thinks that Healing is an integral part of Inayat Khan’s Sufism, his *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty* of 1914 is again recommended reading. Only one sentence alludes to spiritual healing, and even then only in a very

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general sense. Even the word “health” occurs only once, in association with other good things of life.

- ⁵²⁴ For an excellent discussion of the psychology of Hazrat Inayat Khan, see Hoyack, *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan*, pp. 112-130. The Shamanic tradition was one of incantation, health care and magic that originated prior to his ancestors’ fourteenth-century immigration to India, in Inayat Khan’s Central Asian (paternal) homeland and which in India evolved into music, manual and meditative healing, and mysticism. It was never practised professionally, i.e., for remuneration.
- ⁵²⁵ Inayat Khan was never dogmatic, but he was generally suspicious of modern medicine and, especially, of surgery. Naturally, the disturbed harmony of the patient is almost literally out of tune with the cosmic musical harmony of Murshid’s mysticism. For an excellent discussion of Inayat Khan as spiritual healer, see Hoyack, *De Boodschap van Inayat Khan*, pp. 208-216. The flaw of Salamat’s chapter is that he touches on Murshid’s ostensibly peripheral approaches to healing and ends up attributing the work of the Movement to the Master.
- ⁵²⁶ Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 177-178 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 242-243; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 164; *Golven* [2002], p. 216-217), where Moenie Kramer is identified only as “the mother.” Dr. Keesing’s source was no doubt Moenie’s lengthy Smit-Kerbert contribution, which I have also consulted, and which remains indispensable. Keesing clearly tried to tighten up Moenie’s feverish and jumbled presentation. For instance, Keesing mentions that the doctor met Murshid, who was on his way out, and found Tammo sleeping soundly, but not that Moenie had just observed the same thing immediately after Murshid had left the sickroom. In addition, a close reading of Moenie’s version reveals that this was Murshid’s second visit, not the one during which he had stroked her hands. Nor does Keesing mention the bright light left by Murshid upon leaving the room on that second occasion. Keesing’s omissions may be part of an attempt at scholarly distance. Significantly, she pointed out that Murshid could not heal himself, consulted Western specialists on occasion, and sometimes referred his mureeds to mainstream practitioners.
- ⁵²⁷ See Van Stolk, *Memories of a Sufi Sage*, p. 19.
- ⁵²⁸ Certainly, that is what Ameen Carp asserts in his Principal Workers biography of Sirkar. See *Biography* (1979), p. 528.
- ⁵²⁹ *Memories of a Sufi Sage*, p. 37.
- ⁵³⁰ I recklessly exclude the claim of Sophia Saintsbury-Green (*Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 57-58) that after she had been bedridden for eleven months with “a serious internal complaint,” Murshid cured her instantly by giving her “the Healing Blessing of the *Laying on of Hands*.” That Inayat Khan was able to get her out of bed, I do not doubt for an instant.

- ⁵³¹ First and foremost we should consider that Moenie wrote her account two decades after the events, so that it is unlikely to be correct or complete in every detail. One omitted detail, mentioned by Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 184, is that fully a day expired between the time that Moenie sent a girl to alert Inayat Khan and Salima van Braam, who were in Hilversum at the time, and Murshid's arrival in the sickroom. Murshid, it appears, did not have a sense of urgency, as he waited until after he had completed his scheduled interviews. Also, is it not possible that Murshid was optimistic because he sensed what the distraught Moenie was unable to perceive, that the fever was about to break? I believe that Keesing's Indonesian background (cf. *Op de muur*, pp. 62-65) predisposed her *not* to entertain such a possibility. Moenie, not so incidentally, also came from the Dutch East Indies, having been born in Pajakombo on 2 March 1885.
- ⁵³² Mohammad Ali Khan was schooled in Baroda in the Indian tradition discussed in note 524 above. The same master, Bhaiyaji ("Revered Brother"), also trained him in wrestling.
- ⁵³³ Note, however, the testimony of Murshida Ratan Witteveen-de Vries Feyens, as translated and recorded by Jironet, *The Image of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 177: "What Ali Khan had done [during the 1931 Summer School] was, through concentration, to materialize my illness within his body and spit it out in the wash-table and flood it out with a lot of water!" For Ali's reputed instant healing of the cheek cancer of a Lausanne physician named Schmidt, see Jironet, *Sufi Mysticism into the West*, p. 97.
- ⁵³⁴ The London situation with respect to health was complicated. During the later years of the First World War, Hazrat Inayat Khan delivered "Health" and "Healing" lectures; Mohammad Ali Khan supplemented his Western-style vocal training with a practice in the kind of healing he had trained in at Baroda, taking as his example "Brother Ramananda," a successful London practitioner in "present and distant divine healing" (13, Parliament Hill, Hampstead, N.W.); and Halima (Jane) Reynolds took the initiative of organizing healing sessions along Christian Science lines, but in the Sufi framework. Reynolds' work was taken over and expanded by Kefayat LLOYD after Murshid left Britain in 1920. Predictably, the "Principal Workers" biography for her *Biography* [1979], pp. 518-519), which was largely written by Gawery VouÛte, states that Inayat Khan "charged" Kefayat with spiritual healing.
- ⁵³⁵ Hoyack, *De Boodschap*, p. 213, refers to "the 'healing service' which the master instituted in the framework of the Sufi Movement. It is a simple ceremony; a circle of people concentrates on the patient [who is elsewhere] and in so doing transmits spiritual power to him, which is intended to stimulate the activity of his own *vis mediatrix*." It was Kefayat LLOYD's ceremony, however, not Inayat Khan's.

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- ⁵³⁶ As Kefayat was called by a Viennese fellow-aristocrat, Hanifa (Emmy) von Medinger. This was an oft-quoted *bon mot* in the family of the Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Maheboob Khan, which I reproduce courtesy of Maheboob's son Mahmood.
- ⁵³⁷ The overwhelming tendency is to argue that Murshid initiated what he approved. Van Stolk, *Sufi Sage*, p. 35, reports that *Hazrat Inayat Khan* "instituted a simple religious service called the Universal Worship. In *Inayat Khan* of 1974, Elisabeth Keesing writes: "In England again in May, he *began to design* the Service of the Universal Worship [...]" In the "Principal Workers" biography of Sophia Saintsbury-Green (*Biography* [1979], pp. 509-510), written by Angela Alt, we read that "In May 1921 Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan *founded* in London the Universal Worship as an exoteric [*sic*] activity of the Sufi Movement." The italics are mine.
- ⁵³⁸ Graham, "Spreading the Wisdom," pp. 142-143, reviews the elements of the services conducted by Hazrat Inayat Khan in 1918, noting that "here we find the beginnings of what was to become the Universal Worship Service three years later."
- ⁵³⁹ In her *Hazrat Inayat Khan* of 1981, Elisabeth Keesing comes much closer to the probable truth than in the 1974 edition (cf. note 537 above): "In England again in May 1921, Murshid authorized the Service of Universal Worship. Sophia Saintsbury Green (who had been a Theosophist and came from an Anglican family) assisted in shaping the ritual form [...]" Almost certainly, however, Murshida Green had already shaped the ritual before Murshid returned to London.
- ⁵⁴⁰ Sharif Donald Graham has informed me that he has unpublished information about this event staged on 7 May 1921 in the home of Kefayat Lloyd, shared by Sophia Saintsbury Green, at 33 [not 35; cf. note 80R below] Tregunter Road. It was then that the prayers of Saum and Salat were first spoken. Because Inayat Khan participated, Graham proposes that Murshid "envisaged" aspects of the Universal Worship (see his entry in the online "Cherag Email Address Directory").
- ⁵⁴¹ See Keesing, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 121. In Sirdar van Tuyl's "Principal Workers" biography (*Biography* [1979], p. 529) we are told that Hazrat Inayat Khan "dictated" details of Sufi services to him in Katwijk. But Sirdar van Tuyl was by nature opinionated and assertive, and not at all a man to take well to dictation. In addition, it was Sirdar, not Murshid, who was keen on ritual.
- ⁵⁴² These religions, with sacred books from left to right, are Hinduism, Buddhism, Mazdeism (as preached by Zarathustra), Judaism, Christianity and Islam. The main Sunday service was soon supplemented by several versions for special occasions. These included items related to five of the Seven Sacraments,

namely, Baptism (Reception of an Infant), Confirmation (Reception into the Universal Worship), Investiture (Ordination), Holy Matrimony (Wedding Ceremony), and Extreme Unction (Services for a Soul which Has Passed), but also ones for the purification and blessing of homes and the casting out of obsession. See *The Sufi Movement: Universal Worship*, pp. 12-36. This printed booklet is from 1936, but its contents must date from at least a decade before. Predictably, one of the sacraments that is missing, Confession or Penance, pertains to sin. Nor was anything invented to correspond to the Holy Eucharist, with its emphasis on the body and blood of Christ. With the casting out ceremony, we see the hand of Sirdar van Tuyll, who became obsessed with Inayat Khan's psychological concept of "obsession" (see Hoyack, *De Booschap van Inayat Khan*, pp. 112-114) and applied it to any individual with an idea that he deemed undiscerning.

⁵⁴³ Consider Sirkar van Stolk, *Memories of a Sufi Sage*, p. 36, who first witnessed a Universal Worship in 1924 and told Inayat Khan that "It is not for me." Murshid did not disagree but showed Sirkar "how much it means to others." Sharif Graham, "Spreading the Wisdom", p. 148, reproduces an anecdote related by Vilayat Inayat Khan about a 1926 Universal Worship from which his father excused himself, saying that "it is time for the mureeds to do that themselves."

⁵⁴⁴ I am quoting the current Shaikh-ul-Mashaik, who tells me that his father sat against the back wall, as Pir-o-Murshid had done before him. "It was last in, first out for the actual Sufi leader. The family members, including Mohammad Ali Khan, sat in the back row, with the children only running in when, towards the service's conclusion, Ali Khan began to sing the beloved Sufi songs to English or Indian texts, accompanied on the piano."

⁵⁴⁵ The Suresnes Summer School under the leadership of Maheboob Khan knew two kinds of silences, "sam'a" ("audition," i.e. with music, sung by Mohammad Ali Khan accompanying himself on a "dilruba") and "khalwat" ("ascetic," quietude, pure though not simple). Maheboob wisely avoided the gruelling Samadhi Silences. Mohammad Ali Khan returned to them, as did Musharaff and Hidayat, though in an ever-lessening intensity with each successive incumbent

⁵⁴⁶ The precise day was September 13, 1926, or Hejirat-Day, the same day that the first stone for the Universel was laid. Apparently Murshida Green got her inspiration from Catholic girls wearing badges announcing their sisterhood of Faith, who happened to be visiting the Sacré Coeur while she was there. Vilayat certainly latched on to the Confraternity as his claim to fame, as we see in his 1950 "Confraternity," p. 86, where he freely adapted Murshid's temple imagery of January 1924 (discussed above) to legitimize his own *forte*: "Each member of the confraternity is an individual stone in the edifice and all

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- together form the structure, the cement binding them together being the vow of repeating the prayers which set the pace of the particular vibrations of the Message.”
- ⁵⁴⁷ The Confraternity of the Message closes with a strangely Masonic prayer: “Built with Thine Own Hand the Universal our Temple....” These words, still pronounced by mureeds in one or another Universal already in place, would surely have sounded ironic and painful to Murshid himself, who had been so bitterly disappointed in his hopes for his Moghul-style *khankah*.
- ⁵⁴⁸ Mahmood Khan tells me that the Zira’at may have been inspired by a 1919 proposal from one Mr. King that the Sufi Order establish a research department to study “Healing” but also “Agriculture, once an art but about to become an art again.” Much of Murshida Green’s ingenuity had to be invested in establishing a suitable pedigree for the unlikely theme of idealized country life. In certain devotee quarters Zira’at has continued to attract Sufi creativity to this very day. It caused storms of laughter among many others, including Murshid and the Brothers.
- ⁵⁴⁹ Vilayat did in fact recognize Ali Khan, but only conditionally. Pir Zia Inayat Khan has pointed out to me (letter of 13 March 2008) that the record is incomplete and unbalanced, and that is certainly true, but Vilayat’s written aspersions with respect to his uncle Ali are well-documented by any standards (see the next note); completion and balance would only worsen the picture. When most of the mureeds of the Movement did not prove amenable to Vilayat’s understanding of his father’s intentions, he moved to America and eventually followed the example of Sam Lewis (cf. note 438 above), seeking legitimization for a Sufi Order of his own through direct association with the Indian Chishti tradition in which his father had been trained and initiated, but which his father had also relinquished in his quest for a more universal and socially sophisticated Sufism. For Vilayat’s melodramatic overemphasis of the Chishti connection between Sayyid Abu Hashim and Hazrat Inayat Khan, see his *Biographische Skizze*, p. 32.
- ⁵⁵⁰ The twelve-page undated mimeographed statement (ten pages of text and several appendices) issued by IHQ can be seen as a prelude to their *Witboek over Suresnes*. My quotation is from p. 10. The second appendix gives the complete text of Pirzade Vilayat Inayat Khan’s declaration. Vilayat’s son and spiritual heir, Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 249, recently quoted the same passage (from another, twenty-four page statement) as part of blow-by-blow analysis of the bitter controversy (pp. 234-254), but he was not best situated to appreciate that legitimate resistance to Vilayat’s succession centred on his clear failure to become a truly accomplished mystic, as opposed to a charismatic leader and engaging speaker. Jokes about “Pir the mystic and

Pir the mistake” made the same point. No one was ever in a better position than Vilayat to have mastered the ideas and mystical practices of his father, as his uncles would have done everything in their power to train him in both traditions. Why he came to grips with neither, remains a mystery, but it must somehow reflect mixed feelings about his uncles as role models, authority figures, and obstacles to his personal growth and vision.

⁵⁵¹ Mahmood Khan, “A Biographical Perspective,” p. 121.

⁵⁵² Lehner, “Pir-o-Murshid Hazrat Inayat Khan on His Life and Work,” p. 30: “In the first place they brought home to us the essential importance of spiritual development and also gave a method of spiritual studies. Generally, occidental religion and philosophy merely point towards the high goal which might be reached, but do not show the road along which one may reach it. With the ancient traditional method of Sufi training they have given us a road along which we may have the opportunity of developing in a continuous, logical manner.”

⁵⁵³ Pallandt, “Hazrat Inayat Khan’s Life and Work,” p. 12.

⁵⁵⁴ Van Mourik Broekman, *Geestelijke stromingen*, p. 125. With respect to his correct understanding of the “will of the Master,” cf. notes 263 and 423 above. For an extension of Van Mourik Broekman’s acute thinking, see D.C. Mulder, “Alle geloven op één kussen: Over de religieuze basis van de interreligieuze dialoog,” in: *Religies in nieuw perspectief* (Kampen, J.H. Kok, 1985), pp. 137-151.

⁵⁵⁵ Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 129, italics mine.

⁵⁵⁶ Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 127.

⁵⁵⁷ See, in this connection, the observations of Jan Slomp, *De Soefi Beweging*, pp. 128-129, with respect to the Sufi Movement as opposed to the Bahá’i Faith.

⁵⁵⁸ “Als Murshid dat gaat doen, leeft hij niet lang meer.” I have this from Mahmood Khan, who often heard that comment recalled by his grandmother, Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, who was quoting two venerable aristocratic Sufis, namely, Adolphine Jacqueline baroness van Asbeck-van Pallandt (Noordwijk, 15 August 1862-Eindhoven, 11 October 1931) and her friend Maria Adriana van Wassenaer van Rosand-van Sypesteyn (The Hague, 24 February 1854-The Hague, 16 February 1941), who may have hoped that Ekbal might use her key position as Maheboob’s mother-in-law to help temper Murshid’s zeal. The question is, why did Inayat Khan keep it up? Like his brother Maheboob at subsequent Summer Schools, he could have avoided the Samadhi Silence in favour of much less demanding versions. Though Inayat Khan had never looked after himself, is it not also possible that he embarked on the regular and gruelling Samadhi Silences to compensate for the lack of rigor and focus of the Suresnes experience in general?

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- ⁵⁵⁹ Kefayat LLOYD very nearly had proprietary rights to Saum and Salat, as it was in her London home at 33 Tregunter Road that the two prayers were first pronounced (see note 540 above). Theo van Hoorn actually realized that Kefayat's way of chanting came from "English church services." He does not mention that Kefayat's shenanigans included resonant references to archangels with no connection to Murshid and his Indian background. But then Theo was an aficionado of angels, so that we should not expect him to have objected. That Kefayat's performances could be outright risible, at least from the point of view of a child, we know from Mahmood Khan, who was there.
- ⁵⁶⁰ See the interview in Jironet, *The Image of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 176: "Five to eight children in the age of six to twelve were asked to give a lecture [...]. My task was to sing little songs, which I did with great pleasure. Inayat Khan also gave us concentration exercises." The interview must have been recorded in Dutch and then translated into English by Jironet, with "liedjes" becoming "little songs," and the like.
- ⁵⁶¹ To quote Pir Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 93: "The need to engage the concerns of Theosophy is reflected in the list of Inayat Khan's lecture subjects, which include, in addition to various topics related to Sufism and music, such themes as 'Re-incarnation,' 'Mahatmas of Himalayas' and 'Our Future Religion.'" See *The Sufi*, vol. 2, February 1915, inside back cover, as cited by Zia Inayat Khan, loc. cit. Zia adds that "Privately, Inayat noted to Rabia Martin [letter of 13 July 1914]: 'the power of all murshids [in] chain ... is [a] thousand times greater than Mme. Blavatsky's Mahatmas.'" With poetic hyperbole, Inayat Khan was cautioning Murshida Martin and her California followers that the existence of Mahatmas was open to the gravest doubt, whereas the murshids in their successive appearance were historical realities.
- ⁵⁶² Pir-o-Murshid Hidayat Inayat Khan has coined the phrase "my poor Father lectures" in connection with Hazrat Inayat Khan's elicited lectures, including *The Soul - Whence and Whither?* (Geneva etc., The Sufi Movement, 1924; 2nd ed., 1927). Van Hoorn did not hear Inayat Khan deliver those lectures, which Murshid gave at the Summer School of 1923, the year before Theo first attended. In unbalanced veneration of *The Soul*, Louis Hoyack, *De Booschap van Inayat Khan*, p. 58, called it "the central book of the master. If one studies it, the rest becomes commentary, supplement." Similarly, the dust-jacket to Murshida Ratan Witteveen's translation, *De Ziel, van waar; waarheen?*, informs us that the work is "central to the Sufi Message." For those who are inclined to agree with this point of view, I advise another good look at Inayat Khan's *A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*, esp. pp. 42-45, to see how slight Murshid's interest in metaphysics was back in 1914, when Theosophy was only just beginning to exert its influence. Note that even here (in a work published

by the Theosophical Society) we already encounter the Theosophical term “astral” (twice, on p. 42 and in the diagram on p. 43), which he was later to abandon as occult.

- ⁵⁶³ Hazrat Inayat Khan, to all analytical appearances, was first and foremost a mystical esoterist and much less a religious or contemplative philosophical metaphysician. His elicited metaphysics, notably *The Soul - Whence and Whither?*, are a masterly fusion of Neoplatonic, Islamophilosophical and Vedantic concepts as well as an extrapolating projection on a cosmic scale of the individual mystic realization through personal esoteric discipline and ideal (i.e., both practical and conceptual) attainment.
- ⁵⁶⁴ See Bruce Barton (1886-1967), *The Man Nobody Knows* (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 1925), an unintentionally hilarious best seller by a preacher’s son and early advertising man. Barton was not entirely without a point, but he should have credited Saint Paul, not Jesus, with any Christian franchise system. Note the date of publication, only one year after Yussouf consulted Murshid on business matters.
- ⁵⁶⁵ Miss Margaret Skinner credited Inayat Khan with her lucrative investment in a munitions factory. Similarly, in Theo’s “Younger Generation” chapter, Fazal Mai Egeling gives Inayat Khan much of the credit for the size of her fortune. There, too, Theo posits Inayat Khan’s superior intuition in financial matters. The Skinner case was discussed by Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 120-121 (Inayat Khan, p. 163; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 110-111; *Golven* [2002], p. 146), who pointed out that Murshid did not give direct financial advice but open-ended encouragement intended to help every individual find her or his own way. “Action, you know,” was his cryptic reply on one occasion.
- ⁵⁶⁶ See Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 123, probably writing in the 1960s or 1970s. Ronald Armstrong’s memorial pamphlet (*Inayat Khan*, 1927) already mentions that “in [...] 1926 there came a need for rest and quiet.” Mumtáz inferred this from letters that Inayat Khan wrote from India, in which he says he has not found the hoped-for repose. Armstrong added that “The body was consumed by the fire of the Message [...]. No physical resistance seemed possible now the work was done.” By 1927, however, Armstrong was almost an outcast from Headquarters because of his copyright quarrels with Birbal (Enrique) de Cruzat Zanetti (born 1875), so that his words could conveniently be ignored within the Movement and the circles of admirers beyond it. No one appears to have wanted to know that Murshid had been consumed by his Movement; neither *Biography* (whether the 1979 edition or the preceding “Almgren” typescript, which circulated in five beautiful copies) nor Musharaff Khan’s *Pages in Life of a Sufi* contains a hint to this effect. Theo van Hoorn’s *Recollections* do refer to “many years of staunch dedication and

spirit of sacrifice, too great, it now appears, for human endurance.” Six years later, Munira Lehner, “Pir-o-Murshid *Hazrat Inayat Khan*,” p. 30, was the first individual within the Movement framework who clearly followed Armstrong: “In 1926, tired by the constant laborious activity done in the occidental world, Hazrat Inayat Khan returned to India for a rest. Probably, also, he and his brothers knew that he was not to return. [...] His tired-out body could no more stand the exertion.” Armstrong and Lehner were presumably Wil van Beek’s written sources, but Azeem may also have received scraps of cautious confirmation from other senior mureeds (perhaps including Theo van Hoorn) when he was in Suresnes and Holland during the early 1930s.

- ⁵⁶⁷ This is in marked contrast to Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 128-129, who gives a clear description of the Universal Worship, but steers clear of mystical practices.
- ⁵⁶⁸ In his “Younger Generation” chapter, Theo engages the young Vilayat Inayat Khan in a little pointless speculation, inspired by Van Brakell Buys, *Grondvormen*, pp. 3-5, about who among the mureeds of Western Sufism might be the counterparts of Persian and Catholic mystics of reason, feeling and will. But Theo demonstrates no interest in the actual writings of figures such as Saint Teresa of Avila.
- ⁵⁶⁹ That is invariably the case when mureeds attempt to vindicate Inayat Khan’s thought with reference to modern science or, in Theo’s case, technology. One such attempt is by the Bournemouth-based Arthur Bodley Scott (1885-1945), *The Soul of the Universe* (London, Rider & Co., 1949 [1937]), which undertakes to clarify Murshid’s metaphysics in terms of current Physics. Scott’s Sufi credentials were good. His biographical sketch as “Principal Worker” states that he joined Sufism in 1921 and “was made Khalif in the esoteric side of the Order by Pir-o-Murshid in August 1923[,] during the Summer School in Suresnes.” Scott’s book is exceedingly windy and thoroughly pseudo-scientific, however, as might be expected in an intellectual climate that also produced the atomic theory of Azeem van Beek (see note 349 above). Murshid was not some kind of mystical Max Planck (1858-1947), however, so that he could be disturbed to learn from Salamat Hoyack that our universe has more than one sun.
- ⁵⁷⁰ James, *Religious Experience*, p. 405. As James wrote before the advent of Western Sufism, what he has to say on the topics of Sufism in relation to sundry manifestations of Western mysticism (pp. 292-328), is of some historical interest. We encounter no hint of the possibility of a kind of Sufism adapted to Western circumstances.
- ⁵⁷¹ There is something haunting about this passage that has survived my translation from the Dutch and that can brave repeated reading. The quality

is understandably reminiscent of passages in Madame Blavatsky's *The Voice of Silence*. William James, *Religious Experience*, pp. 421, put his finger on the essence of this approach and, in so doing, rose to the mystic occasion himself: "These words, if they do not awaken laughter in you as you receive them, probably stir chords within you which music and language touch in common. Music gives us ontological messages which non-musical criticism is unable to contradict [...]. There is a verge of the mind which these things haunt; and whispers therefrom mingle with the operations of our understanding, even as the waters of the infinite ocean send their waves to break among the pebbles that lie upon our shores."

⁵⁷² Neither "landed gentry" nor "to the manor born" is a precise concept. In addition, all comparisons of the situation in the British Isles as opposed to that on the Continent are dangerous. Only a handful of the Dutch and British mureeds discussed in the *Recollections* belonged to the old, feudal nobility, which owned land almost by definition. Surprisingly, they were all members of the Dutch *landadel* (like Beyma, Hogendorp, Pallandt and Tuyll); not one of the British mureeds mentioned by Van Hoorn shows up in the 1949 and 1953 editions of Burke's *Peerage*. Even so, almost any family that was raised to the nobility in modern times or belonged to the prestigious but untitled patriciate, and/or made serious money in trade or industry, soon emulated the landownership and style of the very highest level of society.

⁵⁷³ Cf. note 505 above.

⁵⁷⁴ Dutch aristocratic families can be traced in detail via the so-called "red booklets," being the numerous volumes of *Nederland's Adelsboek* (see note 148 above), and the rest of the aristocracy via the "blue booklets," or *Nederland's Patriciaat* (The Hague, Centraal Bureau voor Genealogie en Heraldiek, 1910 ff.). I write "she or he" because, judging from group photographs, the female Summer School attendees appear to have outnumbered the males by about four to one.

⁵⁷⁵ This topic invites a whole essay, if not a book, which could be researched at the KITLV (Koninklijk Instituut voor Taal-, Land- en Volkenkunde – Royal Netherlands Institute of Southeast Asian and Caribbean Studies) in Leiden. One such East Indian fortune was made by the Soemobito sugar manufacture, which was founded in 1892 in Soerabaja by the Eilbracht family. One Anna Maria Eilbracht (died in the Hague on 23 March 1931) married Anthonius Jakobus Kervel in Lawang, Surabaja Ayoe, Djember on [illegible] December 1894. One of their three sons was Gerardus Frederikus Jacobus Kervel, who was born in Malang on 18 August 1895. On 2 October 1925, he married Hermina Mensink, the young woman whom Theo satirized as "Chitrani." In other words, Raushan Mensink married sugar money of the

kind immortalized by the appellations “sugar-daddy” and “suikeroompje.” We know that G.F.J. Kervel gave her three children before dying on 15 December 1934, when only thirty-eight years old (cf. note 133R below). The funeral notice establishes that one of his brothers, *ingenieur* L.W.F. Kervel, was employed by “Soemobito’ (Java)” at the time. Raushan must have inherited a financial interest in the business, as she and her uncle E.W. Eilbracht are known to have attended a shareholders’ meeting of 28 April 1950 (see nos. 14 and 15 of KITVL-inventaris 52; Archief van de N.V. Maatschappij tot Exploitatie van de Suikeronderneming Somobito, 1911-1962; http://www.kitlv.nl/pdf_documents/52_SOMOBIT0.pdf). The kind of money involved can presumably be deduced from any number of documents, including no. 78 for 1949, which happens to be written in English. Eilbracht is mentioned in several other documents, including no. 157, which is (in translation) a “Letter to shareholders and/or those with power of attorney containing notification of the death of E.W. Eilbracht, the last descendant of the founding family of the N.V. Somobito. 1956.”

- ⁵⁷⁶ Similarly, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, who was named after a major Byzantine saint, was in no particular need of an evocative Sufi name. The same was arguably true for Paul van Hoorn, who conducted his entire academic career as Th.P. van Hoorn. He would have been Paul to his fellow Sufis as much as to his family. What is odd is that he signed his foreword to a Sufi book as Th.P., calling his father “Theodoor” (“gift of God”) in full. In contrast to Theodoor van Hoorn, his close contemporary Theodoor Karel van Lohuizen (who was Th.K. to all the world and Theo to friends and family) took on a Sufi name, Kadir.
- ⁵⁷⁷ A Sufi name implied insider status but not familiarity. In Dutch it could therefore be combined with both the formal “U” and the informal “je.” A Christian name in combination with “U” was thought inept or “burgerlijk,” about the worst thing one could be called in these elevated circles.
- ⁵⁷⁸ In the case of the Almgren couple, Wilhelm had an Arabic name (Alim = the learned) and his wife a Sanskrit one (Shánti = the peaceful). Many other Sufi grandees had composite Indo-Persian or Arabo-Persian names, such as Talewar (Dussaq), Shadman (countess Pieri, née Dussaq), Aftáb (van Notten), Mahtáb (van Hogendorp), Karamnavaz (graaf van Bylandt), Huzurnavaz (Floris van Pallandt), Khushnasib (Hübner), Jahángir (Mr. Kaaberg-Hansen) and Zebunnisa (marchesa di Farinola). Examples of Hindu names are Gaury and Manohary (Voûte) (spelled Gawery and Manohary in the *Recollections*), Sundra (Madier de Watteville Lecoq), Shánti (mentioned above; very popular) and Mánek (Mrs. Stam Semmelink). Inayat Khan’s wife was both Ameena (conventional Islamic) and Shárada (a Hindu goddess). Musharaff’s first wife

was both Savitri (Hindu) and, upon marriage, Subhán-biy (never used) van Rossum du Chattel. His other two wives had Persian names, Zebunnisa (Joyce Hiddingh) and Shahzadi (Wilhelmina de Koningh).

⁵⁷⁹ In the Indo-Pakistani tribal areas and among Punjabi Sikhs, “Sirdar” denotes about the same things as the clan name of “Chief” in Scotland. “Sirdarān,” the plural form of “Sirdar,” often means “the baronials.” The adjective, “Sirdari,” is one of many Indian words for “aristocratic.”

⁵⁸⁰ It was only in the unavoidable addresses that he gave upon returning to a transformed India in 1926 that Murshid did not mince his words at his disenchantment.

⁵⁸¹ See Hidayat Inayat Khan, *Once Upon a Time*, p. 15. In addition, cf. note 461 above.

⁵⁸² Van Mourik Broekman, *Geestelijke stromingen*, p. 176, complained that “the Oxford Movement [i.e., the *Oxford Group*; cf. note 498R below] is not a populist movement. [...] A remarkable number of rich and aristocratic individuals take part in it.” He presumably did not level the same criticism at Western Sufism because he understood that, unlike the Oxford Group, it was not intended to be an evangelical Christian movement.

⁵⁸³ Of course, that would have made Suresnes unattractive for ostentatiously *nouveaux riches* types. Even so, the Norwegian-American sociologist and economist Thorstein Bunde Veblen (1857-1929), who published *The Theory of the Leisure Class* in 1899, would rightly have seen extended visits to a place like Suresnes as prime examples the kind of “conspicuous leisure” that goes with “conspicuous consumption” (terms he invented). Just about everyone in England and The Netherlands takes holidays abroad these days, but that was not at all the case in the 1920s and 1930s. In addition, some mureeds stayed in Suresnes for months on end.

⁵⁸⁴ It could be argued that Theo’s social ambitions were symptomatic of his young profession. The quest for status is a theme in the study by Johan de Vries, *Geschiedenis der Accountancy in Nederland: Aanvang en Ontplooiing, 1895-1935* (Assen/Maastricht, Van Gorcum, 1985), *passim* and esp. p. 203. Only after the Second World War did Dutch accountants normally come in direct contact with the directors of firms, as opposed to their subordinate bookkeepers.

⁵⁸⁵ Cf. note 687R below. Certainly, we should resist any temptation to misconstrue Inayat Khan’s appointment of four Murshidas and no Murshids as indicative of a gender bias on his part (this being a notion that I have encountered online but not been able to relocate). It is sobering to see these four worthies from the perspective of his central Order as opposed to their peripheral Movement. He was obliged to appoint them on accessory criteria of merit (i.e., *honoris*

causa or *ex officio*) and organizational policy, not in confirmation of essential initiatic achievement. Only the latter could have justified the institution of a male murshid. But such an appointment would also have been anomalous and unthinkable for all mureeds during Hazrat Inayat Khan's own lifetime. He was the one and only Murshid (as opposed to the Pir-o-Murshid used in formal address). As it was, not even the two elder Brothers, Ali and Maheboob, were offered the rank, though they did achieve ultimate initiatic attainment. And even if they had been considered for the honour, they would have declined. In Murshid's living presence, how could one envisage another Murshid?

⁵⁸⁶ As pointed out by Mahmood Khan, "Mawlabakhsh Dynastic Lineage," p. 37, "it has well been said of Muslims generally that they wouldn't know properly how to discriminate, racially or color-wise, if they wanted to."

⁵⁸⁷ Sajwar (Karl Martin) Salomonson was initiated by Sirdar van Tuyll in Bergen (Norway) in 1925. He became the assistant of Susanna Kjösterud, succeeding her as Norway's National Representative from 1932 to 1935. In the later thirties, he relocated to Vienna, working with Hanifa von Medinger and styling himself Mr. "Sajwar." During World War II he found refuge in Zurich, supported by the Sufi Centre there and notably by Shaikha Munira Bollmann, a rich publisher of German Sufi books in translation. Øivind Øglaend kindly sent me three photos of Sajwar, one of them at age eighty-five. He died only recently. For a little information on Sajwar as Sufi actor, see note 469R below.

⁵⁸⁸ Inayat Khan initiated ingenieur Phiroz (Jacques) Pool (1901-1987) during the 1926 Summer School, whereas Maheboob Khan officiated at Phiroz's Suresnes "church" wedding on 22 August 1933 (following an Amsterdam civic ceremony) to Rathan (Selma) Polack (1908-1989). In 1938 the couple moved from the Haarlemmermeerstraat at the (then) west boundary of Amsterdam to nearby Bloemendael, but they continued to attend of the Amsterdam Centre. (Salima van Braam, we recall, lived in Bloemendael and was Leader of Amsterdam). Philoz' escaped Nazi persecution by claiming that he was the illegitimate child of an Aryan father by his Catholic mother. In 1942, the Germans ordered his Jewish wife to move to Amsterdam but, given the ever-increasing danger, Philoz moved her and the children back to Bloemendael the next year and then hid her there (and in nearby Bentfeld) until the end of World War II. After the war, Philoz became Leader of the Bloemendael Centre. He was a close friend of Maheboob and Ali, including during the war, when (as Mahmood Khan recalls) he often travelled from Bloemendael to Austerlitz at considerable personal risk to visit the exiled family with a suitcase full of supplies that he had gathered along the way. Phiroz and Rathan had five children. The oldest, who is the source of most of my information, was born in January of 1943 and now lives in Havelte, Drenthe. Remarkably,

his Sufi name, Nadir, is also his Christian name. He was followed by Eric Emil Kadir (August 1937), Dawlat (June 1939), Mehra (September 1940), and Amir (January 1945!), all still living as I write.

⁵⁸⁹ “I would, however, suggest that we should, as it were, exonerate her, because that I understand that one of her race employs traditional language, and if we would understand that it is not necessarily personal, but an individual method of expression, we would be less moved by those words.” See the Minutes of the Jamiat Am, 15 June 1930, p. 15, as quoted by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 213. According to the biographical sketch contributed by his eldest daughter, Joyce Best (*Biography* [1979], p. 493), Shabaz was born in Leytonstone, England, and died in Southampton. He was the secretary of the Theosophical Society when he met Inayat Khan in 1916. Following a “chequered” international career, he spent three decades as a banker and National Representative in Brazil, before retiring in England in 1952.

⁵⁹⁰ Shabaz was a devoted scholar of Hebrew culture, though not in any mainstream Judaic or Christian tradition. He apparently spent eleven years of his life studying the English translation of an occult exposition by Antoine Fabre d’Olivet [1767-1825], *The Hebraic Tongue Restored and the True Meaning of the Hebrew Words Re-Established and Proved by their Radical Analysis*, trans. Nayan Louise Redfield (New York and London, G.P Putnam’s Sons, 1921) before composing his own first book, *Genesis Revived: The Drama of Creation* (Farnham, Surrey, England, Sufi Publishing Company, 1962). Next followed Shabaz Britten Best, *The Drama of the Soul: A mystical Interpretation of the Gospels, Describing the Inner Initiations of the Master Jesus* (2nd. ed., Wassenaar, Mirananda, 1980). The title, which surely says it all, was translated into catchy French as *Le drame de l’âme*.

⁵⁹¹ Theo van Hoorn does not mention Phiroz Pool and his family, though the two men must often have met at the Amsterdam Centre between 1926 and the beginning of World War II.

⁵⁹² With respect to those of Indian descent, Western Sufis could be upside-down racists in the sense that they preferred their Sufi leaders to look exotic. That is apparently what led Sirdar and Saida van Tuyl to favour the elder of Hidayat’s two sons, Fazal (again 1942-1990), as heir in 1966. Azeem van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 97-98, still stands alone in his perceptive identification of the distinct racial strains to be discerned in the Brothers.

⁵⁹³ Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Mir Pyarumiyan Maheboob Khan (again 1887-1948) married Shadiby Khanim (Geertrui Cornelia) van Goens (again 1902-1987) on 10 June 1924, as arranged by Hazrat Inayat Khan. He had earlier been married to Sabira-Biy from Calcutta (also as arranged by his brother Inayat), but she died in 1913, when the Brothers were about to leave for Russia.

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Musharaff Moulamia Khan (again 1895-1967) first married Subhanbi-Savitri (Wilhelmina Franziska) van Rossum du Chattel, a member of the Dutch Huguenot patriciate who was born in Leiden on 3 September 1886 and died of malaria in India in 1946. She had previously been married to Samuel Fridolin Heer (1884-1933), whom she bore a son and daughter and divorced in Basel on 19 January 1922. Next, Musharaff married Zebunnisa Joyce Hiddingh, a South African-Dutch woman, who died of consumption in Baroda. Last came drs. Wilhelmina Shahzadi de Koningh (Arnhem, 21 September 1908-The Hague, 30 November 1995), a talented and ambitious woman who became prominent in Sufism and outlived Musharaff by most of three decades. In addition, Mohammad Ali Khan was informally engaged to Cor (Gawery) Voûte for a while in 1934, but he decided she was too liberated and tore up the announcements, while she returned, disgruntled, from Suresnes to Hilversum with her sister Cécile or Cile (Manohary). For more on Ali and Gawery as well as on Musharaff's three wives, see Jironet, *Sufi Mysticism into the West*, pp. 89-91 and 143-151.

⁵⁹⁴ Hazrat's elder son and heir, Vilayat Inayat Khan, broke the pattern, taking his time and eventually marrying Mary Walls, a British Roman Catholic. She remained his wife until his death on 17 June 2004 and still lives, frail but well, in Suresnes. She was irrelevant to any gene pool, however, as she was not able to bear Vilayat any children. Pir Zia Inayat-Khan, Vilayat's son and heir by an American wife, Taj Inayat, married back into the Pathan family descending from the Maulabakhsh line. He and his wife Sartaj, daughter Rasulan, and son Rawan Bakhsh live in "The Abode" Sufi estate in New Lebanon, New York. Inayat's younger son Hidayat now heads the Sufi Movement and Order. He is married to Aziza Luzanski (Luzyanska) of the German branch of Polish landed gentry (see Emilian v. Zernicki-Szeliga, *Der Polnische Adel und die demselben hinzugetretenen andersländischen Adelsfamilien* [Hamburg, Henri Strand, 1900], under the heading). In addition to two sons and a daughter from a previous marriage, his grandchildren by his late son Fazal, who preceded him as Sufi leader from 1967 to 1982, include three sons, two daughters and half a dozen great-grandchildren, among whom Latif, the son of Omar Inayat Khan (Dutch-educated along with his sister Ariane), who represent the twentieth generation of the family since their migration into and out of India.

RECOLLECTIONS OF INAYAT KHAN AND WESTERN SUFISM

Cross references to notes to *Theo van Hoorn as Sufi Memoirist* are appended with the letter “S.”

- ¶ These words are translated from the Dutch of the *Recollections*, which either Theo van Hoorn or Ameen Carp must have translated from Hazrat Inayat Khan, *Rassa Shastra*, p. 93; *SM*, Vol. III, pp. 190-191. Theo repeated the passage as the very last quotation of his *Recollections*, using Murshid’s original English, which is just a smidgen weaker.
- ¶ Theo van Hoorn is paraphrasing material in “The Message and the Messenger,” being Part VI of *The Unity of Religious Ideals*, in *SM*, Vol. IX, pp. 245-246 (or p. 288 of the original, posthumous, 1927-1928 edition, which Theo must have used). The still earlier translation of 1923 by Margaretha Meyboom, *De Boodschap en de boodschapper*, does not contain closely comparable material, which indicates that the material quoted by Theo could be Murshid as transformed by Lucy Goodenough and Oskar Cameron Gruner (cf. note 355S above).
- ¶ Throughout the *Recollections* it is either Yussouf or *jonkheer* van Ingen, who was born in s’Hertogenbosch on 12 January 1899 and died in Woerden on 5 September 1933. His Christian names are never identified by Theo, but they were Carel Frederik Eduard (see *Nederland’s Adelsboek*, Vol 86, 1996-97, p. 52). As Theo informs us, Yussouf’s wife Zulaikha, née Johanna (Joop) Classina Jelgersma, who was born in Bloemendaal on 25 June 1892 and died in Utrecht on 13 September 1969, was first married to Sirdar van Tuyll van Serooskerken. Goethe, who was following the poetry of Hafiz of Shiraz, at first called the pair of lovers of his *West-Östlicher Divan*, Jussuf and Suleika. Clearly, Murshid tapped the same source.
- ¶ Theo never refers to his wife by name. We know, however, that she was Dien (Diena Anna) van Hoorn (1891-1968) and his second cousin.
- ¶ Jan Cornelis Leonardus Smit (1888-1971) was an engineer and shipbuilder based in Kinderdijk, located on the Meuse River not far to the east of Rotterdam. Shireen (Johanna) Kerbert was a school teacher born in Pati (Java) on 12 May 1907. She came from a Sufi family, her father being Azim Kerbert, who is mentioned in “Chitrani” and “HIRO” as Leader of the Amersfoort Centre (cf. note 515 below). Shireen and Jan married on 25 June 1942, precisely three weeks after he had divorced Pauline Jeannette Smit, his wife of twenty-four years and the mother of his two grown children (born in 1919 and 1921). Predictably, the union was resented by his first wife and raised eyebrows in Sufi circles. The couple lived in Nieuw Lekkerland, just to the east of Kinderdijk. A son, Ewoud, was born on 17 April 1946 but died

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one day later. By 1955, Jan Smit had become closely involved in Sufi matters as member of the Committee for Suresnes (see *Witboek*, Vol II, pp. 142-225). Shireen died in Doorn on 20 April 2002. Her remains were moved to join those of her husband in the cemetery on the Schoonenburglaan in Nieuw Lekkerland.

- ✧ The three deceased Murshidas will appear alive and well in later chapters. For convenient biographies, see Rawlinson, *The Book of Enlightened Masters*, p. 548.
- ▮ The villa “De Vlierstruik,” or “Lysterbes-De Vlierstruik,” was (and is) not located near Baarn but in it, on the northwest side. The address is 1 Wilheminalaan. The architect J.C. van Epen (1880-1960) designed and built the cosy home for himself in 1907 and lived there until 1917, when he moved to 2 Bremlaan in nearby Hilversum. Floor plans and views of interior and exterior are found in J.H.W. Leliman and K. Sluyterman, *Het moderne landhuis in Nederland* (The Hague, Martinus Nijhof, 1916), pp. 158-159. Azmat Faber rented the house from its new owners, officially moving in on 10 April 1942. She moved next door to 4A Wilheminalaan on 21 June 1950, after the owners of no. 1 returned from the Dutch Indies, and it was at that address that Azmat and others edited several issues of *De Soefi Gedachte* and *The Sufi Quarterly*. Three years later, on 22 August 1953, she relocated to 25b Torenlaan in Blaricum. Though this is the last address on her *persoonskaart*, she died in Laren (cf. note 8 below).
- ✧ Azmat Faber (Rijka Christina Catharina Faber), who was born in Amsterdam on 33 July 1897 and died in Laren on 11 August 1966, never married. Azmat grew up in Hilversum. Her father, Popko Horatio Faber, was a rich wood importer with strong Swedish connections. Her mother, Christina Catharina Bleeker, died when Azmat was seventeen. She had a sister, Shaukat (Maria Anna Rijka, or Mies), whom we shall encounter as Leader of the Hilversum Centre. Her brother Fathayab (Nicolaas), also a Sufi, became a member of the firm Otto J. Faber, located at 244 Herengracht in Amsterdam, but he lived in Baarn (35 Bilderdijklaan) like Azmat. Nicolaas married a Swedish woman. One of their sons settled in Sweden, near Oslo. On 7 November 1959 a second son, Hakim (Harald Horatio) Faber, married Nuriah Maria (Maria Sonja) Amélineau-Baay (born 10 January 1936), a daughter of Sufis Henri Pierre Amélineau (who lived at 31 avenue Clodoald in St. Cloud) and Maria Elisabeth (Mies) Baay (actress Elsbeth May). Hakim and Nuriah currently live in The Hague. The *Recollections* teach us that Azmat was a close friend of Dien and Lucie van Hoorn as well of Zulaikha van Ingen, and that she was active in the Montessori movement.
- ▮ Despite Theo van Hoorn’s claim that his Smit-Kerbert contribution was initially purely incidental (to his Sufi memoirs?), I did consult it as well as a few other contributions alluded to by him. His effort (reproduced in close English translation in an appendix below) stands out from all the others, which tend

- to focus on personal responses to Murshid, in that he concentrates on how Hazrat Inayat Khan fielded questions after his public lectures. It is therefore closely related to the *Recollections* in approach and content.
- ¹⁰ Theo van Hoorn must be alluding to the closing paragraph of the sixth chapter of *The Inner Life* [SM, Vol. I, p. 83], where Inayat Khan talks about “the hidden cause” and “the cause behind the cause,” but not about “the deeper cause behind the cause.” Nor was Theo following Meyboom, *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 45, who has “verborgen oorzaak,” not “diepere oorzaak.”
- ¹¹ They were normally held on Tuesday evenings.
- ¹² In other words, Tuesday, 31 August 1926.
- ¹³ Considering this was already a small gathering, it would be interesting to know just who left the Movement after Inayat Khan’s death.
- ¹⁴ This passage has already received my close and sceptical attention in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 98-111, where I argue that Theo van Hoorn was engaged in Theosophical revisionism.
- ¹⁵ Theo van Hoorn is being mysterious here, but (as is explained in *Sufi Memoirist* pp. 87-89) his “Mahtab van Hogendorp” and “Paderewsky” chapters of the early to mid-fifties indicate that it took him a long time to realize that Inayat Khan was a Messenger of God. That insight must have made Murshid’s plea, “Help me to spread my Message!,” seem a lot more urgent to Theo.
- ¹⁶ Again, who were these many individuals? In all of the *Recollections*, Theo specifies only Zulaikha van Ingen as a dedicated advocate of outreach, and even she appears to have stuck to the home front.
- ¹⁷ “Oft, wenn es erst durch Jahre durchgedrungen, / Erscheint es in vollendeter Gestalt. / Was glänzt is für den Augenblick geboren, / Das echte bleibt der Nachwelt unverloren.” The unidentified quotation is from *Faust* (1808 [1797] and 1832) by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), easily Theo’s most frequent source for his passages of poetry. As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 18, I have generally used the translation by George Madison Priest (1873-1947). I have, however, taken liberties with Priest’s work. In this instance, he has “unlost to later ages” instead of “preserved for later ages.”
- ¹⁸ Only here do we find out that the cottage in which Theo van Hoorn wrote his *Recollections*, had a name. Since he does not give a house number, we can only guess at where on the long kade it was located.
- ¹⁹ Van Hoorn never does get around to answering these two ambitious questions. Of the dozens of major centres visited by Inayat Khan, Theo specifies only Amsterdam, Geneva, The Hague and Rome.
- ²⁰ Following the example of Maheboob Khan himself, I deviate from “Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh,” as used by Theo. Whereas Theo van Hoorn returns to this list of topics, he never mentions the first of the Executive Supervisors, Birbal

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(Enrique) de Crusat Zanetti. Theo does mention Hafiz Mahaffy, who wrote the first Sufi constitution, but only in passing.

- ²¹ It is informative that Theo van Hoorn believed this, but Hazrat Inayat Khan never appointed Murshida Sharifa Lucy Goodenough (1897-1937) as “Silsila Sufian.” Strictly speaking, this would have been impossible, as it is neither a function nor an abstract personal capacity. Inayat Khan wrote on her seal of office in small Urdu letters, “Madur-ul-Maham Silsile Sufia” (omitting the nasalized final “n,” as done in Hindi and Sujarti scripts), meaning “Secretary General, Sufi Order, chain of Sufis.” After his death, she used this title to bolster her right to name Inayat Khan’s successor (cf. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 211-212). Her specious claim is repeated in her “Principal Workers” biography (*Biography* [1979], p. 427) and by recent authorities such as Jironet, *The Image of Spiritual Liberty*, p. 73, who translates “Sisila Sufian” as “link for transmission of guidance.”
- ²² Nico van Suchtelen (1878-1949) published his *De stille lach* in 1916. The Dutch reads: “Niets is onbelangrijker dan het menselijk Lot; / Niets is belangrijker dan de menselijke ziel!”
- ²³ “Was vergangen, / kehrt nicht wider; / Aber gings’s auch leuchtend nieder, / Leuchtet’s lange noch zurück!” Given that these three lines by Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805) are among the most famous of the entire German tradition, it is not at once clear why Theo quoted them in connection with *Inga Heine*, a popular Danish novel of 1898 by Jenny Frederikke Blicher-Clausen (1865-1907). The lines from Schiller do, however, occur several pages before the end of her novel.
- ²⁴ Holland has two Rozendaals. The “G” indicates that this was the one near Arnhem, in the province of Gelderland. At the beginning of his “Samadhi Silences,” we shall see, Theo amplifies the address as “Rozenhof aan the Rozendaalselaan in Rozendaal.” We read there that it was the home of Sirkar van Stolk.
- ²⁵ In the original poem, the two lines are separated, with the second one closed by a semicolon. Here, as elsewhere, I have amplified Theo’s reference to the passage in question. It would appear that he translated direct from Inayat Khan, *The Divine Symphony or the Vadan* (2nd ed., London, The Sufi Movement, 1931 [1925]), p. 109 (cf. Van Voorst, *Sayings I*, pp. 451-452), as Margaretha Meyboom, *Vadan*, p. 63, has active sentences, unlike Theo and Murshid.
- ²⁶ It would appear that Theo was in fact thinking of the last days of 1923. For *Jonkheer* meester Shanavaz (Gerard Willem Jan) van Spengler, who was born in Utrecht on 19 August 1888 and died in Zutphen on 29 March 1976, see *Nederland’s Adelsboek*, Vol. 44, 1951, p. 491. Van Spengler apparently lived in The Hague in the twenties, though we shall see that he made his way to

Amsterdam for services. On 17 July 1942, he married Geesbarthe Caroline (Camilla) Schneider, who was born in Delft on 23 June 1895 and died in Gorssel on 18 November 1978 (cf. note 33 below). Mahmood Khan tells me that the union did not fail to amuse and surprise some of their fellow Sufis in view of the mature age of the couple and Camilla's relatively inferior social status. See note 104 below with respect to the retirement of Camilla and Shanavaz near Salar and Hayat Kluwer in Joppe/Gorssel.

²⁷ For information on the Amsterdam Muzieklyceum, or Conservatorium van de vereniging Muzieklyceum (conservatory of the Muzieklyceum society), see Rutger Schoute, "Uit de geschiedenis van de vereniging 'Muzieklyceum' te Amsterdam," in: *Mens en Melodie*, vol. 30, 1975, pp. 114-116. Founded in 1921, it competed with the Amsterdamsch Conservatorium, which went back to 1884. Just as a normal lyceum combined *Gymnasium* and HBS, the Muzieklyceum housed multiple approaches to the performing arts under one roof. Two of its many alumni currently in the news are conductors Kees Bakels and Ed Spanjaard. For many earlier distinguished graduates, see Schoute, "Uit de geschiedenis," p. 115.

²⁸ As Theo's wife Dien was his second cousin, Lucie van Hoorn (died 1962) was both his second cousin and sister-in-law. She was born in Amsterdam on 29 October 1888, dying there on 12 August 1962.

²⁹ Van Hoorn must have known that he was unusual. By all accounts, Hazrat Inayat Khan normally made a strong first impression on people (see note 93S above). Perhaps Theo was trying to emphasize how different he was from his fellow mureeds.

³⁰ The ever-prestigious P.C. Hooftstraat is located near the Rijksmuseum. Mrs. Helena Albertina (Fatimah) Cnoop Koopmans-Waller, who lived at number 156, was born in Haarlem on 3 April 1871 as the first of four children of *meester* Albert Carel Waller and Catharina Petronella Susanna van Marken. Famed for her dilettante singing, she married *meester* Abraham Jacob Cnoop Koopmans (born 31 October 1867) on 7 March 1895, with a son (later *meester* W. Cnoop Koopmans) born on 10 December of that year. Abraham had died only recently, on 25 September of 1923, when Theo first saw Fatimah. She moved shortly thereafter, as the Amsterdam phone book for December 1925 lists her at 146 Van Baerlestraat. We learn from Theo's "Katwijk" that Fatimah travelled to North Africa sometime before 1927, ostensibly sent there by Murshid. By 1929 she had moved to a posh retirement complex at 4 Roelof Hartplein, where she died peacefully on 17 January 1959. Mahmood Khan recalls her as a long-time attendant at the Suresnes Summer Schools of the thirties, "one back-row corner seat being reserved for her, where she used to be installed with hats, shawls and accoutrements of all kinds, in constant

motion.” Fatimah led a Confraternity at the 1950 Summer School in the Hague (see Faber et al., *Forty Years of Sufism*, p. 88). She was apparently still singing at Dutch Summer Schools when in her eighties. Her granddaughter, Suzanna (San) van der Woude-Cnoop Koopmans, fondly recalls the deep spirituality of her “otepoe,” as well as her penchant, in her later years, for giving away her ample income, so that she ran out of cash before the end of the month.

³¹ Piet Kramer, who was born in Amsterdam on 1 July 1881 and died there on 4 February 1961, was a leading member of the so-called Amsterdam School of architecture. He is discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 110, in connection with his designs for a temple in Suresnes. His Sufi name was Musawwir, but Theo appears not to have known it. Especially Piet’s wife Moenie will continue to show up. Theo van Hoorn cleverly has himself see this group precisely as he did back in 1923. With time, as he gets to know them, they develop their Sufi identities. *Sufi Memoirist* discusses the remarkable transformation of H.P. baron van Tuyl van Serooskerken into Sirdar. Similarly Mrs. Cnoop Koopmans becomes Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans and Miss S.A. van Braam turns into Salima van Braam. Theo will grow particularly close to Miss A. Faber, or Azmat Faber, whose summer home in Baarn he has already mentioned in his “Introduction,” and who is to become his first confidante while writing his *Recollections*. Mary de Haan (dates unknown), who apparently never took a Sufi name but who became Cheraga in the year of Theo’s first Suresnes Summer School, also becomes an Amsterdam Sufi fixture.

³² Theo writes “Soefi-Eredienst,” which I would normally translate as “Sufi Universal Service” because of the capitalization of “Eredienst” (with “eredienst,” or just “dienst” being “service”). The descriptive bits do not fit, however. Theo is deliberately conveying the impression of a spectator who does not yet know what is going on.

³³ According to her *persoonskaart*, Camilla Schneider (cf. note 26 above) moved to The Hague from Stuttgart in 1924, but there is no address for her on the card. Nor is she mentioned in sundry address books and telephone directories until she joined Shanavaz van Spengler at 6 Eerste Sweelinckstraat on 26 March 1936. They were still living there when they married on 17 July 1942.

³⁴ On the prolific Willem Rudolf de Vaynes van Brakell Buys (1904/5-1978), see *Sufi Memoirist*. This article must be the only publication by him to have come out in English. Regrettably Theo does not specify the periodical.

³⁵ The mildly ascetic literary movement called “*De Tachtigers*” (c.1880-c.1894), meaning “those of the eighties,” is famous in Holland but little known elsewhere. It professed to break with Romanticism and yet continued its emphasis on individuality, rebellion and nature. Of its several members, Theo quotes only Jacques Perk (discussed below).

- ³⁶ Theo is quoting Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten uit de Perzische mystiek*, p. 3, but added the “in the West” because he did not take over Van Brakell Buys’ following phrase, which contrasts “us” with the East. Van Brakell Buys answered his own question. He blamed the rank individualism of figures such as Willem Kloos (1859-1938) for the faltering of *De Tachtigers*. Van Brakell Buys kept his interest in the literary movement, however, relating the it to Spinoza, who had been his dissertation topic (Utrecht, 1934), in his second to last book (Leiden, Brill, 1959).
- ³⁷ Hubertus Paulus baron van Tuyll van Serooskerken was born in The Hague on 26 September 1883 and died in that city on 16 August 1958. Known as Sirdar to his fellow Sufis, he was the Dutch National Representative of the Sufi Movement, which is one reason why he shows up so often in the *Recollections*. He started off as a keen and philanthropic Theosophist but was instantly converted to Sufism when he met Murshid on an Arnhem railway platform in January of 1921. He and his wife Saida (Henriëtte Willebeek le Mair) began hosting Sufis in Katwijk in May 1922, shortly after their wedding. The lectures in The Hague started in 1923. Theo van Hoorn thrice mentions the precise address, no doubt because he first closely observed Hazrat Inayat Khan there in 1924. It later became the home for East-West Publications and the Sufi Press and it is still the place of residence of Ameen Carp, the publisher of the 1981 edition of Theo’s *Recollections*.
- ³⁸ The office was located on 105 Parkstraat, a good address in the heart of town. Curiously, the business is not listed in the half-yearly telephone directories for “those years,” i.e., around 1924. Theo is listed from 1929 to 1934, however.
- ³⁹ Sufi readers will recognize that this lecture addressed an important aspect of the thought of Hazrat Inayat Khan, one that is basic to the Universal Worship service.
- ⁴⁰ Theo van Hoorn, being a Baptist, was presumably baptized as a teenager or a young adult, by his own free will and after preparing a personal profession of faith.
- ⁴¹ As I mention in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 81-82, Theo’s reading points to Madame Blavatsky and a Theosophical connection.
- ⁴² There were several professors of Theology in Leiden, some Church appointees and other University ones. One possible candidate, given his liberal orientation, wide scholarly interests and varied international training, is Bernardus Dirk Eerdmans (1868-1940).
- ⁴³ Theo is referring to the *Fritjof Saga*. He presumably used Emil Engelmann, ed., *Die Frithiof-Sage, das Lied von Frithiof den Kühnen für das Deutsche Haus* (Stuttgart, Paul Neff, 1887), as he quotes in German: “Die Götter, O Helge, wohnen im Disarsaal, / Doch nicht, wie Schnecken hausen in enger Schal!

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/ So weit das Tagelicht leuchtet und Stimmen Schallen, / So weit Gedanken fliegen, die Götter wallen!” The *disir* are female guardian angels or goddesses. “Disair” means the hall or temple of the “disir,” so that the “Disarsaal” of Theo’s German quotation is redundant.

- ⁴⁴ Apjar (Ap) van Stolk, who was born on 27 March 1894 and died in Rondebosch, South Africa, on 18 June 1963, is one of the key actors of the *Recollections*. His grandfather and father had made a fortune in wheat. Sirkar was initiated by Hazrat Inayat Khan in London early in 1923, a year before Sirkar and Theo first met. The two men became close friends and “Ap” even figures in one of Van Hoorn’s dreams. Sirkar lived in The Hague at 6 Cremerweg. In 1940, Theo tells us elsewhere, Sirkar moved to a newly-constructed home in Rozendaal, Gelderland. He emigrated to South Africa in 1951 to escape the Communist threat. His online “Principal Workers” biographical sketch (*Biography* [1979], p. 528) was written by Ameen Carp, the publisher of the 1981 edition of the *Recollections*, who married to Van Stolk’s oldest daughter, Isabelle, on 26 August 1950. Though now divorced, they remain good friends.
- ⁴⁵ The so-called Mureeds’ House, frequently mentioned below.
- ⁴⁶ Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 3. Theo quoted with complete accuracy except for the modernized “enige” where Meyboom has “eenige.” The change corresponds to the Marchant spelling revisions (see note 45S above), but we do not know for sure whether it was made by Theo himself.
- ⁴⁷ The only San Francisco mureed was Rabia Martin. The reader will have to check photographs to see if she indeed looked like an Inca totem pole (which are in any case exceedingly rare).
- ⁴⁸ Theo van Hoorn identifies David Craig and Mumtáz (Ronald A.) Armstrong below, but not the “introspective Dutch lawyer.” Could he have been Yussouf van Ingen’s older brother, *jonkheer meester* Lodewijk (Louis) van Ingen (1895-1972), who was a reserved man, distinguished jurist, and prominent member of the Hague Centre. He may well have been more aloof than introspective. Eric van Ingen recalled (in his 1997 *Volkskrant* interview; cf. note 312S above) that uncle Louis disowned him when he decided to become an actor.
- ⁴⁹ Theo presumably intended “the time of the Medici.” The Borgias are largely known as the first criminal family. Nor are they particularly associated with Florence.
- ⁵⁰ Theo is referring to Hendrik van Hoorn (1880-1957), the oldest child of Simon van Hoorn (the leading partner of Van Hoorn & Co), and a brother of Dien. For some information, see note 60S above.
- ⁵¹ The business venture probably has to do with his taking over of the N.V. Steenen Pannenfabriek de Dam in Woerden, a brick and roof-tile factory of which he became the director. Note, however, that when Theo met Yussouf and

Zulaikha in 1924, the couple lived in Nijmegen. They only moved to Woerden on 23 May 1927.

- ⁵² See *Hamlet* I, V, 166: Theo's incorrect quotation reads: "There are more things between heaven and Earth / Than you dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio!"
- ⁵³ The awkward original passage in *The Inner Life* reads: "The inner life is not necessarily in an opposite direction to the worldly life, but the inner life is the fuller life." Theo is following Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 14, to the letter (cf. note 26S above).
- ⁵⁴ Theo follows Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 31. *The Inner Life* itself is more terse in this instance: "The spiritual man has to fill fittingly the place in which life has placed him. There he performs everything thoroughly and rightly, in order to fulfil his outer commission in life."
- ⁵⁵ The Dutch title of this book, which has never been translated into English, is *Gestalten uit de Perzische mystiek*. Theo is writing in 1944-1945, looking back twenty years in time. He could not have read *Gestalten* in 1924, as it was not published until fourteen years later. Beloved by Theo and many other Sufis, the book remains popular in Holland to this day, with the Sufi Press about to launch still another Dutch edition.
- ⁵⁶ The Abu Said mentioned by Van Brakell Buys is Abu Said ibn Abi al-Khair (967-1049). See Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten*, p. 17. The closing phrase tactically omitted by Theo is "but never forgets Allah even for an instant."
- ⁵⁷ Theo van Hoorn is almost certainly referring to Christ and His disciples. If he fully intended to use the word "illusions," instead of the more positive "dreams," he was suggesting his early perspective on the Movement as an outsider. As we know from *Sufi Memoirist*, he certainly ended up sharing the Messianic illusions of some of his fellow mureeds.
- ⁵⁸ This is the later to be famous stage, film and television actor, translator and director Eric Inayat Eduard van Ingen, who was born in Arnhem on 27 October 1921 and who died in The Hague on 20 July 2000. He stopped using his title of *jonkheer* at age seventeen, when he entered the Amsterdamse Toneelschool. He graduated in 1941, before going into hiding from the Germans and then joining the Canadians (as mentioned by Theo in "Victory"). For detailed information about Van Ingen's subsequent career, including credits, see Piet Hein Honig, *Acteurs- en kleinkunstenaarslexicon: 3200 namen uit 100 jaar Nederlands toneel* (Diepenveen, Honig, 1984), pp. 459-460. Yussouf's brother Louis and his wife were also Sufis. With the death of their son Alexander and that of Eric Inayat, their dynasty, reaching back to the early fifteenth century, perished. Tragedy appears to have dogged Eric Inayat, as he outlived his son, Floris Theodorus Eduard van Ingen (1960-1979), by two decades.

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- ⁵⁹ Baroness Mahtab (which Theo van Hoorn consistently misspells as “Mathab”) van Hogendorp is one of Theo’s favourite characters, three of his chapters being entirely or partially dedicated to her. She was Agatha Johanna Elisabeth van Hogendorp-van Notten (born in Amsterdam on 28 January 1873 and died in Amersfoort on 21 August 1952). In *Biography* (1979), p. 449, there is a picture of Mahtab but no biography, presumably because her “excessive modesty” and her vexation at Sufi rivalries had made her a low-key presence in the Movement by the mid-twenties. In 1921, however, she was a member of the first Executive Council of the Sufi Movement, to which Sirdar van Tuyl van Serooskerken was also appointed (upon election). She subsequently became a supporter of her future son-in-law, Mumtáz (Ronald A.L.) Armstrong, who was appointed (without election) in November of 1921.
- ⁶⁰ The *Hippodrome de Longchamp* is the famous Longchamp Racecourse, located in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. In 1865 a Frenchman named Pierre Oller conceived of and implemented the so-called “pari-mutuel wagering system,” which is what we are all still familiar with today. It was adopted in France in 1887, in England in 1927, and in the USA at about the same time. Theo’s reference to the Prix Mutuel must allude to the early phase of this development. If there ever was a formal “Prix Mutuel,” it no longer exists. France has numerous other such prizes, however, including several pertaining to Longchamp, including the Prix du Mont Valérien and, more important but less evocative from a Sufi point of view, the Prix de l’Arc de Triomphe.
- ⁶¹ That is, the rear side as seen from the conservatory in which the lectures were held. Coming from the Sufi garden, walking up from the entry opposite “Fazal Manzil” to the Lecture Hall, the Haras wall was to the right.
- ⁶² It would be more accurate to refer to “the series known as ‘Public Lectures’ as well as religious and musical meetings.” As is explained in *Sufi Memoirist*, the term “church services” is tendentious. The Summer School of 1939 closed about two weeks early. With war a near certainty by 3 September, the Dutch, Paris-based, Sufi diplomat Floris baron van Pallandt (discussed below) wanted Mohammad Ali Khan and Maheboob Khan and his British-passport family to head back to Holland before the frontiers closed to foreigners, instead of staying on until mid-September. Elsewhere in the *Recollections* we read that the Van Hoorns had rented their Vinkeveen cottage in the summer of 1939, which could explain a decision to forego Summer School that year.
- ⁶³ “Temporarily” because Theo was assuming that the Summer School would in due time return to Suresnes. It was never to happen.
- ⁶⁴ Strictly speaking, the SAS did not even exist through most of 1924. About its creation in October 1924, as required under French law, see *Witboek over Suresnes*, Vol. I, pp. 12-13.

- ⁶⁵ I translate Theo. “Mansion of Divine Grace and Favour” would be more accurate.
- ⁶⁶ We see that the Lecture Hall of Suresnes was not ready for use until the Summer School of 1925, as is confirmed by the Smit-Kerbert testimony of Wazir van Essen. See also Van Stolk, *Memories of a Sufi Sage*, p. 38 (cf. his p. 81, however).
- ⁶⁷ “Les Marronniers” means “the chestnut trees.”
- ⁶⁸ It may seem strange that Theo should bother to identify the cook. We learn below, however, that Madame de Wattebled was an important mureed, the Leader of the Brussels Centre and, possibly, the Belgian National Representative.
- ⁶⁹ Dien van Hoorn attended Amsterdam’s conservative Rijksakademie van Beeldende Kunsten (National Academy of Fine Arts) from 1911 to 1916. She did drawings, lithographs and woodcuts of some competence, earning herself a place in Scheen, *Lexikon*, Vol. I, p. 508. Camilla Schneider apparently did not produce enough of an oeuvre to qualify for any reference work whatsoever. Erich Fraai, a paediatrician who bought Camilla’s home in 1975 and knew her quite well, says that she had also been trained in textile painting in England (reported to me via Adri Mackor, a distinguished Chemist and Art Historian). No doubt Dien was encouraged to explore her artistic talent by her aunt Cato (Cathalina Stefanie van Hoorn: 1851-1939), who virtually raised her in Amsterdam and Nijmegen in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.
- ⁷⁰ Murshida was the highest rank conferred by Pir-o-Murshid. During his lifetime, it was granted only to Murshidas Egeling, Green, Goodenough and Martin. Why this should have been the case is discussed in note 585S above.
- ⁷¹ Murshida Fazal Mai (Petronella, or Nelly) Egeling-Grol, who was born in Amsterdam on 27 March 1861 and died in The Hague on 27 December 1939 (see *Nederland’s Adelsboek*, Vol. 27, 1941, p. 69). She is of immense importance to the *Recollections* because she relied on Theo van Hoorn in the planning stages of her foundation. Her husband, Frederik Willem Egeling, was eleven years older than she, having been born in Amsterdam on 14 April 1850. She married him in Amsterdam on 15 May 1885, where he was a book dealer at the time. A recent publication, accessible online (*85 Jaar Soefi-Boodschap in Arnhem 1921-2006*) identifies Frederik Willem Egeling as a successful Arnhem apothecary. (Possibly someone confused him with Adriaan Robertson, the husband of Rabia Robertson and the father of Kafia Blaauw-Robertson; cf. note 394 below). Egeling’s wealth was probably inherited, however. According to Theo, Fazal Mai became a widow in 1922, but her husband actually died in Arnhem on 13 February 1917. After his death she moved to Lausanne, where

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she met Hazrat Inayat Khan. It was he who called her Fazal Mai, meaning “Grace of God” according to Inayat Khan (*Biography* [1979], p. 185), and “Blessed Mother” according to herself (*Biography*, p. 499). She gave Murshid the house named Fazal Manzil in Suresnes and began to look after his family in April 1922, more than two years before Theo first attended Summer School there. She had risen to Murshida by Christmas 1923. I have this information from her online “Principal Workers” biographical sketch (*Biography*, p. 498-500), supplemented by *Nederland's Patriciaat* and the Collectie Familieadvertenties of the CBG in The Hague.

- ⁷² Murshida Egeling had no children of her own. In fact, she appears to have had no biological family whatsoever left by the time she died, as her funeral announcement of 27 December 1939 was placed by “Fam. Inayat Khan.” These facts help explain why she devoted her advanced years to Murshid’s children and left them her money. Of her adopted children, Hidayat Inayat Khan was by her side when she died, as movingly reported in his autobiographical *Once Upon a Time / Er was eens*, pp. 40-42, with photograph. On 30 December she was buried in Arnhem’s Moscowa cemetery, where she shares her grave with her husband.
- ⁷³ Murshida Goodenough has already been featured in *Sufi Memoirist* and in Theo van Hoorn’s own “Introduction” chapter. Her father was a colonel in the British army at the time she was born, but he eventually became Lt. General Sir William Goodenough K.C.B. She met Hazrat Inayat Khan in London in 1916 and subsequently dedicated her life to him. Theo’s assessment of Murshida’s personality and qualities is compatible with what Hazrat Inayat Khan writes in his *Autobiography*, as quoted in note 505S above. In essence, both men say that she was cold, arrogant and loyal. Theo, however, makes much more of her competence than Murshid did.
- ⁷⁴ Murshida Goodenough did not take shorthand notes but “longhand” ones. Both Sakina (Nekbakht) Furnée and her cousin Kismet Stam (see note 85 below) were adept at shorthand. I will return to that pair of mureeds in due time. Instant translations into “fluid literary French,” like “infallible judgment,” would normally have us suspect irony, but not with Theo van Hoorn.
- ⁷⁵ Murshida Rabia (Ada) Martin (1871-1947) was the first of Hazrat Inayat Khan’s Western converts. Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 74 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 97-98; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 67; *Golven* [2002], p. 89-90) tells us that when Inayat played his music in San Francisco (and Los Angeles, according to *Inayat Khan*) in 1910, only Ada Martin understood its importance. She proposed that he become her teacher and was therefore arguably the co-founder, with Inayat Khan himself, of Western Sufism. She was Jewish and

had tried all sorts of things before finding and holding to Inayat Khan. She initiated several key American mureeds into the Movement. For numerous references to the correspondence between Rabia Martin and Murshid, who were certainly close, see Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 66-181, *passim*. Rabia Martin assumed that because Hazrat Inayat Khan addressed her deferentially as “Dear mother” in his letters (writing to a married woman being something unthinkable in an Indian context), he thought of himself as the father, and of her as the mother of Sufism.

⁷⁶ For ample confirmation of the accuracy of Van Hoorn’s assessment, see Zia, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 195-106, 204-209 and 213-214. Murshida Martin’s claim was very strong. Had she been able to simulate a measure of tact and modesty, she would probably have succeeded Inayat Khan.

⁷⁷ Thus Theo van Hoorn at last defers to Murshid’s judgment. He probably had no idea of the politics involved. By 1911, she had founded a Sufic Order of (or for) America, with headquarters in San Francisco. Within five years, it became the American representation of the London-based central body. In other words, Murshida Martin had to be convinced to give up her order and settle for branch status. That may be why she is referred to as Murshida as early as 1916.

⁷⁸ Theo conflates two poets. The epic and renowned (in Holland) poem *Mei* was written in 1889 by Herman Gorter (1864-1927), not by Jacques Perk (1859-1881). Theo does not quote from *Mei*, however, but from Perk’s *Mathilde*, a cycle of sonnets of 1882: “Daar zijn er, die als schoonheid niet gedogen, / Wat hen als groots zich niet wil openbaren; / En wijken zie ik reeds in brede scharen / Wie ‘t schone in ‘t kleine alleen houdt opgetogen.” These lines are from number LXII, the last sonnet, entitled “Aan de sonetten.” There is no other edition that begins with this sonnet.

⁷⁹ The reference is to one of the “Gamakas” in *Nirtan* (cf. Inayat Khan, *Nirtan or the Dance of the Soul* (2nd ed., Deventer, A.E.E. Kluwer, 1938), p. 17, or Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 525). Theo’s censorious comments were probably inspired by what he had heard about developments that followed on the death of Murshid. As mentioned, one of Theo’s fellow mureeds, Shabaz Best attributed Rabia Martin’s unbalanced rhetoric to her Jewish background (cf. note 589S above). Martin’s presence at the 1924 Summer School is confirmed by that year’s group portrait, in which she sits in a place of honour next to Begum Amina. A photograph in *Biography* (1979), p. 465, fig. 68, shows her around 1922, performing an early Universal Worship in California with Mrs. Rebecca C. Miller (born 1865; *Biography*, p. 463, fig. 60 and p. 523) and Fatha (Earl) Engle (1888-1955; *Biography*, p. 503), an American mureed who was in Suresnes in the summers of 1923 and 1924.

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- ⁸⁰ Going by the census records of 1891, Gladys Isabel (Kefayat) LLOYD, who was also called Miss Shama LLOYD, was baptized on 9 August 1866 in Shawbury, Shropshire, as the second child and first daughter of Arthur Philip Lloyd (1833-1893) and Katherine Bridgeman (died 1915), who had married in 1863. Gladys was a great-granddaughter of Orlando Bridgeman, 1st Earl of Bradford (1762-1825). The family lived in Shrewsbury St. Mary in Shropshire. According to Kefayat's online "Principal Workers" biography, largely written by Gawery Voûte (*Biography* [1979], pp. 518-519), Inayat Khan charged her with spiritual healing in 1921, but leading followers such as Kefayat always assumed he was leading them where they wanted to go. In general, caution is in order with respect to this biography, which has Kefayat widowed in that year and mentions 35 Tregunter Road. Yet the Kensington directories, Royal Blue Book and Webster's *Royal Red Book*, list a Miss Gladys Lloyd at 33 Tregunter Road from 1918 to 1921, at 35A St. James Street in 1922, and at 35 Tregunter Road from 1923 to 1930. Around the time that Murshid died (5 February 1927) Kefayat was touring the USA and installed Rebecca C. Miller as "Leader of the Healing Service." See *Biography* (1979), p. 523.
- ⁸¹ A conductor is a leader of a Spiritual Healing service.
- ⁸² Once again Theo assumes an intimate knowledge of the city of Amsterdam, which he does not even bother to name in this instance. The Mozartkade is in Amsterdam Zuid, where one can still find a tree planted by the young Paul van Hoorn, Theo's son. The *VAS Clubnieuws* (vol. 11, no. 3, 1929, p. 7) establishes that Theo moved from 187 Johannes Verhulststraat to 5 Mozartkade shortly before 22 February 1929. The house, which had been newly constructed in the preceding year, is unique to my knowledge. You want to imagine an H, with the horizontal resembling an equal sign pushed apart, enclosing a square. The four verticals of this H are four sets of four row houses each, with two sets on the Mozartkade and two on the Apollolaan. The large square consists of four ample homes under one roof, with two (numbers 5 and 6) facing the Mozartkade and two facing the Apollolaan.
- ⁸³ A Conductor is a leader of a Spiritual Healing service. Mahmood Khan remembers Dildar as a large and cheerful man who never failed to bring cake for the children. Upon losing one of his eyes, which was replaced by a glass one, in the thirties, he had to give up his office job and turned to massage instead. He was initially coached by Murshid Musharaff Khan, and possibly also by Murshid Ali Khan, in Ali's Indian method. Amsterdam's *Algemeen adresboek* for 1939-40 lists J.W.L. Hartzuiker (Theo has Hartsuyker), "masseur," as living on Marnixkade 17. In the Amsterdam telephone directory for 1951, J.W.L. is listed as Dildar Hartzuiker, a "state-certified" masseur, living at 34 Nassaukade. Of all the Dutch Sufis mentioned by Theo van Hoorn, only Dildar

appears to have used his Sufi name in the world at large. Another example, not mentioned by Theo, was Jabbar (Constant) Bentinck, who was said to have had his Sufi “laqab” inserted on his official identity documents.

⁸⁴ Latif de Ruiter (Theo has Ruyter) was Gerrit Adriaan de Ruiter (4 November 1900 to 2 June 1993). A truly active Sufi, he relocated to Amsterdam in the course of 1929, where he worked for the Public Works Department, first as draughtsman and then as department director, and played an important part in its Centre for decades. Latif’s oldest daughter, Magda Jenny Neli Krikken-de Ruiter was born in Rotterdam on 11 June 1928. Her sister Erica followed in Amsterdam on 24 November 1930, whereas her brother, Paul, arrived there on 30 July 1938. We can calculate that Kefayat LLOYD’s visit to Holland must have occurred around the middle of 1929, shortly after Theo and Dien had moved into 5 Mozartkade and shortly before Latif moved from Rotterdam to Amsterdam. Latif’s granddaughter, Renée Krikken, married Hidayat Khan’s grandson Omar, their children being a daughter, Ariane, and a son, Latif, who was given the caste-compatible name of his great-grandfather.

⁸⁵ Both Sakina (Johanna Ernestine Dorothea, or Kinna) Furnée and her cousin Kismet Stam have online “Principal Worker” biographies (*Biography* [1979], pp. 505 and 525). Born in The Hague in 1896, Sakina/Nekbakht was an accomplished pianist who studied with Willem Andriessen (1887-1964). She became Inayat Khan’s principal secretary in 1921, mastering shorthand to that purpose. In 1924 she bought a house at 34 rue de la Tuilerie, Suresnes, across from Fazal Manzil. She founded the Nekbakht Foundation in 1950 and died in The Hague on 16 June 1973. Her funeral service was held at 78 Anna Paulownastraat in the late morning of 21 June, shortly before she was interred at Oud Eik en Duinen cemetery like many other key Western Sufis. Kismet (Dorothea) Stam (whose mother was F.J. Stam-Furnée) was born in Batavia in the Dutch Indies on 9 October 1893. Her cousin Sakina introduced her to Inayat Khan and Sufism in 1923, after which she learned shorthand and typing. Kismet accompanied Murshid on several journeys, including the ones to America in 1925 and India in 1926-27. She submitted her own Principal Workers biographical sketch (*Biography* [1979], pp. 525-526) from Palma da Mallorca in 1977. Shortly thereafter she returned to The Netherlands and lived with her aunt Frida Furnée on the Veluwe for a few years. For the last two years of her life she lived in Psychiatrisch ziekenhuis Veldwijk, in Ermelo, where she must have died before 1984.

⁸⁶ Of course this meant that one or the other of these two young ladies was almost continually hovering about, which (I venture to guess) cannot have been easy for Murshid’s wife Begum. As Theo van Hoorn says, their personalities were quite different. Sakina was an aristocratic no-nonsense

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- type. Elsewhere, Van Hoorn describes her as an “angel with a flaming sword” with reference to her safeguarding of Murshid’s time. Kismet was less imposing and more erratic.
- ⁸⁷ Theo van Hoorn surmised correctly. In 1950 Nebbakht placed her voluminous archive into the care of the Biographical Department housed in her residence opposite Fazal Manzil. See *Biography* (1979), pp. 505-506.
- ⁸⁸ Her name was Marya Cushing, or Sheikha Khushi to the Sufis. The “Principal Workers” site (*Biography* [1979], p. 495) gives no dates for her. Hazrat Inayat Khan initiated her in Suresnes in 1922, and she organized his lecture tour in the States in the late winter through summer of 1923, rescuing him from confinement on Ellis Island. She was based in New York, but on another visit to Suresnes, when Theo van Hoorn met her in 1924. A very popular mureed, who died in 1948, she took down in shorthand the historically important Geneva meetings between 1925 and 1931. She also edited the *Sufi Record* (see note 89 below) for several years.
- ⁸⁹ Theo is referring to the privately circulated periodical *Sufi-Record*, which is not available in a single Dutch public library. This publication also included a version of an essential text (vol. 4, no 3, April- June 1932), namely, Mrs Khushi Marya Cushing’s edited version of the Sufi Headquarters version of Murshida Sherifa Goodenough’s typescript of “The Law of Life.”
- ⁹⁰ Theo offers information that I have not found elsewhere. Baroness M.C. d’Eichthal became Sheika in 1923 and Siraja in 1925 (the year after Theo’s “Haras de Longchamp”). She died in 1929. Inayat Khan called her “the backbone of the Movement in France.”
- ⁹¹ Aftab van Notten was Mahtab van Hogendorp’s brother and, after Murshid Talewar (Émilien) Dussaqa, the second man in Geneva. As Leader of by far the largest Centre of the entire Sufi Movement; as General Treasurer of the International Headquarters; and as member of the Sufi Executive Committee; Aftab was the *éminence grise* of the Movement in general.
- ⁹² By her own admission, Sheikha Sarferaz (Hilda) Meyer de (or von) Reutercrona (born 1863) was a lost and pathetic soul when she met Hazrat Inayat Khan in Brussels in the winter of 1922 to 1923. As with others, he turned her life around almost instantly. She born in Sweden but later lived in Schloß Rapperwill, Zurich.
- ⁹³ The Oxford educated Khalif Mumtáz (Ronald A.L.) Armstrong was born in Hastings (Sussex) on 10 August 1892, dying in Sierre (Valais) on 21 August 1978, and was therefore about eight years older than Theo van Hoorn estimated. The “Principal Workers” site (*Biography* [1979], p. 490) has additional dates and information. For several bits and pieces in *Sufi Memoirist*, consult the index. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 216, reports that Mumtáz left

the Sufi Movement in 1930, after he and others had failed to revoke the 1929 resolution acknowledging Maheboob Khan as Esoteric Head of the Sufi Order, but that he continued to edit *The Sufi Quarterly* “until it was discontinued in 1933” (later to be revived as the *Sufi Biennial* and then again *The Sufi Quarterly* under the editorship of Margaret Skinner). Mumtáz contributed to the 1979 edition of *Biography* and collaborated with Manohary Voûte on a booklet of 1980 (see note 32S above). Mumtáz’s earliest publication was Ronald A. L. Armstrong, *Pir-O-Murshid Inayat Khan: July 5, 1882 - February 5, 1927* (Sufi Publishing Association, 1927; a collection of anecdotes culled from the then still unpublished *Biography* and first printed in *The Sufi Quarterly*, vol. 2, no. 4, 1926), an initiative not appreciated by Talewar Dussaqa *cum suis*, increasing friction within International Headquarters. Other publications are mentioned in note 329S above.

⁹⁴ As Theo has told us, the Sufi name of Mahtab’s daughter was Lakmé. Petronella baroness van Hogendorp was born in Driebergen on 8 January 1903 and died prematurely in Vevey (Vaud) on 18 October 1949. Her wedding to Mumtáz Armstrong, which was consecrated by Inayat Khan, took place in Geneva on 20 September 1926. In keeping with the custom of the time, we may assume that the couple announced their official engagement a half-year before. A photograph in Van Hoorn, *Herinneringen*, fig. 28, includes a fashionable young couple identified as Mumtáz and Lakmé, but there is no resemblance to a reliable photo of 1926, taken at their wedding. However, the young man does resemble an unidentified male in right the background of the group portrait of the 1933 Summer School.

⁹⁵ Cf. note 91 above.

⁹⁶ In his “Principal Workers” biography, David Craig (dates unknown) is said to be an Englishman, but he was generally said to be, and later remembered as being, Irish. As his namesake James Craig, “the most resourceful and intransigent Ulsterman” according to David Cannadine, *The Decline and Fall of the British Aristocracy* (New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press, 1990), p. 177, was from 1921 to 1940 Ulster’s Prime Minister, the continued uncertainty as to his national ascription is difficult to understand. Craig’s “Principal Workers” biography explains that he lived in Rome because he was employed by British Airways there.

⁹⁷ See in this connection, Van Stolk and Dunlop, *Memories of a Sufi Sage*, pp. 66-67.

⁹⁸ All but one of these locations are famous or discussed elsewhere in the *Recollections*. The Bois Charme (which Theo calls “Bois de Charme”) is a meadowy area surrounded by woods located near the village of Le Châtelet-en-Brie, about ten miles to the north-east of Fontainebleau.

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- ⁹⁹ Again Gisela Munira Craig, “Visit to the Durgah,” pp. 49-50. Theo’s omissions, indicated by square brackets, are substantial. After the Second World War, Murshid’s final resting place in Delhi was flooded with visitors from Europe and America. During the years that Hidayat’s Khan’s son Fazal was head of the Sufi Movement (1967-1982), he and his young followers lavished attention on the site.
- ¹⁰⁰ Khwaja Nizami, a descendant of the great Sufi saint of the thirteenth century, Nizam ad-Din Awliya (died 1325), mentioned just above. The former’s son, Khwaja Hasan Sani Nizami, is currently the most prominent practising representative and spokesman for the Moghul Sufism of India, which has several dedicated adherents in the West.
- ¹⁰¹ The Christian name of Salar Kluwer was Nico. He was born in Deventer on 4 December 1897 and died in that city on 15 February 1975. Hayat Rahusen was Catharina Elizabeth Rahusen, who was born in Amsterdam on 18 Augustus 1896 and died in Gorssel on 30 June 1984. As Theo mentions, Salar and Hayat married on 5 May 1925. Their son Paul (Salim) was not born until 10 August 1931. He had been preceded by two sisters, Boudewina (Shanti) on 3 July 1926 and Machteld (Sunita) on 20 September 1928. Boudewina died in Toulouse on 22 March 2004, her husband, Jan de Jong, having predeceased her. Machteld has outlived two husbands (one Huidekoper and Frits Jongepier). She currently lives in the small town of Epse, near Deventer, and is still a Sufi.
- ¹⁰² In 1963 Nico split from the large A.E.E. Kluwer Publishers of Deventer and established himself as N. Kluwer Publishers, also in Deventer. In 1972 the latter firm was renamed Ankh-Hermes, known for their publication of spiritual books. This publishing house was later led by Nico’s son Paul, who retired in 1993 and now lives with his wife, Anke Kluwer-Eggink, in Epse, like his sister Machteld.
- ¹⁰³ Theo is referring to the monthly *Mensch en Kosmos: maandblad gewijd aan de vergelijkende studie van godsdienst, wijsbegeerte, wetenschap en hun grensgebieden*, which ran from 1939 to the end of 1969. The periodical did not come out between 1941 and 1947. From volume 4, 1948, the main title became *Mens en Kosmos*.
- ¹⁰⁴ Villa “Jolijt” is located at 13 Dommersholtsweg in Joppe (now part of the municipality of Lochem). No Kluwers live there today. In fact, it was empty and listed on the “Funda” real estate site (for a bargain 1.5 million euros) in 2007. The family long ago moved to 7 Huzarenlaan (right behind where Dr. H.J. Witteveen was raised). Salar and Hayat must have purchased the villa sometime between the birth of their daughter Machteld and son Paul, i.e., between the fall of 1926 and the summer of 1930 (cf. note 101 above). On two occasions in the 1930s, Salar and Hayat invited Maheboob Khan and his

family for relaxed stays. Judging from the photo album of Machteld, however, Musharaff must have been a particular favourite of the Kluwers, as he was photographed at “Jolijt” in 1932, 1933 and 1939. No doubt Shanavaz van Spengler and Camilla Schneider were among the many other Kluwer guests at Jolijt. That must explain why, on 19 February 1953, they chose to move to “De Barre Vennen” at 42C Joppelaan in Joppe (the house number being changed to 86 in 1961), just a few hundred yards to the west of the Kluwers. Camilla remained there until 1975, the year before the death of Shanavaz, who had been institutionalized with Alzheimer dementia some years before. It was a small house. Both it and its detached garage were designed for Shanavaz and Camilla by the Rotterdam architect H. Sutterland (1889-1956). The present owner, Erich Fraai (see note 69 above), who bought the place from Camilla in 1975, joined it with the garage, expanding it by about sixteen feet and changing it almost beyond recognition.

¹⁰⁵ The online “Principal Workers” biography for Sirdar van Tuyl (*Biography* [1979], p. 529), written by Miss Ann C. Spirlet, omits this interesting fact, which is confirmed *Nederland's Adelsboek*, Vol. 45, 1952, p. 508. As mentioned in the *Introduction*, this is the only Sufi divorce acknowledged by Theo van Hoorn, presumably because everyone involved ended up in good Sufi marriages.

¹⁰⁶ Gerbrandus Jelgersma (1859-1942) became the very first Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Leiden in 1899. He declared for Sigmund Freud in 1914 and retired in 1930.

¹⁰⁷ As mentioned, Dr. Alexander Alexandrovich Alekhine – Aljechin to the Dutch – was World Chess Champion from 1925 to 1935 and 1937 to 1946. During the short break, Theo van Hoorn’s fellow VAS club member, Dr. Max Euwe, took the title. There is no record of a match between Alekhine and either Theo or Piet van Hoorn, but Alekhine played simultaneous chess at the VAS on 12 December 1925 (see *VAS Clubnieuws*, vol. 7, no. 7, 1925, p. 237). Either brother could have participated in, or watched, this event. And, as mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, Theo was a member of the VAS executive and certainly met Alekhine.

¹⁰⁸ Much to the dismay of her father (who also disapproved of her first marriage: “Ik houd niet van landadel”), Zulaikha had been on the stage as a young woman, having been taught by the great Eduard Verkade (1878-1961) and others.

¹⁰⁹ I discuss this death in detail in *Sufi Memoirist*. It took place in 1933, not 1935.

¹¹⁰ According to her *persoonskaart*, Zulaikha moved to 11b Herman Saftlevenstraat in Utrecht on 4 January 1933, but that should presumably have read 4 January

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- 1934 (cf. note 111 below), four months after the death of Yussouf. She briefly lived at 2 Waldeck Pyrmontkade on 15 August 1956, only to return to her old address on 5 September. She presumably died there on 13 September 1969.
- ¹¹¹ Like Zulaikha van Ingen, Azmat registered at 11b Herman Saftlevenstraat on 4 January 1934 (cf. note 110 above). On 10 April 1942, however, Azmat moved to Baarn, to Villa Vlierstruik, where Theo visited her in the summer of 1944 (cf. note 7 above).
- ¹¹² As far as I can tell, the precise words are not those of Hazrat Inayat Khan, but the sentiments are certainly Inayatian. The closest thing I have found is in “Mental Purification” (*SM*, Vol. IV, p. 141): “No one who rises without a fall, and no one falls without the promise of a rise. One sees death in birth and birth in death.” The rise and fall of waves were a favourite metaphor of Murshid. For instance, in “Rhythm” (*SM*, Vol. II, p. 48), we read that “the whole universe is a single mechanism working by the law of rhythm; the rise and fall of the waves, the ebb and flow of the tide, the waxing and waning of the moon, the sunrise and the sunset, the change of the seasons, the moving of the earth and of the planets, the whole cosmic system and the constitution of the entire universe are working under the law of rhythm.”
- ¹¹³ Sharif Donald Graham informs me that Sakina Furnée was in fact the National Representative of Belgium. In his “Mahtab van Hogendorp,” which Theo wrote eight years after “Le Haras de Longchamp,” he implies that Kafia Blaauw-Robertson was also present at this gathering.
- ¹¹⁴ Arthur van Schendel (1874-1946) was one of the most important Dutch “modern Classical” writers. Elsewhere Theo refers to his renowned *Angiolino en de lente*.
- ¹¹⁵ Inayat Khan’s original, slightly more awkward version reads: “Initiation is to take a step forward in a direction which one does not know.” See Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 154.
- ¹¹⁶ Theo van Hoorn almost invariably identifies his fellow mureeds by their Sufi names. I discuss this rare anomaly in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 37, where I propose that he may have been Kadir van Lohuizen.
- ¹¹⁷ Even though the Geneva Constitution of the Movement specified a vertical initiatic model, Inayat Khan himself always insisted on direct accessibility.
- ¹¹⁸ This allusion is to the angel charged by God to keep Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden, is still another indication of the persistence of Theo’s Baptist mental habits.
- ¹¹⁹ Considering these were arguably the most important words of Theo van Hoorn’s life, it is telling that in his last chapter he has Hazrat Inayat Khan say: “From the very first moment that we saw each other, I knew that you would become one of us.”

- ¹²⁰ In India, on the other hand, both the handkiss (the hand then pressed upon the eyes) and the “foot kiss” or *qadamboseh* (touching the feet or, more casually, the knees of an elder relation or honoured person) continue to be completely normal, if aristocratic and high-caste expressions of reverence and respect.
- ¹²¹ Cf. note 359 below.
- ¹²² Theo’s chapter is entitled “Ali Khan” only. His nephew Mahmood Khan would have preferred “Murshid Mohammad Ali Khan” as a more complete and respectful heading. Ali Khan is repeatedly mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist* and its notes. Born in Baroda in 1881, he died in The Hague on 29 September 1958 and was buried in Oud Eik en Duinen Cemetery. I call him Mohammad, not Mohammed, because that is the spelling that he used himself and that is found in the newspaper announcement of his death.
- ¹²³ Harun-al-Rashid was the fifth Abbasid caliph, who ruled from 786 to his death in 809. He and his court at Baghdad are immortalized in *The Thousand and One Nights*.
- ¹²⁴ “The Polish Sufi sculptress Bogdanowitsch” was Jadwiga Bohdanowicz or Bogdanowicz, who was born in Warsaw. She studied in Krakow and then with Émile Antoine Bourdelle (1861-1929) in Paris, where she arrived in 1924 on a scholarship from the French Government. In 1934 she left for Rome, where she died in 1943. The National Museum of Warsaw houses about thirty portrait busts by Bohdanowicz, including one in plaster of around 1925 of “Maharadscha Ali Khan.” See *Sauer Allgemeines Künstlerlexikon*, Munich & Leipzig, Sauer, Vol. XII, 1996, p. 289 for information and literature. According to Roman Olkowski of the Warsaw Museum, the bust is made of patinated plaster and 99 centimetres high. The Polish Ministry of Arts and Culture moved it and other works by Jadwiga from Rome to Warsaw in 1953. Theo presumably mistook the coloured plaster (then still in perfect condition) for stone. A bust of Ali Khan now in Musharaff Khan’s former residence on the Banstraat in The Hague is made of stone but much too small to be the work that Theo saw in Paris. The better-known bronze bust of Ali Khan by the Dutch Sufi sculptress Charlotte Dorothée baroness van Pallandt (Arnhem, 24 September 1896 - Noordwijk, 30 July 1997), is marred, or enlivened, by a too-deeply receding upper bridge of the nose. I am greatly indebted to Professor Dr. Irene Kabala of the University of Indiana in Pennsylvania for her recent and ongoing research on Bohdanowicz.
- ¹²⁵ This gratuitous metaphor is still another indication of Theo van Hoorn’s lingering Christian mental habits.
- ¹²⁶ Begum was Pirani Ameena (Amina) Begum Ora Ray Baker Inayat Khan, of Albuquerque New Mexico (8 May 1892-1 May 1949). Donald Graham tells me that she was not a cousin of Mary Eddy Baker, the Founder of the Christian

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Science Movement. Her half-brother Pierre Bernard, or Oom the Omnipotent (1875-1955), is of more interest. A specialist in *hatha yoga* and *tantra yoga*, he founded the Tantric Order of America in New York in 1909. See Rawlinson, *The Book of Enlightened Masters*, p. 547, n. 3 and pp. 616-617. This is the only place in Van Hoorn's *Recollections* that Begum is seen in public.

- ¹²⁷ The short play in question was *The Bogeyman* (see "Four Plays" in *SM*, Vol. XII, p. 191). Mahmood Khan tells me that Zulaikha and Yussouf van Ingen played the parts of bride and groom. Ali Khan was the Brahmin who consecrates the marriage. Needing a few words in Sanskrit, all Ali could think of was a saying to the effect that anyone who plays the vina can be forgiven anything, even killing a Brahmin. It was this preposterously inappropriate notion, which was probably wasted on Theo, that broke Inayat and Maheboob up totally.
- ¹²⁸ These performances must have been after 1927. It appears Maheboob Khan could not bring himself to show "Thy Wish" (composed in 1925) to his brother Inayat, who died without having heard it, but who would certainly have admired it.
- ¹²⁹ "The Largo by Handel" is a reference to "Ombra mai fu," the first aria of the opera *Serse* or *Xerxes* by Georg Friedrich Händel (George Frideric Handel: 1685-1759). "Amarilli" is "Amarilli, mia bella," an anonymous text set to music by Giulio Caccini (1546-1614). It is not clear what Theo was implying with "when he was well disposed." Did Ali Khan also perform when not well disposed?
- ¹³⁰ A whole chapter on the HIRO follows below. The international career of Henk or Hendrik Endt (1902-1954) is discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, p.35.
- ¹³¹ Theo van Hoorn may have been quoting from memory in this instance. The passage is an epitomized and very free version of Hazrat Inayat Khan, *Rassa Shastra*, pp. 21-22, or *SM*, Vol. III, p. 136.
- ¹³² Wazir (Gerrit) van Essen was born on 21 September 1905 in Maassluis and died on 16 May 1981 in Cape Town. As an exception to the rule, he did not belong to the nobility or the patriciate. Nor was he rich. By all accounts intelligent, witty, delicately mannered and smoothly handsome, with a seemingly ever-smiling countenance, he came from an ordinary Rotterdam family and was dazzled by Hazrat Inayat Khan. He shows up later on as the secretary of Sirkar van Stolk, the Dutch National Representative. According to Sirkar himself (Van Stolk, *Sufi Sage*, p. 45), Wazir means "wise counsellor." It used to be said at GHQ in Geneva in the thirties that "Van Stolk is a wolf, but Van Essen is a fox." In the early fifties, both Sirkar and Wazir left Holland for South Africa (cf. note 321S above). Van Essen became one of the grand old men of Sufism in his time. Wazir's wife, Zohra (Elizabeth, known as Louise, or Wiesje) van Houten (born 30 December 1913) is still alive and (aside from Hidayat Inayat Khan and his sister Khair-un-Nisa) the last

living witness to the Suresnes Summer Schools of 1923 to 1926 (cf. note 468 below). Their children, Magda and Waldo, have continued to be dedicated and able Sufi representatives. Like her husband Wazir, Zohra came from a Sufi background. Her father, Willem van Houten (died 17 March 1937, aged 61), married Elisabeth (Lies) van de Weide, Moenie Kramer-van de Weide's sister in Arnhem on 4 August 1910.

¹³³ Theo van Hoorn's "Chitrani" chapter might have us expect a fatuous creature, but Raushan (Hermina) Mensink is still remembered as an intelligent, warm and dedicated Sufi. Beyond that, however, we have only a biographical skeleton. Born in Rotterdam on 13 August 1901, her Sufi name means "the light." She was barely fifteen years old on 16 December 1916, when her father died at the age of fifty, and not quite twenty-three when the events related by Theo van Hoorn are to have taken place. Just over a year later, on 2 October 1925, she married Gerardus Frederikus Jacobus Kervel, who had been born in Malang, in the Dutch East Indies, on 18 August 1895. Though G.F.J. Kervel is known to have sailed for the Indies from Rotterdam on 12 January 1924, he must have returned quite quickly, as the wedding took place in The Hague, with 39 Sleedoornstraat as address. On 26 May 1926 Raushan gave birth to a daughter, Anita. Her sons, Gerardus Fredericus and Ernest Willem Frederik, followed on 3 March 1930 and 21 February 1931. By the time the second boy was born, the couple had settled at 102 Daal en Bergschelaan in The Hague, where G.F.J. Kervel was "commissionair in effecten en assurantien." It was there that he died on 23 January 1934, when in his late thirties. On 15 December 1936, "Mrs. H. Mensink, widow of *den heer* G.F.J. Kervel" married *meester* Jan Willem Isidor Marie Swane (born in Horst on 9 December 1899) in Amsterdam. Raushan divorced him on 10 February 1967, marrying Hubrecht (also Hubert) Pieter Theo Glerum in Naarden on 11 December 1967, about a month before Swane's death on 17 January 1968. Only if outliving one husband and divorcing another after three decades of marriage, counts as flirtatiousness, is there any connection between Theo's picture and that of her subsequent history. Raushan herself died at 32 Utrechtseweg in Hilversum on 8 August 1989, but she was buried six days later in "Oud Eik en Duinen" in The Hague, close to Maheboob, Ali and Musharaff Khans, as well as to her father. H.P.T. Glerum, who outlived her by a year, was cremated in Utrecht. Interestingly, Rauschan's sons were both living abroad at the time, namely, in Mountainside, New Jersey and Oranjestad, Aruba.

¹³⁴ Here Theo van Hoorn totally derails. The original *Rassa Shasstra*, p. 21 (*SM*, Vol. III, p. 136) reads: "She is happy amongst women, but prefers the friendship of the opposite sex." This makes a lot more sense in Theo's context.

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- ¹³⁵ P.C. [Peter Cornelis] Boutens (1870-1953): “Die had dat uitverkoren deel / Van blijdschap zonder vlek noch scheur, Goed lief als lied uit vogelenkeel, / als bloemengeur. // En alle vreugd waartoe zij kwam / Schoot op als een bloem en bloeide hoog; / En licht was het deel dat zij overnam / Van Smart waartoe zij boog.” In addition to being a pedantic and contrived poet, Boutens was a classicist and translator of Aeschylus, Homer and Plato, authors who appear to have been of no interest to Theo van Hoorn.
- ¹³⁶ As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 17-18, Theo van Hoorn gives himself away as a terrible gossip. Raushan Mensink was still very young and single at the time of this incident. She married G.F.J. Kervel, who was born in the Dutch Indies, more than a year later. She only moved on to her second husband in 1936, after the death of Kervel in 1934.
- ¹³⁷ Given that Chitrani’s visit to Theo and Dien took place during their first, 1924, Summer School, Mohammad Ali Khan must have treated Dien in the winter of 1923-24, before Theo had been initiated. Whether Ali worked from a hotel room or stayed with Sirdar van Tuyll, or perhaps Shanavaz van Spengler, is not known.
- ¹³⁸ Floris van Pallandt, or Floris Carcilus Anne baron van Pallandt, who was born in San Remo on 8 March 1903 and died in Meppel on 7 May 1977 (see *Nederland’s Adelsboek*, Vol 89, 2000/01, p. 318). He was known resoundingly, in Persian euphony, by his initiatic “laqab” grade and name of “Murshid Huzurnaváz.” Presumably Theo found “Floris” much easier to remember in the winter of 1944. Aside from being a diplomat, Floris van Pallandt was the editor of the *Collected-Works* volumes of 1961 to 1967 (12 volumes in all, still incomplete) and the author of a serious Murshid biography (“Hazrat Inayat Khan’s Life and Work,” in: *The Sufi Message and the Sufi Movement* [London, Barrie and Rockliff, 1964]). Floris was also called “the younger Pallandt” because his parents (see note 243 below) and his uncle Jaques were committed mureeds as well. He also had three older sisters, one being the well-known sculptress Charlotte van Pallandt (cf. note 124 above), all being mureeds or close sympathizers. It is little known that an early infatuation between Floris van Pallandt and Noor-un-Nisa Inayat Khan was nipped in the bud by her father, who was intent on marrying her to his “cousin-brother” Alahdad Khan-i-Maulabakhsh, who was slightly older than Noor. Despite that, the Pallandts were close friends of Murshid himself and of the Brothers.
- ¹³⁹ In an as yet unpublished paper, Mahmood Khan points out that Mohammad Ali Khan attracted admiring women but that their “aspiring interests were invariably and sternly kept at arm’s length by him.” In a note, Mahmood cites Van Hoorn’s “Chitrani” chapter as “a good if late and extreme example.”

- ¹⁴⁰ The School of Philosophy in Amersfoort is the Internationale School voor Wijsbegeerte, now at 8 Dodeweg, 3832RD Leusden. The ISVW goes back to 1916. The conference centre was officially opened on 18 June 1917. See A.F. Heijerman and M.J. van den Hoven et al., ed., *Filosofie in Nederland: de Internationale School voor Wijsbegeerte als ontmoetingsplaats 1916-1986* (Amersfoort, Boom Meppel, 1986), p. 35. There are numerous photographs of the unpretentious wooden building and the grounds available online (www.archiefemland.nl), including one of 1920 with Rabindranath Tagore.
- ¹⁴¹ With the Forest Chapel, or *Boskapel*, Theo van Hoorn is talking about the Bilsche Kapel, now the Zuiderkapel, located at 3 Korte Boslaan in 3722BB Bithoven. The architect Jan Stuivinga (1881-1962) designed it in 1916 for the Dutch Reformed Evangelical Society. In 1935, Stuivinga and his son Theo added two wings, making it a cruciform church and increasing the seating capacity from 192 to 450. Photos from before and after the renovation are found online by Googling to “Zuiderkapel, De Bilt.” Theo mentions no season or year for the Universal Worship in question, but it was the spring of 1938.
- ¹⁴² Cherag is the title of one who participates at the altar during the Universal Service. A Cheraga is a female Cherag. Cherags and Cheragas are the plural forms. We have encountered all three of these individuals before.
- ¹⁴³ Presumably Rauschan Kervel-Mensink and Theo and Dien van Hoorn quickly brought each other up-to-date about key events in their lives, including Rauschan’s recent marriage to her second husband, *meester* Swane. Theo then botched the facts six years later, turning her into a divorcee when creating his “Chitrani” chapter.
- ¹⁴⁴ It is important to know that Raushan Kervel-Mensink was a poet, though Jan Postma and I have yet to locate samples of her work. As we shall learn, Bhakti Eggink, or G. Eggink-van Stolk, was the sister of Sirkar van Stolk and the wife of Wim Eggink (or *ingenieur* W.A.N. Eggink), who apparently did not take on a Sufi name. She assisted Inayat Khan in America in the spring of 1923 and sailed back to Europe with him in June of that year. Bhakti and Wim eventually joined Wazir van Essen and Sirkar van Stolk in South Africa, where they divorced. Bhakti then returned to The Netherlands, whereas Wim remarried in South Africa. There is a photograph of Bhakti as part of her “Principal Workers” biography (*Biography* [1979], p. 479).
- ¹⁴⁵ Chitrani, who outlived the publication of Theo’s *Recollections* by eight years, presumably did learn about how she had been sent up by him. Given the facts of the case, forgiveness was a lot to ask for, especially because Theo’s excuse — that he needed to do full justice to Ali Khan — is so feeble, but also because, the teachings of Hazrat Inayat Khan do not require his followers to turn the other cheek. Revenge is allowed but should not be out of proportion to the

offense. With Theo long dead and Raushan very old, it may well have seemed so much like water under the bridge — until now.

- ¹⁴⁶ As Theo van Hoorn's reconstructed conversation below indicates, Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) largely owes his fame to Gustav Mahler (1860-1911), who set the so-called *Rückertlieder* (1901-1903) and *Kindertotenlieder* (1901-1904) to music. The original reads: "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen, / Mit der ich sonst viel Zeit verdorben, / Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen, / Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben! // Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen, / Ob sie mich für gestorben hält; / Ich kan auch gar nichts sagen dagegen, / Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt! // Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel, / Und ruh'in einem stillen Gebiet! / Ich leb'allein in meinem Himmel, / In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!" Theo Hoorn makes only five errors, including "Sie mag wohl denken" instead of "glauben." In a Sufi context, Rückert is of interest as a brilliant Rumi translator with his *Dschelaladdin Ghaselen* of 1819; cf. Annemarie Brigitte Schimmel, *Mystical Dimensions of Islam* (Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press, 1975), p. 310.
- ¹⁴⁷ As Mahmood Khan, Maheboob's son and the second Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh of Western Sufism, has pointed out to me, it would have been more appropriate and respectful if Theo van Hoorn had introduced Maheboob as "Mir Pyarumian Maheboob Khan." Maheboob, who was born in Baroda in 1887, died in The Hague on 3 July 1948 and was buried in Oud Eik en Duinen cemetery, like Musharaff and Ali Khans after him. Maheboob plays a suitably important role throughout the *Recollections* but, predictably, Theo does not mention his relatively early death, which occurred the year before Theo added his chapter on "Architecture."
- ¹⁴⁸ The streets of Suresnes cannot have been paved with Dutch Sufi singers of repute. Yet Theo van Hoorn does not bother to identify this young woman, who turns out to have been a regular Summer School visitor.
- ¹⁴⁹ I.e. Sahába-es-Safá ["Knightess of Purity"; "Order of Purity" being the Sufi Order's epitaph in London days] Ekbal Dawla van Goens, née *jonkvrouw* Johanna Florentina van Beyma (The Hague, 29 April 1880-The Hague, 28 July 1972) and her daughter Shadiby Khanim (Geertrui Cornelia) van Goens (Alkmaar, 27 April 1902 - The Hague, 27 August 1987; see *Nederland's Patriciaat*, Vol. 61, 1975, p. 96). Ekbal van Goens van Beyma (who encouraged her daughter and only child to add "van Beyma" to her name for Sufi social purposes) was widowed on 15 May 1919, when Ryckloff van Goens, her husband of eighteen years, died. In the autumn of 1921, still a beautiful woman at forty-one, she was briefly courted by Sirdar van Tuyll, who was only a few years her junior. She was horrified, however, thinking it wholly immoral for anyone to attempt to draw a widow away from her husband's memory.

- ¹⁵⁰ Ellen Karolina Sofia Key (1849-1926) was a famous Swedish pedagogue and feminist. She published her best known work, *The Century of the Child* (*Barnets århundrade*), in two volumes in 1900. It only caught on when it came out in German as *Das Jahrhundert des Kindes: Studien*, trans. Francis Maro [Marie Franzos: 1870-1941] (Berlin, S. Fischer, 1902). Nine years later the book was into its fifteenth German printing. It was almost as popular in the Dutch translation by J. P. van Wesselink-van Rossum (Zutphen, Thieme, 1903, with several later editions). The first of several English editions was *The Century of the Child* (New York, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1909). Key's opening feminist manifesto of 1896 came out in German as *Mißbrauchte Frauenkraft*, trans. Therese Krüger (Paris, A. Langen, 1898). For the first Dutch translation, see *De misbruikte krachten der vrouw*, trans. Philippine Wijsman [1838-1907] (Amsterdam, Martinus Nijhoff, 1898). Nothing in Theo's *Recollections* indicates that he was aware of either work in any language.
- ¹⁵¹ Van Hoorn's use of the term "Einsamkeitsbedürfnis" (literally, "need for solitude") proves that he read the German version of Ellen Karolina Sofia Key, *Über Liebe und Ehe*, trans. Francis Maro (Berlin, S. Fischer, 1904), p. 429, even though this work came out almost simultaneously in Dutch as *De ethiek van liefde en huwelijk*, trans. C. van Gelder [1925-2004] (Amsterdam, Querido, 1904). Like *The Century of the Child*, it proved immensely popular, seeing numerous printings. For the first English edition, which I was not able to consult, see Ellen Key, *Love and Marriage*, trans. Arthur G. Chater [1866-1951] (New York and London, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1911). The German sentence adduced by Theo is perhaps best translated as: "The more the modern individual's need for autonomy and privacy increases in other contexts, the greater it will also become for men and women inside marriage."
- ¹⁵² Aus einer großen Gesellschaft heraus, / Ging einst ein stiller Gelehrte zu Haus, / Man fragt' ihn; wie seid ihr zufrieden gewesen? / Wärens' Bücher, sagt er, ich würd' sie *nicht* lesen." I count seven minor and major errors in Theo's version, starting with a "lust'gen Gesellschaft" instead of a "großen" one.
- ¹⁵³ Here we have the essence of the "myth of the Message," as discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 98-106. Theo van Hoorn never once focuses on the obstacles to Murshid's progress in the West.
- ¹⁵⁴ Le Parc de Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne has been a major attraction from before the French Revolution to the present day. A footnote to the 1981 edition of the *Recollections* reports that Sufis loved to walk there, but that is already clear from Theo's text. Sharif Donald Graham informs me that there are no eucalyptus trees near the Parc de Bagatelle and that it was certainly not the only such park in Paris, as Theo claims.

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- ¹⁵⁵ The Boulevard Versailles is now the Boulevard Henri Sellier, named after an influential socialist politician and mayor of Suresnes (1883-1942).
- ¹⁵⁶ Fatá (Theo has Fatha) van Seters shall remain a supernumerary of the *Recollections*. He is the handsome man in the left background (in front of the Lecture Hall shutter) in the group photograph of 5 July 1926. Mahmood Khan recalls that Van Seters' Christian name was Arnoud. Like Mahmood himself, A. van Seters was one of six co-authors of Faber et al., ed., *Forty Years of Sufism*. Mahmood recalls that Van Seters subsequently left for France. His Sufi name means "young man," which apparently matched his perennially youthful face. Perhaps Theo and others confused that name with Fattah (short for Abdul Fattah, slave of God the victorious, or way opener) or Fátah (after the Arabian Fátih, or "successful one"). Salima (Adeh) van Braam (1883-1965) is truly important, however. She just happens to be in the background here, but she shows up dozens of times from now on, including as part of Theo's Amsterdam circle and as the moving force behind the Amsterdam Centre. In "5 February 1927," Theo has her catching the last train back to Bloemendaal. She was still living there at the time of her death on 28 July 1965. There is a brief and charming description of Salima in Keesing, *Op de muur*, pp. 63-64.
- ¹⁵⁷ Rainer Maria v. Rilke (1875-1926). The poem is called "Motto": "Das ist die Sehnsucht, wohnen im Gewoge, / und keine heimat haben in der Zeit. / Und das sind Wünschen: leise Dialoge, / täglicher Stunden mit der Ewigkeit. // Und das ist Leben, bis aus einem Gestern / die einsamste von allen Stunden steigt, / die, anders lächelnd als die anderen Schwestern, / dem Ewigen entgegenschweigt." Theo makes nine minor mistakes.
- ¹⁵⁸ As is explained in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 62, the poem has elements of *angst* that are unrelated to the portrait of Maheboob Khan that precedes it. His son Mahmood has assured me that his father "initially had trouble adjusting to the mores and circumstances of the exposed West, [including] the humiliation of public concerts and having to accept applause, [as well as] public meditation in general," but that behind a dignified reserve in public, he was a "profound, highly gifted, joyous, cheerful, warm, cordial" and happily married man who clung to Indian family values, liked his privacy and eventually preferred to be remain in Holland, at his much-loved pre-war The Hague residence, to avoid the persistent involvement in secondary Sufi matters, both organizational and personal, of Suresnes and Geneva. Nothing in this related portrait suggests Rilke's lines either.
- ¹⁵⁹ The second edition of Maheboob's compositions inspired by Murshid's poems was published privately by Mohammad Ali Khan in 1932. It followed his first two songs (1925 and 1927), which were still published under the imprint of the Eastern Music Society.

- ¹⁶⁰ Theo van Hoorn is loosely following the 1936 Kluwer edition of *De mystiek van het geluid*, p. 99, this being a translation of *The Mysticism of Sound*, p. 77 (SM, Vol. II, p. 59). Murshid's "of either name or form" refers to the Indian Namarupa, outward identity as a philosophical and poetic concept. The entire passage also served as an exordium to the single book's original publication in 1923.
- ¹⁶¹ Maternal grandfather and lineage patriarch, Maula Bakhsh (1833-1876), had two sons, the elder being his eventual heir and successor Murtuza Khan-i-Maulabaksh, and the younger being both Inayat's uncle and first father-in-law, Alaodin Khan (1867/9-1949). Theo, and now Yussouf, do not tell us even that much. Nor do we find much more in the Inayatian literature before Wil van Beek published his *Hazrat Inayat Khan* in 1983. We want to think of Murshid as a universal figure, but he came out of a very specific aristocratic social background with very specific feudal values, ones that remained important to him to the end of his life but that do not appear to have much interested his Western followers. That must be why countless people have visited Murshid's durgah in New Delhi but, until fairly recently, it apparently occurred to no one but Fathayab Reinder Visscher (cf. note 256 below) to travel on to his birthplace in Baroda. Until recently, the Maula Bakhsh house was a sad ruin, undermined by massive soil contamination, but its core was restored in 2006 by a rich Berlin Sufi. See Slomp, *De Soefi Beweging*, p. 59.
- ¹⁶² As Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, p. 82 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 95, and *Golven* [2002], p. 87), points out, calling someone the Beethoven of something or the other is a hoary cliché. The 1981 Anglo-Indian edition of her book wisely leaves out this observation.
- ¹⁶³ Implied in the word "mission" is the notion of "injunction," as discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 100-101.
- ¹⁶⁴ These are the first lines of a poem called "Einladung" or "Invitation." It reads, with only two tiny differences from Theo's version: "Sieh, wir wollen heute beim Altane / uns begegnen wenn der Abend naht, / Und ich will dir eine Siziliane / Langsam lesen, Worte von Brokat." The "Siziliane," introduced to German poetry by Friedrich Rückert, was a Sicilian variant of the eight-line stanza, its rhyme scheme being abababab.
- ¹⁶⁵ Van Hoorn later specifies Murshida Green's Christian name, "Sophia," but he never once mentions her complete last name, Saintsbury-Green. She is repeatedly discussed in *Sufi Memoirist* (see the index). As mentioned in note 333S above, Theo was apparently not familiar with her earlier and less measured *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*. According to her "Principal Workers" biography (*Biography* [1979], pp. 509-510), written by Angela Alt, she died on 2 March 1939.

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- ¹⁶⁶ Van Hoorn is alluding to the foreword to Van Brakell Buys, *Grondvormen der mystiek*, esp. pp. 3-5. He discusses this “Voorwoord” more formally below, in his “The Younger Generation” chapter. What is remarkable, of course, is that Theo works a text of 1940 into an experience of 1933.
- ¹⁶⁷ Saintsbury-Green, *Wings of the World*, pp. 25-26. I quote Murshida Green instead of translating back to English from Van Hoorn’s Dutch. I do, however, indicate the point at which Theo left out nine lines.
- ¹⁶⁸ Theo van Hoorn’s chapter heading might better have read “Musharaff Moulamia Khan.” He was born in Baroda in 1895 and died in The Hague on 30 November 1967. Like his brother Maheboob and cousin Ali before him, he was buried in Oud Eik en Duinen cemetery. Theo’s sketch of Musharaff is remarkably uninformative and should be supplemented by Sophia Saintsbury-Green’s effective vignette in her *Wings of the World*, pp. 29-31 (following her miniatures of Maheboob and Ali Khans on pp. 24-26 and 27-29). Theo might have mentioned that in the thirties, Musharaff and his wife, Subhanbi-Savitri van Rossum du Chattel (1886-1946), emulated Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Maheboob Khan and Shadiby Khanim by receiving ever new groups of Summer School participants into their home in Rueil-Malmaison (about two miles to the northwest of Suresnes) on free summer evenings. On these occasions Musharaff Khan not only made music but also told numerous expressive stories about family life in India in the days of his youth. These were recorded as he spoke by Miss Margaret Skinner, editor of *The Sufi Quarterly*. The resulting book, *Pages in the Life of a Sufi*, which was repeatedly amplified after 1932 by new descriptions, forms an exceptionally valuable and colourful source of information concerning Inayat Khan’s earliest years in India. For Musharaff’s international travel during and shortly after The Second World, see Jironet, *Sufi Mysticism into the West*, pp. 146-148. He only began to play an important role in Western Sufism in 1958, the year after Theo’s death, when Pir-o-Murshid Ali Khan died, having completed the esoteric education of his youngest cousin-brother and successor. By 1958 Vilayat had seceded, but he and Musharaff continued to meet, with the former sending his followers to the latter’s summer schools in Holland.
- ¹⁶⁹ Edmond Rostand (1868-1918) is famous for his play *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which premiered to enormous success in 1897. *Chanteclair* was first performed in 1910 to a very mixed response. Rostand was one of many who died of the Spanish influenza (which Theo nowhere mentions).
- ¹⁷⁰ William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene i.
- ¹⁷¹ “Je pense à la lumière, et non pas à la gloire: / Chanter, c’est ma manière de me battre et de croire; / Et si de tous les chants, mon chant et le plus fier, / C’est que je chante clair, afin qu’il fasse clair!” Theo’s version is letter perfect.

- ¹⁷² The Prophet is Muhammad, but the quotation is not from the *Koran*. Nor is it from *Hadith*. “Googling” under Theo’s Dutch version or my English translation yielded no results.
- ¹⁷³ We have neither Christian name nor dates of birth and death for Djalilah Moore. Here she might seem to be little more than a cleaning lady, but in his “The Samadhi Silences,” Theo van Hoorn comments on her vital contribution to the smooth running of ceremonies in the Lecture Hall. She was in fact a capable, sophisticated and colourful person, and anything but a *domestic*.
- ¹⁷⁴ Theo is following Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 27. *The Inner Life* itself is, I believe, less elegant and clear: “Man has either to realize himself as something or as nothing. In this realization of nothingness there is spirituality.”
- ¹⁷⁵ Theo is quoting from memory, and out of context, a sentence from the middle of the first paragraph of *The Power of the Word* (see note 33S above), “[...] we find in the Bible the words: ‘In the beginning was the word, and the word was God’ [...]. *Here is a thought which may be pondered over for years, each time with fresh inspiration.* It teaches us that the first sign of life that manifested [itself] was the audible expression, or sound: that is the word [italics mine].”
- ¹⁷⁶ Murshid Talewar (Émilien) Dussaqa was born in Havana in 1882 and died in 1954. He was vice-consul of Cuba in Geneva and for years General Secretary of the International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement in Geneva. He refused consular promotion to be able to continue his Sufi work in Geneva. According to Mahmood Khan (oral communication), Dussaqa was also an accomplished mystic (“There is something Arab in that man,” Maheboob apparently used to say, as a complement) who tended to Latin nonchalance as an administrator.
- ¹⁷⁷ Cherag meetings were intended for the robed elite of Suresnes, being Cherags, Cheragas and those of higher rank. Theo could not attend this meeting, but he compensates just below by adducing his close relationship to Sirdar and Saida van Tuyl and, through them, to Murshid.
- ¹⁷⁸ Of course “Preacher” (*Prediker*) in an unfortunate word in this context, being symptomatic of a neo-Christian current in Sufism, as discussed throughout much of *Sufi Memoirist*. The proposition that Murshid gave up on the vina is outright caricatural, as is the notion, expressed in the following paragraph, that Murshid set out to spread Sufism “around the world.”
- ¹⁷⁹ Angela Alt might appear not to have had a Sufi name. In fact, Angela was her Sufi name, her Christian names being Phyllis Innocent. We know her birthday fell on 28 December, but we have no year of birth. She had a strong connection with Italy and published a travel book entitled *Rapallo, Past and*

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Present; Walks and Excursions (London, G. Philip & Son, 1904). All her online “Principal Workers” sketch (*Biography* [1979], p. 489) tells us is that she worked with Italian mureeds after Inayat Khan’s 1923 visit to Italy and that Murshid spoke appreciatively about this on Viladat day of 1925. She certainly outlived Murshida Green (who died on 2 March 1939), whose “Principal Workers” biography she composed. There is more information about her contribution in Theo’s *Recollections* than anywhere else.

¹⁸⁰ Theo is presumably referring to one of the following three “Tanas” (cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, pp. 339, 342 and 343):

Little dandelions, what are you doing here?

— We reflect on earth the stars in the heavens.

Little rosebud, what do you hold between your hands?

— The secret of my beauty.

Sunflower, what are you

—I am the eye of the seeker who searches for the light.

¹⁸¹ Photographs establish that Ali Khan looked just as Theo describes him, with a barrel chest that stretched his jackets to the limits. Ali was a singer and healer, but (as mentioned in note 536S above) he was also a wrestler. Though he put on a lot of weight with the years, he carried it well.

¹⁸² Theo is quoting from one of the “Chalas” in *Gayan* (cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 165). I have substituted a semi-colon for the second comma.

¹⁸³ Except for his updated Marchant spelling (cf. note 45S above), Theo follows Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 27, to the letter. The conclusion in *The Inner Life* itself is more blunt and less explicit: “because the very idea of spiritual realization is selflessness.”

¹⁸⁴ These closing words sound contrived even in Van Hoorn’s Dutch (which repeats *Het innerlijk leven* in the last sentence). Taken at face value, this scene proves that brotherhood and friendship are everything, not that man is nothing. Possibly Theo intended to convey the idea that Inayat and Ali Khans were paragons of spirituality because they were absorbed in each other, and not in themselves.

¹⁸⁵ Van Hoorn may well be talking about the “clear view” seen from the veranda of his vacation home “Ulysses” in Bergen aan Zee in May and June of 1928, as mentioned by him in his “Samadhi Silences” chapter.

¹⁸⁶ Saintsbury-Green, *The Wings of the World*, p. XII, both for this paragraph and the one quoted just below. Theo van Hoorn omitted the opening sentence of her paragraph. Note that Murshida Green refers to her earlier *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, which I discuss in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 84-85. Theo does not react to the reference, indicating that he had not read the earlier booklet.

¹⁸⁷ Not so, the hills are only to the southwest of Paris.

- ¹⁸⁸ The only Saint Odilia (or Sainte Odile) in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* and other such reference works lived around the turn of the eighth century. There is a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale containing what have been interpreted as Sainte Odile's predictions of the Second World War. Of course, a Medieval saint would have been just the thing for romantics like Theo van Hoorn, but the material may be as late as the seventeenth century. Theo probably read *La prophétie de Sainte Odile et la fin de la guerre, avec notes et commentaires par Georges Stoffler* (Paris, Dorbon-Ainé, 1916), who interprets the predictions in relation to the First World War. Specifically, Theo must be referring to the following sentence: "La région de Lutèce sera sauvée elle-même à cause de ses montagnes bénies et de ses femmes dévotes." Note that though "La prophétie de Sainte Odile" identifies Germany as the most belligerent nation on earth, neither Paris nor France is specified.
- ¹⁸⁹ "Inspiring teacher" and "matchless preacher" capture everything that Murshid was and that his followers expected of him. Cf. note 178 above.
- ¹⁹⁰ Compare this to the passage as it appears in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 21. I have broken the single monster sentence into two, removing bits and pieces and adding "a scion" for clarification. I have further rewritten parts of the first sentence so that it might connect logically to the second. Finally, I have disguised the problem of a period of time attempting to do something. Overall, however, Theo's voice has survived.
- ¹⁹¹ "Soll ich vielleicht in tausend Büchern lesen / Dass überall die Menschen sind gequält, / Dass hie und da ein Glücklicher gewesen?"
- ¹⁹² The great consequences of this moment for Theo van Hoorn's life are discussed in detail in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 66-67.
- ¹⁹³ Van Hoorn does a great deal more than change "child" to "pupil." Here is the passage in Inayat Khan's *Education* (1936), p. 34, as reproduced in *SM*, Vol. III, p. 36: "And the best way of educating the baby is to bring before it everything that is worth imitating. For instance, sounds, notes, rhythm, and anything that is pertaining to tone and rhythm[,] build and beautify the character, and form the foundations of character in babyhood." Theo apparently ignored the much freer translation by C.D. (Manohary) Voûte, *Opvoeding* (2nd ed.), p. 45.
- ¹⁹⁴ Theo actually used the English word "ladybird" (ladybug in the USA) instead of the Dutch "lieveheersbeestje."
- ¹⁹⁵ Susanna (Sheikha) Kjøsterud (1867-1932).
- ¹⁹⁶ Akbar (1542-1605) was a remarkably tolerant Islamic ruler. As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 134, Theo van Hoorn engages in a kind of hagiography with respect to Murshida Goodenough. She did not know how to take shorthand. What is interesting here is that Theo mentions continual improvements and

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- amplifications, which does not make sense for someone taking shorthand. Murshid's courtly way of begging the Murshida to stop or curb her well-meant but potentially distorting revisions was publicly to praise her in an exaggerated way, as quoted in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 120 from *Biography* (1979), p. 141.
- ¹⁹⁷ Honoré de Balzac (1799-1850) was an enormously prolific Realist author. *Le père Goriot* (1835), which he wrote in three months, is arguably his best work.
- ¹⁹⁸ Remarkably, Theo van Hoorn here reverses the concepts "meditation" and "contemplation," which in Inayat Khan's system constitute the second and third degrees: via contemplation to meditation. If the question actually read this way, it is no wonder that Murshid had to reread it! In that case he may also have intended his response to be ironical, or at least humoristic. Whatever may have been the case, Theo's projection of Murshid's words on Murshida Goodenough, is embarrassingly naive.
- ¹⁹⁹ In this way Murshid broaches the so-called "fana" concept, which he explained directly or indirectly in many of his lectures.
- ²⁰⁰ It is this aspect of Hazrat Inayat Khan that Theo discusses in his contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection (see the appendix below).
- ²⁰¹ Akbar (1542-1605) was a remarkably tolerant Islamic ruler. As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist* the abbreviated printed text that Theo was not able to identify is found under "Interest and Indifference" in *The Alchemy of Happiness* (SM, Vol. VI, pp. 177-178), where Inayat Khan relates the whole story, moral and all, in one paragraph of almost fifteen lines. The dervish is called a sage and the Minister is identified as Birbál. Obviously the epitomized version cannot be blamed on secretaries who missed a few words here and there.
- ²⁰² Theo had been reading the Swedish (not Norwegian) ornithologist, zoologist and wildlife photographer Bengt Magnus Kristoffer Berg (1885-1967). The original *Abu Markúb* (not *Aboe Markub*, as Theo has it) came out in Swedish, *Abu Markúb på jakt efter jordens märkvärigste fågel* (Stockholm, Norstedt, 1924). A silent film followed in 1925. Theo presumably used *Abu Markúb, Onder olifanten en reuzenvogels*, trans. Rinke Tolman [1891-1983] (The Hague, Leopold, 1928). The Dutch title, in which elephants are introduced and the remarkable birds become giant-size, probably reflects the name of the film. The first German edition only came out about a decade later (Berlin, Reimer, 1940). There is no English edition that I know of.
- ²⁰³ When it came to the subject of architecture in a relatively strict sense of the word, Theo had no Dutch translation to fall back on. He must have used the English material in *Art, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* (cf. note 33S above). Possibly Theo sensed a kind of hole in the market when he gave his Dutch synopsis of Murshid's utterances on the topic.

- ²⁰⁴ Theo follows Inayat Khan's opening words of *Art, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* closely here, except for the last line, where Murshid had "to making a home for every sound, for every idea, *and for every colour* [italics mine]." As we all know, building a home is not always the same thing as making a home. Unless I am mistaken, only Theo van Hoorn ever translated this material into Dutch.
- ²⁰⁵ Theo's material reads as a paraphrase of three paragraphs in *Art, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* (SM, Vol. X, pp. 202-204).
- ²⁰⁶ Obviously Theo is making free use of bits and pieces from Inayat Khan. For instance, Murshid nowhere uses "complete architecture" as an adjective-noun combination (as opposed to an infinitive-noun pairing: "to complete architecture").
- ²⁰⁷ Goethe, *Faust*, "Vorspiel auf dem Theater": "Das Menschenkraft, im Dichter offenbart!" Theo added the exclamation mark.
- ²⁰⁸ Here the English is straight from Hazrat Inayat Khan, *Art, Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow*, p. 63 (SM, Vol. X, p. 211).
- ²⁰⁹ See *Art* for all the preceding bits and pieces. It is to be noted that Murshid never includes music under "Art," a heading for the pictorial and literary arts only.
- ²¹⁰ *The Voice of Silence* is also the title of a famous book of 1889 by Madame Blavatsky with which Theo, given his professed interest in Buddhism, must have been familiar. I refer once more to the great William James, *Religious Experience*, pp. 420-421: "In mystical literature such self-contradictory phrases as 'dazzling obscurity,' 'whispering silence,' 'teeming desert,' are continually met with. They prove that not conceptual speech, but music rather, is the element through which we are best spoken to by mystical truth."
- ²¹¹ "Wie eine Windesharfe / Sei deine Seele, Dichter! / Der leigeste Hauch / bewege sie." Alas, it was not Goethe but Gerhard Hauptman (1862-1946) who wrote these lines, which were set to music by a close contemporary of his, Robert Kahn (1865-1951).
- ²¹² Mevlama Jalal al-Din Rumi (1204-1273), or Jalulu'ddin Rumi, as Theo calls him the ninth and last time he mentions him. Of course, inadvertently comparing Hauptman to Rumi does not strengthen Theo van Hoorn's later pitch for Goethe as forerunner of Western Sufism.
- ²¹³ *Faust*, "Zueignung": "Es schwebet nun in unbestimten Tönen, Mein lisp'lend Lied, der Aëolusharfe gleich ..."
- ²¹⁴ Theo's Dutch is selectively but otherwise closely based on Carolus Verhulst, trans., *De mystiek van het geluid* (2nd ed.), pp. 10-11. For the original English, see *The Mysticism of Sound*, pp. 11-12 (SM, Vol. II, p. 16).
- ²¹⁵ As mentioned in note 27S above, the reference must be to *De Mystiek van het Geluid* as translated by Carolus Verhulst and published by A.E.E. Kluwer in 1936.

Notes

- ²¹⁶ Theo van Hoorn is quoting selectively from Verhulst, trans., *De mystiek van het geluid* (2nd ed.), pp. 12-13. Note that Theo switched the order of the material. The final electric current sentence precedes the universal interconnections paragraph.
- ²¹⁷ It is Theo van Hoorn, not the present writer, who is mixing Hazrat Inayat Khan's phrases into different combinations. The material is found in Verhulst, trans. *De Mystiek van het Geluid* (2nd ed.), pp. 105 and 107.
- ²¹⁸ See Verhulst, trans., *De mystiek van het geluid* (2nd ed.), pp. 107-108. *The Mysticism of Sound* presents special problems to a translator. Murshid's "whistle," for instance, becomes "fluit" in Dutch and "flute" when translated back into English. Possibly Inayat Khan truly intended "whistle," but "flute" certainly sounds more plausible. Either word, however, would render the Indian bamboo flute, "bansuri," associated with Shri Krishna. It is true that Murshid also mentions the dervish *nai* and the *algoza* (reed flute and double flute), the former famous from Jalal al-Din Rumi, but the categorization of sounds here is unmistakably Hindu-Indian. The Shanka is the sacred conch shell. I am not sure how the sea, as opposed to surf, can roar. Theo has "bruisen," meaning "to foam," which is less strong but even more problematic. Theo uses a phonetic form "Hoe," actually "Huw" = huwa ("He") or "hu" ("His"), an Arabian expression in the sense of the Being of God as the Only One, combined in the shortest possible (i.e., optimally intensive) tonal sound.
- ²¹⁹ James Lane Allen (1849-1925) published his *The Choir Invisible* in 1897; George Eliot, in fact Mary Ann Evans (1819-1880), was the renowned author of novels such as *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner*.
- ²²⁰ To be more precise, Allen compares the face of a woman to a "holy altar." These are the lines as quoted from Allen himself, not as translated back to English from Theo's loose, memorized translation. See James Lane Allen, *The Choir Invisible* (London etc., MacMillan, 1910 [1891]), p. 242.
- ²²¹ The sentiments described by Theo may show up somewhere in Allen's novel, but certainly not in the pages following the above quotation.
- ²²² Theo's incorrect quotation begins with "Im stillen Walde" whereas Goethe wrote: "Im stillen Haine geh ich oft zu lauschen, / Wenn alles schweigt." I have translated Goethe in this instance, presuming that one can find groves even in the depths of a forest.
- ²²³ Paul Verlaine (1844-1896), a leading French Symbolist poet: "La lune blanche / Luit dans les bois; De chaque branche / Part une voix."
- ²²⁴ "Il pleure dans mon coeur / Comme il pleut sur la ville; / Quelle est cette langueur, / Qui pénètre mon coeur? // Pour un coeur, qui s'ennuie / Ô, le chant de la pluie!"
- ²²⁵ Rising above the spheres of the earth was one of Inayat Khan's favourite themes,

but nowhere in the online *Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan* do we encounter “the closeness of the earth.” Murshid, I believe, used the word “denseness.”

- ²²⁶ As stated in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 10, Theo van Hoorn is being less than truthful here. Other than Dien, there were no mureeds around in the winter of 1944-45, when he was writing this chapter.
- ²²⁷ Theo uses the past tense (“which I had seen”), implying that this technical experience preceded the Samadhi Silence of 1926, whereas in fact it followed it by nine years.
- ²²⁸ It was, in fact, the summer of 1935. The Bay of Spithead (or simply Spithead), mentioned immediately below, lies between Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, and Portsmouth. Theo returns to this event in his “The Younger Generation” chapter.
- ²²⁹ Theo consistently calls the Hanbury Botanic Gardens (located near the village of La Mortola), “the Mortola” instead of La Mortola. Why Theo and his wife should have been on the Riviera in January of 1922 is explained by him in his 1937 obituary for his brother Petrus Franciscus van Hoorn (as discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 47-48). They were visiting Piet, who was living in Bordighera at the time. Of course, both Bordighera and La Mortola are located just across the French frontier, on the Italian Riviera.
- ²³⁰ The Englishman, who was hardly “eccentric,” was Sir Thomas Hanbury, a silk and tea merchant who made his fortune in Shanghai after he left the family firm of Allen and Hanbury in 1853. His brother Daniel was a chemist and botanist, and it was he who in 1864 spotted the promising site, complete with its dilapidated Palazzo Orengo, on the Cape of Mortola, near Ventimiglia. Thomas checked out the spot three years later, completing the purchase in 1868. He married Kathleen Pease that same year, renovated the Palazzo Orengo, and stayed there with his wife and infant son in 1871. Sadly, Daniel, the author of the highly respected *Pharmacographia*, died of typhoid fever in 1875, when only forty-nine years old. Naturally information, pictures and opening hours are available online, but there is also a recent book by Alasdair Moore, *La Mortola: In the Footsteps of Thomas Hanbury* (London, Cadogan, 2004).
- ²³¹ “Luxe, calme et volupté.” is the last line of all three stanzas of this evocative but logically structured poem by Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867), an avowedly Romantic French writer, poet and art critic.
- ²³² From Goethe’s poem “Zueignung” (not the “Zueignung” to *Faust*): “Es schweigt, das Wehen banger Erdgeföhle.” Theo forgot the comma.
- ²³³ “Es gibt im Menschenleben Augenblicke / Wo er dem Weltgeist näher is als sonst / Und eine Frage frei hat an das Schicksal.” It is Albrecht von Wallenstein (1583-1634) speaking, in Schiller’s *Wallenstein* trilogy.

Notes

- ²³⁴ Rilke, *Frühe Gedichte*: “Und einmal lös ich in der Dämmerung / Der Pinien, von Schulter und von Schoß / mein dunk’les Kleid wie eine Lüge los / Un tauche in die Sonne bleich und bloß / Und zeige meinem Meere; ich bin jung. // Dann wird die Brandung sein wie ein Empfang, / Den mir die Wogen festlich vorbereiten.”
- ²³⁵ Of course Theo’s means “Mignon’s Song”: “Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn, / Im dunklen Laub die Goldorangen glühn, / Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht, / Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht, / Kennst du es wohl? / Dahin! dahin / Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn! // Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg? / Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg, / In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut, / Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut: / Kennst du ihn wohl? / Dahin! Dahin / Geht unser Weg; o Vater, laß uns ziehn!” Theo’s biggest lapse here is to turn “o Vater” into “Geliebte.” My transcription follows Paul Douliez and Hermann Engelhard, eds., *Das Buch der Lieder und Arien* (Munich, Winkler, 1956), p. 247. Theo skipped Goethe’s second stanza.
- ²³⁶ The vitally important Smit-Kerbert collection has cropped up several times by now. Counting back eighteen months from early 1945, we learn that Shireen Smit-Kerbert was soliciting contributions around the summer of 1943.
- ²³⁷ “Rozenhof” has already come up in connection with Theo’s “Introduction.” Strictly speaking, the name of the house was, and remains, “Rozen hof.” The full address of this ample home once owned by Sirkar, is 26 Rosendaalselaan in Rozendaal, a very small and wealthy town now located immediately to the northeast of the city of Arnhem. The same street becomes Rozendaalselaan — which is how Theo spells it — when it continues into the municipality of Velp. The current occupants are Rodink-de Rouw Holding BV.
- ²³⁸ I have changed George Madison Priest’s “Your might assever” to “Go rule as ever,” because “assever” is not in my dictionary. Goethe’s original reads: “Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende *Gestalten*, / Die früh sich einst den trüben Blick gezeigt. / Versuch ich wohl, euch diesmal festzuhalten? / Fühlt sich mein Herz noch jenem Wahn geneigt? / Ihr drängt euch zu! nun gut, so mögt Ihr walten, / Wie Ihr aus Dunft und Nebel um mich steigt; // Was ich besitze, seh ich wie im Weiten, / Und was verschwand, wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.”
- ²³⁹ Hermann Hesse (1877-1962) published his super famous *Siddhartha: Eine Indische Dichtung* in 1922. The passage in question is in the middle of the last chapter, “Golinda.”
- ²⁴⁰ The problem is that Van Hoorn does not give us chapter and verse, but hearsay. As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 64, an online search for “angelic choir,” or even “choir,” in the complete writings of Inayat Khan, yields no results.

- ²⁴¹ More even than Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), who shows up only this once, Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828) was probably Theo's favourite composer. Theo's proposition is discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 63-64.
- ²⁴² The renowned playwright Henrik Johan Ibsen (1822-1906). Van Hoorn cites two of Ibsen's plays, *Brand* of 1866 and *Wild Duck* of 1884.
- ²⁴³ The mother of Floris baron van Pallandt was Sarah Agnes Sophie baroness van Pallandt, who was born in The Hague on 14 January 1868 and died in Lausanne on 1 July 1955 (see *Nederland's Adelsboek*, Vol. 89, 2000/01, pp. 311 and 317). She was married to Jan Anne baron van Pallandt, who was born on 22 July 1866 and died in Paris on 22 February 1936. A simple calculation tells us that she was only in her late fifties during the Summer School of 1926 and that she lived for almost three more decades. During a few summer schools, she acted as honorary secretary to Murshid Ali Khan but, being rheumatic, she abandoned the charge to Halima Lange-Fisscher, who continued all year round for decades.
- ²⁴⁴ With only eighty to a hundred seats, the Lecture Hall must have been too small to house the entire Suresnes community on many occasions during the 1925 and 1926 Summer Schools. No doubt it was overcrowded and stuffy on occasion. The inadequacies of the Lecture Hall should be remembered in connection with Murshid's urgent 1925 plea (cf. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 244, n. 121) for the construction of a temple in Suresnes.
- ²⁴⁵ It is also nine years after this chapter is supposed to have been written, proof that Theo continued to fiddle with his manuscript right up to 1956, when he handed it over to the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Foundation. This is the third time that Theo mentions Miss Sydney. She is not indexed in *Biography* (1979), but she was already an important mureed in Murshid's London years. A key to the 1923 Summer-School photo, kept in the Office of the Director General in the Banstraat in The Hague, has a Miss Burkarar Sydney in the back row, as fifth mureed from the upper right. Regrettably her features are barely visible.
- ²⁴⁶ Theo does not mention it, but part of what tied him up that particular summer was an important conference that he attended in Amsterdam. See the list of participants in *Het Internationaal Accountantscongres, Amsterdam 1926* (Purmerend, J. Muusses, 1927), p. xxxii: "Th. van Hoorn, N.I.v.A., Amsterdam." The conference ran from 5 to 9 July, while the Suresnes Summer School was already in session. Theo is the third figure from the right in the back row of the group picture of the attendees (see De Vries, *Geschiedenis der Accountancy*, p. 157). Major figures like Emanuel van Dien, the conference organizer and a prominent member of Theo's chess club, pose full-length in front centre.

Notes

- ²⁴⁷ That is, Tuesday, 3 August 1926.
- ²⁴⁸ That is, Saturday, 7 August 1926.
- ²⁴⁹ Murshid stressed the importance of patience, but not in this sense of “all good things come to those who wait.” Especially Theo van Hoorn’s link between patience and wealth is suspect, as Inayat Khan believed that materialism leads to impatience. Murshid taught that “all our difficulties in life, all our failures come from lack of patience. All the results of life often are lost through impatience.” See his lecture on “Patience” in *The Art of Being*, Part II, “The Privilege of Being Human,” Chapter 34 (SMSL, Vol. VIII, p. 234).
- ²⁵⁰ That is, Saturday, 14 August 1926.
- ²⁵¹ That is, Tuesday, 10 August 1926.
- ²⁵² This fragment is half a sentence from one of the “Boulas” in *Gayan*: “Life is an opportunity, and it is a great pity if man realizes this when it is too late.” Cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 60). Murshid also reminds us that “life is an opportunity” in his *Education* (SM, Vol. III, p. 67).
- ²⁵³ That is, Saturday, 26 August 1926
- ²⁵⁴ The large and handsome Hotel Terminus survived until 1975, when it was torn down and replaced by an undistinguished office building. The area took a steep nosedive after that, but there is now talk of urban renewal, including a hotel. For a photograph of Hotel Terminus, see www.hetlint.nl/HISTORIE.html.
- ²⁵⁵ As is explained in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 27-28, the reference is probably to Theo and Dien’s severely handicapped first child, Frank Richard, who was born on 20 September 1922.
- ²⁵⁶ Theo calls him *Fatayab* Reinder Visser, not *Fathayab* Reinder [Jan] Visscher (1904-1973), “Fathyáb” (“Fáthayáb” in Indian Nagari script), being Arabian-Persian for “who finds success” (cf. “fátah” in note 156 above). Visscher apparently lived off the proceeds of his paintings and is listed in Scheen’s *Lexikon*, 1970, Vol. V, p. 516. He studied at the Rotterdam Academy of Fine Arts and in Paris. He worked in Rotterdam, his city of birth, until 1939 and then in The Hague, where he died. The only work by him (a smallish river landscape) currently illustrated online is appraised at only 500 to 700 euros. After 1960 he turned to abstracts. The Netherlands Institute for Art History (RKD) in The Hague has plenty of illustrations of work by him. Other than family members of Inayat Khan, he alone travelled to Baroda in the years following Murshid’s death to see the Maula Bakhsh House. For a discussion of his Indian experience, see Reinder Visscher, “Bevrijding,” in: *De Soefi-gedachte: de religie van liefde, harmonie en schoonheid*, vol. 18, 1964, pp. 53-55. He also published a short piece on the subject of Hazrat Inayat Khan and diet. See Visscher, “Hazrat Inayat Khan over voeding,” in: *De Soefi-gedachte*, pp.

- 13-14. I base this on a xerox copy of these two pages supplied by Mahmood Khan. He and I have yet to establish the issue of the periodical in question.
- ²⁵⁷ We have run into Lucie before. She ran her medical practice from her home (as is still commonly done in The Netherlands) at 147 Euterpestraat (renamed Gerrit van der Veenstraat after the Second World War) in Amsterdam Zuid. She died there on 12 August 1962.
- ²⁵⁸ I discuss the significance of this passage in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 146-149.
- ²⁵⁹ The problem is, where did Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) say this?
- ²⁶⁰ That is, Friday, 25 August 1926, the day before the final Samadhi Silence of that year.
- ²⁶¹ Theo quotes — or mentions, in the case of Joost van den Vondel (1587-1679) — all these figures except for Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832-1910), the 1903 winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature. As Van Hoorn despised the Nazis and the Nazis despised Heine, who was Jewish, that omission is arguably surprising. Friedrich Schiller follows on Goethe with seven mentions, a couple of them repeats.
- ²⁶² Victor Hugo (1802-1885) should require no introduction, if only because of Andrew Lloyd Webber's mega-hit musical based on *Les Misérables*. We shall see that Theo quotes Hugo once (cf. note 486 below). Herman Gorter and Henriette Rolandt Holst-van der Schalk (1869-1952) are neither quoted nor mentioned, though at one point Theo attributes Gorter's *Mei* to Jacques Perk. Rolandt Holst was a Communist and activist, not remotely Van Hoorn's kind of thing; he presumably read her poetry, but it apparently left no impression on him. Honoré de Balzac is praised, but not quoted.
- ²⁶³ Rodin's near-colossal statue of Balzac is illustrated in numerous editions of Janson's, *History of Art*. For a recent instance see H.W. Janson and Anthony F. Janson, *History of Art: The Western Tradition* (6th ed. rev., Upper Saddle River, N.J., Pearson/Prentice Hall, 2004), fig. 22-29: "Auguste Rodin, *Monument to Balzac*, 1897-98, Bronze, height 9'3."
- ²⁶⁴ Theo quotes Goethe repeatedly, Shakespeare (a favourite of many Romantics) thrice and none too accurately, and Rudyard Kipling once, very briefly. P.C. Boutens (again 1870-1943) contributes a whole poem. August Strindberg (1849-1912), Arthur Schnitzler (1862-1931), Louis Couperus (1863-1923), Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) and Emanuel Querido (1871-1943) do not take a bow. This is surprising in the case of Tagore, playwright, novelist, mystic and 1913 winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature, who, like Hazrat Inayat Khan, promoted harmony between West and East.
- ²⁶⁵ Of this group only Omar Khayyám (1048-1123?) is neither discussed nor quoted. Verlaine and Baudelaire show up twice, the former with two poems; the latter with only a few words. Rilke features thrice, with serious poems.

Notes

- Theo quotes Edmond Rostand but does not list him here as part of his reading. The same is true of a few relatively minor authors in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. Finally, Theo repeats a few words by Alfred, Lord Tennyson without mentioning his name, and he mentions the works of Dickens without specifying titles.
- ²⁶⁶ Theo writes, “al zijn daarvoor meerdere innerlijke en uiterlijke redenen.”
- ²⁶⁷ As we know from *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 16-17, Theo van Hoorn overestimated himself.
- ²⁶⁸ “Den Göttern gleich ich nicht! Zu tief ist es gefühlt: / Dem Wurme gleich’ich, der den Staub durchwühlt, / Den, wie er sich im Staube nährend lebt, / Des Wand’rers Tritt vernichtet und begräbt.” Theo turns “Staub” into “Straub” and “Staube” into “Straube.”
- ²⁶⁹ One might think that Goethe’s reversal of position occurs almost at once in his *Faust*. In fact, Theo van Hoorn is quoting (and very badly) some of the closing lines of a poem entitled “Das Göttliche.” Here is Goethe: “Der edle Mensch / Sei hilfreich und gut! / Unermüdet schaff er / Das Nützliche, Rechte,…” Here is Theo: “Edel sei der Mensch, hülfreich und gut; / Unermüdet schaff’ er das Edle, Rechte!” As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 17, Theo had used the lines earlier, for the 1937 *Gedenkboek* for his older brother, where he got the “Nützliche” right, but the rest equally wrong.
- ²⁷⁰ Friederike von Sessenheim was Friederike Brion (1752-1813), a parson’s daughter who lived in Sessenheim, an unprepossessing village about twenty-five miles to the northeast of Strasbourg. Goethe met her in early October of 1770, when he was twenty-one and she was nineteen. Everything, including his *Sesenheimer Lieder*, was romantic beyond belief. Nevertheless, Goethe had tired of her by the spring of 1771 and ended the relationship in early August of that year. Heartbroken and faithful unto death, Friederike moved in with her married sister in Meissenheim, where her grave is the main tourist attraction. Romantics like Theo have always loved Friederike. On 4 October 1928, Franz Lehár (1870-1948) even published an operetta about her.
- ²⁷¹ Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821) and Goethe met in Weimar on 15 February 1824. Apparently Napoleon spoke some flattering words about *Das Leiden des jungen Werthers* (The Sorrows of Young Werther). According to Chancellor F. von Müller, a key eye-witness who arranged the meeting, Napoleon spoke the words “Voilà un homme” as the two great men parted. Goethe and Napoleon met again on 6 October 1808. We can only guess at which of the numerous books about Goethe, Theo may have read about such matters.
- ²⁷² “Für andre wächst in mir das edle Gut; / Ich kann und will das Pfund nicht mehr vergraben! / Warum sucht ich den Weg so senhsuchtsvoll, / Wenn ich ihn nich den Brüdern zeigen soll?” Reading Van Hoorn, one might look for

these four lines in *Faust*, but they are part of a separate poem which is also entitled “Zueignung,” meaning “dedication.”

²⁷³ “Alles Vergängliche / Ist nur ein Gleichnis.”

²⁷⁴ *West-östlicher Divan* is a poetry cycle of 1819, and part of Goethe’s late work.

²⁷⁵ The preceding sentence is one of the horrors of the *Herinneringen*, which I have tried to simplify and clarify as much as seemed legitimate. Van Hoorn continues this discussion in his short and disruptive chapter on Goethe as forerunner of Western Sufism.

²⁷⁶ “Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise, / In Brudersphären Wettgesang, / Und ihre vorgeschriebene Reise / Vollendet sie mit Donnergang. / Ihr anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke, / Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag; / die unbegreiflich hohen Werke / Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.”

²⁷⁷ Paul Gauguin’s famous *Noa Noa* is never mentioned again. Theo does, however, discuss a passage in the book by the Danish author Laurids Valdemar Bruun [1864-1935], *Van Zantens glückliche Zeit; ein Liebesroman von der Insel Pelli*, trans. Julia Koppel [fl. 1904-1939] (Berlin, S. Fisher, n.d. [c. 1908]). Bruun’s original version of May 1908 was in Danish and was based on a manuscript by his friend Pieter Adriaan van Zanten (Amsterdam, 3 January 1846 - Paris, 15 November 1904). Eight years later followed the first Dutch translation: *Van Zanten’s gelukkige tijd: een liefdesroman op het eiland Peli*, trans. jonkheer Henri Willem Sandberg [1898-1983] (Amsterdam, Ontwikkeling, 1916). Theo, however, cites the German title and quotes in German.

²⁷⁸ *Gösta Berling* by Selma Lagerlöf is discussed below. Theo calls Van Schendel’s work *Angelino en de lente*. It is a novella of 1923 that is only about two dozen pages in length.

²⁷⁹ “Der du die weite Welt umschweifst, geschäftiger Geist, / Wie nah fühl ich mich dir.” Also: “Du gleichst dem Geist, den du *begreifst* / Nicht mir!”

²⁸⁰ It would appear that Theo van Hoorn was picking up on the kind of Islamic determinism professed by Inayat Khan when he quoted “the Scripture” to the effect that “Not one atom moves without the command of God.”

²⁸¹ “Erhabner Geist, du gabst mir, / Gabst mir alles, warum ich bat. / Du hast mir nich umsonst, / Dein Angesicht im Feuer zugewendet.”

²⁸² “The next Thursday evening” being the evening of 24 August 1926.

²⁸³ “Hij was het gansche lange leven / Een arme poorter slechts geweest. / En had ook schamel naar de geest, / Steeds meer ontvangen dan gegeven.”

²⁸⁴ *Gayan*, “Gamakas.” Murshid’s original (Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 197), which I quote in *Sufi Memoirist*, is slightly more awkward.

²⁸⁵ Al Gazzali is Abu Hamid Mohammed al-Ghazali (1058-1111).

²⁸⁶ We see that Theo van Hoorn was not the only mureed interested in angelic choirs.

Notes

- ²⁸⁷ Again, Dr. Alexander Alekhine. We have already seen that Theo thought he was wise beyond his years. Here he becomes a rare genius, not only in chess but also in life. Chess, yes, but we know his life turned into a disaster. Theo van Hoorn, however, may have been reconstructing his point of view of the summer of 1926, when he presumably knew little but that the patently urbane and well-educated Alekhine had been a rich and privileged man who had lost everything during the Russian Revolution.
- ²⁸⁸ As explained in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 50-51, Theo van Hoorn no doubt met Alexander Alekhine as member of the VAS executive and as secretary of sundry committees struck to organize important matches. Here we learn that Alekhine gave Theo a miniature chess set. Such brilliance! Such grace! No wonder this champion left a deep impression on him.
- ²⁸⁹ Dr. Max (Machgielis) Euwe (1901-1981), a Dutch mathematician, was World Champion from 1935 to 1937 and a member of Theo van Hoorn's chess club, the VAS, and, with greater regularity, of the competing ASC, the Amsterdamsche Schaakclub. Though he was in fact an amateur player with a family to support, he broke the winning streak of Alexander Alekhine, the man whose game he analyzed to Theo's great satisfaction. It was in 1926, the year of "The Samadhi Silences," that Euwe completed his cum laude doctoral dissertation in mathematics for the University of Amsterdam. That same year he started teaching at the girls' school that was to employ him for three decades (cf. note 218S above).
- ²⁹⁰ Cf. Hazrat Inayat Khan, *In an Eastern Rose Garden*, p. 232 (SM, Vol. VII, p. 205): "The scholarly mind who wishes to know and understand things, has happiness and joy when he understands them." Theo van Hoorn cannot have been working after Ina Boudier-Bakker, trans., *In een Oosterschen Rozentuin*, p. 262, because she omitted most of three-sentences at the critical point.
- ²⁹¹ The quotation is straight from *Gayan*, "Chalas" (cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 132). As Inayat Khan's concept of nature included human nature, this proposition is much less of a straightjacket than it might at first seem to be. The vast holdings of the RKD do not include an illustration of, or reference to, a single work by Diena Anna van Hoorn, who presumably did not sign her drawings. Theo's evocative description could be of use in identifying some of her work. Jan Lucas van Hoorn has work by Dien, but they feature flowers, not animals.
- ²⁹² This is the last sentence of the fourth chapter of Bruun, *Van Zantens glückliche Zeit*, p. 48. Theo quotes the sentence in German, but incorrectly. Bruun has "Dann legte ich mich unter den Palmen [...] nieder und schlief schließlich ein unter dem sternenbesäten Himmel, der nichts verspricht und alles hält." Van Hoorn has "Endlich schlummerte ich ein unter seinem Sternenehimmel, der

nichts verspricht und alles hält.” The change from “the star-studded sky” to “his starry sky” adds a religious element to the original. Theo did not get that from the Dutch translation, which reads – quite correctly – “den met sterren bezaaide hemel.”

- ²⁹³ For the slightly different original version see Inayat Khan’s “The Journey to the Goal,” *In an Eastern Rose Garden*, pp. 236-237 (SM, Vol. VII, p. 209): “However much were said about it, it would still not express it. To begin with a person is puzzled by it; and he wonders whether he is to believe it or not. That is why in the East the adepts never speak of their experiences in the spiritual life. They only tell their disciples to do, and practice it for years: “That will make it clear to you.” Theo’s Dutch is not at all close to that of Boudier-Bakker, trans., *Rozentuin*, p. 267.
- ²⁹⁴ Of course all these events are discussed in Van Stolk, *Sufi Sage*, pp. 34-47. Sirkar (p. 45) mentions that he could not have done it without the help of Wazir van Essen.
- ²⁹⁵ C.A.P. van Stolk (born 1857, died 8 January 1934) was Cornelis Adriaan Pieter van Stolk, who imported wheat, including doing so on commission for the Dutch government from 1914 to 1921. C.A.P.’s father, Adriaan Pieter, was also in wheat. This was big and old money.
- ²⁹⁶ This is the same Bhakti who is introduced in “Chitrani” as the Bhakti Eggink, the wife of Wim Eggink.
- ²⁹⁷ *Brand* is a fairly early and very bleak play of 1866 by Henrik Johan Ibsen (again, 1822-1906). Comparing his dear friend Sirkar to the dutiful Brand, an unlovable and unloving pastor of the Norwegian national church, is another of Theo’s mistakes.
- ²⁹⁸ As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 67-68, “reunion in a better world” is more a Christian than a Sufi expectation.
- ²⁹⁹ The small room at the Women’s club remains to be identified. Possibly it was part of the Odd Fellows complex mentioned elsewhere by Theo (cf. note 371 below).
- ³⁰⁰ The Johannes Verhulststraat is located in Amsterdam Zuid, roughly three blocks behind the Concertgebouw. *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 47, presents evidence that the street number was 187 and that Theo van Hoorn was already living there by 10 March 1917, eight months before he was inducted into the Dutch Institute of Accountants, to be joined by Dien in 1921. They were to remain there for about eight more years before moving to 5 Mozartkade. As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 49 and note 205s, Theo was a member of the Parkwijk chess club, which met on Tuesday evenings. With mureed meetings on Thursdays, Theo presumably went to the VAS chess club on Monday, Wednesday and/or Friday.

Notes

- ³⁰¹ *De Haagse Post: een Hollands weekblad*, or *HP*, was a liberal weekly founded by Simon Frederik van Oss (1868-1949) in 1914. Through its 1990 merger with *De Tijd*, it still exists as *HP/De Tijd*.
- ³⁰² All the mureeds mentioned above are old friends, but the Dallingas are new arrivals. Though they show up again (cf. note 529 below), they apparently merited neither Christian nor Sufi names in Theo's scheme of things.
- ³⁰³ This is a hint that Sirdar van Tuyll van Serooskerken could be long-winded on occasion. Think of it as a batsqueak of negativism on Theo's part.
- ³⁰⁴ *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 109-111, discusses the history of the planned Universel in some detail. Theo van Hoorn makes it sound as if construction of the temple was truly imminent, but that single stone of the late summer of 1926 did nothing but add insult to injury for poor Murshid, symbolizing what may have been one of his dying regrets.
- ³⁰⁵ This is what Inayat Khan's Western following expected, May and June being the months scheduled for the annual meetings and also ones of extreme heat in India. As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 123, however, Murshid may have decided not to return to the West in May, or at all.
- ³⁰⁶ Whenever Theo van Hoorn has a good evening, the moon is a invariably in the ascendant. Only when he wakes up from a nightmare is the moon on the wane. He is echoing the thinking of Hazrat Inayat Khan, for whom the phases of the moon were of great importance. Cf. Hoyack, *De Boodschap*, p. 111. Theo has "het zinnebeeld van de profeet." If his manuscript had the "p" capitalized, that would mean "the symbol for the Prophet," being Muhammad.
- ³⁰⁷ It is at this point of the *Recollections* that Moenie Kramer (cf. notes 43S and 300S above) becomes truly important. Johanna Kramer-van de Weide was born in Pajakombo in the Dutch East Indies on 2 March 1885 and died in Leiden on 27 January 1965. The detail of her desperate voice over the telephone should add to our sense of crisis. As Theo and Dien lived at 187 Johannes Verhulststraat, with Moenie living at number 117 of the same street, she could have walked over in a matter of minutes. Someone may want to propose that she could not leave the children unattended, but she must have had domestic help. Back in 1927, people with a telephone also had a maid or two.
- ³⁰⁸ For the circumstances of this controversial healing, which is discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 138-139, again Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 177-178 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 242-243; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 164; *Golven* [2002], pp. 216-217) and Smit-Kerbert no. 15. Moenie had six children, two boys and four girls. Her youngest son Tammo, whom Murshid renamed Amir, was born on 2 January 1924. He was followed by a sister called Mellisande, Moenie's sixth and last child, who was born on 4 June 1928 and is still going

strong. Mahmood Khan recalls that Amir attended Young Sufi meetings shortly after the war. He studied in Nijmegen, becoming an applied chemist with a specialty in sugar, and then worked in the Dutch East Indies, where he met his wife, Inge Röben. After a few years back in Holland, they left for America in 1959. When Piet Kramer died on 4 February 1961, the newspaper funeral announcement had Amir and Inge living in Dayton, Ohio, where he was working for Monsanto. His next employer was Washington University in St. Louis. They now reside at 4209 Bedford Creek Lane in Wentzville, Missouri, Amir having retired from his third American employer, St. Louis University. Two strokes have reduced his ability to walk and talk, but not his good spirits. Though there are no other Sufis living in his area, he still greets the portrait of Murshid in his bedroom first thing every morning. Tammo's older brother Friso (born 1922) is a renowned industrial designer who is active and well in Amsterdam Nieuw-Zuid.

³⁰⁹ Voûte is a distinguished Huguenot name which is readily located in *Nederland's Patriciaat*, Vol. 67, 1983, esp. p. 464. Manohary and her sister Gawery were the daughters of *meester* Jan Reinier Voûte (1872-1949) and Jacoba Portielje (1870-1925). Manohary, or Cécile (Cile) Dorothea, who was born in Amsterdam on 9 June 1899 and died in Hilversum on 13 April 1985, appears only here and in "Victory." I have already mentioned her as a translator (after Margaretha Meyboom) of Inayat Khan's *The Inner Life* and other of his works (cf. note 32S above). Her sister Gawery, or Clara Cornelia (Cor), who was born in Amsterdam on 3 August 1901 and died in Hilversum on 23 May 1999, is one of the main actors in the *Recollections*. The sisters were close in age and only separated during Cécile's years in Davos around 1935 to 1936. Shanavaz van Spengler, who could be unkind, dubbed them "the chess horses." Eventually the two sisters ended up largely ignoring Sufi hierarchy and concentrating on their own Centre in Haarlem. As mentioned in note 593S above, the emancipated Cor was for a while on the verge of getting engaged to Mohammad Ali Khan for a while. Given Ali Khan's traditional Indian background and Gawery's Western emancipation, that particular "relationship" must have been doomed from the start.

³¹⁰ Inayat Khan's ardent appeals for a temple around 1923 to 1925, before Piet Kramer is likely to have become involved, are discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 69 and 111, as is the very little we know about Piet's drawings and maquette, and their subsequent history. Kohlenbach, *Pieter Lodewijk Kramer*, p. 11, n. 17, underestimated the importance of Piet's Sufi connection on the basis of an "oral communication from the Kramer family." Not only is he silent about Piet's designs for a Sufi temple, but he also does not mention the hall that Piet did in fact build for Sirdar van Tuyl in 1928 (cf. note 332 below).

Notes

- ³¹¹ Of course, nothing came of it all. The land was expropriated by the Municipality of Suresnes in 1956, and the Universel ended up being built in Katwijk, in The Netherlands, instead.
- ³¹² León Tolstoy (1828-1910) is renowned for his *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, but Theo is alluding to his later and saintlier days. Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) was a Bengal poet, philosopher, actor, novelist, mystic, and friend of Hazrat Inayat Khan. The actor persona is in part of interest because Tagore's granddaughter, Sharmila, is a famous movie actress. She is married to the Nawab of Pataudi and has both a son and daughter who have become film stars.
- ³¹³ Here is still another indication that Piet Kramer was active in the Movement (cf. Kohlenbach, *Pieter Lodewijk Kramer*, p. 17). He and Moenie divorced on 24 June 1931, just over four years after this gathering. Until then, however, the Kramers lived at 117 Johannes Verhulststraat, just down the street from Theo (cf. note 300S above). Ellen (born 15 July 1908) was their oldest child and eighteen at the time. When Piet died in 1961, the funeral announcement had her married to one Dr. J. Revrink and living in Aerdenhout, with no mention of children.
- ³¹⁴ From what I have been able to ascertain, Sirdar van Tuyll was not at all unstable in any sense of being confused, vacillating or manic-depressive. On the contrary, he was too sure of his own opinions and very much what the Dutch call a *querulant*, in that he managed to get into quarrels wherever he went, even when he was still a Theosophist. In fact, that is why Zulaikha Jelgersma claimed to have divorced him and married the conciliatory Yussouf van Ingen instead. That Van Tuyll was also ambitious and energetic, did not help. As Theo fully appreciated, however, Sirdar was a dedicated Sufi who had profited greatly from Murshid's calming presence.
- ³¹⁵ For the Voûte sisters, see note 309 above.
- ³¹⁶ The Dallingas have just been mentioned as hosts for the Healing ceremony. Curiously they do not show up in the Amsterdam phone books for 1925 and 1929. Lucie van Hoorn and Azmat Faber we know well by now. For Mary de Haan, whom we have run into before but about whom we know almost nothing, see note 31 above. This is the only place Willy Jansen (dates unknown) shows up. *Ingenieur* (usually abbreviated as *ir.*) Johannes Wildschut was one of several young men recruited by Sirdar van Tuyll van Serooskerken. Wildschut was born in Wormerveer on 19 April 1903 and died in Utrecht on 23 April 1998. His movie of the laying of the first stone of the Universel at Suresnes on 13 September (Hejirat day) 1926 remains one of the great historical treasures of Western Sufism. "Den Boestert" is a rare name, with relatively few items in the Collectie Familieadvertenties of the CBG.

There is no *ingenieur* amongst them. Like Wildschut (see note 530 below), Han den Boestert left for the Dutch Indies. Possibly, unlike Wildschut, he never returned to the Netherlands.

³¹⁷ Again, none of these expectations came true.

³¹⁸ Theo van Hoorn's precise words are "which he makes last for a very long time, as usual." Theo is so rarely critical that this instance stands out. He is actually telling us that Sirdar liked to hear himself talk. Cf. note 303 above.

³¹⁹ Murshid's words are impossible to check because they were addressed to Sirdar, as reported to and remembered by Theo. There is no indication as to when or where this is to have happened.

³²⁰ Theo does not mention — assuming he even realized it — that Sirdar van Tuyll did not always make Inayat Khan's life any easier. Particularly Sirdar's insensitive tactics at the September 1925 General Council meetings in Geneva (as briefly discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 123), caused Murshid great grief and precipitated the departure for India that, arguably, led to his death.

³²¹ Khawaja Moinuddin Chishti, in Ajmer.

³²² Theo van Hoorn is referring to a supplementary two-week Summer School of September 1922 (described in *Sufism*, vol. 1, December 1922, pp. 6-7), organized in Katwijk by Sirdar van Tuyll, who was living at 5 Van Melkade at the time with his new bride, Saida. The house no longer exists. Police records in the Katwijk archives indicate that "Tuyll Serooskerke, H.P..26-9-1883" applied for a passport from that precise address ("A58, inv. nr. 33 circa 1922-1923"). The mention comes complete with a copy of Sirdar's pass photo.

³²³ The two disciples were Murshida Sophia Saintsbury-Green and Sirdar van Tuyll van Serooskerken, as we can deduce from her *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 75-77. In *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 90-91, I argue that Theo's version of events is substantially incorrect but that Murshida Green's authorized account has problems of its own.

³²⁴ Murshid called this place in the dunes "Murad Hassil," or "wish fulfilled." If my supposition in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 91, is correct, Murshid was referring to the badly-needed solitude that he found there. Close to this spot a Sufi temple, the Universel Murad Hassil, designed by the Dutch architect and Delft University professor, *ingenieur* S.J. van Embden, was built in 1969 and opened on Viladat day (5 July) 1970. One of the reasons why it took well over a decade after the loss of the Suresnes Sufi Land for the Movement to get started on a Katwijk temple is that it was almost impossible to get permission to build on coastal land reserved for water storage and filtration. In 1928, when Theo was there, the place was still in the middle of the dunes. Now it is close to Katwijk and next to a trailer park.

Notes

- ³²⁵ “Zieret Stärke der Mann und freies mutiges Wesen, / O, so zieret ihm fast tiefes Geheimnis noch mehr. / Städtebezwingerin, du Verschwiegenheit! Fürstin der Völker!”
- ³²⁶ Theo attributes the answer to Sufism, but the question was more likely raised by his reading of New Thought authors (cf. note 290S above) than by the teachings of Hazrat Inayat Khan.
- ³²⁷ The small Servire retail outlet was located on The Hague’s Korte Voorhout. The photograph in question is not found in *Biography* (1979), but it must have been related to the Christologizing type invented by Charles Beresford of London (1864-1938) in 1917 (*Biography*, p. 146) and developed by Frédéric Boissonnas (1858-1946) of Geneva in 1921 (*Biography*, p. 153).
- ³²⁸ We can only hope that Moenie Kramer was being ironical. More likely, however, her silly proposition is indicative of her slight knowledge of and respect for the *Koran*.
- ³²⁹ The tram lines used by him no longer exist. Someone now wanting to get from the Leiden railway station to downtown Katwijk would take “buslijn 35.”
- ³³⁰ As mentioned in note 322 above, Sirdar’s house stood at 5 Melskade. As neither it nor the stretch of dunes still exists, it would be pointless to try to trace his and Theo’s steps in this instance.
- ³³¹ For Inayat Khan’s common touch, as rooted in his Indian childhood, cf. note 461S above. Sirdar and Theo could have learned from Murshid, but probably did not.
- ³³² The room was officially opened in 1929 with a Universal Service. Sirdar’s house is still a Sufi Centre, with an “Eredienst” held in the adjoining church every Sunday at 11 AM. Again, the building is not mentioned in the monograph by Kohlenbach, *Pieter Lodewijk Kramer*.
- ³³³ Theo is being discreet here, but we know from his “Daybreak” chapter that his Nijmegen brother-in-law, Hendrik van Hoorn, with whom Yussouf van Ingen learned the ropes of the business world, was a dedicated Theosophist.
- ³³⁴ The prediction (if we believe in it) came true. Sirdar and Saida did a great deal of horse riding in the dunes between Scheveningen and Wassenaar, and in the New Forest in England. During and after the Second World War, he owned a large stable at the racing track Duindigt in Wassenaar, where he bred horses.
- ³³⁵ This is the third time that Van Hoorn refers to Inayat Khan as a “prediker.” This time, however, he attributes the notion to Sirdar van Tuyll, who, himself being a preacher by nature, almost certainly conceived of Murshid in such terms.
- ³³⁶ Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 132 (*Inayat Khan*, p. 180, and *Golven* [2002], pp. 160-161), reports that an unidentified engineer who later became a Sufi, saw Inayat Khan racing on horseback on the beach between

Scheveningen and Katwijk (i.e., near the Wassenaarseslag). For some reason, the incident was excised from Keesing's *Hazrat Inayat Khan* of 1981. Sophia Saintsbury-Green, *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 65-66, saw Murshid charm a dray-horse while crossing a London street but, typically, she assumed she had witnessed a miracle.

³³⁷ The old Mr. Brevet from The Hague appears to have been forgotten. Not even veteran Sufis know who he was or why Theo was so unkind to him. Working on the assumption that someone who was old but still vigorous in 1928 would likely have died before about 1950, I combed the funeral announcements at the CBG in The Hague. One possibility is Willem Karel Brevet, a man of substance who lived in the Hague but died in Geneva on 22 December 1934, at the age of seventy-two. Theo's Mr. Brevet planned a trip to Africa "to benefit from the climate." He could therefore have been in Geneva for his health, dying there "after a short illness." Willem Karel's (twin?) brother, Karel Willem, died in The Hague on 30 October 1940 at the age of seventy-eight, but as *meester*, former president of the Hague court, and Knight in the Order of the Dutch Lion, he was surely too prominent and formidable to have qualified for Theo's condescension. There is no Sufi connection mentioned in the obituary of either man.

³³⁸ This is complete nonsense. Given the visit of Ahmad al-Alawi to Paris and Suresnes in 1926 (as discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 110), Theo van Hoorn might have know that there was no dearth of Sufis in Islamic North Africa, and that contacts were in place. Cf. note 345 below.

³³⁹ The full name of this comfortable country hotel, located in the province of Limburg (6301 HD Valkenburg), was Hotel Prinses Juliana. Pictures are currently available online. The hotel closed temporarily in March of 2006, when Frédérique Stevens sold it after ninety-two years of continuous family exploitation. Following renovation, it is now being exploited as "Hotel J."

³⁴⁰ A cryptic note to the 1981 edition adds: "In Havelte." This refers to the small church of Asselt. For information and photographs of the church and Saida's work, see F.J.R. van den Eeckhout [Henri Pierre Leonard Wiessing: 1878-1961], "Het Asseltsche kerkje in het Limburgsche landschap," *Elsevier's Geïllustreerd Maandschrift*, vol. 40, 1930, pp. 238-239 and pl. LIV-LIV (available online).

³⁴¹ Saida, or Henriëtte (Hendrika) Willebeek le Mair (Rotterdam, 23 April 1899 - The Hague, 15 March 1966) was Van Tuyl's second wife, whom he married on 2 February 1922. She was being too modest, as she was a truly accomplished illustrator of children's and women's books. About two years after Henriëtte and Theo were in Katwijk in 1928, she was to illustrate a collection of sayings by Hazrat Inayat Khan, which was published about a half century later, both in English and Dutch, as *The Flower Garden of Inayat Khan - Words of Hazrat*

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Inayat Khan Illustrated by Henriette Willebeek le Mair and De bloementuin van Inayat Khan - citaten uit het werk van Inayat Khan, geïllustreerd door H. Willebeek le Mair (London and The Hague, East-West Publications, 1978). No translator or editor is credited in this edition, but it was presumably Ameen Carp who did the work of assembling the English and Dutch passages from sundry editions of Murshid's work.

- ³⁴² The first six words are not part of the original passage in *The Inner Life*, but Theo's opening also deviates from Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 186, who has: "The reason why it [meditation] tires man, is that he is used to being active all day." The word "rebellious" is Margaretha Meyboom's addition, taken over by Theo.
- ³⁴³ The unidentified author of "that remarkable book *Atlantide*" was Pierre Benoit (1886-1962). It won the Grand prix du roman de l'Académie française in 1919.
- ³⁴⁴ What a prospect! Around the year 4000, Sufis will flock to North Africa to research the fine points of the early outreach of Western Sufism. Clearly Theo's Messianic notions have led to absurd speculation.
- ³⁴⁵ As Mr. Brevett's travel plans indicate, fashionable North Africa was an exotic place with a sunny climate, enough to have also attracted the eccentric and trendy Fatimah Cnoop-Coopmans to the region. Nor can the numerous Islamic Sufis of North Africa (who were in touch with Murshid in Suresnes) have been in dire need of his modern school of mysticism. Theo, however, seems determined to turn Fatimah into a pioneering missionary charged by Murshid to bring the Message to hostile mountains ranges and parched deserts. To appreciate Theo's improbable train of thought in context, the reader should peruse "To the Ends of the Earth" in *Sufi Memoirist*.
- ³⁴⁶ "Prana" can mean just about anything essential, but Theo presumably intended "life force" in this instance.
- ³⁴⁷ The Yogi's package is a bit reminiscent of the Alexander Technique, named after F. Matthias Alexander (1869-1955). This method concentrates on the treatment of poor breathing and posture habits in the pursuit of overall physical and mental health, especially in relation to the performing arts. Alexander, who particularly loved the theater, practised and published in London after 1904.
- ³⁴⁸ See *Gayana*, "Chalas" (Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 153): "That person becomes a conqueror of life who learns to control his tongue, both as to what it should say and what it should not say." See also *Gayana*, "Boulas" (*Sayings I*, p. 67): "That person becomes conqueror of life who learns to control his tongue."
- ³⁴⁹ *The Inner Life* has "to avoid hurting the feelings of another." Theo again followed Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 61, almost to the letter.

- ³⁵⁰ Theo assumes that William the Silent was taciturn. In fact, his genius consisted of appearing to be forthcoming while giving nothing away.
- ³⁵¹ “Point est nécessaire d’espérer pour entreprendre. Ni de réussir pour persévérer.”
- ³⁵² *Gayan*, “Chalas” (cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 143) has: “No sacrifice is ever too great to be offered in the cause of liberty.”
- ³⁵³ See the chapter entitled “The Spiritual Hierarchy” in *The Unity of Spiritual Ideas*, in which Murshid discusses the role of the “Ghous.” The word is now normally transcribed “Ghowth” and translated as “help,” “aid,” “succour,” particularly in a Sufi sense.
- ³⁵⁴ The “Universal Worship of All” was launched by Murshida Green in London in 1921 and itself evolved from the weekly Prayer Meetings held by Hazrat Inayat Khan during his late London years (up to 1920). Cf. Graham, “Spreading the Wisdom,” pp. 142-142. The term was further elaborated by Sirdar van Tuyll in 1924 by solemnly adding “and of all churches.” Even for most Cherags themselves, that seemed a neck stuck out too far. For reasons discussed at length in *Sufi Memoirist*, Theo van Hoorn is probably giving expression to the hopes of his fellow mureeds and not to any vision of Murshid himself.
- ³⁵⁵ Theo van Hoorn otherwise shows no interest in pre-World War II history (except in mentioning William the Silent and insulting Yussouf by comparing him to the Borgias). How Theo came by his interest in the wife of William Ewert Gladstone (1809-1898), the Liberal Prime Minister who ruled England for twelve years between 1868 and 1894, is therefore of some interest. Certainly this material is not found in the popular biography entitled *Catherine Gladstone*, written by her daughter Mary Drew-Gladstone (London, Nisbet & Co. Ltd., 1919). My suspicion is that Van Hoorn found the story in some New Thought source. If so, it was not in the most likely candidate, namely, Horatio Willis Dresser, *The Power of Silence: An Interpretation of Life in Relation to Health and Happiness* (Boston, G.H. Ellis, 1895; with a dozen editions by 1910). Silence was not a major concern of Hazrat Inayat Khan. The word does not even occur in his *The Art of Personality*.
- ³⁵⁶ *Gayan*, “Boulas” (cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 79). Only the second half of Theo’s quotation deviates from the original: “A sincere feeling of respect needs no words; even silence can speak of one’s respectful attitude.”
- ³⁵⁷ I have not been able to locate anything close to this quotation in the published lectures of Hazrat Inayat Khan. It could be his answer to a question posed after an as yet unpublished class lecture on “concentration” or some other such subject.
- ³⁵⁸ I believe this is a fair summary of Hazrat Inayat Khan’s overall assessment of Western life. See, for instance, *Biography* (1979), p. 120: “Still, all these

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years I was learning more than teaching. I was studying the Western mind, the mentality of the Occidental people, their attitude towards life, religion and God. Materialism on one side, commercialism on the other, besides their agitation against their Church, and their interest in the thought of their modern philosophers[,] turned Europeans, if not from God, at least from the God of Beni Israel. I found that a man today in the West is agitated, not only against the Church, but also against the autocrat God.”

³⁵⁹ One of the points made way back in 1907 by Gerbrandus Jelgersma (1859-1942), the distinguished psychiatrist father of Zulaikha van Ingen, was that there are people who simply can't handle “the tempo of modern, hectic society.” Compare also Sophia Saintsbury-Green, *The Wings of the World*, p. 44, writing in 1932: “Could the man of this twentieth century but detach himself from his environment physical and mental, and with some psychic metronome in his hand, gauge the speed of the vibrations of thought and action as compared with only fifty years ago, he would stand amazed at the increased rate of the rhythm to which human life is keyed in its every department.”

³⁶⁰ The first few words are not found in the original passage in *The Inner Life*. Nor do they correspond to the opening words of Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 13. Other than that, Theo follows Meyboom closely except for his updated spelling and his splitting of the material into two paragraphs.

³⁶¹ Of the numerous deviations from Inayat Khan's original words, the change from “It is never enough” to “It is an inexhaustible joy” is the only significant one. Theo followed Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 61, to the letter except for the updated “mens” instead of “mensch” and “zei” instead of “zeide.”

³⁶² Theo van Hoorn has already discussed Murshida Sophia Saintsbury-Green and her *Wings of the World* in connection with her biographical sketch of Maheboob Khan. Theo does not identify Hazrat Inayat Khan as the author of this quotation, which I transcribe direct from Saintsbury-Green's keynote to *The Wings of the World*. Note, however, that Murshida Green was probably quoting from memory. The closest thing I have found (in *Biography* [1979], Part III, Journal, “Review of Religions,” p. 227) is: “The day is not far off when, if not through religion then by science, the people in the West will realize the oneness of the whole being, and that individuals are nothing more than bubbles in the sea.” Murshida Green capitalized even words such as “Moon,” so that “Religion,” “Science” and “Unity” are typical of her approach.

³⁶³ This information, which is a *non sequitur*, supplements the information about Sophia Saintsbury-Green in her “Principal Workers” biography (*Biography* [1979], pp. 509-510): “One of her grandfathers had been High Sheriff of Berkshire, one was a boon companion of the Prince Regent and ran through

three fortunes, which necessitated his son, Sophia's father, entering a profession (the first in the family to do so)."

³⁶⁴ According to oral report passed on by Sharif Donald Graham, Vilayat Inayat Khan asked Murshida Green how she was able to improvise such brilliant lectures. She candidly replied that she first wrote them out and then learnt them by heart. That admission is noteworthy because (with the other exception of Ekbal Dawla van Goens van Beyma) leading followers have to this day tried to imitate Murshid's improvising, "inspirational" style of address. Obviously, Theo wanted to believe in the inspired performances of Murshidas Green and Goodenough.

³⁶⁵ Theo van Hoorn's view of Murshida Green as a kind of conduit leading from Inayat Khan to his mureeds, shows no awareness of her Theosophical preoccupations, as discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 83-85 and 88 above. No single mureed did more to distort Murshid's intellectual legacy than Sophia Saintsbury-Green. Note, just below, that her desire was "almost burning," a typical Van Hoorn qualification.

³⁶⁶ Both quotations are from the *Prolog* to Schiller's dramatic poem *Wallenstein* (1798). First comes: "Dem Mimen flicht die Nachwelt keine Kränze." Theo van Hoorn has a baffling "fliegt." My second quotation is inaccurate because it attempts to translate Theo, who writes: "Doch wer gelebt den besten seiner Zeit / Der hat gelebt für alle Zeiten." Schiller, however, says something quite different: "Den wer den Besten seiner Zeit genug / Getan, der hat Gelebt für alle Zeiten." This means that "He who has done justice to his contemporaries, has lived for all times."

³⁶⁷ Saintsbury-Green, *The Wings of the World*, p. 50. As Theo translated this paragraph to illustrate Murshida Green's superior style, it is significant that he required 105 words where she had managed with 78 of them. See, for instance, how he crippled her closing sentence: "alle zijn op hun beurt op een bepaald ogenblik van die reis noodzakelijk en beurtelings vormen zij ook tevens weer als het ware een tijdelijke gevangenschap, vanwaar de ziel, vroeg of laat, de vleugels weet te vinden voor een verdere ontplooiing." Note the "als het ware," Theo's favourite redundant qualification.

³⁶⁸ Theo van Hoorn explains the puzzling chapter heading immediately below. He is in effect presenting a spin-off of his later chapter, "The Younger Generation." That explains the inappropriate dates of 1937-1940, which apply to that material but not to this fragment. As indicated in my table of contents, 1924 is the year of the events here at issue, with 1945 the year of writing. Though Theo goes on to specify "the winter of 1924," it was in fact the late fall of that year, as can be verified against the movements of Inayat Khan and Theo's own chronology.

Notes

- ³⁶⁹ *Gayan*, “Boulas.” Cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 49: “When the cry of the disciple has reached a certain pitch, the Teacher comes to answer it.” I am translating after Theo, however.
- ³⁷⁰ The “up our stairs” confirms that Theo and Dien lived in the upper half (or *bovenhuis*) of the double town house at 187 Johannes Verhulststraat.
- ³⁷¹ Theo himself uses the English for what the Dutch used to call the Odd Fellowhuis, the premises of Amstelloge no. 12, which was founded in 1903. Up to the Second World War it was located at Keizersgracht 428 or 720 (I am not yet sure). It had four temples as well as three large and three small conversation rooms.
- ³⁷² Second-generation mureeds confirm that this was no exaggeration. Salima’s handicap must have made life very difficult for her, especially as Leader of the Amsterdam Centre. Hearing aids, including electric ones, did exist by the 1920s, but they were very large, cumbersome and expensive. It was only the invention of the transistor in 1948 that opened the way for the portable hearing aid. Salima had to be addressed via a table model microphone, and even that did not work all that well.
- ³⁷³ Again, *Gayan*, “Gamakas” (cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 197). Theo himself has already quoted this passage at the end of his “Samadhi Silences” chapter.
- ³⁷⁴ See Van Brakell Buys’ chapter on “Jalalu’din Rumi,” in: *Gestalten uit de Perzische mystiek*, pp. 18-52. This particular passage is from p. 31. Aside from very minor changes, Theo introduces a paragraph in the middle and omits twenty-nine words where I have inserted square brackets.
- ³⁷⁵ Again, *Gayan*, “Gamakas” (cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 197). I am assuming that Vilayat was quoting his father’s precise words in English.
- ³⁷⁶ I translate Theo. The common saying, which goes back to Menander (c. 342-292 BC) is “Whom the gods love dies young.”
- ³⁷⁷ Cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 203, version d).
- ³⁷⁸ Cf. Douliez and Engelhard, eds., *Das Buch der Lieder und Arien*, p. 545: “Wie Todesahnung Dämmerung deckt die Lände, / Umhüllt das Tal mit schwärtzlichem Gewande; / Der Seele, die nach jenen Höhn verlangt, / Vor ihrem Flug durch Nacht und Grausen bangt.” Theo has “Thal “ and “schwarzlichem.”
- ³⁷⁹ Carel (Yussouf) van Ingen died on 5 September 1933. His wife Zulaikha, who was seven years older, outlived him by thirty-six years. Theo nowhere indicates that Yussouf was murdered. I relate the circumstances in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 77-78. In a recent online publication (http://soeficentrumarnhem.nl/lustrum_viering_arnhem.pdf, p. 8), the story told by Theo van Hoorn appears to have been conflated with Sirdar van Tuyll’s encounter with Hazrat Inayat Khan in Arnhem in 1921: “According to another version of this meeting, it

was *jonkheer* E. van Ingen, who had taken the place of Baron van Tuyll [...].” Yussouf van Ingen was named Carel. *Jonkheer* E. van Ingen, his son, had yet to be born.

³⁸⁰ As mentioned in note 313S above, Van Ingen lived at 101 Singel in Woerden. From 23 May 1927 (when he officially moved from Nijmegen) to 1931, however, Yussouf had lived at 4 Utrechtse Straatweg. One can find an illustration in the so-called “Monumentenboek van Woerden” to judge if Theo was right to like that house so much better.

³⁸¹ Theo van Hoorn writes: “onderbrak voorgoed iedere mogelijkheid tot persoonlijk contact.” Given Theo’s belief in Sufi reunion after death, I have let the ambiguity of “permanently interrupted” stand. As I mention in note 314S above, Zulaikha’s father, Professor Jelgersma, was soon on the scene, and it was probably he who phoned Theo and asked him to the terrible news to his daughter in Suresnes. Azeem van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, p. 156, relates that it “cast a shadow over the entire community” there.

³⁸² Theo was no doubt recalling these words from the “Buriel Sermon” in *The Sufi Movement: Universal Worship*, p. 26.

³⁸³ Yussouf’s reunion with Murshid is still another of Theo van Hoorn’s Post-Christian touches.

³⁸⁴ As we recall from *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 78, *jonkheer* van Ingen’s “marvellous self-control and self-discipline” may have extended to “virtually everyone,” but it failed him when dealing with his business manager, who shot him to death on 5 September 1933.

³⁸⁵ “Da scheinest du, o lieblichste aller Sterne, / Dein sanftes Licht entsendest du der Ferne, / Die nächtige Dämmerung teilt dein lieber Strahl, / Und freundlichst zeigst du den Weg aus dem Tal...” Here, again, Theo spelled “Tal” as “Thal.”

³⁸⁶ Nothing demonstrates the poor editing of Theo van Hoorn’s book more clearly than that he commenced two chapters with this same quotation, attributing it only to “Murshid” in one instance (“Le Haras de Longchamp”), and to Hazrat Inayat Khan’s *Biography* in the other (“Mahtab van Hogendorp”). The sentence is found there under January 1925, where Murshid calls Mahtab “Naqib Mevrouw van Hogendorp.”

³⁸⁷ The annual Pilgrimages to Suresnes, of which the one of 1952 was the first, were an initiative of Vilayat Inayat Khan, who, in a letter of 18 March 1953 addressed to Murshid Talewar Dussaq, claims to have secured the approval of Ali Khan “last year.” See *Witboek over Suresnes*, Vol. II, appendix 9.3, page 106. On 12 October 1955, the Committee for Suresnes of the International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement, wrote a lengthy letter to Vilayat and three other members of the Société Anonyme Soufi, reviewing understandings

presumably reached at meetings in Paris and Suresnes. It includes the following paragraph: “We remind you the ‘pilgrimages’ were said to be organised by you and were allowed by Headquarters to meet the needs of those people who as long as the Summer School could not be held at Suresnes nevertheless would like to visit the sacred spot. They were said to be concentrated in a certain limited period for practical reasons of organisation. It is clear that they would lose their meaning totally as soon as the Summer School could be held there again.” See *Witboek*, Vol. II, appendix 13.3, p. 169.

- ³⁸⁸ Cf. Douliez and Eberhard, eds., *Das Buch der Lieder und Arien*, p. 198: “In eine beßre Welt entrückt!” Theo wrote “bess’re” and, most atypically, left out the exclamation mark. Franz Schubert wrote his *Andie Musik* (opus 88, no. 4) in 1817, using a poem by a friend and close contemporary, the Austrian poet, librettist, lithographer and actor Franz (Adolf Friedrich) von Schober (1796-1882).
- ³⁸⁹ According to *Nederland's Adelsboek*, Vol. 88, 1995, p. 345, Mahtab married Otto baron van Hogendorp in Amsterdam on 23 January 1902. Born in The Hague on 17 March 1858, he became “kamerheer in buitengewone dienst” (chamberlain extraordinary) to Queen Wilhelmina in 1913, remaining in that function until his death in La Tour de Peilz (Vaud) on 17 June 1936. As Theo indicates, Baron van Hogendorp was a gentleman in every way. He was also a scholar, earning a Dr. of Jurisprudence from the University of Leiden in 1884.
- ³⁹⁰ Here Theo forces us to do some calculating. According to the funeral announcement for Mahtab van Hogendorp, kept in the Collectie Familieadvertenties at the CBG, she died on Thursday, 21 August. Theo informs us further on that he and his fellow mureeds received news of her death in Suresnes on a Thursday, presumably that same 21 August. Combining all of Theo’s clues, we can calculate that he first looked up Mahtab on Thursday, 14 August, precisely a week before her death.
- ³⁹¹ Van Hoorn does not give a date for this letter, but he must have posted it by 11 P.M. of Thursday, 14 August. Given the quality of Dutch postal service back then, Theo could count on his missive being in Mahtab’s hands by breakfast the next morning, giving her well over a day to look over the enclosed material before his arrival on Saturday afternoon.
- ³⁹² Amersfoort was (and is) located just to the northeast of Utrecht, on a major railway line, and therefore within arguable commuting distance of Amsterdam. Depending on the particular connection, the journey from Amsterdam Amstel (the station closest to Theo’s home) and Amersfoort took about forty-five to fifty minutes.
- ³⁹³ *Meester* E. van Meer was a stockbroker who lived on 45 Leliegracht in Amsterdam. According to the city’s *Algemeen adresboek* for 1939-40, his

business was “Naaml[oos]. Venn[ootschap]. E. van Meer’s Effectenkantoor,” also at 45 Leliegracht.

³⁹⁴ Wilhelmina Diderika (Kafia) Blaauw-Robertson, was born in Rotterdam on 30 January 1893 as the third of four (living) children and only daughter of Adriaan Robertson (born 1857) and Rabia (Henriette Johanna) Robertson-van der Pot (born 1866). Rabia was a prominent Sufi whom Theo must have met in Suresnes in the mid-twenties. Adriaan was a distinguished apothecary and chemist, who wrote his 1887 Amsterdam doctoral dissertation on *Boyle en Boerhave beschouwd als scheikundigen*. Wilhelmina Diderika died in Doorn on 4 June 1982, by which time she had become Murshida. She is still another Suresnes fixture, and repeatedly mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 7-8, 11, 76 and 81. She published a book about the meaning of Classical myths as well as a bundle of her own Sufi sermons. She shows up later on as Leader of the Rotterdam Centre. For her marriage and divorce, and for the deaths of her sons Robert and Michiel Frederik, see notes 303G and 320S above.

³⁹⁵ “Musical-technical” because Manohary was trained as a violinist.

³⁹⁶ As indicated in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 8, it is not clear what, precisely, Theo is saying here. That he mentions “a few chapters” where there are only two, indicates that he at first intended to place the material pertaining to Mahtab’s deathbed in a separate chapter.

³⁹⁷ Theo apparently read from Friedrich Schiller’s long poem “Das Lied von der Glocke” of 1799. These lines occur around its middle: “Den dunklen Schloss der heiligen Erde / Vertrauen wir der Hände Tat, / Vertraut der Sämman seine Saat / Und hofft, dass sie entkeimen werde / Zum Segen, nach des Himmels Rat. / Noch Köstlicher Samen bergen / Wir trauernd in der Erde Schoß. / Und hoffen, dass es aus den Särgen / Erblühen soll zu schönern Los.” Aside from the inevitable lapses in punctuation, there are five more serious errors: “That” instead of “Tat,” “Sat” instead of “Saat,” “Köstlicherichten” instead of “Köstlicher,” “ihr finsteren Schad” instead of “der Erde Schoß,” “Erblinken” instead of “Erblihen.”

³⁹⁸ I translate literally here. Theo appears to have conflated Psalms 8:2 or Matthew 21:16 with the proverb “Kinderen en gekken zeggen de waarheid” (children and fools speak the truth).

³⁹⁹ We are probably back in 1923 here. The Hogendorps lived in La Tour de Peilz, Switzerland.

⁴⁰⁰ In *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 84-91, I relate the following material to the Theosophical notion of Inayat Khan as world teacher or World Messenger.

⁴⁰¹ Moenie Kramer tells a similar story about the awed reaction of a simple servant girl in her home. As established in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 88, this Sufi topos can be traced back to Saintsbury-Green, *Memories of Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 79-80.

Notes

- ⁴⁰² This passage, which opens Hazrat Inayat Khan's diary for 1923 to 1926, dates from October 1923 (cf. *Biography* [1979], p. 191). Theo van Hoorn's Dutch and my own English are smoother than Inayat's Khans typically lumpy English.
- ⁴⁰³ Theo called him Ignaz Jan Paderewsky (1860-1941). I use Ignacy Jan Paderewski throughout. Theo also calls him Mr. Paderewsky, but he must have intended "Mister," not *meester*, as Paderewski was not a lawyer. Paderewski's successes and behaviour were even more remarkable and extravagant than Theo was able to suggest.
- ⁴⁰⁴ "Les Phares" by Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867) are part of his renowned 1857 collection of poems entitled *Les Fleurs du Mal*. In addition to the poems dedicated to Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-1669) and Francisco Goya (1746-1828) mentioned by Theo, there are ones celebrating Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), Pierre Paul Puget (1620-1694), Jean Antoine Watteau (1684-1721) and Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863). Even if Baudelaire had written in a later period, he would surely not have wanted to relate Paderewski to this company of distinguished painters.
- ⁴⁰⁵ Niccolò Paganini (1782-1840) lived two centuries before Paderewski. There could still be a few people alive who actually heard and saw Paderewski play. That Paganini should still be remembered for his playing as much as for his music, is surely unique.
- ⁴⁰⁶ Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849) was as much a Frenchman as a Pole. His father was a French expatriate and Frédéric left for Paris at the age of twenty.
- ⁴⁰⁷ Friedrich Schiller, "Das Höchste," 1795: "Suchst du das Höchste, das Größte? / Die Pflanze kann es dich lehren / Was sie willenlos ist, / sei du es wollend - / das ist."
- ⁴⁰⁸ Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778) is a rare individual for whom Theo gives the full name. He was in fact born on Lake Geneva. Theo must have consulted the autobiographical *Les Confessions* of 1770 (published in 1782), in which we learn that in 1730 Rousseau undertook a two-day pilgrimage to Vevey, where his love interest, Mme de Warens, had lived.
- ⁴⁰⁹ The lines are from stanza XCIX of the third canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* by George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824).
- ⁴¹⁰ Lac Léman is merely another name, of eighteenth-century provenance, for Lac de Genève. It is used by people who do not live near the lake.
- ⁴¹¹ According to Hazrat Inayat Khan himself (*Biography* [1979], pp. 202 and 204), he spoke at the Sorbonne in January of 1925 and then again, "a few times," between his visits to Germany in March, and England in April 1925. Theo's quotation sounds authentic. The ideas are similar to ones expressed in Murshid's *Mental Purification* (*SM*, Vol. IV, pp. 220-221).

- ⁴¹² The *Tatra Album* (Opus 12) consists of six piano pieces scored for four hands. The full English title is *Tatra Album: Dance and Song of the Polish People from Zakopane*. The score (Berlin, Ries & Erler, 1888) is in the public domain and available online.
- ⁴¹³ This is one of the most contrived moments of the *Recollections*, as Theo has one of his own favourite quotations (which he uses to close his “Introduction”) pop up in the head of Baron van Hogendorp.
- ⁴¹⁴ Maria Montessori (1870-1952) became Italy’s first woman physician in 1896. Initially she worked with severely handicapped children, using the ideas of Edouard Séquin (1812-1880) and others and eventually transmitting them to her students in a school set up for her by the Italian government. From 1904 to 1916 she was professor of anthropology at the University of Rome, where she also studied pedagogy and developed her method for young children in general. In 1916 she lectured in America and settled in Barcelona. By the time Murshid visited a Montessori school in Rome, her ideas were already well-established in The Netherlands. In “The Younger Generation,” Theo van Hoorn present a brief demonstration of her approach as it appears to have worked for his son Paul.
- ⁴¹⁵ As Van Hoorn indicates with the qualification “approximately,” this is a summarized paraphrase of the published passage in Hazrat Inayat Khan’s *Education* (SM, Vol. III, p. 36). We know that Theo wrote his “Paderewski” chapter between 1953 and 1955. In his following chapter, which he had written a decade earlier, he quoted the same passage with direct reference to *Education*.
- ⁴¹⁶ Theo might have added, “by Madame Blavatsky and her Theosophist followers.”
- ⁴¹⁷ Unless I am mistaken, this is an apocryphal quotation.
- ⁴¹⁸ Claude Debussy (1862-1918). For some information on the Inayat Khan-Debussy connection, see Keesing, *Golven, waarom komt de wind*, pp. 91-93 (*Inayat Khan*, pp. 120-123; *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 80-81; *Golven* [2002], pp. 109-112). The specific reference here is to Debussy’s *La mer, trois esquisses symphonique pour orchestra* (*The sea, three symphonic sketches for orchestra*) or simply *La Mer* or *The Sea* (1903-1905).
- ⁴¹⁹ This amateurish observation should probably be attributed to Theo van Hoorn, or even Mahtab van Hogendorp, but not to Hazrat Inayat Khan.
- ⁴²⁰ The meaning of this “cosmic moment” is explained in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 89.
- ⁴²¹ Van Hoorn closes this chapter with an improved paraphrase of Inayat Khan’s words as reproduced in *SMSL*, Vol. XIV, p. 260: “For instance, for a true musician, a real musician[,] music is not only an art, a symphony, it is something which speaks to him, with which he communicates. When

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a musician arrives at this stage he may strike one chord and the continual striking of the one chord will bring him to ecstasy. For another person it is only striking a chord, but for him it is speaking with the piano, conversing with it.

Besides all the great men I have seen in my country I have met the great pianist of the Western world Paderewski and I valued my privilege of hearing him at his house when there were not many people, while he was himself. When he began to play it seemed as if there was a question of his soul and an answer of the piano. The whole time it was a question of his soul and an answer of music and in the end it seemed as if the soul of the player and the music became one and perfect.”

⁴²² These are the last words of the chapter entitled “Prostitution” in Inayat Khan, *Rassa Shastra*, p. 88 (*SM*, Vol. III, p. 187).

⁴²³ This opening sentence establishes that in 1936 Theo van Hoorn and his wife Dien were poring over the 1934 Kluwer edition of *Education*. That makes sense, as there was no Dutch translation available to them before Manohary Voûte’s rendering of 1940.

⁴²⁴ Anita was Sajani (Anna Johanna) van Stolk-von Hemert, who was born in Paris on 7 December 1896 and died in Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, on 20 June 1974. Sirkar married her in New York City on 25 December 1925. That choice was not arbitrary because there were Von Hemerts living there, including a brother(?) named A.P. von Hemert and his wife R.A. von Hemert-Ogden, and an uncle, Herman Jean von Hemert (died 4 September 1934). Shortly after 18 June 1963, when Apjar died, the latter couple, with sundry unidentified children, was still said to be living in New York. Another factor was that Hazrat Inayat Khan had just begun his third American tour and was on hand to officiate at the Sufi wedding of Sirkar and Sajani. Their “oldest children” were Elisa Isabella, who was born in 1928, and Anna Helena, born in Suresnes on 22 June 1929. Their other children were Emma Sylvia, born in 1931, and Adriaan Pieter Erik, born in 1933. Of these four children, only Helen is no longer alive. She died in Arnhem on 17 October 2001 as Anna Helena Jacobson-van Stolk, having divorced Everhard Hendrik Jacobson on 10 December 1984 and leaving one son of theirs, Waldo Eric Wouter (born in Rheden on 5 June 1961). Eric remains in South Africa to this day. He married Yvonne Damster (engagement in Rondebosch on 8 October 1958), a devout Catholic.

⁴²⁵ Theo is referring to Gertrud Louise Leistikow (1885-1948), who is discussed at some length in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 32-34, along with her husband Pieter Jongman (1890-1939). As mentioned there, Gertrud and Pieter Jongman moved from Aalsmeer to Loosdrecht in May of 1925 and remained there until

July of 1935. We have also encountered the young son, Igor Bogdan Jongman (1926-2003), and Gertrud's first husband, Siegfried Werner Muller, whom Theo alludes to just below.

⁴²⁶ As I explain in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 27, Dien must have been pregnant by the beginning of 1922, as she gave birth in September of that year. By the beginning of 1924 Gertrud was getting ready to go on tour (see note 428 below). In short, Dien most likely danced with Gertrud in 1921 and/or 1923, when Dien was around thirty years old. We know, on the other hand, that Theo and Dien met Gertrud in 1919. Dien may therefore have been one of Leistikow's very first Dutch pupils.

⁴²⁷ See note 126S above with respect to Leistikow's grotesque aspect in the work of Jan Sluijters (1881-1957). This is the only moment in the entire *Recollections* that Theo shows interest in anything remotely grotesque or macabre — except in his great nightmare, of course.

⁴²⁸ Theo is exaggerating here. Using entries in the *NRC*, we can establish that Gertrud danced in Amsterdam's Stadsschouwburg on 18 February 1924 and again on 25 November 1924, with no engagements in between. A report by one J. Koning in *Het Indische Leven: een algemeen weekblad*, vol. 5, no. 34, 1924, establishes that she sailed on the S.S. Freiburg on 19 February and that she expected to be back in Holland by September or October. A postscript says that "Mrs. Leistikow has in the meantime docked on 29 March in Priok and danced to great success on 1 and 2 April in Weltevreden [Batavia]." She was back in Holland by November. (All this information is courtesy of Jacobien de Boer). *Het Vaderland* for 30 December 1924 tells us that: "Following her successful tour of the Dutch Indies, Gertrud Leistikow will present one single dance evening in Diligentia, namely on coming Wednesday, 7 January."

⁴²⁹ "Was at last born" suggests that Gertrud and Pieter tried hard to have a child during the first years of their marriage. The full name of their son, we recall, was Igor Bogdan Jongman. For mention of Igor's precise dates and fragmentary memoirs, see notes 107S and 117S above. Igor must have saved Paul's life in 1932. He outlived Paul by three years.

⁴³⁰ As mentioned, Gertrud and her family settled in Loosdrecht in 1925. She had probably been teaching at the Muzieklyceum, which was founded in 1921, for a while by then. Gertrud presumably only began to stay with Theo and Dien with any regularity after they had moved to 5 Mozartkade early in 1929. Until then, Gertrud already had an Amsterdam pied-à-terre, on the Albert Cuypstraat (see notes 108S-109S above).

⁴³¹ This is mainly a paraphrase of one of Inayat Khan's paragraphs, with several lines omitted. The most significant change is that *Education* (*SM*, Vol. III, p. 66) refers to the child as "it," whereas Theo has "he" ("hij"). In this respect

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his paraphrase happens to correspond to Manohary's *Opvoeding* (2nd. ed.), p. 89.

- ⁴³² It was Murshid's *Education* that was new. The Montessori method was well-established. Maria Montessori first visited Holland in 1914, and her basic books came out in Dutch in 1916 and 1922. Even then, not all of her ideas were equally new and innovative, having been anticipated by the Friedrich Fröbel method. In 1916 Maria Montessori enjoyed a triumphant tour of America and then settled in Barcelona. Around the time that Paul was seven, the Spanish Civil War had pushed her via England to The Netherlands. The international headquarters of the Montessori movement had already moved to Holland by then. In addition to Azmat Faber and Kadir van Lohuizen's wife Enne, Moenie Kramer was a Montessori advocate. Enne van Lohuizen, however, was a professional Montessori teacher (cf. note 134S above).
- ⁴³³ A lyceum was usually a school that offered both HBS (Higher Bourgeois School) and *gymnasium*. A Montessori Lyceum, obviously, was a lyceum run according to the method of Maria Montessori. Paul's school opened its doors on 11 September 1930 at 157 De Lairesestraat, again in Amsterdam Zuid. The next year, 156 De Lairesestraat, located across the street, was added to accommodate the doubled enrolment. Secondary schools were the last to be adapted to Montessori insights, so that the Amsterdam Montessori Lyceum was unique. In 1932, Maria herself came to take a look at this marvel.
- ⁴³⁴ We have run into this material before in Theo's preceding "Paderewski," chapter, but he wrote the present version about a decade earlier. Instead of being a recalled summary, it is closely based on Inayat Khan's *Education* (SM, Vol. III, p. 36). I have translated back to English from the Dutch of the *Recollections*, which produced only minor changes. Theo's Dutch is not at all close to that of Manohary Voûte's *Opvoeding* of 1940.
- ⁴³⁵ That's precisely what Mussolini must have thought around 1934, when he was so inhospitable to the Montessori method that Maria cut off all her ties with Italy. We have to hand it to Theo van Hoorn, however. He is showing self-knowledge and revealing how Murshid was ever the best part of him.
- ⁴³⁶ The title of the conference proceedings reads: *International Congress for Scientific Management, July 15th to July 20th* (London, King and Son, 1935). The Amsterdam conference was *Vijfde internationaal congres voor wetenschappelijke bedrijfsorganisatie: Amsterdam 18-23 juli 1932* (3 vols., Amsterdam, s.n., 1932). It was in part sponsored by the NIVE, or the Netherlands Institute for Efficiency, which had been founded in 1925.
- ⁴³⁷ The Prince of Wales, who appears to have captured Theo's imagination, was the later King Edward VIII (1894-1972), who became Prince of Wales in 1911, the year after the reign of his father, George V (1865-1936), commenced.

Edward duly succeeded to the throne with the death of his father (about six months after Theo saw him), but he abdicated that same year to marry Wallis Simpson, a divorcée, becoming the Duke of Windsor. Theo's subsequent description of a boyish and impulsive prince accords with a general historical picture of arrested adolescence.

- ⁴³⁸ *Vanity Fair* was an undistinguished 1932 US black and white film with Myrna Loy in the part of Becky Sharp. Theo and Dien must have seen the superior *Becky Sharp* of 1935, with Oscar winner Miriam Hopkins as Becky. It was in fact the first feature film in three-colour technicolour. Like *Vanity Fair*, it was an American production, but Theo rightly says it was "the first colour film in England" and not "the first English colour film."
- ⁴³⁹ Theo and Dien presumably saw the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo, which toured the USA, Spain, London, Cuba and Canada in 1935. The company was formally registered in Monte Carlo in 1932, but (in the form of Diaghilev's Ballet Russes) it was already touring Western Europe, Latin America and the USA even before the Russian Revolution.
- ⁴⁴⁰ Theo describes this light show in greater detail in "The Samadhi Silences," where there is no mention of "fantastische figuren."
- ⁴⁴¹ As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist* p. 36, Theo and Dien's Sufi hosts on the Côte d'Azur were Salamat (Louis Johan August) Hoyack, or Hoijack, and his third wife, Johanna Daniëla, or Ella, Hoyack-Cramerus.
- ⁴⁴² The P.L.M. refers to the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée railway company. La Casse Déserte is a spectacular spot on the Colle d'Izoard, which connect Queyras and Briançonnais. Photos are readily available on the internet.
- ⁴⁴³ As we read in *Sufi Memoirist* pp. 33-34, Gertrud Leistikow, Pieter Jongman and young Igor moved from Loosdrecht to Schoorl in July 1935, two years before they shipped for the Dutch East Indies.
- ⁴⁴⁴ Going back to Inayat Khan's *Education* (SM, Vol. III, p. 60), the changes are instructive. His structure is slightly weaker. Also, he refers to "the "human world" instead of "the human sphere" the second time. More realistically he talks about "the guardians," whereas Van Hoorn has "guardian" ("voogd") in the singular. Elsewhere, however, Inayat Khan insists that one person must be primarily responsible for a child. As with his other quotations from *Education*, Theo appears to have ignored Manohary Voûte's *Opvoeding* (2nd ed.), p. 81.
- ⁴⁴⁵ This does not sound like anything any boy of eight might say. The same is true of Theo's Dutch: "ik wil by jullie blijven, niet weer zo ellendig bij andere mensen."
- ⁴⁴⁶ As Theo mentions below, the address was 20 Bazarstraat, where the Sufi secretariat was located. This Sufi house was conveniently located just over a block to the south of Sirdarvan Tuyll's home at 78 Anna Paulownastraat. Today

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it houses the Internationale School van het Gouden Rozenkruis. Isabelle and Helen, we recall, were Elisa Isabella, who was born in 1928, and Anna Helena, born in Suresnes on 22 June 1929.

- ⁴⁴⁷ This passage is again from *Education* (*SM*, Vol. III, p. 60), though slightly changed. With Theo, the path of God is a first lesson, which must be taught in childhood. In *Education*, it is “the first lesson that should be given in childhood.” In addition, Theo is less accurate than Murshid, who introduced three dots to indicate where had he left out “and his righteousness” from Matthew 6:33 (cf. note 345S above). Manohary VouÛte’s *Opvoeding* (2nd ed., p. 81) is substantially different.
- ⁴⁴⁸ The Scheveningse Bosjes (Scheveningen Woods) were, and are, a substantial park between The Hague and Scheveningen. Today no one in his right mind would dream of leaving a few small children to play there unattended. But as the Van Stolks lived at 6 Cremerweg, in the middle of a quiet and exclusive street located off the Westbroekpark, which joins the Scheveningse Bosjes to the south, Sirkar probably dropped the kids off very close to home.
- ⁴⁴⁹ As mentioned in note 33 above, Shanavaz and Camilla had moved to 6 Eerste Sweelinckstraat on 26 March 1936. That address is only about half a mile (or six short city blocks) from 20 Bazarstraat, but much further away from the Sirkar and the Cremerweg.
- ⁴⁵⁰ “Much older” must be interpreted from the perspective of the little Adriaan Pieter Eric, as Paul was only four years his senior. Isabelle van Stolk does not recall this marked camaraderie (telephone conversation of 30 October 2007).
- ⁴⁵¹ Again, Hendrik Endt. Theo first mentions him in his “Ali Khan” chapter. I discuss Endt in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 35. As mentioned there, his triumphal tour of the Dutch East Indies took place in 1924. We also know by now that the anonymous dancer, who was truly famous at the time, was Gertrud Leistikow (see *Sufi Memoirist* and notes 425-430 above). See also *Het Indische Leven*, vol. 5, no. 34, 1924: “Mrs. Gertrud Leistikow left the Netherlands on 19 February on the S.S. “Freiburg” of the DADG [Deutsch- Australische Dampfs Gesellschaft] in the company of her husband. Her travelling companion as accompanist is the Dutch pianist Henk Endt, who was also with her during her farewell tour of The Netherlands before her departure for the Indies, with the exception of a few times that Olga Elias [cf. note 97 above] accompanied the dancer. They hope to be back in Holland by September or October.” The pianist and dancer performed in Batavia on 1 and 2 April.
- ⁴⁵² As we know from *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 34, Malang was to be the location and Pieter Jongman died there unexpectedly on 18 April 1939, as Theo certainly knew (cf. his letter of condolence of 27 April, also mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*) but typically did not report. On 12 August 1939, Gertrud (and

Igor, of course) shipped for home, as had been announced in *Het Vaderland* for 9 August. That Leistikow and her family would have come home even if Piet had not died, is known from a letter that Dien van Hoorn wrote Gertrud on 9 January 1939 (cf. note 114S above). As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist* p. 34, Gertrud had returned to Amsterdam by 4 November, when she registered with Theo and Dien at 5 Mozartkade! By 17 November she had arrived at 89 Stadhouderskade, where she died.

- ⁴⁵³ Theo makes Gertrud Leistikow sound like some kind of cultural missionary. We know, however, that she hoped to make a lot of money in the Dutch Indies and ended up greatly disappointed. Cf. note 114S above.
- ⁴⁵⁴ This information is no doubt accurate, as we learn the same thing from the letter of condolence that Theo van Hoorn wrote Gertrud Leistikow on 27 April 1939, where he specifies 1919 and “Oostende” (= Aalsmeer) as the time and place of their first meeting.
- ⁴⁵⁵ There is a great deal of information on the *German Kurmark* available online. She was built by Blohm & Voss of Hamburg for the *Hamburg-Amerika Linie* and launched on 27 March 1930. She was a modest-size freighter of 7,000 tons, measuring about 520 feet in length and with a turbine engine capable of pushing it to a theoretical top speed of more than fourteen knots. See also note 458 below.
- ⁴⁵⁶ As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 34, friends and students of Gertrud Leistikow gathered in the Stadsschouwburg in Amsterdam on 10 July 1937 to say farewell to her. Aside from Gertrud herself, Pieter, Igor, Dien and Paul were present, as were Piet Kramer and his ex-wife Moenie.
- ⁴⁵⁷ This and the preceding passage are fairly close to *Education* (SM, Vol. III, pp. 61 and 67), though the original text is more concise here, with “their characteristics” instead of “their character traits,” etc. And, again, Inayat Khan wisely allowed for children of both sexes, with “its country” instead of “his country.” Manohary Voûte’s *Opvoeding* (2nd ed.), p. 91, shares Theo’s predilection for the male gender but is otherwise substantially different.
- ⁴⁵⁸ The *Kurmark* carried no more than about a dozen passengers. Hence the farewell dinner would have been an intimate affair. A little over two years after Theo dined with its officers, the *Kurmark* was requisitioned by the German navy, armed with cannons, anti-aircraft guns and torpedoes, and given the name *Orion*. This *Hilfskreuzer* (Raider A) operated under a variety of disguises, including as the “Beemsterdijk.” We know that between the spring of 1940 and the summer of 1941, she sank or captured at least fifteen ships. The *Kurmark/Orion* was itself sunk by Russian bombers on 4 May 1945.
- ⁴⁵⁹ Theo van Hoorn reminded Gertrud Leistikow of this departure in the letter of condolence that he wrote to her on 27 April 1937, upon the death of Piet Jongman (courtesy of Jacobien de Boer): “Our last view of the departing

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ship in Antwerp was to be our farewell, a wonderful memory [it is,] that togetherness, when we did not waste a single opportunity to stay together as long as possible, just like that first time on the Freiburg (cf. note 451 above).”

- ⁴⁶⁰ No known artist closely fits Van Hoorn’s facts, which, knowing him, need not all be accurate. The mystery man may well have been Jos (Josephus Jodocus Zacharias) Croïn (1894-1949), who studied with Dien at Amsterdam’s Rijksakademie van Beeldende Kunsten and then moved to Laren like her. Though Scheen, *Lexikon*, Vol. I, p. 232, claims that Croïn arrived in Paris in 1938, Cornelis Veth, *Jos Croïn*, p. 19, reports meeting him in the French capital in 1937, where Croïn had apparently been based off and on since 1920. We have little information about the artist’s other movements, but he is known to have worked in Rome (not Florence) as well as in Cagnes-sur-Mer, near Nice (as reported by the Paris correspondent of the NRC of 18 May 1925). He also travelled in Spain (which then included most of northern Morocco). The only known portrait of Croïn was sculpted by his friend Henri Matthieu (Han) Wezelaar (1901-1984), probably around 1924, when Han settled in Paris.
- ⁴⁶¹ Theo does not give Hübner’s Sufi name, but it is given at the close of E. Khusnasib Hubner, “Report of the Summer School 1950,” in: Van Braam et al., *Forty Years of Sufism*, pp. 88-89, which he wrote for the “Summerschool Managing Committee.” The name is consistently misspelled as “Kushnasib” in *Witboek over Suresnes*. Hübner’s Christian name was Elouis (Doesburg 1884/5-The Hague, 11 April 1959). He was Dutch, not German, and dropped the umlaut after the Second World War. It may well have been Hubner from the beginning, however, because his mother died in The Hague on 25 January 1916 as J.J.E.M. *Hubner*-Verstege. Hübner apparently worked for Shell in the Dutch East Indies, where he married his first wife, Eva Johanna de Decker, on 12 June 1913. He divorced her on 27 October 1927, after his return to Holland.
- ⁴⁶² In 1934 Sirkar van Stolk resigned from the directorship of the Suresnes Summer School. Mahmood Khan recalls but cannot document a brief period under Alim [Wilhelm] Almgren and his wife Shánti, who had previously worked at IHQ in Geneva, where their methodical northern orientation had matched poorly with the Latin spirit of Dussaq. When the much better-suited Hübner took over in Suresnes, he was assisted by his sister and brother-in-law, the Palairet Hoogland-Hübners, who had returned from the Dutch Indies. Perhaps Theo was being considerate of his friend Van Stolk by identifying Hübner as Maheboob Khan’s secretary.
- ⁴⁶³ From 19 December 1933 to 31 December 1936, Khushnasib Hübner was married to Shakti (Maria Christina) van Stolk, but their union was also

without issue. Mahmood Khan, Maheboob's son, stood in as his family at the time of the funeral.

⁴⁶⁴ As Theo says earlier in this chapter, 1928 was the last time that he and Dien had been in Suresnes as a couple. We know from his "Maheboob Khan" chapter that Theo was there by himself in 1932 and 1933. Mahmood Khan recalls that Theo was in Suresnes more often in the thirties.

⁴⁶⁵ The arrangement probably suited Theo well enough. Not once in the *Recollections* does he lie down or wake up next to Dien. The two were in any case fairly close on this occasion, as Sirkar van Stolk had built a home on a patch of land off the Rue de l'Hippodrome, right next to the Mureed's House, where Dien and Paul were staying. This house no longer exists.

⁴⁶⁶ Theo is again following Meyboom, *Het innerlijke leven*, p. 24, who in turn followed *The Inner Life* closely: "The best moments of their lives are when they feel as a child with their children and when they can join in their play." I have taken slight liberties in this instance.

⁴⁶⁷ The complete reference should be to *Gayan*, "Suras," as there are also Suras in *Vadan*. See Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 234: "Verily to be envied is he who loves and ask no return." The fact that Theo himself writes "Suras," helps prove that he worked after Inayat Khan, and not only after Margaretha Meyboom, trans., *De Gayan*, "Soera's," p. 75: "Voorwaar, hij is te benijden, die liefheeft en geen wederliefde vraagt." Similarly, further on in this chapter, Theo refers to "Nirtan: Boulas" instead of "Nirtan: Boela's." Both Inayat Khan and Meyboom have "he" instead of the "she" used by Theo.

⁴⁶⁸ For *The Living Dead*, see *SM*, Vol. XII, pp. 207-214. With "the title role," Theo van Hoorn meant Purán, first a prince and then a sage (renunciation as culminating ideal, as also in *Bogeyman* and *Una*).

⁴⁶⁹ These two generations of De Vries-Feyens are of particular interest because the wife of Dr. H.J. Witteveen, a stellar Dutch Minister of Economic Affairs, one-time Director of the IMF, and for many years Holland's top Sufi and Secretary General of Geneva Headquarters, was Ratan de Vries Feyens, who was born in The Hague on 1 April 1920 and died in Wassenaar on 25 December 2006. Ratan was the daughter of Fazil (Alfred Edward) de Vries Feyens (born in Amsterdam on 3 March 1889), who had moved from near Utrecht to St. Cloud, near Suresnes, with his Indonesian-Dutch wife Jamila (Catharina Maria) van Slee (born in Koetaradja, Dutch East Indies, on 20 August 1882), son Zahir (Lodewijk Anne Rinse Jetse) and Ratan (Lysbeth). Ratan studied music and married Karimbakhsh Witteveen on 2 March 1949. Apart from Hidayat Inayat Khan and his sister Khair-un-Nisa, Murshida de Vries Feyens was one of our last two surviving witnesses to Murshid's Summer Schools of 1923 to 1926, when she was between four and seven years old.

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The other, Zohra van Houten-van Essen [cf. note 132 above], was still alive at time of writing. Mahmood Khan tells me that Fazil and Jamila attended every Summer School up to 1939. For one of Fazil's more recent publications on Sufism and Greek mythology, see A. de Vries Feyens, "Het demonium in de mens," in: *De Boodschap*, vol. 4, no. 1, July 1961, pp. 2-8.

⁴⁷⁰ Theo must be referring to "TWO KAZAKS (executioners)," these being free, nomadic men who, like gypsies among the Ottomans, could make a quick getaway upon payment for their dirty work. When the play was first performed in Inayat Khan's lifetime, he assigned the parts of the two Kazaks to Sirdar van Tuyll and Sirkar van Stolk, a choice not lost on observing mureeds, both then and later. In his Vilayatian enthusiasm, Theo entirely forgets the spectacular performances of Zebunnisa Tanfani de Montealto as Naeka, the courtesan, and of two professional actors, Karema (Philippine or "Pine") Belder (Mary de Klerk) from Holland and Sajwar (Karl Martin) Salomonson from Norway, as Maharani and Maharaja, Puran's parents. Karema (7 May 1867 to 12 April 1961) was Inayat Khan's oldest mureed and cheraga, whom he put in charge of directing Suresnes plays. In the 1911-1912 season she had played Gertrude opposite Eduard Verkade (who taught the young Zulaikha van Ingen; cf. note 108 above) as Hamlet, both in The Netherlands and in the Dutch East Indies. I have yet to research Salomonson's career as actor. We know, however, that he and Karema Belder had performed together in Murshid's *Una* three years before, as is established by a photograph in the Nekbakht archives (reproduced below). Another professional actress in that photo is Mies Baay, whose stage name was Elsbeth May.

⁴⁷¹ This event was clearly a Universal Worship. Theo's appellation "church service," which becomes common from now on, probably reflects his erroneous working assumption that Western Sufism is a religion, with the Universal Worship as its central observance, along the same lines as the more established religious denominations. Cf. *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 143-145.

⁴⁷² Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Maheboob Khan had two children, Raheem-un-Nisa and Mahmood, who were thirteen and eleven years old at the time. Mahmood Khan has frequently acted as advisor for the present edition of the *Recollections*.

⁴⁷³ As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 141, Theo van Hoorn is engaged in revisionism. The Shaikh-ul-Mashaik sat by himself against the back wall of the hall, with his family seated on the back row.

⁴⁷⁴ For the Merovingian Saint Odilia, or Sainte Odile, who certainly did not write the much later text Theo van Hoorn had in mind, see note 188 above. Theo here calls her "the patron saint of Paris," but that honour belongs to Sainte Geneviève (turn of the sixth century). It is instructive that Theo manages to overlook the monstrous monuments erected to propagandize the competing

- ideologies of Fascism and Communism at the World's Fair of 1937 while concentrating on sacred hills and things he could have seen in any other year.
- ⁴⁷⁵ This proposition is misleading. Ever since 1910, and particularly intensively in the London years between 1914 and 1920, Hazrat Inayat Khan had personally trained and moulded Mir Pyarumiyan Maheboob Khan and Mohammad Ali Khan in all the theoretical and practical (philosophic and esoteric) aspects of Sufism.
- ⁴⁷⁶ Halvor S. (Akbar) Egeberg must have been born around 1900 and died in 1939. I have yet to establish the nature of his premature death, which was "sudden" according to Øivind Øglaend (email of 24 May 2010). Halvor's brother, John (Munir), followed him as National Representative until his own death in 1959.
- ⁴⁷⁷ This same cosy epithet was later conferred on an equally monumental personality, the Danish "Auntie" Emmy von Medinger. She was for many years Leader of the Vienna Centre, assisted before the Anschluss by Umar von Ehrenfels, who later left for India.
- ⁴⁷⁸ Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Maheboob Khan once remarked that had Yussouf lived, the problems of the first Suresnes crisis (1925) and its later repercussions in The Netherlands would have been much smaller and more manageable.
- ⁴⁷⁹ In his "Architecture" chapter Theo van Hoorn rightly calls it the *Boulevard de Versailles* (now the Boulevard Henri Sellier). However, from the location described by him (looking out over the Sufi Field from the front steps of Fazal Manzil), the rise to the Boulevard de Versailles would have been sharply to his *right*, beyond the Haras de Longchamp and the Rue de l'Hippodrome. To his left would have been the tram rails, running where the Rue de la Poterie is today. Beyond it, to the north-east and only slightly to Theo's left, was the Boulevard Washington, the second important traffic artery embracing the "greater" Sufi Camelot (the Sufi grounds proper plus the area with huts).
- ⁴⁸⁰ At the time that this visit to "Fazal Manzil" took place, being the summer of 1937, Noor would have been twenty-three years old. This was only seven years before her tragic death in Dachau, mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 80.
- ⁴⁸¹ There is a domestic tragedy hidden here. Vilayat Khan has written that his sister Noor became "a little mother" when Begum took to bed with a broken heart after the death of her husband Inayat early in 1927. Basically she never recovered before her death in 1949. That explains why Noor, not Begum, opened the door for Theo, and why Begum had closed off the room in which Inayat Khan's had initiated Theo and others. It does not explain, however, why the room was still closed off a decade later.
- ⁴⁸² As a perennial problem in Dutch-English translation, Theo refers to a "notaris" or notary. A notaris is not a notary public, however. In America almost all his work would be done by a lawyer. In England that would be a solicitor.

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- ⁴⁸³ Shaukat van de Linde, Azmat Faber's older sister, was born Maria Anna Rijka (Mies) Faber in Harlingen on 18 August 1893 and died in her home at 17 Sweelincklaan in Hilversum on 25 December 1974. Unlike Azmat, she married and had two children, Peter and Tina, of which, Harald Faber tells me, the former died years ago in the United States. Shaukat's Amsterdam home, where mureed classes were held from about 1932 to 1935, was at 8 J.J. Viottastraat, about a third of the way from Theo's first residence on the Johannes Verhulststraat to his new place on the Mozartkade.
- ⁴⁸⁴ Note that Theo reversed the sequence of these two sentences.
- ⁴⁸⁵ This unidentified and thoroughly Romantic poem is "Casablanca," published in 1814 by Felicia Dorothea Hermans (1793-1835). I have corrected Theo's capitalization and punctuation.
- ⁴⁸⁶ The passage is from "Ceux qui vivent, ce sont ceux qui luttent" in Victor Hugo's collection *Les châtiments*, which he published in 1853: "Ceux qui vivent, ce sont ceux qui luttent; ce sont / Ceux dont un dessein ferme emplît l'âme et le front. / Ceux qui d'un haut destin gravissent l'âpre cime. / Ceux qui marchent pensifs, épris d'un but sublime. / Ayant devant les yeux sans cesse, nuit et jour, / Ou quelque saint labeur ou quelque grand amour." Theo's version is marred by some punctuation errors but is otherwise perfect.
- ⁴⁸⁷ For ample confirmation of this perspicacious insight, see the quotations and connecting comments in Keesing, *Inayat Answers*, pp. 52-54, or *Antwoorden van Inayat*, pp. 53-55.
- ⁴⁸⁸ Of course, the storm broke on 3 September 1939. Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling died in The Hague on 27 December of that year, but she was buried with her husband in Arnhem. See note 72 above.
- ⁴⁸⁹ Sirkar bought the house from R.H. (Hugo) Loudon. According to a funeral notice kept in the CBG in The Hague, Hugo's mother, Alice Louise Anna Loudon, born baroness Neukirchen, named Nijvenhelm, died at "Rosenhof" in "Rosendael" on 17 June 1940. Hugo presumably sold the villa to Sirkar shortly thereafter. The move to Rozendaal was precipitated by the Germans in 1940, when they commandeered the Van Stolk residence at 6 Cremerweg in The Hague. The family then lived for half a year in Hotel Roosendael (now Residence Roosendael) while Rozenhof was being renovated and Isabelle was recovering from tuberculosis. The Germans apparently razed the Cremerweg home in 1943, along with many other splendid villas in that area, to make place for their coastal defenses.
- ⁴⁹⁰ Who are "people there" or, as Theo van Hoorn calls them elsewhere, "the Suresnes faction"? Was he alluding to Begum, or to a lawyer? Or did he simply want to avoid singling out Vilayat? Mahmood Khan has suggested to me that

Sirkar van Stolk was somehow involved. If so, Theo did not know or refused to acknowledge the fact. Indeed, he represents Sirkar as an ally in bringing Vilayat to his senses.

⁴⁹¹ According to his *persoonskaart*, Shanavaz arrived in The Hague in 1915. The Gemeentearchief of the city has several addresses for him. As he and Camilla Schneider lived at 6 Eerste Sweelinckstraat from 1936 to 1953, Vilayat must have stayed at that address.

⁴⁹² Klaas Steur, “Het moderne Sufisme,” in *Het schild: apologetisch maandblad*, vol. 22, 1941-1942, pp. 13-19, 44-52, 76-81, 109-116, esp. p. 18. Steur was a prolific popular writer on religion, with dozens of volumes to his credit. As Theo states that the articles had not come out yet (in February of 1940), Steur must have submitted copy to Theo for comment. The title had changed slightly by the time of publication.

⁴⁹³ I have kept Steur’s spelling of names, as reported by Theo. Nizam-oe-din Aulia is much better known as Nizam ad-Din (or ud-Din) Awliya (cf. note 100 above).

⁴⁹⁴ Theo is referring to the first five pages of Van Brakell Buys’ *Grondvormen der mystiek*. Like that scholar’s superior *Gestalten uit de Perzische Mystiek* of 1938, it has never been translated into English. Salar Kluwer did not publish *Grondvormen* until 1940. We shall see that Vilayat’s visit to Amsterdam must have taken place shortly before 26 February 1940 (which makes sense in view of the fire in the hearth), when Theo wrote him a note. That means that the *Grondvormen* must have been hot off the press at the time.

⁴⁹⁵ This is one of the “Gamakas” in *Nirtan* (cf. *Inayat Khan, Nirtan* [2nd ed., 1938], p. 16, or Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 524), where Inayat Khan used the present tense: “Many underestimate the greatness of the Cause, seeing the limitation through which I have to work my way out.”

⁴⁹⁶ As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 106, it is simply incorrect to speak of a Sufi Movement or Order by 1910.

⁴⁹⁷ Theo is being optimistic. Meester Willem Frederik Lodewijk graaf van Bylandt (1896-1990), Dutch ambassador to Italy and Tunis (see *Nederland’s Adelsboek*, Vol. 80, 1989, p. 622), is by now obscure, whether inside or outside The Netherlands. Theo must have known him, at least by reputation, as Bylandt was one of three figures — the others being Khushnasib (Elouis) Hübner, mentioned above, and the Geneva-based woman accountant Karima Muster, “joint secretary” to the Secretary-General at IHQ (meaning that she did most of Murshid Talewar Dussaq’s administrative chores, as well as prepared lectures for publication and circulation) — appointed by Sufi General Headquarters in 1934 to look into Sirkar van Stolk’s administration of the Suresnes Summer School. Cf. note 503S above.

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- ⁴⁹⁸ What Theo writes is “de Shamatoetreding van vooraanstaande figuren op wetenschappelijk gebied,” but I do not know what “Shama joining” means, or who these high-power intellectuals are supposed to have been. With “the Star of the East” Theo no doubt meant the Theosophical Order of the Star of the East, dedicated to Krishnamurtri (and briefly discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 83 and 124). The Oxford Group of Theo’s time (not to be confused with the Oxford *Movement* of 1833 to 1845) was a loosely organized revivalist movement founded by an American-Swiss Lutheran minister, Dr. Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman (1878-1961). It tended to centre around the drawing rooms of wealthy people and came complete with dramatic confessionals, which is why it has been called a Salvation Army for the privileged. For an indication of what Theo may have known about the Oxford Group, see Mourik Broekman, *Geestelijke stromingen*, pp. 168-178, who writes about the Oxford *Movement*, like Theo, but who does not mention a single scholarly member.
- ⁴⁹⁹ Theo is being pessimistic. One could name Dr. Oskar Cameron Gruner, who left for Canada in 1931 and soon became an formidable haematologist at McGill University in Montreal. There was also the eminent Austrian anthropologist Umar-Rolf Freiherr von Ehrenfels, who, having escaped from the Nazi threat, lived for thirty years in India. He maintained close connections with the family of Shaikh-ul-Mashaik Maheboob Khan. Later, the renowned economist H.J. Witteveen and three professorial academics within two generations of the Van Lohuizen family were both outstanding scholars and dedicated mureeds.
- ⁵⁰⁰ “Du glaubst zu schieben, und du wirst geschoben.” This is super-famous Goethe, from “Walpurgis Night” of his *Faust*. Theo omits the “und.” “But” works better in English.
- ⁵⁰¹ Saint Thomas Aquinas (c. 1225-1274), Saint Teresa of Avila (1515-1582), Saint John of the Cross (1542-1591) and Saint Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1556). Theo is talking about Van Brakell Buys’ foreword to his *Grondvormen der Mystiek*, pp. 3-5.
- ⁵⁰² Nothing in the *Recollections* tells us why Salima van Braam should have been the mystic of will. Theo knew, however, that Salima ran and nurtured her successful Amsterdam centre even as she grew more and more deaf over the years. He mentions her handicap in “Fragment from ‘The Younger Generation.’”
- ⁵⁰³ Here, surely, we have arrived at Theo’s *reductio ad absurdum* of Van Brakell Buys’ tripartite classification of mystics, as found in his *Grondvormen der mystiek*, pp. 3-5.
- ⁵⁰⁴ But where on earth is Theo van Hoorn’s son? As Van Hoorn tells us in his “Introduction” that he entertained great hopes for a lasting bond between Paul and Vilayat, why did he not allow the boy and young man a moment of reacquaintance just before Vilayat’s departure? Sure, it was “late in the

evening” and therefore probably past Paul’s normal bedtime, but an exception could surely have been made for such a very special occasion.

- ⁵⁰⁵ Theo is showing his customary tact here. Hidayat was being impolite even by today’s standards. In The Netherlands of the late thirties, however, honking one’s horn late at night in a good neighbourhood, must have been almost unthinkable rude. I am told by Mahmood Khan that his cousin Hidayat (who now remembers nothing of this Amsterdam incident) was quite a handful, so that Murshid used to call him “the Communist” on occasion. He became an accomplished musician in the Western tradition and is still alive and well. He took over from Johannes Witteveen as Representative General Sufi of the International Sufi Movement in 1993, when he was also advanced from “Esoteric Head” of the Sufi Order (being the central Movement “activity”) to full Pir-o-Murshidship.
- ⁵⁰⁶ By this time, readers may recall, the Van Hoorn family had moved to 5 Mozartkade. Theo mentions this later address in passing in his “Haras de Longchamp” chapter as the place where Kefayat LLoyd met Dildar Hartzuiker. One would have to walk through the substantial front garden shared by 5 and 6 Mozartkade to the street to be able to see the lights of a visiting car disappear, to the right, down the Stadionweg.
- ⁵⁰⁷ It is difficult to imagine that Theo reproduced whole paragraphs of *Siddhartha* from memory, but what else could explain errors such as “blickte” instead of “blühte”?
- ⁵⁰⁸ By 14 March 1940, the German invasion, which began on 10 May, was drawing close. About three months after Vilayat wrote this note, he fled to London with his mother and sisters, whereas Hidayat and his wife headed for unoccupied southern France.
- ⁵⁰⁹ Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 230, implies that “all of the Movement’s assets in Holland were seized by the secret police” because Sufi leaders had not heeded Maheboob Khan’s call for extreme discretion. Sufi assets were reinstated after the war (cf. note 511 below). The confiscated Sufi archives ended up in Russia and were not repatriated until 2003.
- ⁵¹⁰ Both Ameen Carp and Mahmood Khan have explained to me that Vilayat did not learn his lesson nearly as well as Theo assumed. The money of the Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling Stichting was not (as yet) stolen by the Germans, but confiscated by them. That meant that Fazal Mai Egeling’s fortune reverted to the Foundation after the Second World War. Vilayat then tried once more to gain direct control of the fortune and, failing there, to influence consecutive Sufi representatives on the Egeling board to privilege the third concern of the foundation (i.e., himself) over the maintenance of “Fazal Manzil” and the interests of Murshid’s two other surviving children, Hidayat and Khair-un-

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- Nisa (now Claire Harper). The problem is that the only surviving record of the statues of the Foundation (which is cited by Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 238), specifies Vilayat as beneficiary. Van Hoorn and others argued that there had been an earlier version that reflected Fazal Mai's intentions more closely. Theo's *Recollections* provide vital evidence in a dispute that outlived him, with the Sufi Movement pitted against the Order International.
- ⁵¹¹ See *SM*, Vol. XII, p. 209. The actual line spoken by Vairagi is "All this is amazing Maya."
- ⁵¹² De Blinkert is not the house with a varanda, isolated in the dunes, that Theo mentioned earlier in connection with the early summer of 1928. It was called "Ulysses" and torn down in 1943 to be replaced by hotel Nassau-Bergen. "Blinkert" (without De) was another, less isolated villa. For the appearance of Bergen around 1930, see Bert Buizer and Frits David Zeiler, *Een verjaardag aan zee: Bergen aan Zee 1906-2006* (Schoorl, Pirola, 2006), esp. pp. 19 and 37.
- ⁵¹³ This is another example of how Theo can ignore problematic developments in the Movement. In "February 5, 1927" and "Katwijk" (in 1928), Sirdar van Tuyl is National Representative of the Netherlands. In June of 1930, however, Sirdar left the Movement because he and four other leading Sufis (Armstrong, Best, Kjøsterud and Meyer) lost their bid to revoke the 1929 resolution acknowledging Maheboob Khan as Esoteric Head of the Sufi Order. See Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, pp. 219-221, complete with Van Tuyl's rationale for "denying the possibility of any authentic succession."
- ⁵¹⁴ The School of Philosophy in Amersfoort is the Internationale School voor Wijsbegeerte, now at 8 Dodeweg, 3832RD Leusden. There are numerous photographs of the building and grounds available online. The event mentioned by Theo van Hoorn took place in the spring of 1938.
- ⁵¹⁵ Azim, who had been a forester in the Dutch East Indies, was Johan Kerbert. He was born in 1873 and died in Amersfoort on 2 December 1945. He moved frequently within that city, ending up at 27 Bankastraat. He was the father of Shireen Kerbert, the force behind the Smit-Kerbert collection. Narbada, or Philippine Louise Maria Kerbert-Schroeter, was born in 1883 and died in Driebergen shortly before 22 January 1970. She was Azim's second wife and Shireen's stepmother. Narbada had three children of her own from a previous marriage, namely, Harry, Mary and Amy Zeiler. Only Harry, it appears was a Sufi. The funeral announcements of both Azim and Narbada quote Inayat Khan with respect to the awakening of the soul after death.
- ⁵¹⁶ It was after this same Universal Worship, we recall, that Theo and Dien reencountered Raushan Kervel-Mensink, alias Chitrani, after most of fourteen years. As mentioned in note 141 above, the Boskapel or Zuiderkapel of Bilthoven seats 450 people.

- ⁵¹⁷ “The journalist Lensink” (Theo has Lansing) was Munawir (Gerrit Jan) Lensink, who was born in Rotterdam on 19 December 1889 and died at 84 Nieuwe Binnenweg of that city, after years of suffering, on 16 October 1960, leaving his wife of twenty-seven years, Wijbrigje Lensink-Koopmans (born 21 November 1911), and three children, Anne Marie, Hendrik Jan and Harm Jan. Fascinated by stories from the Old Testament, Lensink taught himself Hebrew. For three of his final neo-Christian Sufi publications, see G.J. Lensink, “De schepping der wereld,” in: *De Soefi Gedachte*, vol. 13, December 1959, pp. 66-77; idem, “De schepping der wereld,” *ibid.*, vol. 14, June 1960, pp. 34-39; and idem, “Het verhaal van Kain en Abel,” *ibid.*, vol. 14, December 1960, pp. 69-77, with brief necrology.
- ⁵¹⁸ The AVRO is the Algemene Vereniging Radio Omroep, or General Society for Radio Broadcasting. VARA stands for Vereniging Arbeiders Radio Amateurs, meaning Society of Workers Radio Amateurs.
- ⁵¹⁹ KRO stands for Katholieke Radio Omroep, VPRO for Vrijzinnig Protestantse Radio Omroep, and NCRV for Nederlandse Christelijke Radio Vereniging.
- ⁵²⁰ Humanitair Idealistische Radio Omroep in Dutch. In his picture of the struggle between the six Dutch radio broadcasters, Theo van Hoorn lampoons the columniation of Dutch society. His message, of course, is that the Sufis (and not the Theosophists) were above petty rivalry. Note that the Institute for Social History in Amsterdam has a small HIRO archive for the years 1937 to 1940, which would allow the interested reader to identify everyone Theo mentions.
- ⁵²¹ Fridtjof Nansen (1861-1930), Roald Amundsen (1872-1928), Robert Edwin Peary (1866-1920), Earnest Henry Shackleton (1874-1922) and Richard Byrd (1888-1957). The name of the distinguished captain, which Theo omits, was Charcot. See Jean-Baptiste Charcot, *The Voyage of the “Why Not? in the Antarctic”* (1911); as *The Voyage of the “Pourquoi Pas?: The Journal of the Second French South Polar Expedition, 1908-1910* (1978). The “Pourquoi Pas” was a small wooden ship which served Charcot well in the Antarctic between 1907 and 1918, but it sank off the coast of Iceland, drowning Charcot and most of his crew, only two years before Van Hoorn wrote his HIRO chapter.
- ⁵²² Amsterdam’s Hotel Krasnapolsky has a complex building history. Adolph Wilhelm Krasnapolsky (1934-1912) began with a café-restaurant on the Warmoesstraat in 1865, which he had expanded into a major hotel by 1883. The present facade on the Dam, across from the Royal Palace, dates from 1927. It was not until 1957, however, that the address numbering was changed from 187-205 Warmoesstraat to 9-15 Dam. The nineteenth-century facade on the Warmoesstraat may be seen in a drawing by L.W.R. Wenckebach (1860-1937)

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- in Han de Vries, et. al., *Amsterdam omstreeks 1900* (Amsterdam, De Bezige Bij, 1974), p. 20.
- ⁵²³ Twenty-five guilder cents may not sound like a heck of a lot, but its buying power was still roughly equivalent to a couple of today's dollars. Remember that this was during the Great Depression; many people were pinching pennies at the time. Few HIRO members and even fewer Sufis can have belonged to that category, however.
- ⁵²⁴ The whole transaction was not as complicated as it sounds. Cheques were rare at the time, but virtually every well-to-do Dutchmen had a so-called "giro" account, which greatly facilitated money transfers. That is why Theo refers to a "girobetaling" or giro payment.
- ⁵²⁵ This is Theo's only allusion to the struggle of his times for more comprehensive social legislation. *Doctorandus* Dirk Andries van Krevelen (Rotterdam, 5 January 1872 - Hilversum, 24 February 1947) was a distinguished social activist who, between 1903 and 1937, wrote and co-authored numerous pamphlets about old-age pension issues in Holland, Germany, Denmark and England. Perhaps the most seminal item is D.A. van Krevelen, *De lotgevallen van het staatspensioen in de Staten-Generaal* (Arnhem, Bond voor Staatspensionneering, 1916). This league for the advancement of a national old-age pension plan got started in 1900. Drs. van Krevelen chaired it from 1916 to 1918. As Van Krevelen was also a respected clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church (starting in Haamstede in 1896 and ending in Deinum in 1937), who further served as chair and editor of a few evangelical organizations and periodicals, Theo could not afford to question his motivation. Nevertheless, he almost certainly saw Van Krevelen as a deluded "katheder-Socialist" (cf. note 679 below). For an indication of what the social activist thought about the likes of Van Hoorn, see *De lotgevallen*, pp. 25-38, "De Rechterzijde en het Roode Spook" (The Right Wing and the Red Spectre).
- ⁵²⁶ Drs. van Krevelen published the text of his offending radio presentation in a four-page brochure. See D.A. van Krevelen, *Zij kunnen wachten dagen en nachten: wat wil toch eigenlijk die bond voor staatspensionneering?* (Hilversum, 1927). Literally translated, the title means "They can wait day and night: what does that league for a national pension plan want anyway?" Theo implies that this broadcast was a recent transgression, but it was in fact eleven years in the past. Van Krevelen's acute frustration is understandable in view of the negligible progress made by his cause over most of three decades. Only in 1947, under *minister-president* Willem Drees (1886-1988), did things at last start moving, with comprehensive old-age legislation (*Algemene Ouderdomswet*) finally passed in 1956, almost literally over Theo's dead body.

- ⁵²⁷ Commenting on Dutch national character by quoting an unidentified English critic, is neither helpful nor authoritative. Googling Theo's Dutch or my English translation is of no help.
- ⁵²⁸ The distinguished individual in question is Douglas Biersteker, who was born in Amsterdam on 7 March 1897 and died in Haarlem on 21 January 1979. Biersteker became the Agent of "De Javasche Bank" in Makassar (then Celebes, now Sulawesi), where (as one can read online) he purchased a yacht named Iris (Regenboog 55) in 1937. In 1939 Biersteker sold the Iris to "de Heer A.J. Ramons," the newly appointed agent of the Java China Japan Lijn in Makassar. This suggests that Biersteker returned to The Netherlands shortly before World War II. He later became Director of the "Bank Indonesia" in New York (home office in Haarlem) and was knighted in the "Orde van Oranje Nassau." His funeral notice indicates he had a former wife, Mimi, and four children living in New York, whereas he and a new partner, Nel Carras-Bron, resided at 39 Van Riebeecklaan in Haarlem. I do not know if Biersteker became a Sufi.
- ⁵²⁹ The Dallingas have already shown up in Amsterdam on 5 February 1927. Theo there tells us that the Healing was conducted in their home. They apparently left for the Dutch Indies sometime in the late twenties or early thirties. They must have returned to Holland after the Second World War, as Mahmood Khan recalls that Mohammad Ali Khan used his influence to find Dallinga a job in a bank at that time.
- ⁵³⁰ I have no information about Miss Steffelaar, but *ingenieur* Wildschut, or Johannes Wildschut, is familiar to us as the young mureed who made a film of the laying of the first stone for the Universel in Suresnes. He enjoyed a long and distinguished career in the Dutch East Indies, where he is sighted in Theo's "HIRO" chapter. Significantly he was knighted (Ridder in de Huisorde van Oranje Nassau) for his services. He married his wife, Elske Veen, on 7 January 1931, while still in Holland, but both their children were born in the Indies: Alina Christina in Djember on 2 April 1932 and Adrianus in Batavia on 22 November 1940. The family had returned to The Netherlands by 23 March 1946 and registered in Utrecht on 30 September 1955. Elske died on 1 February 1983, fifteen years before her husband (cf. note 316 above).
- ⁵³¹ Unless I am mistaken, the point of the joke is that people up in Groningen were so provincial that news of Murshid's death had yet to reach them more than a decade after the fact.
- ⁵³² As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 124-125, this proposition, which includes Theo van Hoorn's fourth reference to Hazrat Inayat Khan as preacher (cf. notes 178, 189 and 335 above), reflects his poor understanding of Murshid's London years.

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- ⁵³³ Theo already quoted this in his “Introduction.”
- ⁵³⁴ The original in *Gayan*, “Chalas” is less polished: “No person living on earth can come up to your ideal, except some hero of a story of the past.” See Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 139.
- ⁵³⁵ “Wie nimmt ein leidenschaftlich Stamm’len, / Geschrieben sich so seltsam aus.” I have not located these lines.
- ⁵³⁶ Al Djami is Maulana Nur al-Din Abd al-Rahman Djami in full. Hafiz is the great Persian Sufi poet Hafiz of Shiraz, or Khwaja Shams ud-Din Hafiz-i Shirazi (1326-1380).
- ⁵³⁷ See Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten uit de Perzische mystiek*, p. 25. The missing bit between my square brackets reads “founder of an influential dervish order.”
- ⁵³⁸ Again Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten*, p. 25. As Van Hoorn reports below that he read both Brakell Buys’ *Gestalten* and *Grondvormen* while in Vinkeveen in the spring of 1945, it is not clear why he should claim to be quoting “approximately” or (see just below) “loosely.” Despite minor changes (such as “Jallaluddin” to “Rumi”) and occasional omissions, Theo is mainly quoting with treacherous selectivity. The missing words at the beginning of this passage are “inebriated by God,” whereas the missing phrase at the end reads: “to know it [Rumi’s spirit] is to know Muhammadan Persia at its zenith.”
- ⁵³⁹ Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten*, pp. 25-26. In this instance, Van Hoorn is quoting closely. Given that Willem Rudolf published in 1938, his use of “menschelijk” was mildly retrograde. With Theo’s typescript misplaced, it is impossible to tell whether it was he or Ameen Carp who updated the spelling to “menselijk.”
- ⁵⁴⁰ Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten*, p. 49. Theo introduced only minor changes, such as “bij tijd en wijle” instead of “bij wijle” and “geen enkel stelsel” instead of “geen stelsel.”
- ⁵⁴¹ Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten*, pp. 53 (53-70 for the chapter).
- ⁵⁴² Van Brakell Buys, *Gestalten*, p. 67. Van Hoorn omitted two sentences (joined by a semicolon) at the point indicated. The new paragraph in the middle of the quotation was introduced by me following the example of Willem Rudolf, not of Theo.
- ⁵⁴³ The remainder of the text is missing at this point. This is still another indication that Theo did not truly prepare a manuscript for publication.
- ⁵⁴⁴ Theo van Hoorn quotes the super-famous “Ozymandias” by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) with a handful of punctuation errors and a couple of extra spaces.
- ⁵⁴⁵ To put a face and date to these events, Field-Marshal Erwin Rommel (1891-1944), known as “the desert fox,” opened the first battle for El Alamein on 1 July 1942. As a bit of trivia, *der Erwin* got the *Realgymnasium* education that was somehow denied to Theo.

- ⁵⁴⁶ Perhaps not so remotely. Theo van Hoorn's younger brother, Reindert, committed suicide in 1922, and *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 49 shows that Theo's brother Piet was also a troubled soul. An indication of just how depressed Theo was in the summer of 1942 is his omission of the 17 July wedding of two good Sufi friends, Shanavaz van Spengler and Camilla Schneider. Yet Theo mentions them repeatedly in connection with events that took place later that year.
- ⁵⁴⁷ Theo must be referring to Operation "Pedestal" of 10 to 15 August 1942. He appears to have been confused. The destination of this and other such convoys was Malta, not Port Said. Losses were heavy but enough ships reached Malta to save it. Predictably the Germans made Pedestal out to be a complete disaster, which Theo apparently still believed when writing in 1944-45. Finally, Theo must have inserted his information about Vilayat after the war, or around its close, without bothering to correct the earlier German propaganda.
- ⁵⁴⁸ This is the only place that Van Hoorn uses the familiar *meneer* instead of the more formal *de heer*. Clearly Paul knows that *jonkheer* Shanavaz van Spengler is a family friend. Shanavaz was also *mr.* or *meester*; upon becoming a Cherag, he is to have said, "I have exchanged my lawyer's gown for a Cherag's robe."
- ⁵⁴⁹ The reference is to a posthumous Dutch translation of a book by Sophie Wörishöffer (1838-1890), *Op het oorlogspad: een Indianengeschiedenis uit het Verre Westen* (Almelo, Hilarius, 1891). Indian adventures, especially those written by Karl May (1842-1912), were obligatory reading for boys at the time.
- ⁵⁵⁰ Perhaps this "big building on the Riviera" was inspired by the Palazzo Orengo in the gardens at La Mortola, which Theo certainly saw in 1922, at least from the outside. Other passages of this dream are reminiscent of some works by the Dutch surrealist/magic realist painter Carel Willink (1900-1983), suggesting a Dutch context. As Willink attended the same Amsterdam HBS as Theo (though more than a decade later), a connection might be worth investigating.
- ⁵⁵¹ We already know Wim (*ingenieur* W.A.N.) Eggink and his wife Bhakti (G.) Eggink-van Stolk, the sister of Sirkar van Stolk (cf. note 134). Shakti, whose Christian names were Maria Christina, was Sirkar's other sister. I understand she was a little older, taller and more naive than Bhakti. She married thrice, the first two husbands being Sufis, one of whom was Elouis Hübner.
- ⁵⁵² Julius Barmat (1888-1938) and his stairwell are discussed in detail in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 54-58. As indicated there, the wood is oak, not mahogany.
- ⁵⁵³ Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, is driven mad by Hamlet's disdain in Shakespeare's play by that name. The precise connection — beyond Ophelia's reclining position as she lies in the water before drowning — escapes me.

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- ⁵⁵⁴ The name of Apjar's brother was C. van Stolk, but I have yet to identify the name behind that initial. The two brothers apparently did not get along. Sirkar once claimed that his brother was about as sensitive as a radiator pipe, so it is not clear why Theo came to mention this sibling at all. Even so, sibling rivalry may have helped tempt Sirkar into trying his hand at business in South Africa. Fear of the Russians in Berlin and of Mohammad Ali Khan in the Sufi Movement, may have contributed to Sirkar's decision.
- ⁵⁵⁵ "Kasteel Rozendaal" or Kasteel Rosendael was probably founded by the counts of Gelre in the early fourteenth century, but little of the medieval building remains, most of it being of the seventeenth, eighteenth and (the wings) nineteenth centuries. As its name indicates, it is located in Rozendaal, where Sirkar van Stolk lived. The beautiful gardens were laid out in the first half of the eighteenth and in the nineteenth centuries. The ponds mentioned by Theo can be admired online. Helen, we recall, was Anna Helena (1929-2001), Sirkar van Stolk's second daughter and child.
- ⁵⁵⁶ Stalingrad fell on 2 February 1943, which means Theo discusses this event out of sequence, as he moves on to 15 December 1942 further on. Friedrich Paulus (1890-1957) was of modest background and therefore no v. Paulus, as the Russians continued to honour him. He had twice wanted to surrender earlier. Hitler refused and promoted Paulus to Field-Marshal in the hope that he would have the decency to commit suicide, no one of that rank having ever surrendered before. Paulus refused and was captured reclining on a bed, smoking. Later Paulus defied Hitler by joining the National Committee to Free Germany (a German anti-Nazi group) while a prisoner in the Soviet Union. It cost him his wife, whom he never saw again.
- ⁵⁵⁷ Again, Camilla Schneider and Shanavaz van Spengler lived in The Hague, at 6 Eerste Sweelinckstraat. As they married on 14 July 1942, they were man and wife by this time. It remains a curiosity that Theo does not mention the wedding. As I have already suggested, he may have missed the event because of his depression of that summer. More important is the concrete contemporary evidence for regular clandestine meetings of Dutch Sufis during the German occupation (cf. Zia Inayat Khan, *A Hybrid Sufi Order*, p. 231).
- ⁵⁵⁸ Veere is a small historical city with about 1,600 inhabitants located on the former Island of Walcheren in the Dutch province of Zeeland. The main remnants of its past as a major port are the medieval Grote Kerk and Stadhuis.
- ⁵⁵⁹ Theo has his events out of sequence. This meeting took place a month and a half before the fall of Stalingrad, discussed above.
- ⁵⁶⁰ Gawery and Manohary rented rooms at 8 Vondellaan, near the centre of Hilversum. The place now houses Van Dijn Architecten.

- ⁵⁶¹ As Theo mentions, this tripartite volume was published by his friend Salar Kluwer (3rd ed., Deventer, AE. E. Kluwer, 1940). Highly unusually, this volume specifies not only its date of publication but also that the first and second editions came out in 1926 and 1931. The competing publisher alluded to by Theo, may have been Carolus Verhulst of Uitgeverij Servire (cf. note 28S above). Verhulst put out some of the earliest Dutch translations of Inayat Khan's work, which is why he may have been promised the contract. Verhulst was not an outsider in so far as he was a member of Sirdar van Tuyll's circle. By 1938, however, Van Tuyll himself was publishing Theosophic claims to independence from the Movement in the back of a Servire republication of a work by Lucy Goodenough, so that Theo may have preferred Salar Kluwer, with his strong personal commitment to "les amis de Murshid."
- ⁵⁶² See Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 230.
- ⁵⁶³ Theo van Hoorn's rented cottage has been swallowed up by extensive recreational development, so that the Groenlandsekade has become an unlikely place to seek out solitude. Theo does not precise the address in any case. The Dutch have a Napoleonic Registry of Births, Deaths, and Marriages that also seeks to keep track of all the changes of domicile of all citizens from cradle to grave. The German occupiers used these records to devastating advantage. Going by the official data cards, or *persoonskaarten* for Theo, Dien and Paul, however, they remained in Amsterdam all through the war. One of the chief attractions of Theo's cottage was that it did not exist on paper.
- ⁵⁶⁴ Fortress Holland is not an easy concept. It was a substantial area protected to the east by a chain of inundatable land areas and forts called the "waterlinie" (the Water Line), which ran south from the IJsselmeer down to the great rivers by way of the city of Utrecht. When Theo refers to Fortress Holland, he is talking about most of the Provincie Noord-Holland, almost all of the Provincie Zuid-Holland and about half of the Provincie Utrecht, including the Vinkeveense Plassen. Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery (1887-1946) left Fortress Holland virtually undamaged because, late in the war, both he and General Eisenhower favoured a rapid eastward thrust from the Dutch-German frontier into Germany, leaving the starving population of Fortress Holland to wait for relief. As a consequence, Utrecht, Amsterdam, The Hague and Rotterdam starved but ended up being liberated without bombing or shelling. See Colonel C.P. [Charles Percy] Stacey (1906-1989), *Official History of the Canadian Army in the Second World War, Vol. III, The Victory Campaign: The Operations in North-West Europe, 1944-45* (Ottawa, Cloutier, 1969), pp. 569, 572 and 581-587, and note 625 below.
- ⁵⁶⁵ The impregnable Mareth Line was the formidable natural barrier formed by the Matmâta hills of southern Tunisia. First came Operation "Pugilist," when

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- the Eighth Army attacked the line on 19 March 1943, but the Fifteenth Panzer Division destroyed them on 22 March. Operation “Supercharge II” of 26 and 27 March then finished the job.
- ⁵⁶⁶ British armour entered Tunis on 7 May 1943. The Allied invasion of mainland Italy at Salerno, undertaken by the United States Fifth Army and the British Eighth Army, began on 9 September 1943. That is a full four months, not “a little,” later. Between Tunis and Salerno came the invasion of Sicily from 9 July to 17 August 1943.
- ⁵⁶⁷ As the comedienne Anna Russell (1911-2006) used to say, “I am not making this up, you know.” Theo’s Dutch reads: “En opnieuw is een schakel gereed gekomen in de reeks van gebeurtenissen, die onafwendbaar hun verloop zullen blijken te nemen.”
- ⁵⁶⁸ Theo has “6 June 1944,” which we all know was “D-Day.” Rome fell on 4 June, which was also the day that Eisenhower decided to proceed with the invasion of Normandy (cf. note 569 below). In other words, the fall of Rome on the fourth was in a manner of speaking the sign for the invasion of the West two days later. I suspect that someone “corrected” Theo in 1980, when the *Recollections* were being typeset.
- ⁵⁶⁹ Eisenhower is super-famous. He is Dwight David Eisenhower (1890-1969), the Supreme Commander of the Allied forces on D day and a later president of Columbia University, supreme commander of NATO, and 34th President of the USA (1953-1961). Normandy had been picked as the destination for Operation “Overlord” before Eisenhower was made Supreme Commander, but he and Field Marshall Montgomery revised the invasion plans. Theo’s seemingly awkward wording is accurate. The weather was expected to improve temporarily on 6 June, but Ike had already decided to proceed on 4 June, under ghastly meteorological conditions. The fleet left England on the morning of 5 June, when conditions had improved only slightly.
- ⁵⁷⁰ Instead of trying to document or correct Van Hoorn’s version of events, I repeat two related observations by Colonel Charles Perry Stacey. The invasion forces took the Germans by surprise on the morning of 6 June, but they did not truly maintain the momentum of the attack on the next day. See *The Victory Campaign*, pp. 121 and 119. The real Allied breakout from Normandy only got started in the week of 24 to 31 July. Beyond that, we see that, altogether typically, Van Hoorn cannot stick to a specific vantage point in time. What does he mean by “later” and “it was admitted”?
- ⁵⁷¹ The rapid advance towards the Seine began on 23 August 1944. Antwerp was not reached until 4 September. In other words, the summer was almost over when these events took place, whereas Theo’s wording implies that it all happened early in the season.

- ⁵⁷² As mentioned in notes 7 and 111 above, Azmat Faber had only just moved to Baarn on 10 April 1942, after eight years of living in Utrecht with Zulaikha van Ingen.
- ⁵⁷³ The brief contribution of Hayat Kluwer-Rahusen (Smit-Kerbert, no. 14) is a moving testimony to her close attachment to Murshid as her personal deliverer, beginning with a lecture of his in Arnhem in 1922. See *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 85-86, for the seminal passages, including “Oh God, this is what my soul has yearned for; this is Mercy. I thank you for this meeting.” Hayat Kluwer is unusual because she is one of only two identifiable dog (or cat) lovers that I encountered in five years of research on Western Sufism (the other being Kadir van Lohuizen).
- ⁵⁷⁴ This, of course, was the renowned Operation “Market-Garden” of 17 to 26 September 1944. See Stacey, *The Victory Campaign*, pp. 310-322, esp. p. 313: “The unfortunate result of the operation has led to stories that it was betrayed to the Germans. If it really was betrayed, the Germans apparently did not believe the traitor or act upon the information they received from him; for their records do not reflect any precautionary troop movements immediately before the operation.”
- ⁵⁷⁵ Pieter Gerbrandy (1885-1961) was a Dutch Minister of Justice who fled to London on 13 May 1940, three days after the German invasion. In September 1940 Queen Wilhelmina, who was also in London (the two younger generations of the House of Orange being in Ottawa, Canada), proclaimed him Prime Minister after the incumbent, *jonkheer* Dirk Jan de Geer (1870-1960), had returned to Holland. Gerbrandy resigned when The Netherlands were liberated. Gerbrandy’s call for a national railway strike came via *Radio Oranje* on 17 September 1944, and the strike lasted until the end of the war. The 30,000 railway workers had earlier declined to join a major strike of April to May 1943.
- ⁵⁷⁶ Theo van Hoorn might have considered that the Germans were at war, with Allied forces breathing down their necks and Allied bombs raining down on their cities and supply lines. Nor did the Germans call the railway strike, which they warned would disrupt food and fuel supplies to the western provinces of The Netherlands. The Germans therefore deployed their own precious trains to supply their own forces only. Whereas many Germans may have felt that the Dutch were getting what they deserved, “systematically and ruthlessly” is a little melodramatic under the circumstances.
- ⁵⁷⁷ Van Hoorn is being a little cryptic here, but he is referring to one of the most astonishing developments of the Second World War, namely, the Warsaw Uprising, which lasted from 1 August to 2 October 1944. The Red Army stopped short of Warsaw, allowing the Germans to crush the revolt, destroy

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the city, and kill or expel most of its population. With the Nazis having done their worst, the Red Army took the ruined city on 17 January 1945. The Russian logic was to eliminate the Polish Home Army, which was under the command of the Polish government-in-exile in London, thereby assuring complete Soviet control of Poland after the war.

⁵⁷⁸ As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 24, Theo van Hoorn had a HBS, not a *gymnasium* diploma. He therefore knew neither Greek nor Latin. He must have regretted this and have wanted to ensure that his son Paul would have all the advantages. Elly was the oldest daughter of Theo's brother Hendrik. She was born in Amsterdam on 18 March 1917, meaning she was twenty-seven years old when she joined Theo, Dien and Paul in Vinkeveen. She married Johan Machiel, or Han, Essmann in Almelø on 27 April 1955 and died in Orvelte on 25 May 1978, survived by Han and a son named Machiel. Her funeral announcement makes no allusion to the Sufi Movement. (Elly's younger sister Helma, born on 12 May 1819, could still be alive. Her husband, Rudolf Julius, or Rudi, Hijman, whom she married in Arnhem on 22 May 1955, died in Doorwerth on 5 May 1986, when "almost 83" years old.)

⁵⁷⁹ Theo might have added "than in Amsterdam." As is mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 50, Elly and her family lived at 10 Raphaëlstraat in Amsterdam Zuid, close to Theo, Dien and Lucie van Hoorn.

⁵⁸⁰ The Veluwe is a predominantly forested region of the province of Gelderland, to the East of the city of Amersfoort. Apeldoorn, Arnhem and Wageningen are a few other important centres. The "Achterhoek" or "back corner" is to the east of the Veluwe, again in the Province of Gelderland, ending at the German border to the south and east, with Zutphen, Doetichem and Winterswijk the largest towns. The Wieringermeerpolder is located to the north of Amsterdam, in the province of Noord-Holland. For information and pictures, see De Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden*, Vol. Xb, Part I, pp. 256-275 and figs. 72-75. The food searchers were generally women, as men could be pressed into labour in Germany. It was bitter cold, bicycles had no tires, food could be confiscated or stolen, success was not assured, and the journeys themselves were very hard on underfed and exhausted people. Naturally, wealthy individuals were more likely to meet with success on the flourishing black market back home, or with greedy farmers in the country.

⁵⁸¹ The 1981 *Recollections* refer to an "Amstelkruiser," but the Amstel River is nowhere near the Groenlandsekade, where Theo's cottage was located. Theo must have meant the Angstel River, which meanders for about four miles between the villages of Abcoude and Loenersloot.

- ⁵⁸² The strong chess-player who taught Paul mathematics could be any one of several gifted young men, such as Johan Barendrecht (born 1924), competing in the tournaments set up in various cities immediately after the war (cf. *TKNSB*, vol. 54, 1946. *passim*). Note, however, that a young star of the Amsterdam Chess Club “Max Euwe,” Arnold Johan van den Hoek (born on 1 December 1921) was shipped off to Germany for refusing to sign an oath of allegiance to the invaders and ended up doing slave labour at the Hermann Göring Works in Watenstedt-Salzgitter (home to three concentration camps by then), where he died in an Allied bombardment on 16 January 1945 (cf. W.A.T. Schelfhout, “In memoriam Arnoldus Johannes van den Hoek,” *Partij verloren*, pp. 89-91). It was that kind of fate that the two youths hiding on the Angstel were trying to avoid, but they were risking an even worse one in nearby Amersfoort (cf. note 624 below).
- ⁵⁸³ “Wie oren heeft om te horen, die hore!” probably comes from Matthew 11, 15, “*He that hath ears to hear let him hear.*” We find the same utterance in Luke 14,35. Still another possibility is Mark 4,9: “And he said unto them, *He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.*” There are also slight variants, as in Mark 4, 23. The exclamation mark is Theo’s addition.
- ⁵⁸⁴ Again, the 1981 edition has “the Amstel,” but Theo probably wrote “the Angstel.” It joins the Winkel River south of Abcoude. The 1936 *King Atlas* (cf. note 4S above), has a two-page spread (map nos. 16 and 17) that makes the complicated situation perfectly clear except for the direction of flow throughout this spider-web of rivers.
- ⁵⁸⁵ Field-Marshal (not General) Karl Rudolf Gerd von Rundstedt (1875-1953) did not believe in the offensive on Antwerp that led to the Battle of the Bulge. In fact, he was not informed about it until December. Theo returns to Von Rundstedt and Bastogne below.
- ⁵⁸⁶ The “Zueignung” to *Faust*, of course. I managed without George Madison Priest in this instance.
- ⁵⁸⁷ It may help to know that The Netherlands are fairly far north. In the heart of the winter, it will not get light until almost 9:00 A.M. In the summer, these would be early morning hours.
- ⁵⁸⁸ The full phrase is “Nuts to you!” In other words, Theo is misinterpreting “drop dead” as “you are nuts.”
- ⁵⁸⁹ The event took place on 22 December 1944. One suspects that any romanticism was in Theo van Hoorn’s head. It is curious that he remembered the name of Von Rundstedt (who did issue some nasty threats) but not that of the American knight in shining armour, Brigadier-General Anthony Clement McAuliffe (1898-1985), commander of the 101st Airborne Division. Possibly Theo partook in a widespread Dutch tendency to romanticize the Junker or

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- Junker-style Officer Corps of the Wehrmacht (as opposed to SS) commanders, one that greatly increased after the failed attempt on Hitler's life on 20 July 1944 and that survived among that older generation into the 1980s.
- ⁵⁹⁰ Van Hoorn is following Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 31, not Murshid himself. Instead of Theo's "taak," Meyboom has "zending," which is closer to Inayat Khan's "commission" (*SM*, Vol. I, p. 78, where the word is misspelled "omission").
- ⁵⁹¹ Theo quotes this in German translation: "Nicht wähle zum Vertrauten dir jeden zu! / Das leere Haus ist offen, das reiche zu! / Wähl eine nur, und keinen anderen, / Bald wird, was dreiën wissen, zu allen wandern!"
- ⁵⁹² Theo van Hoorn is not able to identify the author of this largely mediocre and superfluous poem, namely, Friedrich Wilhelm Weber (1813-1894), physician, member of the Prussian House of Deputies, best-selling poet (late in life), and impeccable Catholic. A corrected version reads: "Eine Tat / Auf Adlerschwingen stürmt die Zeit; / es naht ihr Schnitter dir, der Tod, / auf leisem Schweben. / Dein Staub gehört dem Staub; / dein beßres Leben Gott und der Welt / und beiden deine Tat. / Ihr Schuldner bist du längst, schon längst gewesen; / was säumst du noch, dein altes Pfand zu lösen? / O, Jüngling, eine Tat, solange noch heiß / und ehrbegierig deine Pulse schlagen / Mann, eine Tat! ein frommes, frisches Wagen. / O, eine Tat noch vor den Sterben, Greis, / und kannst du nicht durch Denken oder Dichten / auf deiner Bahn ein stolzes Mal errichten, / und kannst du nicht durch Meißel oder Schwert / für späte Enkel in die goldnen Scheiben / der Weltgeschichte deinen Namen schreiben: / Bescheide dich! Des Werks Verdienst und Wert / wird nach des Mannes Sinn und Kraft gemessen; / Wer seinen Brüdern nützt, bleibt unvergessen. / Grab einen Quell aus dürrer Wüstensand, / pflanz einen Baum in ödes Heideland, / auf das ein Wanderer, der nach vielen Jahren / an deinem Born sich labt, und Früchte bricht / von deinem Baume, froh dich segnend spricht: / 'Ein guter Mensch ist dieses Wegs gefahren.'" Theo gives the title as "Eine That" instead of "Eine Tat," an error that he also makes when quoting Schiller, indicating that he had no dictionaries at hand in Vinkeveen. He also makes minor errors of word inversion and substitution, as well as of spelling, capitalization and punctuation. Still, the accuracy of Theo's reconstruction is astonishing. His only serious slip is in the verb form ("was" instead of "ist") of the last line. My translation is admittedly unsatisfactory.
- ⁵⁹³ Though Theo never mentions Sigmund Freud (1856-1939), he uses the word "subconscious," and derivatives such as "subconsciously" and "consciousness raising," about ten times. Presumably notions about the subconscious had become common knowledge by 1944. For instance, the father of Zulaikha van Ingen, Professor Dr. Gerbrandus Jelgersma, had formally declared for

Sigmund by 1914. The idea of having Dien's subconscious calling out in Theo's subconscious is surely unique to Theo, however. He might have profited from reading his Murshid: "The dreams of the clear-minded are clear and distinct, and the dreams of those who are unclear, are confusing."

⁵⁹⁴ Cf. Douliez and Engelhard, eds., *Das Buch der Lieder und Arien*, p. 206: "Ein Mönch steht in seiner Zell, / Am Fenstergitter grau, / Viel Rittersleut in Waffen hell, / die reisen durch die Au. / Sie singen Lieder frommer Art / Im schönen, ernsten Chor, / Inmitten fliegt, von Seide zart, / die Kreuzesfahn empor. // Sie steigen an dem Seegestad / Das hohe Schiff hinan; / Es läuft hinweg auf grünem Pfad, / Ist bald nur wie ein Schwan. // Der Mönch steht am Fenster noch, / Schaut ihnen nach hinaus: / Ich bin wie Ihr, ein Pilger doch, / Und bleib ich gleich zu Haus. // Des Lebens Fahrt durch Wellentrug / Und heißen Wüstensand, / Es ist ja auch ein Kreuzeszug / in das gelobte Land." Schubert is again Franz Peter Schubert. This is "Der Kreuzzug" (D. 932) of 1827. The words are by Karl Gottfried Ritter von Leitner (1800-1890). Beside "reiten," schaut immer noch," "auch zu Haus" and "Das Lebens Weg," Theo has numerous minor errors. That Theo turned "Wellentrug" into "Wellen trug" (suggesting a noun-verb combination) is understandable, given that Leitner must have made up the word for the occasion.

⁵⁹⁵ "Shortly after I have turned twenty-five" means the fall of 1912. As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 25, the financial institution was the Algemeene Handelsbank in Bad Bentheim.

⁵⁹⁶ The earlier condition was pulmonary tuberculosis, a major health hazard even among the wealthy of those days. Not only Theo van Hoorn, but also Sirkar van Stolk and Manohary Vouûte put in time in Davos, whereas Isabelle, Sirkar's daughter fought the disease in Rozendaal in 1940 (see note 301S above). As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 25, Theo's throat condition must have been tuberculosis of the vocal cords, or laryngeal tuberculosis.

⁵⁹⁷ *The Silence of Dean Maitland* was a sensational novel of 1886 by Mary Glead Tuttiett (1847-1923), alias Maxwell Grey (also Gray), (2 vols., Leipzig, 1887; reprint Elibron Classics, 2005), p. 124. It is about a distinguished clergyman who seduces a young woman, murders her irate father, and lets his best friend take the blame. No wonder Mary Glead needed a pseudonym! A German edition appeared one year later. The book was twice filmed in Theo's lifetime, in 1914 and 1934. Typically, Theo's English-language quotation is only approximately accurate, with twelve minor and two major errors. Note, especially, his devout but incorrect capitalization of "Guardian Angel" and "Visitor."

⁵⁹⁸ This proposition makes sense. As it was not possible to put vocal cords in a cast, as with tuberculosis of the spine, silence was the closest possible approach to immobilizing the affected area.

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- ⁵⁹⁹ Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* needs no introduction. Van Hoorn writes "dat ik indertijd gelezen heb," meaning which I read once or which I read way back when, not "dat ik indertijd gelezen had," meaning which I had once read or which I had read way back when. Knowing Theo, it is possible that he actually read *Crime et châtiment* sometime after his meeting with *dokter Sonies*.
- ⁶⁰⁰ Spectacular ski-kjöring races are still held annually in St. Moritz (and only there). Each skier is pulled by one horse. The surface of the track is glare ice. There is no stopping, so the course has to be long enough to exhaust the horses. However, there were no automobiles allowed in Davos until 1925, so that the streets could be used for such events. Horses, of course, were in still in plentiful supply. My photograph is from Kaspar Jörger, *Davos in alten Ansichten*, 2 vols. (Zaltbommel, Europäische Bibliothek, 1981), Vol. II, fig. 26, which offers a splendid selection of historical images with truly informative captions.
- ⁶⁰¹ For the metrically challenged, seventy meters is about 230 feet. Theo assumed that his readers would know their up-market Amsterdam. He is talking about the small tower that to this day crowns Metz & Co, a posh purveyor of clothing, furniture and other household items, located at 455 Keizersgracht, where that canal crosses the Leidsestraat. If you follow that street to the southwest, the first bridge you encounter crosses the Prinsengracht. Metz & Co were the sole Dutch agents for the prestigious products of Liberty & Co. Ltd. of London, so that Metz was also known as Liberty. Even here Theo's memory failed him, as the distance to the nearest side of the bridge is more like 120 meters.
- ⁶⁰² This event presumably took place on 25 January 1913, on what may have been the very first bobsled track ever. As far as I know, only Theo van Hoorn informs us that the winner was a Dutchman named Van Holsboer.
- ⁶⁰³ This was the Hungarian/Swiss Stefi Geyer (1888-1956), who was one year younger than Theo himself. Look online for a poster of the gorgeous Stefi in action. It is gratifying to see that she is well-documented, whereas the contemporary sport figures mentioned by Theo, such as Oscar Matthiesen and Van Holsboer have disappeared into the mists of time.
- ⁶⁰⁴ Literally translated, Theo says that Stefi made his heart beat faster "in two ways." He was presumably alluding to her beauty as well as her playing. He was not the only man to be infatuated with her. Belá Bartók (1881-1945) wrote her touching letters and dedicated his first Violin Concerto to her (she rejected it, and him) and the Swiss composer Othmar Schoeck (1886-1957) also fancied her.
- ⁶⁰⁵ Van Hoorn is quoting from Key, *Über Liebe und Ehe*, p. 90. Unfortunately, Ellen Key herself attributes the words to "the great Austrian poetess Marie

Eugenie delle Grazie" (1864-1931). The eight lines quoted by Key read: "Ich lieb' den Kampf! Ich lieb' was ich gelitten, / Und was geendet unter meinen Tritten, / Was ohne Reu' und falsche Scham / Mit unerschrockner Hand ich nahm, / Der Beute froh, die ich erstritten! / Allein in Wonnen, einsam in Gefahr, / Mir selbst Gesetz and Richter immerdar, / Und frei, weil fern dem Elend eurer Sitten!" Theo ends with "gelitten," adding an exclamation mark at that point. Key presumably found the poem in the third, enlarged edition of Delle Grazie's *Gedichte* (Leipzig, Breitkopf und Härtel, 1895).

⁶⁰⁶ As mentioned in note 23 above, *Inga Heine* was a novel of 1898 by Jenny Frederikke Blicher-Clausen. Translated from the Danish by Dina Samuela Logeman-van der Willigen (1864-1925), *Inga Heine* came out in Dutch when Theo was fifteen (Utrecht, H. Honig, 1902). By 1918, it had seen seven printings. The novel tells the story of a young woman who is deeply passionate and fiercely independent. It was only the first of several translations by Logeman-van der Willigen of novels by Blicher-Clausen. Clearly, this now largely forgotten feminist author made a deep impression on Theo (or Dien?) and his contemporaries. Curiously, there appears to be no translation of *Inga Heine*, or of anything else by Blicher-Clausen, into English.

⁶⁰⁷ I believed that the mystery man had to be Martinus Dirk de Lange (1874-1960) of Kempen & Co, who had run that business since 1903. The one important detail that does not fit is Theo's mention of a "jonge vrouw," which could be either a young wife or (in old-fashioned Dutch) a recent one. Catherina Maria Elisabeth de Lange-Martens was neither. She was two years older than Martinus, and they had married in 1898. In fact, she was the mother of a teenager by 1914, having given birth to a son, Martinus Willem Henri, on 8 May 1901. The search goes on.

⁶⁰⁸ This quotation is a repeat from Theo's "Introduction." These are not nearly the closing words of *Inga Heine*. They appear several pages from the end of the book.

⁶⁰⁹ Theo is talking about Lion Markus (1867-1926), who was a teacher of bookkeeping and an accountant. According to early Amsterdam telephone directories, there was no Markus Institute, only Markus, Verbeek & Co, "teachers of bookkeeping and accountants" at 41 Linnaeusstraat, in Amsterdam-Oost (close to the Oosterpark, where Julius Barmat lived). Markus was fifty-nine years old when he died on 27 December 1926. That means he was forty-seven in 1914, hardly ancient. As with *dokter* Sonies, it is curious that Theo bothers to give his surname, but not his first name or initials. Theo was commenting on Markus' pedagogic strength from an insider's point of view. He himself became a certified teacher of bookkeeping around 1927, teaching it for at least a decade (cf. note 91S above).

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- ⁶¹⁰ In the days before tuberculostatica (antibiotics against tuberculosis), laryngitis tuberculosa had to be treated surgically. The vocal chords had to be cleared, or one choked to death. The high-voltage scorching of the affected tissue after local anaesthesia using cocaine, as described by Theo van Hoorn, was standard treatment, Professor Dr. Peter Sterk tells me. It was similar to what is still done with palliative laser treatment for some kinds of lung cancer when these have spread to the airways.
- ⁶¹¹ See note 70S above.
- ⁶¹² As mentioned in note 489 above, Sirkar and his family lived in Hotel Roosendaal for the second half of 1940, while “Villa Rozenhof” was being prepared for occupancy. This reference establishes that Theo visited Sirkar and his family during this period.
- ⁶¹³ The firm Van Dien, Van Uden & Co crops up in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 49 and 76 because its director was the honorary chairman of the VAS, the most important Amsterdam chess club, of which Theo was a general- and, for a few years, a board member.
- ⁶¹⁴ Van der Zant was A. van der Zant. According to the alphabetical list of names (updated to 1 May) in *De Accountant* of 1946, he lived at 24 Milletstraat in Amsterdam Zuid. A decade later, shortly before Theo’s death, he was living nearby on the fourth floor of 4 Minervaplein. “Firma Limperg” was the firm of Théodore Limperg junior (1879-1961), which he and his younger brother, L. Limperg (1881/2-1949), set up between 1916 and 1922. Like Theo van Hoorn and Emanuel van Dien, Théodore attended the 1926 International Conference in Amsterdam, where he spoke, as did Emanuel. He was also a distinguished academic, associated with a Theory of Values and Costs and, as Prof. Dr. Th. Limperg jr., became one of the editors of the *MAB*. Hendricus Richardus Reder (1891-1959) was Théodore Limperg’s friend and partner, and also on the editorial board of the *MAB*. He lived at 4 Brahmsstraat in Amsterdam Zuid. Reder also spoke at the 1926 conference. Van Hoorn calls him “our chairman,” which must refer to the Dutch Institute of Accountants.
- ⁶¹⁵ Harms of the Dutch National Bank was Anton Harms (1886-1962), an important accountant who lived at 11 Palestrinastraat in Amsterdam in the 1920s and 1930’s. The disruptions caused by the Second World War mean that De Vries, *Geschiedenis van de Nederlandsche Bank*, Vol. II, offers no information on what happened to Harms at the Bank during 1944. We do learn from De Vries that Harms had worked for the Bank from 1924. He became the first chief of the Bank’s accounting service, which was founded on 15 February 1940. According to the Bank’s report of 1 April 1944, Harms had seven subordinates. He may well have had to leave the Bank later in 1944,

as it had become steadily more nazified (“genazifizeerd”) since the notorious traitor Meinoud Marinus Rost van Tonningen (1894-1945) had replaced Leonardus J.A. Trip (1876-1947) as President on 26 March 1941. The two Directors and the entire supervisory board resigned in the summer of 1943. The Bank then descended into chaos, so that its annual report for 1944-1945 was not brought out until 30 April 1946, when Harms was again chief of the accounting service, with eight subordinates. According to the list of names in *De Accountant* of 1 May 1946, he then lived at 27 Statenlaan in Bussum, not far from Amsterdam. He did not retire until the early fifties. He died at 117 Herenstraat in Bussum on 18 July 1962, leaving a wife and two children. I have found no evidence to support Theo’s implication that Reder and Van der Zant were also associated with “the Bank.” Perhaps this is an irrational detail of what is, after all, a dream.

⁶¹⁶ Edward George Earle Bulwer-Lytton (1803-1873), who in 1866 became Baron Lytton of Knebworth, published his *Night and Morning* in 1841. Being a Gothic novel, its association with a nightmare is not arbitrary. Theo van Hoorn adds between brackets, “*Night and Morning* is a well-known English novel by the author Bulwer Lytton. I read this book in the HBS and gave it no more thought.” Only here do we learn about Theo’s secondary school education, discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 24. In the Dutch system, the HBS School was very solid but not truly prestigious because it did not include Greek and Latin in the curriculum. French, German and English were all mandatory, however, as is apparent from the quotations in the *Recollections*.

⁶¹⁷ “Enoch Arden” is by none other than Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892), who published the long poem in 1864. Contrary to the happy ending implied by Van Hoorn’s chosen moment, “Under the palm-tree” means nothing to Enoch’s wife Annie, who (encouraged by a dream image of “over him the Sun”) concludes he must be dead, so that she is happily married to another man when he returns to civilization. Immensely popular, the poem was translated into German by Friedrich Wilhelm Weber (cf. note 591 above), set to music by Richard Strauss, and repeatedly adapted for film. A recent, free version is Tom Hank’s *Cast Away* of 2000.

⁶¹⁸ Swami Vivekananda (1863-1902), the great Bengalese Vedanta philosopher. Theo calls him Vivekenanda. In 1950 Zulaikha van Ingen, “Universal Worship,” pp. 78-79, describes the appearance of Vivekenanda at the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago in 1893, identifying him, with his “idea of Universal Unity,” as the great forerunner of Hazrat Inayat Khan.

⁶¹⁹ Theo must have had two separate books with him. In 1949, five years after Theo wrote this passage, Salar (Nico) Kluwer at last published Van Brakell Buys’ *Gestalten* and *Grondvormen* in one volume.

Notes

- ⁶²⁰ This sonnet is in fact the last of Perk's 1882 cycle entitled *Mathilde*. "Aan de sonnetten" is also the last item, not the first, in later editions.
- ⁶²¹ Heinrich Himmler (1900-1945), who came from an establishment background and was well-educated (with strong leanings to the occult), was the second greatest criminal of the Third Reich. He is unlikely to have executed "hundreds of *his* best pilots," however, because the *Luftwaffe* remained under the command of Hermann Göring (1932-1946) until 26 April 1945. Of course officers were being shot for retreating (cf. note 623 below), but Theo's story about hundreds of top pilots being executed on one day, presumably repeats wild gossip that was making the rounds near the end of the war.
- ⁶²² Theo van Hoorn is summing up a lot of action in two sentences that appear to be in the wrong order. Almost all of the great Russian thrusts into Germany itself came in February, March and April of 1945. See Christopher Duffy, *Red Storm on the Reich: The Soviet March on Germany, 1945* (London, Routledge, 1991), pp. 271-309. Any border fortifications that did not prove hard nuts to crack (*Red Storm*, pp. 199-267) would have fallen in January, as part of the so-called Vistula-Oder Operation (*Red Storm*, pp. 65-124), and are in any case impossible to identify. Note also that Theo appears to have had no more interest in Russian commanders, such as Marshal Georgy Konstantinovich Zhukov (1896-1974), than in Allied generals (other than Eisenhower and Montgomery).
- ⁶²³ The Ludendorff bridge at Remagen was in fact heavily damaged when it fell into American hands on 7 March 1945 (two weeks before the beginning of Theo's "ravishing spring days of 1945"). The bridge collapsed ten days later. Hitler court-martialled five officers for allowing the bridge to be captured. Four were executed, one lived because he had been captured by the Americans.
- ⁶²⁴ See note 188 above for the anonymous post-Medieval predictions attributed to the Merovingian Sainte Odile. The sentence in question is: "[...] le pays du conquérant sera envahi de toutes parts."
- ⁶²⁵ British troops under the command of the 1st Canadian Corps of Lieut. General Charles Foulkes (1903-1969) crossed the IJssel River at Westervoort on the morning of 3 April 1945. The entire Veluwe fell into Allied hands over the next three weeks, with the advance stopping at the Grebbe Line on 25 April. The Canadian Operation "Quick Anger," which took the city of Arnhem, near the home of Sirkar van Stolk (cf. note 635 below), was part of this general offensive.
- ⁶²⁶ Theo is confusing Fortress Holland (Vesting Holland) with the Defence Line of Amsterdam (Stelling van Amsterdam). The words "continuous circle" give him away. The Stelling van Amsterdam (built after the Franco-Prussian War and now a UNESCO monument), is a large ring of three dozen forts connected by inundatable land around the city of Amsterdam. It was the

northernmost section of the much larger Fortress Holland, discussed in note 564 above, connecting from the IJsselmeer almost to the North Sea. The Germans flooded the Vesting Amsterdam near the end of the war to impede the advance of a hypothetical Allied invasion force moving inland from the coast. They did not flood the “waterlinie” that demarcated Fortress Holland. The Dutch themselves did, but only at the beginning of the war. The Germans did flood the Wieringermeerpolder on 15 April 1945, leading to the fear that they might inundate much more land if attacked.

⁶²⁷ “Six divisions” sounds about right, but “elite” was unlikely by the spring of 1945. It was clear, however, that clearing The Netherlands west of Utrecht would involve further flooding and starvation, as well as heavy casualties from bombing and fighting, so that Eisenhower concluded that the best tactic “may well be the rapid completion of our main operations.” See Stacey, *The Victory Campaign*, p. 584.

⁶²⁸ Nowhere else in the *Recollections* does Theo van Hoorn bother to describe an item of clothing. Gawery is wearing “her leather coat,” not just “a leather coat.” Clearly Theo knew that the garment would be familiar to his Sufi circle. It may also have been a kind of household word. According to Aldo Voûte, Gawery’s much younger half-brother, the coat was only one of several reasons why her father did not think she was feminine enough to find a suitable husband.

⁶²⁹ Theo’s (second) incorrect version reads: “There are more things between Heaven and Earth, than you dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio!”

⁶³⁰ Theo is talking about the *Polizeiliches Durchgangslager Amersfoort*. Unlike Westerbork, the chaotic Amersfoort transit camp handled relatively few Jews and specialized in political prisoners, including left-wing intellectuals such as the renowned historian Jan Romein (1903-1962), and in the last years of the war, men who had been caught trying to evade deportation to forced labour in Germany. In addition, hundreds of Russians died there. On 19 April 1945, just over two weeks before the close of the Second World War, the camp was handed over to the Red Cross, which released the remaining inmates. Theo’s reference to the camp being cleared must refer to this development.

⁶³¹ From 1 March 1943, when SS-*Obersturmführer* Walter Heinrich disappeared into thin air, the Amersfoort commander was *Schutzhaftlagerführer II* Karl Peter Berg (1907-1949), who died before a firing squad to pay for his cruelties. Berg was a German Sicherheitsdienst officer and, though sadistic, neither Dutch nor a physician. The so-called “beul van Amersfoort” mentioned by Theo van Hoorn, was Joseph Kotälla (1908-1979), the administrative head of the camp, who represented Berg in his absence. Kotälla was German, and a sales representative by profession. He somehow escaped execution and died in prison as one of the notorious “four of Breda.”

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- ⁶³² Theo no doubt quoted *Hamlet* (V, I, 240) from memory. His incorrect version reads: Lay her in the earth, and from her fair and unpolluted flesh / Shall violets spring! / I tell thee, churling priest, a ministering angel / Shall my sister sit, where thy liest howling!
- ⁶³³ Selma (Ottilia Lovisa) Lagerlöf (1858-1940) was the first female Nobel Prize in Literature winner in 1909. Her *Gösta Berling* came out in 1891. Margaretha Meyboom did the Dutch translation from the Swedish (Amsterdam, H.J.W. Becht, 1898). This is a rare instance in which Theo did not approach a Scandinavian work via a German rendering. A picaresque tale of a defrocked clergyman become cavalryman, it has largely independent chapters, “Balén på Ekeby” being the sixth.
- ⁶³⁴ Cf. Hazrat Inayat Khan, *Rassa Shastra*, p. 21 (*SM*, Vol. III, p. 136), or the anonymous and undated Dutch translation, *Rassa Shastra*, p. 19. The latter has “ontmoet,” like Theo, instead of “see,” as in the English edition. Theo apparently did not know that a Padmani is a nubile lotus girl, hardly the name for his wife Dien, who was well into middle age when he dedicated his *Recollections* to her.
- ⁶³⁵ From now on Theo van Hoorn repeatedly refers to Velp. Strictly speaking (as Theo indicates elsewhere) Sirkar van Stolk did not live in Velp but in Rozendaal. They are two wealthy and continuous villages located at about the same small distance to the east-north-east of Arnhem, with Rozendaal, just to the north of Velp, being the much richer and less densely-populated of the two. Velp has long been part of the municipality of Rheden, however, whereas Rozendaal, with only about a thousand inhabitants, has managed to remain an independent municipality. Though Sirkar lived on the Velp side of Rozendaal, it is not like Theo to confuse the two, if only because he would have known that Rozendaal was (and remains) the more prestigious location.
- ⁶³⁶ Again, Shaukat van de Linde (cf. note 483 above), Azmat Faber’s sister.
- ⁶³⁷ The assault on Arnhem, named Operation “Quick Anger,” took place on 12 to 14 April 1945, as we read in Stacey, *The Victory Campaign*, pp. 568-571, Map 13. Theo van Hoorn says that Eric fought in a Canadian tank, but I gather from Toon Ten Kortenaar of Toronto (born 1926), who also joined the Canadians in Nijmegen, that this would have been highly unusual. More likely, Van Ingen served as a Dutch English and German-English interpreter, or in some other liaison function.
- ⁶³⁸ Again, Gawery and Manohary lived at 8 Vondellaan in Hilversum.
- ⁶³⁹ This is one of the smallest intercity distances of the *Recollections*, being about five miles, most of it along the Soestdijkerstraatweg. A separate bicycle path has a canopy of splendid old trees overhead almost all the way. I discuss Azmat’s Baarn villa in note 7 above.

- ⁶⁴⁰ Eric van Ingen may have looked like a Canadian soldier to Zulaikha, as Theo reports, but she could have noticed that the insignias on his sleeves featured the Dutch lion. Like other Dutchmen who joined the Canadians, Eric must have been supplied with his Canadian uniform at a storage depot in the village of Oss, in the province of Noord Brabant.
- ⁶⁴¹ Just such a perilous journey is described in the memoirs of Alard B. Ages [born 1924], *Guarded by Angels: Memoir of a Dutch Youth in WWII* (Victoria, B.C. and Oxford, Trafford Publishing, 2007), pp. 126-131.
- ⁶⁴² For these stirring events, see Stacey, *The Victory Campaign*, pp. 460-526 and 601-603, and Map 12. Assuming Van Hoorn got it right, Eric van Ingen was one of 450,000 men who fought under General H.D.G. Crerar (1881-1965) and the First Canadian Army in the Battle of the Rhineland, which lasted under appalling conditions from 8 February to 11 March 1945. The Canadians took the Reichswald on 21 February and Xanten on 10 March. The battle for Oldenburg (about twenty miles to the west of Bremen) took place from 27 April to 4 May of 1944. Theo presumably intended to say that the victorious Canadians had “penetrated deep into Germany to Oldenburg.” Between Xanten and Oldenburg came the advance through the eastern Netherlands up to the North Sea and eastward into northern Germany (*The Victory Campaign*, pp. 527-563, map 14), but if Eric was in Arnhem with the First Canadian Corps at the time of Operation “Quick Anger” (cf. note 635 above), he could not possibly have been advancing to the east with one of the several units of the First Canadian Army. Possibly he was transferred back and forth as his services were required.
- ⁶⁴³ Again, Shaukat (Mies) van de Linde-Faber. The distance from 8 Vondellaan, where Gawery and Manohary lived near the heart of Hilversum, to 17 Sweelincklaan, where Shaukat dwelled on its north-western fringe, is only about one and a half miles, meaning a few minutes by bike.
- ⁶⁴⁴ Theo should have been flattered. Romain Rolland (1866-1944) was the 1916 winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature. He wrote on a variety of topics including mysticism, with books on Ramakrishna and Vivekananda. Zulaikha’s proposed connection may therefore be worth investigating.
- ⁶⁴⁵ This presumably happened on 8 May 1945, when the Canadian liberators entered Amsterdam in force across the Berlage bridge. Photographs of the events show a lot more trucks than tanks. According to Jan Lucas van Hoorn, his father Theo never learned to drive, relying on a chauffeur instead. The Dutch (“als ik Amsterdam binnenrijdt”) need not mean that Theo was behind the wheel. I have changed the pronoun “I” to “we” to introduce the same ambiguity to my translation.

Notes

- ⁶⁴⁶ Beglückt nun darf, auf dich, o Heimat, ich schaun / Und grüßen froh deinen lieblichen Auen; / Nun lass ich ruhen den Wanderstab. / Weil Gott getreu ich gepilgert hab.” Here Theo turns “grüßen” into “leben.” For the last line he has: “Weil ich getreu dir gepilgert hab...”
- ⁶⁴⁷ As mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 29, Lucie’s soul mate, Loes Copijn, eventually became Theo van Hoorn’s second wife. Apparently Loes used to drop by Vinkeveen before she went into hiding with Lucie in Amsterdam. I am told by Mahmood Khan that she also made her way to Austerlitz, near Zeist, where the family of Maheboob Khan was living in Nazi-imposed exile at the time.
- ⁶⁴⁸ Loes van Hoorn was a woman of enthusiasms. Her intense longing for Sufism, which helped recommend her to Theo, gave way to Catholicism later in life.
- ⁶⁴⁹ These are by now familiar people, Dildar Hartzuiker, Moenie Kramer-van de Weide and Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans. In *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 71-81, I put forward an explanation for Theo van Hoorn’s determination to turn a blind eye to the terrible state of Amsterdam’s population at large.
- ⁶⁵⁰ Again, Operation “Market-Garden” of September 1942. See note 574 above.
- ⁶⁵¹ Nothing about this story can be verified, but Velp, being part of the municipality of Rheden, had (and has) no townhall. Rozendaal, being an independent municipality, or “gemeente,” did and does have a “gemeentehuis,” the former “Huize Rosenath,” located at 1 Kerklaan, Rozendaal, less than a mile to the north of Sirkar’s “Rozenhof.” I cannot discern cellar windows on photographs found on the internet. Possibly, however, the building in question was the city hall of nearby Arnhem, the so-called “Duivelshuis” of the sixteenth century.
- ⁶⁵² On the afternoon of 12 April, Royal Air Force Spitfires and Typhoons softened the Arnhem defences. In the evening, the main artillery bombardment took over. The damage was great, as Theo van Hoorn notes, but it certainly reduced the willingness of the Germans to fight. See Stacey, *The Victory Campaign*, p. 571.
- ⁶⁵³ The long columns of English tanks are surprising given that Operation “Quick Anger” was mainly a Canadian offensive. The tanks that Sirkar saw must have belonged to the Fifth or Ninth Canadian Armoured Division. See Stacey, *The Victory Campaign*, Map 13.
- ⁶⁵⁴ In May to June of 1945, weeks before liberation, Vilayat had already come rushing up to Holland despite impossible transport conditions, forcing his pace by means of a huge motorcycle and his naval uniform. The suggestion that he entered the still more difficult terrain of Germany in July of 1945, as made in Shauna Singh Baldwin, *Tiger Claw* (Knopf Canada, 2004), p. 5, could well be correct.
- ⁶⁵⁵ Around or shortly after the time of writing, Theo could presumably have learned the facts, including Vilayat’s rank, the name of his ship, and the like. Again, Theo appears hardly to have touched his original manuscript after July 1945.

- ⁶⁵⁶ The Lecture Hall may have survived the Second World War, but it was not a building of any consequence. It was razed in 1957, when the Sufi Garden was taken over by the Municipality of Suresnes and apartment buildings were erected on the Sufi Land.
- ⁶⁵⁷ George Sydney Arundale (1878-1945), *Nirvana, A Study in Synthetic Consciousness* (Madras, The Theosophical Publishing House Adyar, 1926). Sirkar presumably owned the Dutch translation by M.J. de Bosch Kempener (Amsterdam, 1929). The Himalayas do not play an important role in Inayatian Sufism, except for Murshid's visit to Nepal in 1896-97, accompanying his father and meeting a Muni (silent sage) there. Cf. TSERCLAES, "Introduction," p. 11 (in Inayat Khan's *Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty*), the original source; Bloch, *The Confessions*, p. 12; Van Beek, *Hazrat Inayat Khan*, pp. 44-46; and Mahmood Khan, "The Mawlabaksh Dynastic Lineage," p. 12. To Theosophical Sufis, this Muni came right behind Sayyid Abu Hashim in importance. Clearly, Sirkar van Stolk's interest in the mountain range was part of his Theosophical background.
- ⁶⁵⁸ The 1981 Dutch edition of the *Recollections* shows that Theo did in fact place both dreams in one last and very long chapter entitled "Dreams." It precedes and follows his disruptive flashback to his five formative years in Davos and Amsterdam, entitled "Episode," which confusingly constitutes the closing chapter in the 1981 table of contents. In the present edition, the dreams are divided between chapters entitled "Ozymandias" and "Victory," the latter title being my invention.
- ⁶⁵⁹ *Theos* being "God" in Greek. Theo van Hoorn is about to conclude that the figure was calling on Theo himself, not on God.
- ⁶⁶⁰ Theo writes: "geen ogenblik is hier iemand aan het woord, die met een zekere mate van autoriteit zijn zienswijze op de voorgrond zou vermogen te plaatsen." Closely translated this would be "not for an instant is anyone at word here who could lay claim to placing his vision in the foreground with any degree of authority."
- ⁶⁶¹ Theo van Hoorn here uses Inayat Khan's original English, which I reproduce, ignoring the corrections made by Michael Hall, my Canadian copy editor. The same passage, but in better Dutch (and, therefore, in better translated English), opens Theo's first chapter.
- ⁶⁶² The "incorrect" order of the three texts is Theo's.
- ⁶⁶³ Never one to understate things, Theo writes that he is "volkomen in beslag genomen door de steeds meer hyperingewikkeld wordende structuur van het Westerse leven." This is the last of Theo's several references to the absorbing but potentially destructive pace and complexity of western life.

THEO VAN HOORN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE SMIT-KERBERT COLLECTION

- ⁶⁶⁴ I have translated Theo van Hoorn's contribution to the Smit-Kerbert collection after a xerox copy of his original typescript supplied to me by Mahmood Khan. The repetitious essay, which is about three thousand words long and consists largely of clumsy and convoluted sentences, includes three instances of "as it were," Theo's favourite redundant qualification. As a general observation, he places too much emphasis on the Public Lecture. Hazrat Inayat Khan also fielded questions on other occasion, notably as part of Sacred Meetings and Collective Interviews, with much the same spontaneous byproducts.
- ⁶⁶⁵ With "others," Theo is referring to his fellow Sufi contributors to the Smit-Kerbert collection.
- ⁶⁶⁶ One such question has come down to us from the Collective Interviews of 1926. After a discussion of distinctions between related words that have opposite meanings (such as "fact" and "truth" or "pleasure" and "happiness"), one mureed asked, "If everything has meaning, is there any reason why the donkeys's cry should be so terribly melancholy?" Murshid answered: "It warns man that the sign of foolishness is noise, and the sign of wisdom is quietude." Then followed two more asinine questions of astonishing naivety.
- ⁶⁶⁷ This is the earliest documented instance in which Theo van Hoorn expressed his wish to be of service to mureeds of the future, this being the theme of his "Introduction" to his *Recollections*.
- ⁶⁶⁸ Theo used the same qualification, "as a rule," in his "Architecture" chapter. The "private" lectures were usually recorded in shorthand as well. A lecture could also be recorded in longhand, and by more than one secretary.
- ⁶⁶⁹ Sharif Donald Graham tells me that this is highly debatable.
- ⁶⁷⁰ Typically, Theo van Hoorn is quoting from memory. The *Revelations of Saint John the Divine* (3:15-16) read: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot./ So then because thou are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."
- ⁶⁷¹ Here, again, we encounter the myth of the Message, as discussed in *Sufi Memoirist*, pp. 98-106. Remarkably, Theo van Hoorn reverses Saul and Paul. As the former was an assiduous persecutor of Christ's early followers, it is not clear how the analogy is to the point in any case.
- ⁶⁷² It is difficult to document such an instance, but there is no reason to doubt Van Hoorn.
- ⁶⁷³ Theo quoted these precise words in his *Recollections* (cf. note 225 above). As mentioned there, the word "closeness" does not occur in the published Sufi Message. The correct word is "denseness."

- ⁶⁷⁴ Unless I am mistaken, this is an apocryphal quotation. Certainly nothing like it was recorded for posterity. Murshid is rarely this long-winded. Also, the sentiments are too platitudinous and pie-in-the-sky for him and could reflect Theo van Hoorn's exposure to Mind Thought.
- ⁶⁷⁵ An online search of *The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan* locates numerous instances of "empty cup" but not one that is linked to a sense of humour.
- ⁶⁷⁶ Murshid had no particular interest in colours, but his Theosophist followers did all the more. I believe, therefore, that this must have been another of Murshid's many induced lectures of the kind mentioned in *Sufi Memoirist*, p. 147. Though he had an inexhaustible store of Indian ideas on which to draw for such topics, they still remained part of the "love of phenomena" against which he was constantly defending his mysticism.
- ⁶⁷⁷ Theo must have been thinking of Meyboom, trans., *Het innerlijk leven*, p. 30 (cf. *The Inner Life* in *SM*, Vol. I, p. 78): "Often people think that the spiritual person must be a man with sad looks, with a long face, with a serious expression, and with a melancholy atmosphere. Really speaking, that picture is the exact contrary of the real spiritual person." Cf. also Murshid's discussion of Sa'di Chirazi "Sufi Poetry" (*SM*, Vol. X, pp. 144-145): "Spirituality does not mean a long face and deep sighs. [...] Man is not born into this world for depression and unhappiness. His very being is happiness." We should remember, however, that Theo almost certainly drew on Margaretha Meyboom's *Het innerlijk leven*, and not on *The Inner Life* itself (cf. note 26S above).
- ⁶⁷⁸ Only Theo commemorated this aspect of the relationship between Murshid and his flock. It is an important contribution.
- ⁶⁷⁹ Contact with the dead was just about the first thing westerners expected from an Eastern guru, if only as proof of the hereafter. Hazrat Inayat Khan believed, however, that "The greatest curse of the age today is the rapid spread of what is called Spiritualism." See *Biography* (1979), Part III, Journal, "Review of Religions," p. 228. Though the existence of spirits was self-evident to an Indian such as Inayat Khan, he thought that the blessed ones ought to be left in peace and that the evil ones are best avoided because they can only bring misfortune. For a random selection of Murshid's cautionary utterances on the topic, complete with page references to sundry *Sufi Message* volumes, see Keesing, *Inayat Answers*, p. 170, or *Antwoorden van Inayat*, pp. 168-169. The Norwegian Sufi group was so put off by Murshid's position that they excised the chapter on "Spirits and Spiritualism" from their translation of his *In an Eastern Rose Garden*.
- ⁶⁸⁰ We can find related sentiments in the online *Sufi Message* by searching under "patience" and the like, but nothing is at all close to Theo's quotation.
- ⁶⁸¹ Hazrat Inayat Khan presumably knew from his Anglo-Indian youth that Shakespeare was the most revered author of the English tradition. In addition,

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Shakespeare's international reputation had grown to be huge in the course of the nineteenth century. By recommending only venerable edifying texts and the works of the unassailable Bard, Murshid sidestepped the dangers of singling out recent and potentially controversial writers. For Theo van Hoorn, we know, Goethe and Schiller would have been safe recommendations as well.

⁶⁸² Curiously, Theo van Hoorn does not mention this occasion in his chapter entitled "Daybreak." Mahmood Khan, "A Biographical Perspective," p. 92, mentions only that his uncle Inayat visited England in January 1924, but Murshid clearly also stopped off in Holland around that time (cf. note 687 below).

⁶⁸³ Again, Pieter Jelles Troelstra (1860-1930); cf. note 230S above. Troelstra actually did stage a revolution, one that failed because of his own vacillation.

⁶⁸⁴ *Kathedersozialismus* was used to by social democrats of the late nineteenth century to criticize the social-welfare proposals of some German thinkers who (much like members of the Fabian Society in the United Kingdom) wanted to improve the lot of the working class without significantly altering the fundamentals of capitalism. With Theo's Dutch version, "katheder-Socialisme," the term would appear instead to have evolved into a denigratory appellation for professors of political science who used their university chairs to proclaim socialistic principles.

⁶⁸⁵ Theo is quoting one of the "Boulas" in Murshid's *Vadan* (cf. Van Voorst, ed., *Sayings I*, p. 414), where there is a period after "oneself."

⁶⁸⁶ Nothing retrievable via the online Sufi Message sites comes close to these two sentences, but their gist is certainly Inayatian (cf. note 295S above).

⁶⁸⁷ On 11 January 1924, the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* published an anonymous synopsis of the "preaching" of Inayat Khan. Though the piece is well-written and generally well-informed, it ends up misrepresenting Murshid as a determined social activist with a vision of a sexually emancipated, post-religious, interracial and classless society. As a related egalitarian feature, the unknown author refers to "*de heer* (as opposed to Baron) H.P. van Tuyll van Serooskerken," as if Inayat Khan might have wanted to strip Sirdar of his title. Theo van Hoorn, I believe, more accurately captures Murshid's overriding concern with individual spiritual growth, as opposed to overall societal change. Cf. Hoyack, *De Boodschap*, pp. 158-169.

⁶⁸⁸ Theo uses the word "spreekgestoelte," which implies that Murshid stood in some kind of pulpit-like structure of the kind still found in Dutch churches and some of the old University of Leiden lecture rooms. One senses that Theo was merely trying to consolidate a mood of solemnity.

Plates

The illustrations are arranged in six overlapping sequences devoted to the life and times of Theo van Hoorn, the peregrinations of Inayat Khan and his growing family, the topography of Sufi Suresnes, the group photographs of the 1922 to 1938 Summer Schools, the family of Inayat Khan after his death on 5 February 1927, and the many mureeds of Suresnes and The Netherlands.



1. Amsterdam's Westerkerk seen from the Keizersgracht in the late nineteenth century, a time of growth and prosperity for the city and a firm named Jacobus van Hoorn jr., brokers in coffee and tea. It was founded by Theo van Hoorn's great uncle and run by his father, Jacobus van Hoorn Gerritsz., and the latter's cousin, Anton Marie van Hoorn.

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2. Theo van Hoorn's parental home and family place of business at 101 Keizersgracht.



3. The unobtrusive place of worship of the United Baptist Community of Amsterdam at 452 Singel.



4. Theo's "Higher Bourgeois School" (now Amnesty International), at 177 Keizersgracht.



5. Present-day Bad Bentheim, the German border town in which Theo worked as a bank employee for seven years.



6. Preparations for a ski-kjöring race in Davos, where Theo fought laryngeal tuberculosis from 1912 to 1914.

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7. Stefi Geyer, whose beauty and musicianship made Theo's heart beat faster.



8. Gertrud Leistikow as portrayed by her friend Jan Sluijters in 1917.



9. Hotel-Hamdorff in Laren, N.H., where Gertrud performed in August of 1918 and where Dien and Theo celebrated their wedding in April of 1921.



10. 107 Johannes Verhulststraat in Amsterdam, where Theo settled in 1917 and Dien joined him in 1921.



11. Theo's "turret of Liberty," near his now defaced office on the Leidsestraat.



12. P.F. van Hoorn, Theo's brilliant older brother and fellow chess enthusiast.



13. Emanuel van Dien, top accountant and honorary chairman of Theo's chess club.

Plates



14. World Champion Alexander Alekhine, Theo's paradigm of intellect and style.



15. Dr. Max Euwe, mathematician, teacher, chess grandmaster and Dutch national hero.



16. Café "De Rode Leeuw" at 93-94 Damrak, where Theo's chess club convened.



17. 2 Hobbemastraat, venue of "Parkwijk" (now "The Mansion"), from Leidsche bosje.



18. Amsterdam's Concertgebouw (in 1902), another home away from home for Theo.



19. The Hanbury Gardens at Cape La Mortola, admired by Dien and Theo in January of 1922 while on their honeymoon visit to his brother Piet in Bordeghera.



20. Palazzo Orengo at La Mortola, which found its way into Theo's subconscious.

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21. Camilla Schneider, who introduced Dien and Theo to Sufism (detail of fig. 123).



22. Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans-Waller (in 1951), in whose home Theo first saw Murshid.



23. 178 Anna Paulownastraat in The Hague, home of Sirdar and Saida van Tuyll van Serooskerken, where Theo embraced Sufism in June of 1924. At the left is the entrance to the meeting hall designed by Piet Kramer in 1928.



24. The Loosdrecht home of Gertrud Leistikow, visited by the Van Hoorns in the off-season from 1925 to 1935.



25. Villa "Ulysses" in Bergen aan Zee, where Theo meditated in the spring of 1928.



26. The view from today's Hotel Nassau-Bergen, where "Ulysses" stood until razed in 1943.

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27. The dunes near Katwijk aan Zee, where Sirdar, Theo and others commemorated Murshid in the early summer of 1928.



28. Villa "Blinkert" in Bergen aan Zee, rented by Theo for the early summers of 1929 to 1934.



29. Salamat (Louis) Hoyack, prolific Sufi polymath and guest at "Blinkert" in 1933.



30. 5 Mozartkade in Amsterdam, the Van Hoorn residence from early 1929 to 1951.



31. The Spithead naval review of 16 July 1935. A closing light show particularly impressed Theo.



32. Théoule-sur-Mer, where Theo and Dien joined Salamat Hoyack and Ellen Hoyack-Cramerus in the summer of 1936.



33. Farewell of Gertrud Leistikow in the City Theatre of Amsterdam on 10 July 1937. In the centre foreground, from left to right, are Paul van Hoorn, Pieter Jongman, Igor Jongman and Gertrud Leistikow (with flowers). Dien van Hoorn is at the far right of the second row, beaming at Paul. The bearded man at the left is architect Piet Kramer. His ex-wife, Moenie Kramer-van de Weide, is probably behind Dien, to the left of the woman with the crocheted hat. Theo signed the register but apparently did not stay to pose for the photo.



34. Henk Endt, Sufi accompanist of Gertrud Leistikow, Göta Ljungsberg, Ali Khan and Yehudi Menuhin.



35. The Amsterdam Muzieklyceum (burned in 1968), where Henk studied, Gertrud worked and Theo first heard Murshid speak.

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36. 20 Bazarstraat in 'The Hague, where 'Theo took up the cause of Sufi broadcasting in the spring of 1937.



37. Jos Croÿn, perhaps the painter who welcomed 'Theo and Dien to Paris in August of 1937.



38. 'The 1937 Paris World's Fair, which 'Theo and Paul van Hoorn viewed from the top of the Eiffel tower.

H. VAN HOORN

Amsterdams 27 April 1939

Lieve Gertrud,

Woensdagmorgen vroeg, juist op onze
komst, kwam je brief van 18 April met
de afdrukking van Piet's begraaf.

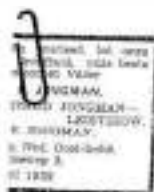
De dagen die daarna voortgingen had
ik na je vorige brief al een min of meer
overrust gevoel gehad en toen ik zag dat je
brief uit enkele regels bestond, vreesde ik
onnooddelijk het ergste.

Wij hebben dateljk verschillende vrienden
opgeheld en ik heb gezegd dat 's avonds de
twee ingesloten aankondigingen in de telegraaf
en het Handelsblad werden geplaatst.

Wij hadden nu den laatste tijd, toen de
langzaam definitief was bevestigd, — een
verkeerd op het wateren

sedert 1919 (voortzette) dus bijna 18 jaren
hadden wij elkander zoveel vertrouwd als met
je onkel van onze familie of vrienden
het gevoel was geweest, en de kameraden
bezoeken. Toon en Paul opende nog vele
verplichtingen van samenwonen.

39. Letter of condolence written by Theo to Gertrud Leistikow on 27 April 1939, after the death of her husband Pieter Jongman.



Uit het archief van
 de heer P. JONGMAN
 20140 BETHUN
 20140 BETHUN
 20140 BETHUN
 26 April 1922

al my best rond (na zij), niet veel meer
 zien.

Heel een ernstig, dat loopt hemomstree-
 kende in de afgelopen twee jaar veel
 meer ernstig, gewild en stellig zou na de
 hem over gedachte. Winsting verder
 zij sloef hij niet weg was geweest.
 Hij verklaart openktheid en zij hij inwill
 maakte het altyd voor het en was jeugd
 hem te ontvreden, en teloor zij de lernus
 vrede, waardevolle van die wij in twee
 twintig jaar, lernus, doortbrechte.

Wilt u vrede brecht hem het samen-
 met 1900 in twee twee jaren, als hij was
 dikwijfel met hem alleen was, zij kwam
 zal die, je later wel overlezen.

Omre laatste flit of de verthelende
 best in. Antwerpen, is dus het afgeleid
 geweest, en heerlijk herinnering het
 samen-ij, waardy mij dus je enkel
 geleidelijk vermindert hebben zoo lang
 mogelijk kwam te zij, evenals de eerste
 kan of de bevestiging.

Wijge de herinnering, en een byzonder
 hoopbaarst moment al die jaren, bij je te
 hebben gehad, je kwam brecht je om
 van je twee jaren, alles te zij, wat in
 je vermenen ligt.

Wat beide prout, en van beide stichting, gewenst
 allen



40. Shireen Smit-Kerbert (left) and J.C.L. Smit on a cruise to Norway in 1970, after twenty-eight years of marriage.



41. Villa "De Vlierstruik" in Baarn, home to Azmat Faber, where Theo studied the Smit-Kerbert collection in the summer of 1942.

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42. A frozen Angstel River, near Baambrugge. It very nearly flooded the Van Hoorns in the fall of 1944.



43. The cottage on the Groendlandsekade, where Theo wrote his memoirs during the 1944-45 “hunger winter.”



44. Theo and Dien at the back of their cottage in the “ravishing spring days” of 1945.



45. Azmat Faber, Theo’s confidante while writing his Sufi memoirs.



46. Villa “Rozenhof” at 26 Rosendaalselaan, Sirkar van Stolk’s home in Rozendaal, where Theo formally concluded his memoirs on 5 July 1945.

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47. Lucie van Hoorn, devoted Sufi, holistic physician and Theo's sister-in-law.



48. 147 Euterpestraat in Amsterdam, where Lucie lived, practised medicine and survived the "hunger winter."



49. Theo van Hoorn around 1949, when he returned to his Sufi memoirs.



50. 98 Nicolaas Maesstraat, where Dien and Theo resided from 1951 to 1954.



51. Dien, Lucie, Loes, Jan Lucas, Paul and Theo van Hoorn at 147 Gerrit van der Veenstraat (formerly Euterpestraat) in 1954.



52. Theo van Hoorn towards the end of his life.



53. The central stairwell of 77-78 Oosterpark in Amsterdam. Designed by distinguished Jewish architect Harry Elte and executed by Daniël van Dorp for international financier and swindler Julius Barmat, it inspired the Gothic setting for Theo van Hoorn's seminal nightmare of August 1942 about the Sufi Movement in distress.



54. Julius Barmat's two homes on Oosterpark, joined by Harry Elte in 1921.

55. Pieter Jelles Troelstra, great social activist, loyal Barmat supporter and Theo's *bête noire*.

56. Julius Barmat with Rosa Barmat-de Winter and their son Louis Izaak on 11 June 1924, Louis' thirteenth birthday.



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57. Maula Bakhsh, Inayat Khan's maternal grandfather and family patriarch.



58. Alaodin Khan (Dr. A.M. Pathan): uncle, father-in-law, mentor and nemesis.



59. Inayat as teenage courtier-musician playing the Jalatarangam in Baroda.



60. Professor Inayat Khan Rahmat Khan Pathan posing as Anglo dandy around 1903.



61. The Westernized Professor Inayat Khan with his medals of musical excellence.



62. Professor Maulana Hashami (not Abu Hashim Madani), Inayat's instructor in classical Sufi literature.



63. A medalled Inayat Khan, peripatetic champion of Indian music, around 1910.

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64. Ruth St. Denis, who took the Brothers across America in February to April of 1911.



65. Inayat Khan in San Francisco around 15 April, when he parted ways with St. Denis.



66. Rabia Martin, Inayat's first mureed, whom he instructed in Chishti Sufism in 1911.



67. The teenage Musharaff Khan, who joined the Brothers in New York in February of 1912.



68. The Royal Musicians of Hindustan as they performed in America, France and Russia from 1910 to 1914. Friend and guide Ramaswami (with tabla) is at the left. Next come Ali (with dilruba), Musharaff (from 1912, with citar) and Maheboob (with taus). Behind them stands Inayat (with vina).

Plates



69. Ramaswami, Maheboob, Inayat (standing) and Musharaff with Mata Hari in her garden in Neuilly-sur-Seine on 9 October 1912. Ali is cut off at the right.



70. Musharaff with citar and Maheboob with vina.



71. Amina Begum (Ora Ray Baker), whom Inayat, twice widowed in India, married in London on 20 March 1913.



72. The Royal Musicians of Hindustan as advertised in London in 1915. From left to right are Ali, Inayat, Musharaff and Maheboob Khans. Ramaswami remained in Russia.



73. 86 Ladbrooke Road in London, Sufi headquarters from 1915 to May 1919.



74. London mureeds in the summer of 1918. Front row, left to right: Mrs. Raymond, son of Mrs. Raymond, unknown, Ali Khan with Vilayat, Noor-un-Nisa and Musharaff Khan. Second row: Miss Zohra Williams, Miss Margaret Skinner, Begum with Hidayat, Inayat Khan, Miss Rose (Bahar) Benton, Miss Hope and Miss Shirley (or vice versa). Back row: Miss I.P. (Khatidja) Young, Miss Triebel-Peak, Herr E. Glaser Crohas (or Anthony Artz; cf. fig. 80), Maheboob Khan, unknown, unknown, unknown, unknown, Miss Philips, Mrs. Strauss and unknown.



75. Zohra Williams, devoted but afflicted Anglican mureed from 1914 to 1920.



76. Lucy Goodenough, victorious Theosophical rival of Zohra Williams.



77. Nargis Dowland, editorializing Sufi writer and Southampton hotel manager.



78. Miss Rose (Bahar) Benton, prominent mureed and student of Oriental music and dance.

Plates



79. Elisabeth Artz-Pop (later Raden Ayou Jodjana), first Dutch mureed, with the tambourah Murshid taught her to play.



80. Precocious art dealer Anthony Artz at the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair.



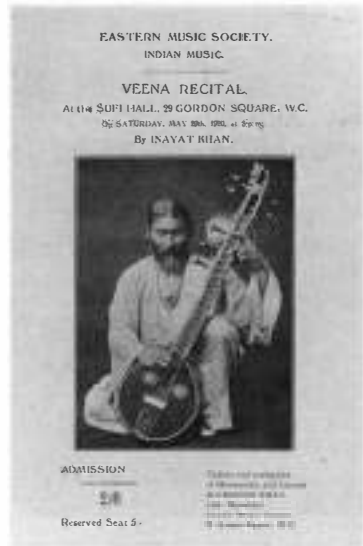
81. Raden Mas Jodjana, aristocratic Javanese second husband of Elizabeth Pop.



82. Shabaz Best, who met Murshid in London in 1916 and became a banker in Brazil.

83. Dr. Oskar Cameron Gruner, brilliant haematologist close to Murshid in Leeds in 1919.

84. Announcement of a performance on 29 May 1920 at the ill-fated Gordon-Square Khankah, from which Murshid was summarily evicted in the fall of that year.



Plates



85. The Islamic-Moghul style cover of Sufi, Inayat Khan's London publication. Designed by Mohammad Ali Khan, the border calligraphy reads "Allah."



86. Khwaja Ismael, barrister, family friend, and secretary of the Anjuman Islam.



87. Margaret Skinner, the Islamophobic mureed who created the pivotal crisis of Murshid's life (detail of fig. 74)



88. The standard Sufi diploma, used until well after World War II, with symbols for four of the world religions joined by the name of Allah.



89. Geneva, Switzerland, which Inayat Khan visited in November of 1920 and again in February and March of 1921. An apartment in the Maison Royale was the seat of International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement from the early 1920s to around 1950. However, Begum and the Brothers insisted on France as their country of residence.

90. Murshid's home in Wissous in 1921, following a brief stay in Tremblay and preceding permanent residence in Suresnes.



Plates



91. Inayat Khan back in London around 7 May 1921, when he sanctioned the Universal Worship. This is the last of a few portraits by fashionable Knightsbridge studio photographer George Charles Beresford.



92. Dr. Arthur Bodley Scott, Bournemouth mureed who met Murshid in 1921 and later subjected him to pseudo-scientific exegesis.



93. Inayat Khan in Katwijk in September of 1922, after the first Suresnes Summer School.



94. Inayat Khan on his American tour in April of 1923, looking as he must have when Theo first laid eyes on him in Amsterdam in late December of that year.



95. Inayat Khan and his family in the garden of Fazal Manzil in the summer of 1923. From left to right are Noor-un-Nisa, Khair-un-Nisa, Murshid, Hidayat, Begum and Vilayat. Behind them are Maheboob and Musharaff Khans.



96. Inayat Khan in December of 1925, embarking on a seven-month tour of America.



97. A depleted Inayat Khan on 13 September 1926 - prelude to Theo's "February 5, 1927" chapter.



98. Inayat Khan conversing with his mureeds in the Sufi Garden in the summer of 1926. Turning to look at us is Kefayat LLOYD. In the background are the wall of the Haras de Longchamp, the Mureeds' House and Fazal Manzil. The Lecture Hall is behind us.



99. Noor-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Khair-un-Nisa and Vilayat posing in Indian garb before the Haras wall in the summer of 1926.



100/101.

Murshid playing
with his children in
the Sufi Garden in
September of 1926.



102. A snapshot of
Murshid and a
barely discernable
Begum in the Sufi
Garden on 13
September 1926.

Plates



103. Fazal Manzil, home of Inayat Khan and his family at 23 rue de la Tuilerie.



104. The gate to Fazal Manzil. The Arabic letters have been moved to the inside.



105. "The Corner House" (obscured by hedges), where mureeds used to take their meals.



SUMMER SCHOOL MUREEDS' HOUSE
27. Rue de l'Hippodrome. Suresnes (Seine)



SUMMER SCHOOL MUREEDS' HOUSE
27. Rue de l'Hippodrome. Suresnes (Seine)
No 13

106. "The Mureeds' House" at 27 rue de l'Hippodrome. Note the added floor at the top right.

107. The loggias of the Mureeds' House, poetically described by Theo van Hoorn.



108. The annex of the Mureed's house, an old building renovated in the early thirties.

Plates



109. The garden known for its chestnut trees, one of which we see at the left. The annex is at the right, with the Mureeds' House to its left, in the very background.



110. 14 rue de la Tuilerie, Suresnes pied-à-terre for Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, Shadiby Khanim van Goens and Maheboob Khan. An annex was built at the rear to accommodate Ali Khan and Sikander Eekhout, Ekbal Dawla's nephew. Across the street is the gate to the back garden of Fazal Manzil.



111. The Sufi Garden seen from the very back in the fall of 1924, when Sirkar van Stolk was acquiring the land for the Société Anonyme Soufi. The wall of the Haras de Longchamp is to the left, with the Mureeds' House and Fazal Manzil in the background.



112. The Sufi Garden seen from close to the Haras wall. In the centre is the first stone, erected on 13 September 1926, for the planned "Universel."



113. Murshid's (apricot) tree, below which he lectured to his mureeds in good weather after acquisition of the grounds.

Plates



114. The Lecture Hall as photographed by Azeem van Beek in October of 1932.



115. The interior of the Lecture Hall.



116. Aerial view of the Sufi Garden, photographed by Azeem van Beek from the steps of Fazal Manzil in July of 1933. The Haras de Longchamp are at the right. The Lecture Hall is in the background. The huts described by Theo are hidden in the apricot and plum trees at the left.



117. Right section of the same view after World War II. Note the allotment gardens mentioned by Theo.



118. The huts of the Sufi Garden as photographed by Azeem van Beek in September of 1932.



119. Group portrait of the 1922 Suresnes Summer School attendees in the garden of Fazal Manzil. Sitting on the grass are Noor-un-Nisa, Vilayat and Hidayat, with Khair-un-Nisa on a footstool. In the next row are Baroness Lakmé van Hogendorp, Mumtáz Armstrong, unknown, Shadiby Khanim van Goens, jonkvrouw Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, Baroness Mahtab van Hogendorp, Fazal Mai Egeling, Inayat Khan, Amina Begum, Lucy Goodenough, Baroness d'Eichthal, unknown, unknown, Susanna Kjøsterud and unknown. Maheboob Khan, Shadiby Khanim's fiancé, stands behind her, with Dr. Arthur Bodley Scott behind and between Ekbal Dawla and Mahtab. Sakina Furnée and Kismet Stam are behind and flanking Murshid. Chairyat de Regt is behind Lucy Goodenough. The lady with the extravagant hat, touching a tree in the left background is Southampton mureed Nina Mitchell. Musharaff Khan is at the far right. Other mureeds are either unknown or mentioned by neither Van Hoorn nor Horn.

120. Detail of Lakmé baroness van Hogendorp, and Mumtáz Armstrong, not yet engaged but already inseparable.





121. Group portrait of the 1923 Suresnes Summer School in the garden of Fazal Manzil. Seated on the grass are an unknown boy, Khair-un-Nisa, Noor-un-Nisa, Vilayat and Hidayat. Seated in the second row are Maheboob Khan, Shadiby Khanim van Goens, unknown, Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, Mahtab van Hogendorp, Kefayat LLoyd, Fazal Mai Egeling, Inayat Khan, Amina Begum, Baroness d'Eichthal and Lucy Goodenough. Standing at the very left of the third row are Fatha Engle, Azmat Faber (blurred) and Otto baron van Hogendorp, with his daughter Lakmé behind him. In the centre background are Sirdar van Tuyll, Musharaff Khan and Saida van Tuyll. Ali Khan is at the very right.



122. Detail of Otto baron van Hogendorp, whose wife, Mahtab, is to have called him "the best Sufi of us all."



123. Marred group photograph of the 1924 Suresnes Summer School, Theo van Hoorn's first, taken in the garden of Fazal Manzil. Sitting on the grass are Ulma Haglund, Bashiran Bjerke, unknown (Karamnavaz van Bylandt?), unknown, unknown, Vilayat, Khair-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Moor-un-Nisa, unknown, Hayat Rahusen (later Kluwer), Hayat's sister, and unknown. In the next row we see unknown, unknown, Mahtab van Hogendorp, Talewar Dussaq, Madame Meyer de Reutercrona, Lucy Goodenough, Inayat Khan, Amina Begum (blurred), Rabia Martin (with glasses), Fazal Mai Egeling (blurred), Kefayat L.Loyd, Baroness d'Eichthal, Saida van Tuyll (with hand on breast) and unknown. In the next row are Lakmé van Hogendorp, Madame Buchmann, unknown male mureed, Camilla Schneider (later Van Spengler), two unknown female mureeds, Countess Shadman Pieri (née Dussaq), Mrs. Eggink (mother of Wim), and Sajani van Stolk. Further to the right, behind Begum, are Sundra Lecocq-Madier and Marya Cushing. The first, tall, female in the very background (in wide-brimmed hat) is Shakti van Stolk. Birbal Zanetti is the first unblurred male, followed at once by Sirkar van Stolk and, a little further on, Sirdar van Tuyll. Salamat Hoyack is the third mureed from the right. Salima van Braam is to his left but badly blurred.



124. Detail of Murshida Lucy Goodenough, sitting at the right hand of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan.



125. Inayat Khan's last and biggest Summer School. This photograph of 5 July 1926 has the Lecture Hall (constructed in 1925) as backdrop. In the very front, far left and centre, are Mrs. Crips, Khair-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Vilayat and Noor-un-Nisa. In the second row are Miss Jones, Kismet Stam, Ekbal Dawla van Goens-Van Beyma, Shadiby Maheboob Khan-Van Goens with her infant daughter Raheem-un-Nisa, Maheboob Khan, Talewar Dussaq, Susanna Kjøsterud, Kefayat LLOYD, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, Begum, Inayat Khan, Fazal Mai Egeling, Lucy Goodenough, Madame Meyer de Reutercrona, Baroness d'Eichthal, Mahtab van Hogendorp, Rabia Robertson-van der Pot (Kafia's mother), Musharaff Khan, Hanifa von Medinger, Sakina Furnée and Angela Alt. The numerous mureeds in the two back rows include at least ten individuals mentioned by Theo van Hoorn, namely, Gawery Voûte (fourth from left), Fatá van Seters (first male, seventh from left), Djalilah Moore (ninth from left), Manohary Voûte (tenth from left), Zulaikha van Ingen (behind and between Maheboob and Talewar Dussaq), Salima van Braam (behind and between Kefayat LLOYD and Murshida Green), Huzurnaváz van Pallandt (behind Begum), Moenie Kramer (behind Goodenough), Lucie van Hoorn (third female mureed to the right, in line with Meyer de Reutercrona), Sirkar van Stolk (sixth figure from the top right), with Shanavaz van Spengler behind Pallandt's right shoulder. In addition, we can make out Ulma Haglund, Rahmat Rasmussen, Bashiran Bjerke and Akhtar Groutars standing in front of Sirkar van Stolk (with Akhtar immediately behind Kjøsterud).

126. Detail of Lucie van Hoorn, Theo's sister-in-law and a Suresnes regular who was deeply devoted to Murshid.





127. The 1928 Suresnes Summer School. Starting in the front row we see Khair Zoeteman with baby Mahmood Khan, Mona Groutars (later madame Carl), unknown, Noor-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Khair-un-Nisa, and Vilayat. In the first row of seated adults we have Saida van Tuyll, Marya Cushing, Ali Khan, Shadiby Khanim Maheboob Khan-van Goens, Susanna Kjøsterud, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, Maheboob Khan, Fazal Mai Egeling, Baroness d'Eichthal, Sirdar van Tuyll, Kefayat LLOYD, Ekbal Dawla with Raheem-un-Nisa, and Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans. Further back on the left are Akhtar Groutars (third standing mureed from left), Salima van Braam (behind Mrs. Cushing), Madame de Wattebled (behind and between Kjøsterud and Murshida Green), Ulma Haglund (behind and between Green and Maheboob), Jamila de Vries Feyens-van Slee and her husband Fazil (behind and between Maheboob and Baroness d'Eichthal), and Dr. Arthur Bodley Scott (behind Fatimah's left shoulder). At the left of the very back row is Wazir van Essen, looking very good indeed. Sirkar van Stolk is the fourth male to the right, behind Salima. Begum has gone into seclusion and does not feature in this or later Summer School photographs.



128. Detail of Sirdar van Tuyll, about to stop attending Suresnes Summer Schools because of his doubts about the Sufi leadership succession.



129. The 1929 Suresnes Summer School. This is one of two very similar photos to have survived from this year. In the front row are Ali Khan, Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, Hidayat, Khair-un-Nisa, Raheem-un-Nisa, Shadiby Maheboob Khan-van Goens with Mahmood, Vilayat, Noor-un-Nisa, Fazal Mai Egeling, Maheboob Khan, Kefayat LLoyd, Talewar Dussaqa, Sirkar van Stolk with Isabelle, Sajani van Stolk-von Hemert, Marya Cushing, Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans and Ulma Haglund. The next row starts with Djalilah Moore and Baroness Sarojini van Pallandt. Louis Hoyack (with tilted head and glasses) is located immediately behind Shadiby Khan im. Behind and between Talewar and Sirkar are Fazil de Vries Feyens and Jamila de Vries Feyens-van Slee. Behind and flanking Fazil are Khair (Mies) Zoeteman and Akhtar Grougars. Behind Sirkar and in line with him is Dildar Hartzuiker. Between Sirkar and Sajani is Zebunnisa Tanfani de Montealto. Behind her and to the right of Dildar is Narbada Kerbert-Schroeter (who is partly cut off). Her husband, Azim Kerbert, is the second male mureed (with the impressive hair) to the right.

130. Detail of Azim Kerbert, father of Shireen Smit-Kerbert, an Amersfoort mureed mentioned by Theo in connection with the Dutch national convention of the spring of 1938.

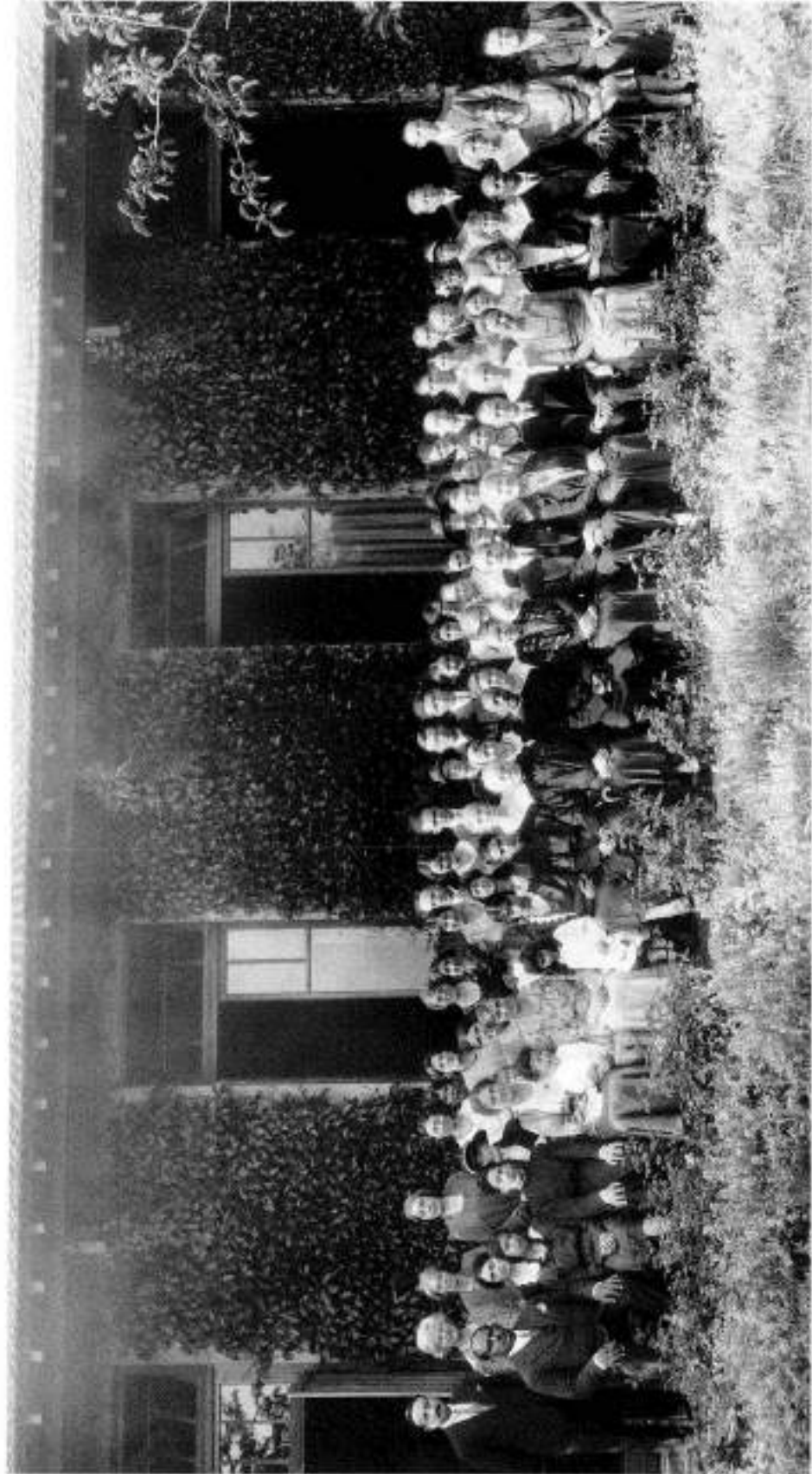




131. The 1930 Suresnes Summer School. This is the better of two distinct photos taken on the occasion. In the front row we see Subhanbi-Savitri van Rossum du Chattel, her husband Musharaff Khan, Angela Alt, Salima van Braam, Sajani van Stolk-von Hemert with Helen, Sirkar van Stolk with Isabelle, Kefayat Lloyd, Fazal Mai Egeling, Maheboob Khan, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, Noor-un-Nisa, Vilayat, Shadiby Maheboob Khan-van Goens with Mahmood, Raheem-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Khair-un-Nisa, Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma and Ali Khan. Immediately behind Salima is Sawjar Salomonson. Fazal and Jamila de Vries Feyens are located behind Sirkar. Baroness Sarojini van Pallandt is behind Fazal Mai Egeling. Marya Cushing is behind and between Murshida Green and Noor. Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans is behind and between Noor and Vilayat. Ulma Haglund is behind and between Vilayat and Shadiby Khanim. Chairyat de Regt is between and behind Shadiby and Hidayat. In the very background, second from left, is Khair Zoeteman. Three mureeds to the right is Akhtar Groutars. Dildar Hartzuiker is located behind Mrs. Cushing. Wazir van Essen is five mureeds to the right (just to the right of the window aperture). Immediately in front of him is monsieur Felix Thévenin.

132. Detail of Angela Alt, Salima van Braam, Sajani van Stolk-von Hemert, with Helen, and Sirkar van Stolk, with Isabelle, all well known to Theo.





133. The 1931 Suresnes Summer School. In the front row are Ali Khan, madame Felix Thévenin behind Khair-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, Mahmood, Shadiby Khanim van Goens, Raheem-un-Nisa, Noor-un-Nisa, Vilayat, Fazal Mai Egeling, Maheboob Khan, Murshida Green, Talewar Dussaq, Kefayat LLOYD, Count Karamnavaz van Bylandt, Salima van Braam, Angela Alt, Musharaff Khan, Subhanbi-Savitri van Rossum-du Chattel and Marya Cushing. Behind Hidayat is Baroness Sarojini van Pallandt. Behind and between Noor and Vilayat is Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans. Behind and between Murshida Egeling and Maheboob Khan is Rahmat Rasmussen, with Bashiran Bjerke on her left. Behind and between Maheboob and Saintsbury-Green is Ulma Haglund. Behind Kefayat and Bylandt are Fazil and Jamila de Vries Feyens with their daughter Ratan. Behind and between Bylandt and Salima is Narbada Kerbert-Schroeter. A little further back behind Salima are Akhtar, Pol and Mona (with a bow in her hair) Groutars. At the back, starting from the left, are Felix Thévenin, Djalilah Moore and Bakhtavar (Tine) Baak. Two mureeds over is Kalyani van Gool. Four mureeds to the right follow Chairiyat de Regt, Dildar Hartzuiker and Khair Zoeteman. Sikander Eekhout is behind Pol Groutars. At the very right could be Wazir van Essen, for once not smiling. The Van Stolks are presumably absent because of the birth of their third daughter, Emma Sylvia.



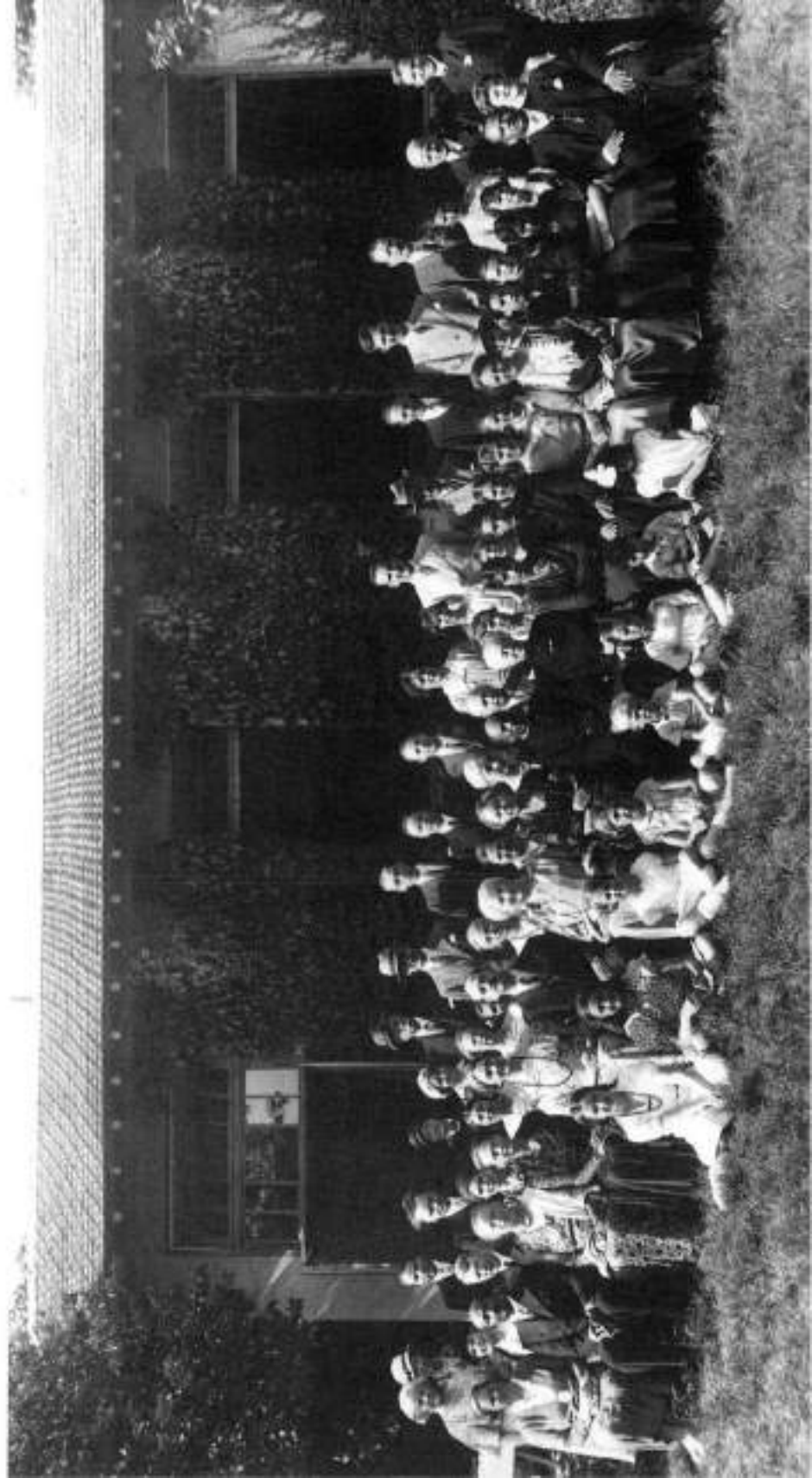
134. Detail of monsieur Felix Thévenin, Suresnes-based member of the executive of the Société Anonyme Soufi.



135. The 1932 Suresnes Summer School, photographed inside the Lecture Hall. Immediately evident in the increase in the number of children, representatives of the next generation of Western Sufism. In the very foreground are Isabelle van Stolk, Helen van Stolk, Raheem-un-Nisa Khanim, Mahmood Khan, Mona Groutars, Jettie van Gool, Louis (Loeki) van Gool and unknown. Seated in the front row are Noor-un-Nisa, Vilayat, Sajani van Stolk-von Hemert with infant Emma Sylvia, Shadiby Khanim, Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, Fazal Mai Egeling, Maheboob Khan, Murshida Green, Kefayat LLOYD, Subhanbi-Savitri, Musharaff Khan, Baroness Sarojini van Pallandt, Baroness Hochberg and Ali Khan. Sirkar van Stolk and Salima van Braam sit to the left and right of Shadiby Khanim. Ulma Haglund and Marya Cushing flank Fazal Mai. Fazil and Jamila de Vries Feyens-van Slee are behind Murshida Green, whereas Hidayat and Khair-un-Nisa are behind Ali. Moving back another row, Djalilah Moore and Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans are the second and third mureeds. At the very back we have Wazir van Essen, unknown, unknown, Khair Zoeteman, Akhtar Groutars, unknown, unknown, Jabbar Bentinck and (before the portrait of Murshid) Theo van Hoorn. At the very right are Sikander Eekhout, Dildar Hartzuiker and Azeem van Beek.



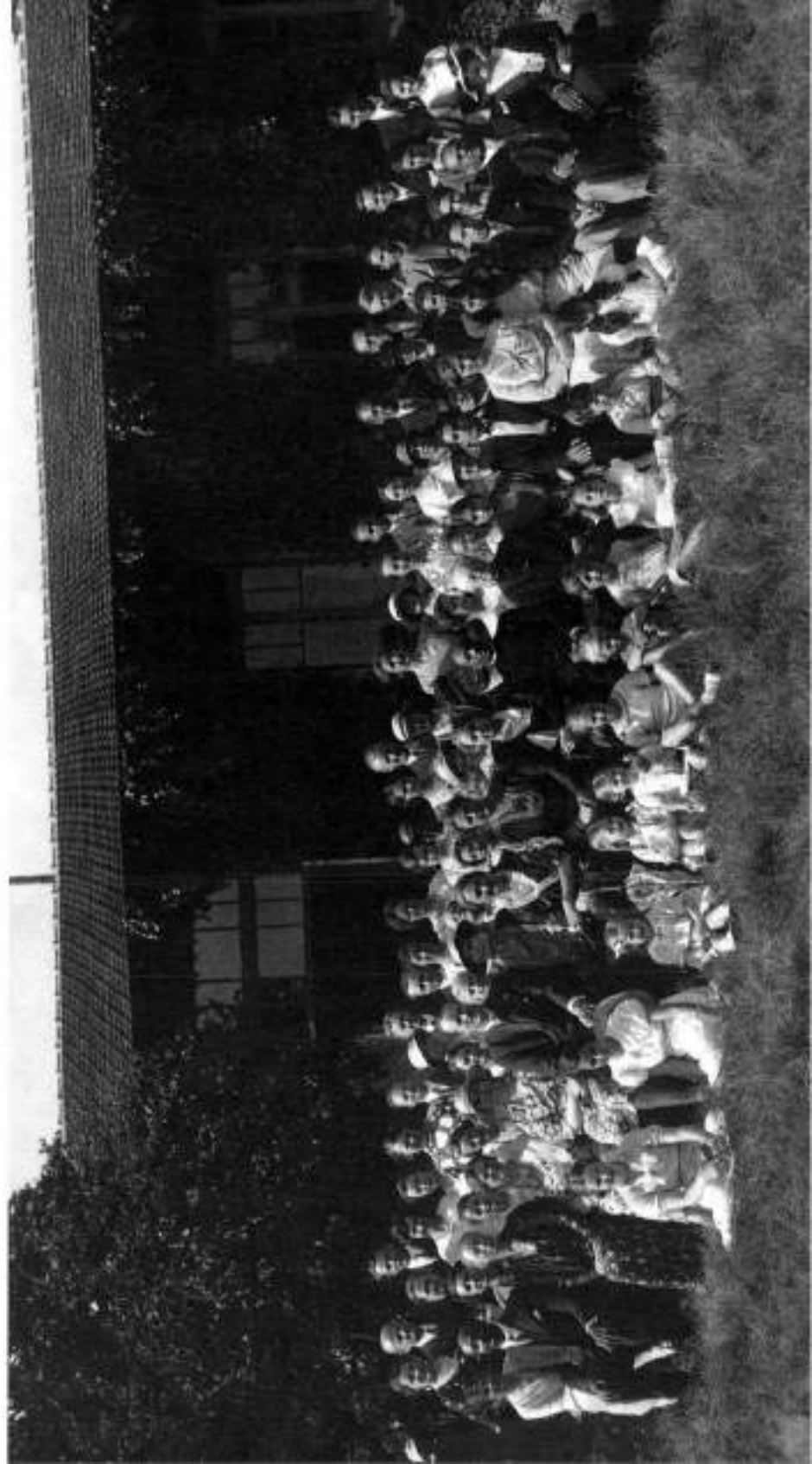
136. Detail of Theo van Hoorn at forty-five, going on forty-six.



137. The 1933 Suresnes Summer School. The children seated in the foreground are Ratan de Vries Feyens, two unknowns, Jettie van Gool, Louis van Gool, Mona Groutars, Mahmood Khan and his sister Raheem-un-Nisa. In the front row of adults we see Ulma Haglund, Musharaff Khan, Subhanbi-Savitri, Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans, Salima van Braam, Talewar Dussaq, Kefayat LLOYD, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, Maheboob Khan, Fazal Mai Egeling, Noor-un-Nisa, Vilayat, Shadiby Khanim, Ekbal Dawla, Hidayat, Khair-un-Nisa, and Ali Khan. In the second row of heads we see Sarojini van Pallandt (between Ulma and Musharaff), Fazil de Vries Feyens (between Musharaff and Subhanbi-Savitri), Jamila de Vries Feyens-van Slee (between Subhanbi and Fatimah), Kalyane van Gool (between Fatimah and Salima), Halima Lange-Visscher (between Salima and Talewar), Alim Almgren (between Maheboob and Fazal Mai), Shānti Almgren (between Fazal Mai and Noor), Akhtar Groutars (between Vilayat and Shadiby Khanim), and Rahmat Rasmussen (between Shadiby Khanim and Ekbal Dawla). The back-row mureeds include Jalilah Moore, unknown, a Romanian violin student named Goldberg, three unknowns, Jan Marie baron van Pallandt (with hat and moustache), unknown, Sikander Eekhout, Fatā van Seters, unknown, Khair Zoeteman, Tineke Zoeteman, three unknowns, Akbar Lange, Sirkar van Stolk, a slightly lower unknown female mureed, Khushnasib Hübner and Azeem van Beek.

138. Detail of Fatā van Seters, whom Theo spies with Salima van Braam in "Bagatelle" in August of 1937.

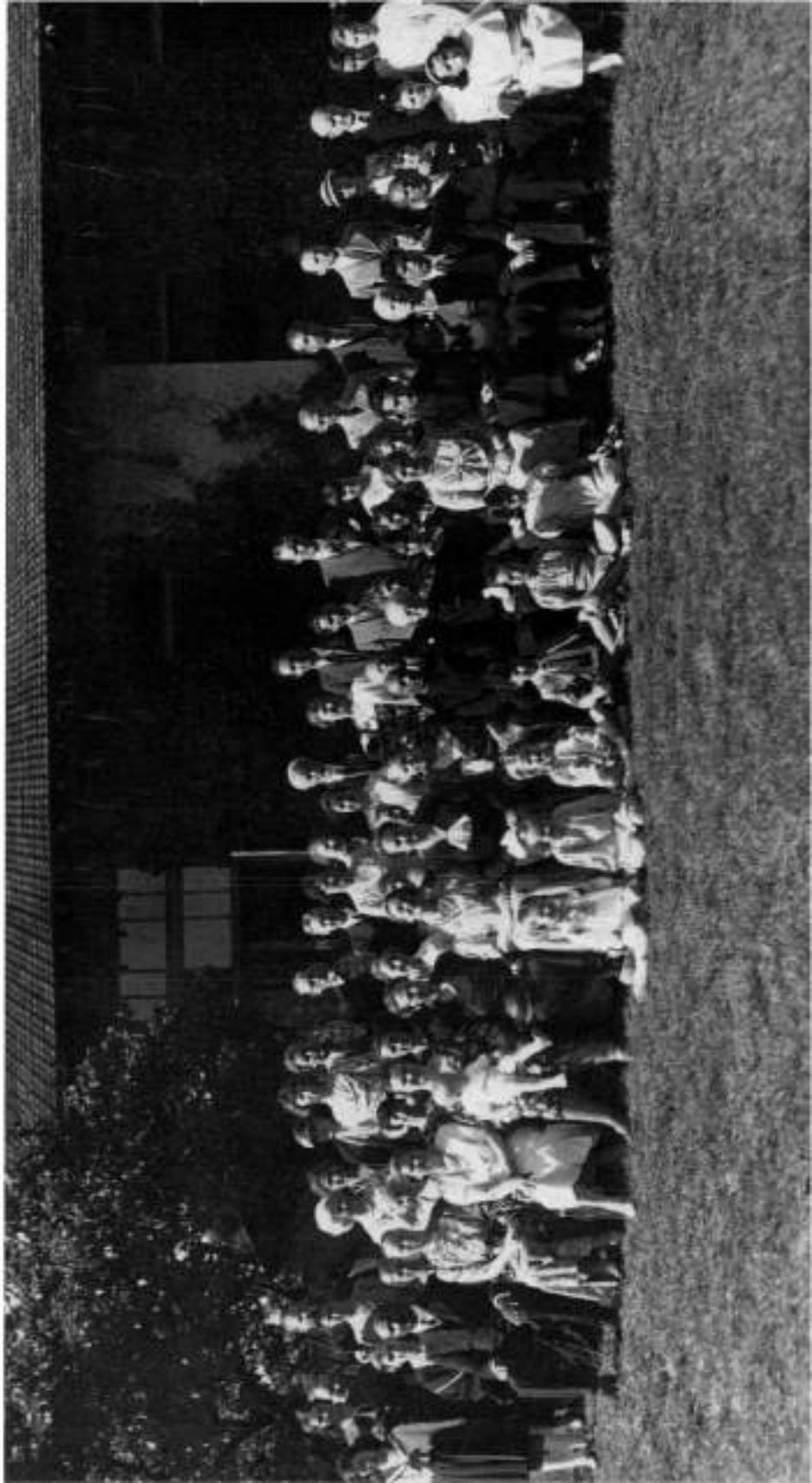




139. The 1934 Suresnes Summer School. The foreground children are Ratan de Vries Feyens, Josée de Farinola, Sylvia, Isabelle and Helen van Stolk, unknown, Louis (Loekie) van Gool, Jettie van Gool, Mona Groutars, Mahmood Khan and Raheem-un-Nisa Khan. In the second row we see unknown, Musharaff Khan, Subhanbi-Savitri, Ulma Haglund, Sajani van Stolk-von Hemert, Sirkar van Stolk, Sarojini van Pallandt, Salima van Braam, Ekbal Dawla, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, Maheboob Khan, Fazal Mai Egeling, Noor-un-Nisa, Vilayat, Shadiby Khanim, Khair-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Ali Khan and Baroness Hochberg. Of the next row of heads, madame de Fanfani and Rahmat Rasmussen are to the left and right of Subhanbi-Savitri. The next head in that row probably belongs to Bashiran Bjerke. Bhakti Eggink-van Stolk is found between Maheboob Khan and Fazal Mai Egeling. Halima J. Lange-Visscher is located between Fazal Mai and Noor, whereas Sawjar Salomonson sits immediately behind Khair-un-Nisa. Finally, the woman between Hidayat and Ali is probably Jamila de Vries Feyens-van Slee. The back row starts with Khushnasib Hübner, followed by Wazir van Essen. The next males are Fatá van Seters and Jabbar Bentinck. We then have unknown, unknown, Khair Zoeteman, unknown, unknown, Akhtar Groutars, unknown, unknown, Gawery Voûte, unknown, Manohary Voûte, unknown, Kalyani van Gool, unknown, unknown, Fazil de Vries Feyens, unknown, Azeem van Beek and unknown.

140. Detail of Azeem van Beek, biographer of Murshid, who photographed the Summer Schools of 1932 and 1933.





141. The 1935 Suresnes Summer School. The children seated on the grass are Sylvia, Helen and Isabelle van Stolk, Mahmood Khan, Mona Groutars, Raheem-un-Nisa. Seated in the first row are Musharaff Khan, Subhanbi-Savitri, Ulma Haglund, Sajani van Stolk-von Hemert with Adriaan Pieter Eric, Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans, Salima van Braam, Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, Maheboob Khan, Fazal Mai Egeling, Noor-un-Nisa, Shadiby Khanim, Vilayat, Khair-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Ali Khan and unknown. The next row of sitting mureeds include Sundra Lecocq Madier-de Watteville (between Ulma and Sajani), Zebunissa de Tanfani (between Sajani and Fatimah), Shakti van Stolk (between Fatimah and Salima), Halima Lange-Fischer (between Salima and EkbalDawla), Alim Almgren (between Maheboob and Fazal Mai), Shānti Almgren (between Fazal Mai and Noor), Bashiran Bjerke (between Noor and Shadiby Khanim), and Rahmat Rasmussen (between Shadiby and Vilayat). Standing are Feizie van der Scheer, Akhtar Groutars, unknown, Wazir van Essen (half hidden), Jalilah Moore, Jamila de Vries Feyens-van Slee, Sarojini van Pallandt, Hayat Kluwer, Salar Kluwer, unknown, Sikander Eekhout, Munira Meyer Noble, Jabbar Bentinck, Khair Zoeteman, unknown with beard, unknown, Yauub Borstlap, Goldberg, Sirkar van Stolk, three unknowns, Fathayab Visscher, unknown, Khushnasib Hübner, Josée de Farinola and Ratan de Fries Feyens.

142. Detail of Sundra Lecocq Madier-de Watteville, perceptive Belgian mureed who impressed Theo in August of 1937.





143. The 1936 Suresnes Summer School. In the front row are madame Félix Thévenin, Mursharaff Khan, Subhanbi-Savitri, Ratan Pool-Polack with Nadir, Lucy Goodenough, Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans, Salima van Braam, Raheem-un-Nisa, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, Maheboob Khan, Fazal Mai Egeling, Noor-un-Nisa, Mahmood Khan, Shadiby Khanim, Vilayat, Hidayat, Ali Khan, Mobarak Dussaq-Lussy and Talewar Dussaq. In the next seated row are Jamila de Vries Feyens-van Slee (between Salima and Ekbal Dawla), Huzurnavaz van Pallandt (between Saintsbury-Green and Maheboob), Alim Almgren (right behind Maheboob), Shánti Almgren (between Maheboob and Fazal Mai), Halima Lange-Fisscher (half hidden behind Noor) and Bashiran Bjerke (between Ali Khan and Mrs. Dussaq). Standing are monsieur Félix Thévenin (behind his wife), three unknowns, Feizi van der Scheer, four unknowns, Jabbar Bentinck, two unknowns, Ratan de Vries Feyens, Sikander Eekhout, Akbar Lange with Phiroz Pool in front of him, Yauub Borstlap, Sarojini van Pallandt, Khair Zoeteman, Tineke Zoeteman, mevrouw van der Poel, Fathayab Visscher, unknown and Fazil de Vries Feyens. The distance between Fazil and Jamila reflects the state of their marriage.



144. Detail of Murshida Lucy Goodenough, moved away from the heart of things since 1924.



145. The 1937 Suresnes Summer School. Mahmood Khan sits on the grass in the centre foreground. Seated in the front row are an Talewar Dussaq, Countess Shadman Pieri (née Dussaq), Shānti Almgren, Alim Almgren, Ulma Haglund, Salima van Braam, Ekbal Dawla, Sophia Saintsbury-Green, Maheboob Khan, Fazal Mai Egeling, Vilayat, Shadiby Khanim, Raheem-un-Nisa, Noor-un-Nisa and Ali Khan. In the next seated are Kalyani van Gool, unknown, Raushan Swane, Miss and Mrs. Brutnell, Hakima van Dissel(?), Halima Lange-Fisscher, Zebunissa de Tanfani, Hayat Bouman, unknown, Vadan Ratcliff, Jamila de Vries Feyens, mevrouw van der Poel and Chariyat de Regt. Standing in the background are Akhtar Groutars, unknown, Salamat Hoyack, unknown, Sarojini van Pallandt, three unknowns, Fazil de Vries Feyens, two unknowns, Salar Kluwer, Alamgir de Koning, Jabbar Bentinck, Dildar Hartzuiker, unknown with beard, Abadi van Dijk Blok, three unknowns, Goldberg, unknown, Josée de Farinola, Ratan de Vries Feyens, Khushnasib Hübner and Rahmat Rasmussen.

146. The programme of the 1937 Summer School.

PROGRAMME OF THE SUMMER-SCHOOL 1937.

(Institut universel Soufi).

DAYS	11.30	3.45	4.45		8.15
MONDAY	Confraternity of the Message	Discourse	Silence	Sacred Meeting	
TUESDAY	Informal Service				Message
WEDNESDAY	Study Class	Discourse	Silence	Sacred Meeting	
THURSDAY					
FRIDAY	Healing Class	Brotherhood	Silence	Sacred Meeting	
SATURDAY	Reading of miscellaneous subjects by Hazrat P.O.M. Inayat Khan				Sama-or Khilwat Silence
SUNDAY		3.30 Public Lecture	4.30 Universal Worship	5.30 Cherags' Meeting	



147. The penultimate Suresnes Summer School, held in 1938. In the foreground are Ali Khan, Subhanbi-Savitri, Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans, Shánti Almgren, Alim Almgren, Else countess Blücher Altona (second wife of Floris van Pallandt), Ekbal Dawla, Talewar Dussaq, Salima van Braam, Maheboob Khan, Fazal Mai Egeling, Vilayat, Mahmood, Shadiby Khanim, Raheem un Nisa, Hidayat, Ali Khan, Noor-un-Nisa and Angela Alt. In the second row of seated mureeds are Lenie Flentge, two unknowns, Rahmat Rasmussen, Bashiran Bjerke (barely visible behind Comtesse Blücher), Mrs. Kolthoff, Vadan Radcliffe, Halima Lange Fisscher, Zebunnisa Tanfani and Rahman van Lohuizen-Peters with her youngest son, Theodoor Paul. The next two mureeds could again be the Brutnells. Then follow Hakima van Dissel, two unknowns, and Dilbahar de Labarre (between Ali and Noor). Standing at the back are Hanifa Attema next to her husband, Khushnasib Hübner, Karima Ängstrom, Jabbar Bentinck, three unknowns, Kaliyane van Gool, three unknowns, Kadir van Lohuizen, Ratan de Vries Feyens, Josée de Farinola, Fazil de Vries Feyens, unknown with beard, Goldberg, two unknowns and Hayat Bouman.

148. Detail of Alim and Shánti Almgren, dedicated Swedish mureeds who prepared the early, typescript edition, in five deluxe copies, of the compilation entitled *Biography* of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan.





149. The cast of Murshid's *Una* as staged in the Lecture Hall in 1934. Ten of the actors (in italics) are mentioned by Theo. Sitting in the foreground are *Musharaff Khan*, *Zebunnisa de Tanfani*, *Marchesa di Farinola*, *Kefayat LLOYD*, *Shanavaz van Spengler*, *Josée de Farinola* and *Dildar Hartzuiker*. Standing in the back row are *Sirkar van Stolk*, *Fatá van Seters*, *Sajani van Stolk-von Hemert*, *Karema Belder*, *Khushnasib Hübner*, *Riet van Houten*, *Nettie Shamhart*, *Akhtar Groutars*, *Mies Baay*, *Hayat Kluwer*, *Sajwar Salomonson*, *Henri Pierre Amélineau*, *Fathayab Visscher* and *Jabbar Bentinck*. Amélineau and Baay married in St. Cloud on 21 September 1934.



150. Jamila, Zahir, Ratan and Fazil de Vries Feyens in the Sufi Garden in 1934. Theo does not mention Jamila and Ratan but praises Zahir and Fazil for their 1937 performances in Murshid's *The Living Dead*.



151 A Baroda family reunion of 1928 to 1929. At the top left stand Alladad Khan (first cousin of Noor and her siblings, and the Maula Bakhsh heir), Vilayat, Ali Khan and Maheboob Khan. In the lower row are Chand-Bibiy and her husband Alaodin Khan-Pathan (Inayat's uncle and first father-in-law), Noor un Nisa, Khair-un-Nisa and Hidayat. Inayat Khan had intended Noor to marry Alladad, but Begum vetoed the union.



152. Noor-un-Nisa, Hidayat, Khair-un-Nisa and Vilayat in Suresnes in the summer of 1927.



153. Noor-un-Nisa as she must have looked when she welcomed Theo to Fazal Manzil in 1937 (detail of fig. 145).



154. Vilayat Inayat Khan in 1938. The Cossack-style habit is an echo of the Brothers' stay in Russia.



155. Vilayat demonstrating the social skills celebrated by Theo van Hoorn.

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156. Vilayat before the first stone of the Universel after World War II, hosting a "pilgrimage" to Suresnes.



157. Maheboob Khan as photographed by Azeem van Beek in The Hague in the fall of 1933.



158. Maheboob Khan in Geneva around 1934.



159. Maheboob Khan with turban around 1934.



160. Maheboob Khan around 1935 to 1938.



161. Maheboob Khan in the Lecture Hall around 1936, reading the words of his revered brother Inayat.

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162. Maheboob Khan and his wife Shadiby Khanim van Goens with Raheem-un-Nisa and Mahmood in The Hague around 1937.

163. Jonkvrouw Ekbal Dawla van Goens-van Beyma (left), patrician mother of Shadiby Khanim (right) in her garden in The Hague around 1922. In the middle is Cor Huber, Shadiby's later bridesmaid.





164. Metre-high patinated plaster bust of Mohammad Ali Khan by Sufi sculptress Jadwiga Bogdanowicz (National Gallery, Warsaw). Theo reports on seeing this “immense block of stone” in Jadwiga’s Paris Studio.



165. Bronze bust of Mohammad Ali Khan by Charlotte baroness van Pallandt.



166. Murshid Ali Khan in Suresnes in 1927.



167. Ali Khan with Raheem-un-Nisa in 1927.

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168. Murshid Ali Khan in a portrait of the twenties that he presented to Salar Kluwer at Villa "Jolijt" in Joppe/Gorsel in 1933: "To Mr. Nico Klower with best wish & kind remembrens from Mohammad Ali Khan."

169. Murshid Ali Khan, musician, mystic and healer, in the late thirties.

170. Pir-o-Murshid Ali Khan around 1950.





171. Musharaff Khan as performer in Ghent in 1928.



172. Musharaff relaxing in Joppe/Gorsel in 1933.



173. Musharaff at home on rue de l'Avenir in Rueil-Malmaison around 1935.



174. Musharaff and his wife, Subhanbi-Savitri van Rossum du Chattel, in the Sufi Garden in the late thirties.

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175. Raheem-un-Nisa,
Ekbal Dawla,
Musharaff,
Mahmood and
Subhanbi-Savitri in
the late thirties.



176/177. Pir-o-Murshid Musharaff Khan around 1960.



178. Sakina (Nekbakht) Furnée, Murshid's secretary, with Khair-un-Nisa in 1922.



179. Kismet Stam, cousin of Nekbakht and guardian of Murshid's precious time.



180. Rebecca Miller, Rabia Martin and Fatha Engle conducting an early Universal Worship in California in 1921-22.



181. Murshida Rabia Martin in 1924. She reminded Theo of a Peruvian totem pole!

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182. Murshida Fazal Mai Egeling before Fazal Manzil, her 1922 gift to Murshid and his family.



183. Fazal Mai Egeling as Cherag, looking more severe than Theo remembered her.



184. Fazal Mai in the Sufi garden in 1938, a year after she consulted Theo and the year before her death.



185. The exalted Murshida Goodenough of Theo's hagiography.



186. Murshida Saintsbury-Green, whose words and intellect impressed Theo.



187. Murshida Green as Cherag, posed before the wall of the Haras de Longchamp.



188. Kefayat LLOYD in the Sufi garden, with the Lecture Hall and Hanifa von Medinger (hatless) to her right.



189. Kefayat LLOYD posing next to the first stone of Murshid's Universal Temple.

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190. Latif de Ruiter, a Dutch Healing Conductor installed by Kefayat LLOYD in 1929, here photographed in Valkenburg in the 1970s.



191. Angela Alt as she may have looked when she met Inayat Khan in London.



192. The mature Angela Alt, reported by Theo as having helped organize the Samahdi Silences of 1926.



193. Jalilah Moore, cricket fan and volunteer custodian of the Lecture Hall.



194. Mrs. Marya Cushing, leading American mureed, organizer of Murshid's 1923 US tour and later editor of *The Sufi Record*.



195. Sheikha Khushi about to join fellow mureeds in the Sufi Garden around 1934. To the left of her are Alim and Shánti (with parasol) Almgren. The woman to the left of the Almgrens could be Zulaikha van Ingen. Sophia Saintsbury-Green sits at the very right. The two distinctive gentlemen in the left foreground could not be identified.

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196. Susanna ("Auntie") Kjøsterud, National Representative of Norway from 1924 to 1932.



197. Sajwar Salomonson, gifted actor and National Representative of Norway from 1932 to 1935.



198. Akbar Egeberg, National Representative of Norway from 1935 to 1939. Theo praises his engagement in both Sufism and the world at large.



199. Mumtáz Armstrong, National Representative of Argentina, with Baroness Lakmé van Hogendorp, in Geneva on 20 September 1926.



200/201. Talewar Dussaq, Cuban diplomat and for many years Secretary General at International Headquarters in Geneva.



202. Birbal de Cruzat-Zanetti, the first Executive Supervisor at Geneva IHQ.



203. Gisela Munira Craig, Italian wife of Rome-based Irish mureed David Craig.

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204. Madame S.H. Meyer de Reutercrona, stately but enthusiastic Swiss Sufi.



205. Madame M.C. baroness d'Eichthal, Murshid's "backbone of the Movement in France."



206. Madame de Wattebled, Leader of the Brussels Centre, in the garden of Fazal Manzil in 1923 or 1924. From left to right are Bakhtavar Baak, Madame de Wattebled, Dr. Arthur Bodley Scott, Baroness d'Eichthal, Kefayat LLOYD, two unknowns and Jamila de Vries Feyens-van Slee.



207. Baroness Mahtab van Hogendorp-Van Notten, "a voice in the wilderness."



208. Jan Ignace Paderewski, a "Mastermind" and worthy foil for Murshid.



209. Aftab van Notten, Sufi General Treasurer and Leader of the Geneva Centre.



210. Baroness Sarojinie van Pallandt, infirm mother of Floris van Pallandt, helped by Ulma Haglund, a "priceless" (begimati) Swedish Leader overlooked by Theo.

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211. Baron Huzurnaváz (Floris) van Pallandt, affable Sufi, Paris-based diplomat and capable Sufi editor, in 1924.



212. Portrait of Baron van Pallandt as knight of the Teutonic Order (Protestant Bailiwick of Utrecht), presented to Ali Khan on 18 January 1931.



213. Karamnavaz van Bylandt with Zulaikha van Ingen-Jelgersma in Suresnes around 1925.



214. Count Willem van Bylandt as ambassador. Theo mentions him as a lone Western Sufi of international stature.

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215. Jonkheer Yussouf van Ingen with his son Eric in Noordwijk aan Zee in the summer of 1926.



216. Presentation photo of jonkheer Eric Inayat Eduard van Ingen.



217. Zulaikha van Ingen-Jelgersma, Eric's mother, around 1926.



218. Zulaikha van Ingen at villa "Jolijt" in Joppe/Gorsseel around 1930.



219. Jonkheer Yussouf van Ingen in 1932, the year before he was murdered in Woerden.



220. Zulaikha in an unknown location in the mid-thirties.



221. Zulaikha at villa "Jolijt" in Joppe/Gorsel in the late thirties.



222. Zulaikha van Ingen and Salima van Braam, admiring the first stone for the Universel in 1933.

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223. Salima van Braam, determined Leader of the Amsterdam Centre, in the twenties.



224. Salima relaxing in front of the Lecture Hall in 1932 or 1933.



225. Formal portrait of Salima taken by Azeem van Beek in Suresnes in 1933.



226. Salima at villa "Jolijt" in Joppe/Gorsel in 1940.



227. Gawery, the younger of the Voûte sisters, around 1921.



228. Manohary Voûte, violinist and translator of Education and Rassa Shastra, in April of 1923.



229. Gawery and Manohary flanking an unknown friend in December of 1934.

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230. Gawery Voûte, Zulaikha van Ingen and Kafia Blaauw-Robertson around 1950.



231. Villa "Jolijt" in Joppe/Gorsseel, home of Salar and Hayat Kluwer-Rahusen and refuge for their fellow Sufis. The stucco was applied in 1932.



232. Salar Kluwer, Deventer Leader and Sufi publisher, with Shanti (Boudewina) and Sunita (Machteld) in 1929.



233. Salar Kluwer and Salim (Paul) at "Jolijt" in 1932.



234. Hayat Kluwer-Rahusen with Salim and Sunita near "Jolijt" in 1932.



235. Hayat Kluwer with dog before a newly stuccoed "Jolijt" in 1933.

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236. Musharaff Khan with Sunita and Salim Kluwer at villa "Jolijt" in the spring of 1933. Musharaff loved children but had none of his own.



237. Musharaff Khan and Shanti Kluwer at "Jolijt" in 1939.



238. Kafia Blaauw-Robertson, Salar Kluwer and Salima van Braam around 1965.



239. Kafia Blaauw-Robertson, courageous Leader of Rotterdam, around 1960.



240. Baron Sirdar van Tuyll van Serooskerken and Saida Willebeek-le Mair, likely in 1922.

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241. Sirdar horsing around with Hidayat (front) and Vilayat in the Sufi Garden around 1927.



242. Saida van Tuyll playing the vina in the Sufi Garden in Suresnes.



243. Saida van Tuyll playing the vina at 178 Anna Paulownastraat in The Hague.



244. Johanna (later Moenie) Kramer-van de Weide with husband Piet and daughter Ellen around 1917.



245. The architect Musawwir Kramer with his children in 1934. Tammo (Amir) is in the lower centre. Kramer designed Murshid's aborted Universel in 1926.



246. Sirkar van Stolk around 1924, when Theo first met him at Sirdar van Tuyl's home in The Hague.



247. Ali Khan, unidentified couple, Sirkar van Stolk and Talewar Dussaq around 1935.

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248. Sirkar van Stolk around 1950, shortly before he emigrated to South-Africa.



249. Bhakti Eggink-van Stolk, Wim Eggink's wife and Sirkar's sister.



250. Wazir van Essen, Sirkar's right-hand man in Suresnes and elsewhere.



251. Khusnabsib Hübner (with hat) in the Sufi Garden in 1934. The female mureeds are Abadi van Dijk-Blok, Hayat Bouman and Zohra van Houten, later Van Essen.



252. The Suresnes wedding, held on 22 August 1933, of Phiroz Pool and Ratan Polak, close friends of Inayat, Maheboob and Ali Khans.

253. The bride and groom relaxing with fellow mureeds. Shanavaz van Spengler is seated at the lower left. Next come Phiroz and Ratan Pool-Polak, Fatimah Cnoop Koopmans, Musharaff Khan, unknown, Shadiby Khanim Maheboob Khan, Subhanbi-Savitri Musharaff Khan, and Khair Zoeteman. The standing lady all in white is Munira Meyer Noble. To the left of her are Rahmat Rasmussen and Ulma Haglund, grandees of old Sufism whom we have repeatedly encountered in the annual Summer School photographs.



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254. A group photograph of 1938. At the far right is our only image of Shaukat van der Linde-Faber, Azmat's sister, Amsterdam teacher, and Hilversum Leader, visited by Theo shortly after the liberation of The Netherlands on 5 July 1945. The fifth sitting mureed from the left (on our side of young Mahmood Khan) is Enne (Rahman) van Lohuizen-Peters, whom Theo identifies as his son Paul's Montessori teacher.



255. Murshid Kadir van Lohuizen, distinguished mureed, city planner and academic ignored by Theo.

256. Th.K. van Lohuizen, Delft student, visiting his parents, next door to Theo and his brother Piet, on 5 July 1919.

257. Dr. Ingenieur Th.K. van Lohuizen visiting his parental home, next door to Theo and Dien, on 25 May 1924.



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258. Dien van Hoorn (left, standing behind Maheboob Khan), Theo van Hoorn (thirteen mureeds back), Phiroz Pool (fourth mureed from the upper right, with moustache) and Kadir van Lohuizen (lower right) at a 1938 convention of Dutch mureeds.

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