AUGUST 15: ITS WORLD-SIGNIFICANCE

Pointers in Modern History

August 15, India's Independence Day, has in modern history associations both spectacular and profound. We may say that this date marks the very birth of the power by which international politics was giganticized rotted into the atomic bomb that gave shape to our modern age. For, though it is the French Revolution that brought modern history into being, the forces that exploded in 1789 could never have found a firm organised life if there had not been the military colossus we call Napoleon Bonaparte, gathering the new France into a source of God and lashing out at the Europe united to crush her and shuttering the entire balance of the old world to the sound of the mighty mania plucked from the heart of the Revolution—La Marseillaise. Through the personality of Napoleon revolutionary France let loose the spirit of modern times—Napoleon who was born on August 15 in 1769.

It is a far cry from this great Cossican to Hitler. But though Hitler cannot compare with him in stature and though he differs also in being an instrument of the dark forces of racialism and totalitarian tyranny rather than a medium, however flawed and self-willed, of liberty, equality and fraternity, he too precipitated a continent-wide clash of arms and was intensely influenced by the Napoleonic fury. Not only did he start in 1941 his campaign against Russia in the name of Napoleon and on the very day Napoleon had marched against Tsar Alexander I; he also fixed in 1940 the 15th of August as the day on which he would complete his conquest of Western Europe by broadcasting from Buckingham Palace the collapse of Britain. The call of Britain would have sealed the death-warrant of the whole world outside America.

August 15 was meant to be the end of World War II, with a decisive victory of the forces intent on putting the clock back and establishing on earth the reign of theAura, the Titan, over the evolving God in humanity. But instead of a resounding triumph, August 15 found Britain still full of fight and on that day the longest toll so far was taken of the Luftwaffe—180 German planes shot down in British skies.

We are led to ask whether again this date has a meaning. To get the answer we do not have to search long. The present hostilities were preceded in early June by a propaganda campaign by the North Korean radio, relayed by Moscow, demanding the unification of Korea on the Communists' terms. The word "peaceful" was thrown about, but the suggestion was everywhere that peace hung on unconditional kowtowing by the Southern Government to the dictat of Communism. On June 21 the same radio station spoke further of a friendly peaceful yet proceeding according to such a plan that within a certain fixed period the goal would inevitably be attained. There was an ominous ring here—and four days later the Communists were on the march across the 38th Parallel. As usual, Communism had talked peace while intending war. But what attaches a peculiarly significant interest to the talk is the time-limit announced for the disappear-
never been materialised in the full sense because either their true order has not quite been understood or, if it has been understood, the ultimate condemnation of them has been elusive. The French Revolution and its Napoleonic consolidation laid the stress on liberty. Indeed this was not a new idea; it was not that liberty that was already living in the consciousness of the French people before the taking of the Bastille. The fall of the Bastille, the throwing open of the doors of the State prison symbolised the animating principle of the whole revolution. It is an ancient right! an ancient custom! it is the shackles of feudalism. That is why up to now the Revolution is celebrated on July 14. But in the sphere of social life, liberty, though precious and indispensable, does not always make for either equality or fraternity. The understanding of liberty has expanded and took on an unprecedented status in the eyes of the law—at least in general. For the rest, it may bring in an immense latitude for competition and a chance for the best-placed, the strongest, the most skilful, the least scrupulous to get the upper hand. The word liberty is employed today to express the way in which government is based on the individual’s freedom of action as well as of thought has been opposed by collectivism which is government founded on equal association in labour and a common profit-sharing. Collectivism may not be altogether reprehensible in theory but in practice it becomes a rule by force, an iron levelling-down, a rigid regimentation: liberty suffers enormously and a dictatorship is created steam-rollering both social and intellectual life. Fraternity suffers too, for where liberty is not guaranteed there is no fraternity. The Police and its machinery have not yet become necessary because all live in fear and suspicion. If choice is to be made between the dangers of democracy and those of collectivism, the former are far preferable, since the mind is left free by them and the mind’s freedom is a greater progressor for a nation than the material wealth. As long as we observe strikingly in America, such welfare is not impossible to democracy, what is needed is planned economy and not necessarily collectivism. Also, a democracy is the best kind of society. It is not to be imposed from above but for which liberty is not in itself averse to, but, if properly developed, consonant with the principle of “live and let live”—tolerance, kindliness, mutual respect, diversified harmony. Again, by allowing the mind of man to go unfeathered, it gives leeway not only to the cult of altruistic humanism and to idealistic art and philosophy but also to the religious, the spiritual, the mystic drive towards realising a single Selfhood of the cosmos or a single Fatherhood of the world and, as a result, a spontaneous compassion that is felt in Allapora’s embrace or a common sense of love, as if the entire creation were one family of brothers. It is because democracy is not exclusive, as a collectivist dictatorship is, of such possibilities of inner and outer growth that the formula of the French Revolution, for all its shortcomings, is a valuable step in human history and those countries that have erected their political and social order on some form or other of its teachings are the true friends of India and, despite their remnants of colonialism, their fight today against Communist tyranny is her fight as well. Her hitting tune August 15 as her Independence Day is a sign from beyond the outer surface of her life, a pointer from her national soul, that her place is in the vanguard of democracy and that her mission is to fulfil what the democratic peoples of the West are still flumming after.

Our Independence and Sri Aurobindo

The way to fulfillment is by stressing neither liberty nor equality but fraternity. Given genuine fraternity, liberty and equality follow. More than any other country India is equipped for building the democratic order on a basis of genuine fraternity. For a full achievement of this, it is the one common, the only fundamental basis which can last and carry a superstructure of authentic freedom and justice: God-realisation. And as soon as we speak of God-realisation being India’s master quest no less than being the one means of fulfilling the ideals of democracy we come to be on the look-out for a yet profounder reason for our national soul’s predilection for August 15. What we expect to find is the identity of this date with some occasion closely linked to not only our own struggle for independence and for the triumph of the democratic ideals but also the sense of man’s guiding Godhead with which our nationalism is so powerfully charged and the direct concrete experience of the one yet multiple Divine Reality that has been the lodestar of the Indian consciousness down the centuries. If we could discover the identity we would have the redoubled certitude of our sovereign Independence Day was due to no accident nor dictated by mere convenience but decided by the national soul. And by exploring the precise historical circumstances of the identity we should be able to learn where to seek correct guidance for our daily life and to rise to the heightening of our destiny.

There is no traditional festival from the past on this date. With none of our political leaders in the forefront at present it is particularly convenient for the celebration of Sri Aurobindo. But it has not noticed it all at when they fixed the Day of Independence. Though to celebrate it people in their hundreds from all parts of India had been gathering together in Pondicherry for several years before the end of British rule. Mr. Aurobindo had thought in the year 1916 to the Ministry of Education the importance by making the Independence Day coincide with this. It is sad proof of the imbalance of values in contemporary India, the dearth of vision in our leaders. All the more remarkable, therefore, is their striking upon just this date the happiest and most helpful political event of modern times. And all the more clinching as well as heartening is the
ner that has been traditional in the West heretofore. His philosophy is not an abstract logic-spinning from a few principles of thought mixed with a few data of ordinary observation. It is only the intellectual elucidation and systematization of a pre-existing religious consciousness and dependency upon the traditional mind: it is but a mental picture of what is realised by the immortal consciousness in its Yogic penetration of the subliminal and the supra-liminal. Modern man is rather impatient with the old purposes and modes of thought that were cast upon him. To an extent never previously attained, science he is more a psychologist than a metaphysician, and this turn—enlightened increasingly by research in what is termed extra-sensory perception—is likely to be attracted by a metaphysics based totally on Yoga which is not the new-veiled truce to the process where we are peeling off from our present narrow limits of consciousness and widening forth to be one with the inmost stuff of existence. Of course, there are many obstructions in the modern mind, especially the incubus of nineteenth-century materialism, which, though not a primary objection to the new physics, could still be in actual life a haunting influence opposed to Yogic philosophy. But the general trend of the present age, as it develops further, will uphold such philosophy more and more gratefully.

Parallel to the line toward super-psychology is the drive initiated in the last century by Nietzsche with the formula: "Man is something to be surpassed. Lo, I teach you the Superman!" Nietzsche's idea of the Superman was much coloured by the science of his day and it was at best a titanic heroism arrogating man's physical nature by means of an iron will laughing at natural obstacles and subduing both the ordinary self and the common world in order to intensify the life-gusto and fit it for extraordinary exertions. The modern world vision of climate has changed radically and we have beheld with startled gaze the Nietzschean dream come almost true in the Herrenvolk of Hitler and are facing another version of it in the aggressive challenge of Stalinist totalitarianism, the idea of the Superman of Hitler's vision and that of the Godhead of the modern mind to which the inmost self of becoming sublier and purer and less egoistic, more inclined to values like "sublimination" and "integration of personality." In short, it is getting oriented, however slowly and stumblingly, in the direction of the Aurobindo vision of superhumanism.

The Superman, for Sri Aurobindo, is man surpassing himself by a triple change of consciousness. The human being has to discover his own true self. Usually we take the life-force to be the genuine psyche or else we think of the cosmic Self as the life-force and live in a dualism of the body and the life-force as if the body were of no account. Sri Aurobindo says that even what we know as body, life-force and mind are not all that works physically, vitally and mentally as the individual. There are occult realms of physicality, vitality and mentality through which the individual can put himself into contact with universal reality. Our hidden statuses in these realms are more deserving of the name "soul" if by that name we mean nothing beyond the mind-life-body combination. But in fact there is in the profundities of our being a distinct psychic individual, a spark of divinity whose ordinary manifestations in us are disinterested search for truth, selfless leaping of ethical idealism, pure desire to create beauty and whose clearest expression is the aspiration towards the Eternal, the Divine. This Immortal within the mortal, the subconscious mind, the channels of life-force and body and who passes from birth to birth in an evolving universe has to be realised in full constant experience. The second change of consciouness is the realisation of the single life of all existence, the one Being who is the life, the colour, the heart, the Self that is evermanifesting in infinite Nature that is everlasting power. And this Spirit is to be experienced not only as a cosmic splendour but also as a super-cosmic trinity of Ecstasy, Delight and Divine. "This is what Sri Aurobindo defines as the realisation of the Supermind. The Supermind is the Spirit in its creative poise, the Spirit massing together its inexhaustible reality of oneness and manyness into a harmony of archetypes, as it were, and emanating from that harmony a gradation of world on world and relating itself to its emanations as their Lord and Lover. It is when the Supermind which holds the divine original of the world not only in essence but also in formulation is realised, with the transcendental Existence-Self beside the integral Self, that the Universe is as its one instrument and the inmost soul as its other medium that man reaches a Supermanhood must dynamic for world-uses.

And because Sri Aurobindo's Yoga puts so much emphasis on such dynamic concrete understanding of this or that reality we will be drawn the opposite way towards the Aurobindonian self-achievedness. Whatever we may outlaw of Nietzsche's gospel, whatever "Titanism" of it we may reject, the note he struck of energy, of the Will to Power is in its significance an inalienable part of the highest philosophy. The formula of "Heredity and Law" and other related expressions, where the connection last of the factors making for gravitation of the modern mind to Sri Aurobindo comes most aptly for comment. The quest for the soul today, via the concept of the Superman, is not out of rapport with import and implications of the religious ideal of the modern mind. Whether it is yet a cry for some new perfection. The first plan, that ideal split reality into two irreconcilable or at least disparate orders—the natural and the supernatural—and world-life was seen as only a transition from the religious life to the secular life and no such perfection in its own right. The more the supernatural was admitted into it the more was the natural relinquished and effaced. Secondly, man was regarded as a fixed being, a creature set for ever in form and function, with horrible lower reaches and splendid higher ranges between which he could move but beyond which he could never go to an entirely new pattern of world-life. There was, in the old religious ideal, no sense of evolution. With the advent of the Superman the super-realities of the world-life have been proposed as to be discarded, as no other than in the animal, a different and better poise of the whole organic entity with an intenser level of general consciousness. A half-serious half-fantastic play on the notion of this pra- life of Sri Aurobindo, poetic being in the Nietzschean nisse into the hopes and dreams of what has termed Creative Evolution. The evolutionary concept also underlines the value of the outer instrument of the inner vitality: if the natural is not to be efficaciously transformed, if the super-realities are to become the external basis and vehicle of the greater and intenser consciousnesses, it calls for extreme attention, since without its keeping pace with the inner progress there will be no secure establishment of the fruits of that progress and a decline will sooner or later set in.

All these ideas floating in the mind of modern man are rarely quite definite and are often ineffectual or misdirected. But when the light of Sri Aurobindo's Yogic philosophy will fall upon them, they will get definition and quicken to their true objectives. They will reveal themselves as vague approximations to what Sri Aurobindo brings and offers. We might even say that to a considerable extent they are the responses created by the subconscious mind in echo of the Sri Aurobindonian visions that have challenged and will challenge the super-realities of the contemporary world. On the whole they and this inspiration are both the presence of the Divine Word of the Zeitgeist—the forerunner of the tensuous peripheral vibration, the latter the dense central note of the Divine Beings. From His creative identity and descending from His mystery above in Eternity's gold and Infinity's blue. In a luminously positive and comprehensive form, with a flexible yet underviating technique of integral development, Sri Aurobindo's Yogic philosophy catches us up in the truth of evolution. His Yogic philosophy is not just a stroke of the spirit's sky, with a connecting line kept between that amplitude and the individual existence here till the hour of the body's death. He declares that evolution lacks its total sense if there is no recognition of the higher consciousness together with an accent of the lower. Those evolutionary terms, mind and life-force and matter—what is their fulfilment if the Divine Being from whom they have been emanated carries only a self-conscious soul through them? And even we cannot call it a self-defic destiny of their own—a mind not fumbling for knowledge but seizing it with a lightning flash, a life-force not enslaved by petty desire and incapable of coping with the challenge of circumstance but large and blissful and sovereign in its steps, a body not subject to disease and age and accident but full of radiant health, possessed of automatic immunity? This question has never been answered in the past. Perhaps it was never even precisely put. But there has been a dream of esoteric vistas a cry for a new vision of the dream of heaven on earth. The idea of the pre-existing as a kâma shrîra or causal body in the empyrean of the Supreme Consciousness. Vast has not been there the intuition that if all has come from the Divine into an evolutionary universe all must have an infinite adventure in consciousness and action, that the truths and archetypes grow for ever, dwell both the plan and the power of transforming integrally the whole body and nature of man. In world-work the Supermind is Sri Aurobindo's speciality; possessing it in full, bringing it to play via the manifold labours at the beginnings of a completely new pattern of world-life, a new species with no more the mind in charge, no more the mind permeating what is below it, but with the Supermind as the head and front and confronting into its own terms of truth-consciousness the entire rhythm of man's existence. The kâma shrîra, the causal body whose stuff is God's infallible and incorruptible light, is sought to be made one with the sâksa(shiva shrîra, the subtle body of every psychological activity and finally with the sthâla shrîra, the gross body that is our physical life. This oneness is the authentic next step of evolution fulfilling the urge towards perfection which is the distinguishing sign of man who is "something to be surpassed", the man who by long broken up by life ignorance and sin, has been foiled of earthly satisfaction and therefore diverted to losing his visionary acuteness in some ineffable Beyond. By the oneness here and now of the three instrumental formulations of the Spirit Sri Aurobindo promises a different earth inhabited by a growing number of men made both inwardly and outwardly perfect and effecting ever-novel discoveries of the infinite Divine in art, philosophy, science, politics, society-structure and industry.

When the procession of disciples and pilgrims will offer garlands to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, the latter's gesture will express in supernal creation at work amidst us that the offering will be done and in that gesture will lie the seed of man's birth into Integral Godhead!...
We are happy to be able to republish for the first time, from the pages of Sri Aurobindo's philosophical journal, "Arya", which ran from 1914 to 1921, the following three essays out of "The Synthesis of Yoga", throwing into luminous relief with clues from the past and from his own experience the main characteristics of the dynamic Supramental Consciousness that is in his Yoga the basis of integral transformation of man's self and nature.

VIJNANA OR GNOSIS

For the perfect self-transcendence we have to draw up, the Upanishads has said, our mental consciousness-freeing into the knowledge-self and to dwell in the divine knowledge by change into the knowledge-soul, the vijnana-maya Purusha. Seated on that level of the Vedic hill of ascent we shall be in quite a different plane of being from this material, this vital, this mental soul and nature of things which is our present view and experience of our soul-life and of the world. We shall be born into a new soul-status and put on a new nature; for according to the status of the soul is the status of the Prakriti. As the consciousness-soul rises to a higher level of being, the nature also is elevated into a superior working, the very consciousness, a vaster force, an intenser and purer joy of existence; but the transition from the mind-self to the knowledge-self is the great and the divine transition in the Vedic Yoga. It is the shaking off of the last hold of the cosmic ignorance on our nature and its firm foundation in the infinite Truth of things. So long as we are in the triple formula of mind, life and body, our nature works upon the basis of the ignorance even when the soul reckons the knowledge in consciousness, it is unable to mobilise it rightly in force of action. This was a wrong action, a wrong increase, but it is pursued by a limitation, condemned to a divisibility which prevents it from working integrally in the power and knowledge of the infinite; its power may be immense compared with ordinary powers, but it is still subject to incoherence and there is no perfect correspondence between the force of the effective will and the light of the idea which inspires it; the light of the infinite Presence may be there in status, but the dynamic of the operations of our nature still belongs to the lower Prakriti and its triple nodes of working. But the vijnana-maya, this gnosis is the working of the infinite and divine nature; it is the divine knowledge one with the divine will in the delight of spontaneous and luminous self-fillment. By the gnosis then, we change our human into a divine nature.

What then is this gnosis and how can we describe it? There are in the ordinary philosophical notions of the term vijnana two opposite errors which disfigure two opposite sides of the truth with regard to the gnosis. In one vijnana is used as synonymous with the buddhi and the Indian term buddhi as synonymous with the reason or discerning intellect. The classifications which accept this significance pass at once from a plane of pure intellect to a plane of pure spirit; they recognize no intermediate power, no middle vijnana between the two. By the second error, it is supposed that vijnana is the consciousness which gives us the knowledge of the Infinite free from all ideation or with the ideation packed into one essence of thought, lost in the single and invariable idea of the One, the absolute, the personal. But this is an error. Vijnana, this concentrated consciousness of the infinite Being, is it also the infinite knowledge of the play of the Infinite; it contains all ideation in itself though it is not limited by ideation. This ideation, however, is not in its character intellectual ideation, not what we call the reason; for that is mental in its methods, mental in its basis, mental in its acquisitions, but the ideation of the gnosis is supramental in its methods, its basis, its yield of thought-light. There is a relation, even a sort of broken identity between the two. In one thought, one indeed proceeds from the other; but they act on different planes and reverse each other's process. Even the purest reason, the most luminous rational intellectuality is not the gnosis.

Reason or intellect is only the lower buddhi, dependent for its action on the perceptions of the sense-mind and the concepts of the mental intelligence. There is, indeed, a higher form of the buddhi, often called the intuitive mind or intuitive reason, which by its intuitions, inspirations, swift revelatory vision, luminous insight and discrimination seems to do the work of the reason with a higher power, a swifter action, a self-light of the truth which does not depend upon the sense-mind or its percepts and proceeds not by intelligent, but by visional concepts. This real intuition must be distinguished from another power of the reason which is sometimes confounded with it as its power of knowledge; this self-light of the truth which does not depend upon the sense-mind or its percepts and proceeds not by intelligent, but by visional concepts. This real intuition proceeds step by step trying the sureness of each step like a man walking over unsure ground and testing by the touch of his foot each pace of soil that he perceives with his eye. This other is the intuitive mind, a process of rapid insight or swift discernment which proceeds with a stride or leap, like a man leaping from one sure spot to another point of sure footing; he sees the space he covers in one compact and flashing view, but he does not distinguish or measure either by eye or touch its successions, features and circumstances.
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But even if it were perfectly accomplished, still the intuitive mentality would not be the gnosis; it would only be its reflection. The difference is often hard to describe exactly; by means of some act of the mind, the seeing of the Vedas is not bodily light; and he would see things as reflected in his organ of vision, deformed by its faults or limited in their truth by its restrictions. But the vijñāna after Puruṣa lives in the Sun itself, in the very body and blaze of the light,* he would see things as though he were his own being and he would see besides all that dwells in the rays of the sun, see the whole truth of the lower trichotomy and each thing that is in it. Everything would be reflected in a mental organ of vision, but with the Sun of gnosia itself as Puruṣa. Thus, says the Veda, is the eye of the gods.

The mental being, even in the intuitive mind, can perceive the truth only by reflection and subject to the restrictions and inferior capacity of our own unenlightened apprehension. It would see things just as they are, from the very central and not the outer surface of the truth, in its very form and by its own spontaneous and self-illuminating process. For the vijñāna is the direct and divine as opposed to the indirect and human knowledge.

The nature of the gnosia can only be indicated intellectually by contrasting it with the nature of the intellectual mentality, and even then in phrases which do not illuminate unless aided by some amount of actual experience. Indeed, the language for expressing how the reason can really express the supernational? The mental reason proceeds from ignorance to truth, the gnosia has in itself the direct and immediate vision of the truth. The reason is without, and an inflow of never or seldom lost and a partial dependence on appearances, to arrive at the truth behind them; the gnosia starts from the truth and shows the appearances in the light of the truth. The reason proceeds by inference, it concludes; the gnosia proceeds by intuition and perception.

The reason sees all things as if it knew in itself and others as if it knew. As the reason sees all the appearances of things, so the gnosia sees and grasps the truth of things; and where the physical sense gets into relation with objects by contact, the gnosia gets into identity with things by oneness. Thus it is able to know all things as a man knows his own existence, directly. To the reason as only what the senses give is direct knowledge, pratyakṣa; the rest of truth is arrived at indirectly; to the gnosia all its truth is direct knowledge, pratyakṣa. Therefore the truth gained by the intellect is an acquisition over which it has no control, of which it has no doubt, an inexpressible, a surrounding penumbra of night and ignorance or half-knowledge, a possibility of alteration or annihilation by farther knowledge. The truth of the gnosia is free from doubt, self-evident, self-existent.

The reason has as its first instrument observation general, analytical, synthetic; it aids itself by comparison, contrast and analogy; it proceeds from experience to indirect knowledge by logical processes of inference, by deduction, by induction; it rests upon memory, reaches out beyond itself by itself by imagination, secures itself by judgment; all is a process of groping and seeking. The gnosia does not seek, it possesses; or if it has to enlighten, it does it by self-imagination. The consciousness rising from the intuition towards gnosia, imagination would be progressively replaced by truth-inspiration, judgment by a self-luminous discerning, the logical process from reasoning to conclusion by a swift intuitive proceeding which sees the conclusion or fact first and all the evidence by which it is sustained. Yet it is not as it is not as its evidence, but as its circumstances and relations seen in one comprehensive view; observation would be replaced by vision not merely of the thing, but its truth, and our uncertain memory by luminous possession as not as a store of acquisition, but as a thing always contained in one's own consciousness.

For while the reason proceeds from moment to moment of time losing and acquiring lost again and acquiring again, the gnosia possesses time in one view and links past, present and future in their indivisible conceptions. The gnosia starts from the totality and sees parts, different only in relation to the totality, while the mental reason cannot really see the totality at all and does not know fully any whole except by starting from analysis and synthesis of its parts, masses and details; otherwise its whole-view is always a vague or imperfect or a confused view. The reason deals with processes and properties and tries in vain to form by them an idea of the thing in itself; the gnosia sees the thing in itself, its original and eternal nature and its processes and properties only as a self-expression of its nature. The reason dwells in the diversity and deals with things separately and treats each as a separate existence, as it deals with sections of Time and divisions of Space; it sees unity only in a sum or by elimination of diversity only in a unity, but it does not recognise any real division nor treat things separately as if they were independent of their real and original unity. The reason deals with the infinite indirectly, the gnosia perceives of readiness only as an indefinite extension in which the finite acts; it can with difficulty conceive and cannot at all grasp the infinite in itself; but the gnosia lives in the infinite, starts always from the infinite and knows finite things only in their relation to the infinite and in the senses of the infinite.

If we would describe the gnosia, not thus imperfectly as it is in contrast with the reason, but as it is in itself; we can hardly speak of it except in figures and symbols. We must remember that the vijñānaṃya level is not the supreme plane of our consciousness, but a middle or link plane interposed between the trine glory of the utter Spirit, the infinite existence, consciousness and bliss, and our lower tripping. Sachchidānanda gathers up the light of his existence into the gnosia and pours it out as the divine knowledge, will and joy of being upon the soul, as infinite light were gathered up into the compact orb of the sun and poured upon all that depends upon the sun. The gnosia is not only light but force, it is creative power. This self-existing truth of the divine idea, this idea is not creative imagination, not something that creates in a void, but truth-light full of truth-force; it brings out what is latent in its being, it does not create a latent that never was in being. As is the idea, so is its ideation; the ideation of the gnosia is radiating light stuff of the consciousness of being, each ray a truth; its will is a conscious force throwing the consciousness and substance of being into the infallible forms which embody the idea and work spontaneously and rightly according to its nature. Because of this creative force of the divine idea, the Sun, the Lord and the universal soul of the gnosia, is described in the Veda as the Light which is the father of all things. Surya Savitri, the Wisdom-Luminous who is the bringer: into being. Its creation is inspired by the light, the divine delight,—it is full of the joy of its own truth and power in the creating; therefore the world of the gnosia is the rātes and the bhadra, the true and the happy creation, since in all it shares in its perfect joy. Divine knowledge, divine bliss, ideation, ideation, ideation, in action in knowledge, will and delight is the nature of Prakritis of the soul in vijñāna.

Thus there are three powers of the vijñāna. It knows and receives the infinite being, consciousness and bliss into itself and in its highest height it is the knowledge of infinite Sachchidānanda; it concentrates all into the dense luminous consciousness, chasteśvara saṃkṣipta or chidānanda, the seed-state of the divine consciousness in which all the principles of the divine being, all the truths of the divine consciousness and idea are nature: it brings or loses it out by effective ideation of the divine knowledge, will-force and delight into a universal harmony or rhythm of being. The mental Puruṣa rising into the vijñānaṃya will therefore ascend into the three powers, turning him into the powers of the gnosia, its mental ideation into that of the divine knowledge, will-force and delight, turning its conscious stuff of mental nature and being into the chidānanda or dense self-luminous consciousness from which the ideation proceeds, its conscious self into a substance of the Sachchidananda; from that the whole vijñānaṃya nature and activity proceed. These three movements are described in the Isā Upanishad as vyuha, the marshalling of the rays of the Sun of gnosia in the order of the Truth-consciousness, amasa, the gathering together of the rays into the body of the Sun of gnosia, and the vision of that Sun's fairest form of all in which the soul possesses its infinite oneness with the supreme Puruṣa,* crying So'ham. God above and the soul dwelling in one with the Divine,—the infinite power and truth of the Divine is the luminous nature of the soul's being,—the radiating activity of the divine knowledge, will and joy perfect in the natural action of its Prakriti,—this is the experience of the soul in gnosia.

The Conditions of Gnosis

Knowledge is the first principle of the Vijnana, but knowledge is not its only power; like every other plane of being it founds itself upon that plane upon which it is founded. It has not naturally the power of controlling itself, but also takes up all the powers of being and moulds and modifies its nature and working into conformity with its own original and dominant law. In the mental being, for example, mind-sensitive or intelligence is the original and the dominant part; it is its mental being; a centre of nature intelligence; a centre of intelligence, a massed movement of intelligence, a receptive and radiating action of intelligence. He has the intelligent sense of his own being, the intelligent sense of other existence than his own. It is the only plane of being, which is matter and exception as they make themselves sensible to him and capable of being seized by his intelligence; what he does not sense and conceive, is to him practically non-existent. Man is a mental being, but one cased in Matter and so has to start with the action of the physical senses which are consciousness of the truth of being which is not, the eternal nature of Sachchidananda out of which they proceed and in which they are founded.

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*Surya rudra vyasa samata ke tej yata kalyanamurtam rupam iste paccayi yova sam purushah vama sam. The Veda describes the vijñāna plane as rita samayam brhat, the Right, Truth, Vast, the same triple idea differently expressed. Rūtā, the sense of the divine knowledge and joy of the thing, ayus the truth of being which so acts, behat the infinity of Sachchidananda out of which they proceed and in which they are founded.
are all channels of material contact, he does not start with the mind-
sense, but even so he does not and cannot make use of anything conveyed
by this material sense (and unless they are taken hold of in a
mind-sense and turned into stuff and value of his intelligent being. What
in the lower world is a panic, a nervous, a dynamic action and reaction,
becomes in him sense of force, sense of desire, sense of will, sense of int-
tention, of his immediately conscious, emotionally conscious force-action.
This force-action of being translates itself into sense of pleasure and its perversion pain,
feeling-sensation of liking and disliking, intuition of delight and failure of
delight—all phenomena of the mind-sense. That which is above him and
around him, that in which he lives,—God, the universal being—are
non-existent and unreal to him until he gets the mental sense of the Infinite
and an intelligent consciousness of the superself.

So the vijñānānāta being is in its nature truth-consciousness, a centre and
source of all the things, a massed movement of the subjective body of
gnosis, a receptive and radiating action of the truth-power of
things according to the inner law of their being. This truth of things
that at which we arrive in the gnosia,—for from that it itself originally starts,
—dictates to the consciousness and to the mind-sense of the gnosia; so long as we
live at all in the ego, it is idle to hope for this reality. The least
reversion to ego-thought, ego-action, ego-will brings back the
consciousness tumbling out of such gnostic Truth as it has attained into
the impermanence and impotence of the divided mind. A very
knowledge of the very basis of this higher consciousness; we have to feel ourselves one with
all things and beings, to identify ourselves with them, to become aware of
them as ourselves, their being as our own, their consciousness as our
own thing. This is the way how to know how to be one set to see
the whole.

This universality is impossible to achieve in its completeness so long as
we feel ourselves to be a consciousness lodged in this individual mind,
life and body. There has to be a certain elevation of the Purusha out of
the physical and even the mental into the vijñānānāta body. Neither the
brain or its corresponding mental "lotus" can remain the centre of our
thinking, nor the heart or its corresponding 'lotus' can remain the centre
of our emotional being. The conscious centre of being, thought and
action rises out of the body and mind and takes its free station above
the body. The perception of thought and sensation of the
being above it as its lord, possessor or Ishvara and of encompassing it with
a wider than the physical consciousness. We come to realise with a very
living force of reality, normal and continuous, what the sages meant when
they spoke of the soul carrying the body and said too that the soul is not in
the body, but the body in the soul. From above and not from the brain
we ideate, we will, the brain-action being only a response and movement
of the physical machinery to the shock of the thought-force and will-force from
above. A will in origin a universal individuality, of all that corresponds to
gnosia in our present mental activity, takes place.

But this centre, this action is free, not bound, especially not involved in
body or shut up in separate individuality. For we have a consciousness as
an entity in the same set of conditions with the centre of
consciousness, the mind-sense, and though emphasis on an individual formation of its energies; it is not
what we now understand by individuality. This state of consciousness is so abnormal to our present mode of being that to the rational man it may seem impossible or even a state of alienation; but even for the mental intelligence it vindicates itself by its greater calm, freedom, light, power,
effectivity of will, verifiable truth of ideation. For it begins even on the
higher levels of liberated mind, but rises to perfect self-possession only in
the spiritual.

The infinite has to become to us the primal, the actual reality, it has
to become impossible for us to think of or realise the finite apart from our
fundamental sense of the infinite, in which alone the finite can live, can form
itself, can have any reality. So long as the finite is to our consciousness the
first fact, the foundation of all our thinking, feeling and willing, the
normal reality from which we can rise occasionally or frequently to an
idea and sense of the infinite, we are very far from the gnosia. The
infinite on the contrary has to be our normal consciousness of being, its first fact, the
foundation of all that is important to our consciousness, feeling and willing,
and from all our thought, will and delight. But this infinite is not only an infinite
of pervasion or extension in which everything forms and happens; behind
that the vijñānānāta is always aware of a spaceless infinite, the essential
being, the reality, the total consciousness and consciousness, the
being in which we may feel at an infinite above us to which we attempt to rise and
an infinity around us into which we strive to dissolve our separate exist-
ences; afterwards we must rise into it, break out of the ego into its large-
ness, a thing that also takes increasing possession of our lower being
until it refashions even our lowest and perversive activities into the truth of the
Vijnana.

This is the basis and when it is achieved, then only can we progress to the
equality of the supernal ideation. The first step is to acquire the supernal light and though we may receive or reflect it even before we rise
into the gnosia, we cannot command or wholly possess it until we become
the being of the supernal light, until our consciousness is transformed into
the consciousness; for according to the first condition of the mind-sense, it
will be the normal strain of our ideation. This ideation of the gnosia has already
been described; but it has to be emphasised that it is not confined to a
higher thought or the action of a sort of divine reason. It takes up all
our present means of knowledge and has deeply extended activity where
they are now debarked, blind, infrutuous, and turns them into a
high and intense perceptive activity of the Vijnana. Thus it takes up its
sense action and illumines it even in its ordinary field so that we get a
truer sense-sight, which enables the mind-sense of the
person of the inner as well as the outer phenomenon, to feel and re-
ceive or perceive, for instance, the thoughts, feelings, sensations, the nervous
reactions of the object on which it is turned. It uses also the subtle senses
as well as the physical senses; it takes up the knowledge, the experience of planes of existence other than the material
to which our ordinary mentality is ignorantly attached and it enlarges the
knowledge for us. It transforms similarly the sensations and gives them their
full intensity as well. But we wish, desire, even what we call
sensuality; the full intensity is impossible because the power to hold and sustain
vibrations beyond a certain point is denied to it, mind and body would
be destroyed under the shock or the prolonged strain. It takes up too the
knowledge of the power of the knowledge of the power of effectuation which we do not
recognise and do not properly develop,—and delivers them at the same
time from all their limitations and from their errors and perversions. For in all
things the gnosia is the Truth, the Right, the highest Law, dasadhīvad
vratāni.

Knowledge and Force or Will—for all conscious force is will, are the
twin sides of the action of consciousness. In our mentality they are divi-
ded. The idea comes first, the will comes stumbling after it or rebels
against it or is used as its imperfect tool with imperfect results; or else
the will start up first with a blind or half-seeing idea in it and works out
something in confusion of which we get the right understanding afterwards.
There is no oneness, no full understanding between them: or else there is
that sort of correspondence of reason and will so that the individual
will in harmony with the universal; it tries to reach beyond it or
falls short of it or deviates from and strives against it. It knows not the
truth in the seasons of the Truth, nor its degrees and measures. The Vijnana
takes up the will and puts it first into harmony and then into oneness
with the truth of the supernal knowledge. In this knowledge the idea in
the individual is one with the idea in the universal, because both are brought
back to the truth of the supernal Knowledge-will. The gnosia takes up
not only our intellectual will, but our wishes, desires, even what we call
the lower desires, the instincts, the impulses, the reaching out of sense
and sensation and it transforms them. They cease to be wishes and desires.
So far as they cease first to be wishes and second cease to be that strugglings after the ungrasped which we mean by craving and desire, it
will no longer blind or half-blind reachings out of the instinctive or intelligent
mentality, but are transformed into a various action of the Truth-will; and
the Vijnana upholds the right measures of its decreed action and therefore with an effectivity unconceivable to our
natural will. Therefore too in the action of the vijñānānāta will there will be no
place for sin; for all sin is an error of the will, a desire and act of the
ignorance.

When desire ceases entirely, grief and all inner suffering also cease.
The Vijnana takes up not only our parts of knowledge and will, but our
parts of affection and delight and changes them into action of the divine
Ananda. For if knowledge and force are the twin sides of the action
of consciousness, delight, Ananda,—which is something higher than what we
call pleasure,—is the stuff of consciousness and the natural result of the
interaction of knowledge and will, force and self-awareness. Both
pleasure and pain, both joy and grief are deformations caused by the disturbance
of equilibrium between our consciousness and the force it applies, between
our knowledge and will. A breaking up of their oneness by a descent to a
lower plane in which they are limited, divided in themselves, restrained
from their full and proper action, at odds with other-force, other-conscious-
to their own will and will to other-will. The Vijnana sets this to rights by the
power of its truth and wholesome restoration to oneness and harmony, to
the Right and highest Law. It takes up all our emotions and turns them
into various forms of love and delight, even our hatreds, repulsions, causes
the rise of the nearest, the closest, the nearest of the things which became the perversions they are, and it restores our whole
nature to the eternal Good. It deals similarly with our perceptions and
sensations and reveals all the delight that they seek, but in its truth, not
its truth, in the consciousness of the being. This idealisation of our lower impulses to lay hold on the Divine and Infinite in the appearances
after which they run. All this is done not in the values of the lower being,
but by a lifting up of the mental, vital, material into the inalienable purity
as well as the natural intensity, in a word the continual ecstasy, one yet
GNOSIS AND ANANDA

The ascent to the gnosis and the possession of the gnostic consciousness raise both the soul of man and his life in the world to a glory of light and power and bliss and infinity which seems in comparison with the lame action and limited realization of the mental being the very status and dynamic of absolute perfection. And it is perfection, which nothing before it has been,—for even the highest spiritual realization on the plane of mental life has in it something top-heavy, one-sided, and exclusive, and the whole of the life and self-expression of the Self is incomparably greater in its comprehensive power than the gnosis and the gnosis in comparison with what is beyond it, it is only a relative perfection. Or, it is the last step from which we can securely ascend into the absolute infinites which are the origin and the goal of the incarnating spirit.

The Sūtra in the Upanishad tells us that after the knowledge-self and possessed and all the lower selves have been drawn up into it, the last step of all—though one might ask, is it eternally the last or only the last practically conceivable or at all necessary for us now?—is to take up that also into the Bliss-self and there complete the spiritual ascension. Ananda, the Bliss, is the essential nature of the spirit; there it finds its true self, its essential consciousness, the absolute power of its being. Therefore the soul’s entry into the absolute, unlimited, unconditional bliss of the spirit is the infinite perfection that is the meaning of the gnosis of origination. Bliss can be experienced even on the lower planes where the Purusha plays with his modified and qualified Nature on the plane of matter, on the plane of life, on the plane of mind as well as or on above the gnosis truth-plane of knowledge. For each of these principles contains in itself the whole potentiality of all the other six notes of our being and each plane of Nature can have its own perfection of these notes under its own conditions. Even the physical soul in man, the manasa purusha, can reflect and enter into the self of Sachchida-nanda either by a reflection of the Soul in physical Nature, its bliss, power and infinity, or by losing itself in the Self within; the result is either a glorified sleep of the physical mind in which the physical being forgets itself or else moves about like a thing in the hands of one who has cast himself into a state of Nature and free irresponsibility of action, dhanaśram, a divine childhood. But this comes without the higher glories of gnosis and delight which belong to the same status upon a more perfect plane of existence. The gnosis and the gnosis in the Gnastic-Sacchida-Nanda state, there is no mastery of the Prakriti by the Purusha. So the life soul in man, prāṇamaya purusha, can reflect and enter into the self of Sachchida-nanda by a reflection of the Soul in Universal Life or by losing itself in the Self within. Here again the result is either a state of sheer self-oblivion or else an action driven irresponsibly by the life nature, the great world-energy in its vitalistic dance, so that the outer being acts either in a God-possessed frenzy careless of itself and the world, unconscious, or with an entire disregard of the conventions and proprieties of fitting human acīm, śicchākṣa—the divine manas or else the divine demeanour. Here too there is no mastery of the soul, but only a joyful static possession by the Self within and an unregulated dynamic possession by the physical or the vital Nature without.

So too again the mind-soul in man, manomaya purusha, reflects and enters into the self of Sachchida-Nanda by a reflection of the Soul as it mirrors itself in the nature of pure universal mind or by absorption in the Self within. Here there is either the cessation of mind and action or a desire free unbound action, that of the soul alone in the world and care-less of all human ties, the eremitic soul, or that of the soul which lives in relations of pure love and ecstasy with all, the saint-soul. The mental being, may however, become the self of all three planes, or at least the other two of the three planes or at least the other two of the three planes. But since the mind-soul is capable of reaching the gnosis in a way in which the life soul and physical soul cannot receive it, with knowledge though only the limited knowledge of a mental response, he may to a certain extent govern by it or egotistic reaction or diversion from the possession of the Divine. For there the individual is no longer the ego, but the Jiva in the higher divine nature, the eternal Atman, the jīva, the individuality of divine light, the play of multiple individuality but with self-knowledge and in the truth of its divine Shakti.

In the Vijnana the right relation and action of Purusha and Prakriti are found, because there they become unified and the Divine is no longer veiled. All is his action. The Jiva, the individual self, feeling "I feel," he does not even say like the sadhaka striving after unity but before he has reached it, "As appointed by Thee seated in my heart, I act." For the heart, the centre of the mental consciousness is no longer the centre of the origin of bliss but only a channel; he is rather aware of the Divine seated above, lord of all, adhirūkta, as well as acting within, and seated himself in that higher being, paramājñā, paramāmājñā, he can truly and boldly, "God himself by his Prakriti knows, acts, loves, takes delight", as his apparent individuality and fulfils there in his higher and divine measure the multiple life which the Infinite plays in the universality of its being."
pittfalls. Its life is abnormal free to all the hardships of a soul dealing freely with Nature and the law of the Truth, by the law therefore of the self-possessed Knowledge, Love, Delight, Unity. It seems abnormal only because its rhythm is not measurable by the faltering beats of the mind.

If it is so, what then is the necessity of a still higher step and what difference is there between the soul in gnosls and the soul in the Bliss? Now the Bliss is not a mere reversal in all the planes the Ananda can be found, because everywhere it exists and is; but sometimes in the lower planes, it is a form of dissolution into it of the pure mind or the life-sense or the physical consciousness; and it is the dissolution out of the dissolved form and held in the dissolution. The gnosls has on the contrary a dense light of essential consciousness* in which the fulness of the Ananda can be possessed. When its form is dissolved into the Ananda itself, it undergoes a change by which the soul is cast up into its last and absolute freedom; for itcast itself into the absolute being of the spirit and its entirely self-existent bliss. The gnosls has indeed as the conscious source of all its activities, possesses it as the base of its being but in its action it stands forth from it as its operation, the rhythmical working of its activities. Gnosls is the divine Knowledge-Will of the divine Consciousness-Force, Prakriti-Purusha, full of the delight of the divine being; but in the Ananda the knowledge goes back into pure self-consciousness, the will dissolves into pure transcendent force, both are taken up into pure delight-being. What was the basis of the gnosls being, is the self-field of the Ananda.

This takes place because there is here completed the transition to the absolute unity of which the gnosls is the decisive step, but not the final resting-place. In the gnosls the soul is aware of its infinity and lives in it, yet it lives also in a working centre for the individual play of the Infinite. This anode has all the attributes of the Ananda, with all difference by which it can have also the contact with them,—that distinction for the joy of contact which in the mind becomes not only difference, but in its self-experience division from our other selves, in its egotistic being a loss of one with in ourselves and a reaching after that, in life a compromise between egotistic self-absorption and a blind seeking out for the lost unity. Even in its infinite-consciousness, the gnosls soul creates a sort of voluntary limitation; it has even its particular luminous aura of being, though beyond that it identifies itself with all being. But in the Ananda all is reversed. The centre disappears; in the bliss nature there is no centre, nor any voluntary or imposed circumstance, but all is one equal being. The bliss soul finds and for ever embraces; if no has the all for its mansion, or, if it likes, it has all things for its many mansions. All other selves are entirely its own selves, in action as well as in being; the joy of contact in oneness becomes altogether the joy of absolute identity. Existence is no longer formulated in the terms of the Knowledge, because the known and knowledge and the knower are wholly one self and there is need of what we call knowledge. All the consciousness of bliss being, all power, all bliss, all bliss, all forms and activities are forms and activities of bliss. In this absolute truth of its being the soul lives, here deformed by contrary phenomena, there brought back and transfigured into their reality.

The soul lives, it is not abolished. For on every plane of our being the samne principle holds; the soul may fall asleep in a trance of self-absorption on its own plane, in the highest glory of bliss, in the Ananda plane, it is the Anandabola, Brahmaola, Vaikuntta, Goloka of various Indian systems,—or may turn upon the lower worlds to fit them with its own light and power, but then the Ananda plane is not incapable of the world-play or self-debored from it. On the contrary, as the Upanishads insists, the Ananda is the true creative principle; from this divine Bliss all takes birth, **in all it is pre-existent as absolute truth of being which the Vijnana brings out and subjects to voluntary limitation by the Ideas and the law of the Idea. But in the Ananda all law ceases and there is an absolute freedom. It is above all principles and the enjoyed of all principles in one and the same motion, above all gunas and the enjoyer of infinite gunas, above all forms and the enjoyer of all forms. This is that the spirit transcendent and universal is, and to be one in bliss with the transcendent and universal spirit is for the soul to be that and nothing less. Necessarily, since there is here the absolute and the play of absolute, it is independent of any of the signs or phenomena of the ideal realities of which mind-conceptions are the figures in our intelligence; for these realities are themselves only relative symbols of those absolute. The symbol may give an idea of the thing itself, but when we go beyond to the thing which it symbolizes, we transcend ideas and transcend even the ideal realities.

Our first absorbing impulse when we become aware of something entirely beyond what we are and know and are powerfully attracted by it, is to get away from the present actuality into that higher reality. The essential form of this attraction is the contribution of the phenomenal illusion and the aspiration to loop or sivras in the beyond,—the passion for dissolution, immersion, extinction. But the real loop or sivras is the release of all that is bindingly characteristic of the lower into the larger being of the higher.

We find in the end not only that the higher reality is the cause of all the rest, but that it embraces and exists in all the rest; only, by possessing it, all is transformed in our soul-experience into the superior value. Finally, we get to the absolute and its supreme values and we lose the passion for release, mulaahkara, which till then acted upon us, because we have got to that which is ever free and is neither attracted to attachment by what binds us nor afraid of what to us seems to be bondage. Without the loss of possession there is no absolute liberation. The Divine Attains to the soul by various lures which are all of them its relative conceptions of bliss; all are the soul's way of seeking for the Ananda. First it is the lure of an earthly reward of material, intellectual, ethical or other joy in this material mind and body, secondly, it is the hope of a heavenly bliss, much greater than these earthly rewards, but the conception of heaven rises in altitude and purity till it reaches the pure idea of the eternal presence of God or delightful union with Him; thirdly, we get the(Route of all lures, escape from worldly or simply heavenward escape and from all phenomenal things, a Nirvana, a self-dissolution in the Absolute, the Ananda of cessation and peace.

But in the end all these toy's of the mind have to be transcended, the fear of birth and the desire of escape from birth have entirely to fall away from us. For, as the Upanishad declares, the soul realising oneness has no sorrow or shrinking and the soul realising the bliss of the Brahman, has nothing to fear from anything whatsoever. Fear and desire and sorrow are diseases of the mind born of its sense of division and limitation. But the Ananda is free from all these maladies.

The bliss soul is not bound by birth or by non-birth, by desire of the Knowledge or fear of the Ignorance. It has already had and transcended the Knowledge; it can play with the Ignorance without being impeded by it. Its bliss being a descent being chained to the revolutions of the wheel of Nature. It knows besides the purpose and law of the birth-series. That law is for the soul to rise from plane to plane and substitute always the rule of the higher for the rule of the lower play even down to the material field. The bliss-soul, therefore, almost changes to help that the ascent from above or to descend down the stages of God into the material birth and there contribute the power of its own bliss nature to the upward pull of the divine forces. Man, generally, cannot indeed ascend yet to the bliss nature; he has still to secure himself on the higher souls, his own soul, to ascend from them to the gnosls; but he can receive its power into his soul in greater or less degree. In that lie his highest capacities.

And what would be the bliss nature in man? First, to be one with all beings in bliss of being; and since love is the human symbol of bliss-unity, to approach this oneness by the way of universal love, a human love at first, a divine love afterwards. Secondly, to be one in bliss with all the world-play and banish from the soul the sorrow and fear, the hunger and pain of the darkened mental being. Thirdly, to get that power of the bliss-freedom in which all the conflicting principles of our being shall be unified in their absolute values; so that all evil shall properly become good, the universal beauty of the all-beautiful take possession, every darkness be converted into a pregnant glory of the light and the discords which the mind creates between Truth and Good and Beauty, Fower and Love and Knowledge disappear on their eternal summit of unity.

The Purusha in mind, life and body is divided from Nature and subject to her dualities; in the gnosls he is blame with her and finds as master their reconciliation and harmony by their essential unity; in the Ananda he is one with the Prakriti and so no longer blame with her. There he under the play of Nature, experienced soul; but all is the play of the soul with itself in its own nature of bliss. This is the supreme mystery, the highest secret, simple to itself, however difficult and complex to our mental conceptions. It is the free infinity of the self-delight of Sachchid-ananda. The play of the divine child, the real life of the Lover are its mystic soul-symbols.

**Chidgama.**

*Therefore the world of the Ananda is called the Jamaloka, in the double sense of birth and delight.*

**Spirit's Harvest**

In the far dark of being, ere the flame
Burst through time-rocks and leaped
To immortality and the conscious sun, there came
By the fowle field of my earth, God's winds that reaped
The spirit's harvest in the spirit's set.
All the wild night's un sainted, unknown
Gold seedlings swept into furniers of light,
Planted awe in pure gold clay, and the raining suns and moons
Fed their delight.

And now the flames burst through to meet
The gold of the conscious sun: O Wheat
Of fire and gold, when this new harvest's done,
The stubble and chaff shall also be
Golden unto eternity.
People are so unwilling to recognize anything that expresses the Divine, that men seek to discover apparent perfections and ascribe them to a higher level of their own origin. They are so easily misled by surface appearances into the belief that the earth, with their crude physical mind they are bound to perceive only what is crude. They cannot see the true reality of their own being, for it is veiled by a curtain of illusion. But now we realize that what seems similar to human activity is yet altogether dissimilar and proceeds from a source which is non-human.

The Divine, manifesting itself for earth-worth, appears to set men as do but really does not. It is not possible to evaluate it by such standards of the obvious and the apparent. But men are utterly in love with their own inferiority and cannot bear to submit to or admit a higher reality. This desire to find fault, this malicious passion to criticize and doubt what something in oneself tells one to be a higher reality is the very stamp of humanity—it marks out the merely human. Wherever, on the other hand, there is a spontaneous admission for the true, the beautiful, the noble, there is no sin. In other words, this Voluntary body is for perfection, but it is the psychic being, the soul in you which is being contacted by your physical consciousness when your heart leaps out to worship and admire what you feel to be of a divine origin.

The moment you acquire a degree of perfection of which you feel to be such, you should be moved to tears of joy. It is the mean creature who stops to reflect:
"Yes, it is something great but it would be worth admiring if it fell to my lot, if I were the happy possessor of this quality, the instrument of this advantage."

The main concern is that the Divine should reveal itself in whatever manner and wherever possible? You should understand that when it is thus expressed, you should be able to turn the narrow bonds of your miserable perceiving self up to divine joy. For it is true that you have now awakened and have sensed the truth. It is only then that you can open to the influence of the descending truth and be shaped by it. I remember occasions when I used to be reduced to tears on seeing even children, even babies do something that was most divinely beautiful and simple. Feel that joy and you will be able to profit by the Divine's presence amongst you.

Here is the flower we have called "Aspiration from the Physical for the Divine's Love." By the physical I mean the physical consciousness, the most ordinary outward-going consciousness, the common round of men who have physical aspirations. By aspiration I mean the desire for what you feel to be such, the desire to be moved to tears of joy. It is the mean creature who stops to reflect:
"Yes, it is something great but it would be worth admiring if it fell to my lot, if I were the happy possessor of this quality, the instrument of this advantage."

The main concern is that the Divine should reveal itself in whatever manner and wherever possible? You should understand that when it is thus expressed, you should be able to turn the narrow bonds of your miserable perceiving self up to divine joy. For it is true that you have now awakened and have sensed the truth. It is only then that you can open to the influence of the descending truth and be shaped by it. I remember occasions when I used to be reduced to tears on seeing even children, even babies do something that was most divinely beautiful and simple. Feel that joy and you will be able to profit by the Divine's presence amongst you.

The Imagination is really the power of mental formation. When this power is put at the service of the Divine, it is no more formative but also creative. There is, however, nothing like an unreal formation, because every image is a reality on the mental plane. For instance, is there all there on the mental plane—existing independently of the physical. Each of us is a novelist to a certain extent and possesses the capacity to make focus on that plane; and in fact a good deal of our life embodies the products of our imagination. Every time you indulge your imagination in an unhealthy way, giving a form to your fears and anticipating accidents and misfortunes, you are undermining your own future. So, from another hand, the more you indulge your imagination the more the chance of your realizing your aim. Monsieur Costal held on to that potent truth and cured hundreds of people by simply teaching them to imagine themselves out of misery. He once related the case of a lady whose hair fell out over her forehead from constant worry. She would get up every day and that her hair was surely growing. By constantly imagining it her hair really began to grow and even reached an enviable length owing to still further auto-suggestion. The power of mental formation is most

Continued on page after next
We have now touched the hem of our question: it is identity that makes the perception and enjoyment of beauty possible. The percept is, therefore, one with the perceived, for I cannot identity myself with what I see, but I can be one only with what is already within me, a part of myself, or, precisely, of my Self. And what I am eternally one with in my underlying essence, I love; and what I love, I know. There can be no perfect knowledge without love, and no love without trust, if concealed, identity.

What, then, is beauty which can love and know and enjoy by identity? The Mother says, "Beauty is the homage which Nature renders to the supreme Master of the universe." The seonic travel of Nature, through the myriad and countless experimentations, is to offer, in a spirit of active adoration, closer and closer approximations in form to the infinite and eternal Beauty of the Universal Being. "Beauty is the divine language in the form." It is that in the form which speaks, communicates its divine secret and radiates and reveals its inner joy and bliss. A form without beauty is mute and blind, it has no meaning or message to deliver. A spiritual consciousness which is not outwardly translated by an appreciation and expression of beauty is a consciousness incomplete and obstructed.

But still our original question: "What is beauty?" has not been answered. The Mother says that "Beauty is one of the most harmonious smiles of Love, one of its most perfect ornaments". Let us see what it means. We know that Delight is the source and sustenance of the universe, the supreme creative principle. When Delight creates, that is to say, it looses forth, frees, the infinite multiplicity inherently potential in its immobile unitarian eternity, Love comes out, a blazing image of concern,mixed with Delight, as the magnet and unifying force in the tempest thrones of emergent natures and forms. It is the one force that has made the whole and holds together all the flowers of Thy divine bouquet. "And the resplendent beaming of this Love is Beauty, or, as Sri Aurobindo put it in his poem, Who?, "Beauty the smile of His passionate bliss." It is an expression of beatific harmony, of an inner ecstasy and equilibrium. We must remember that Delight, Love, Light and Beauty are inseparable aspects and attributes of the eternal One, and when we say that beauty is the soul of a form, its informing spirit, we mean Light (Consciousness) and Delight also, for they inhere in each other.

Beauty, being the harmonious smile of Love, is universal, and "one must be universal in order to see and recognise it". An egotistic consciousness, living in the prison of its preferences and swayed by momentary attractions and repulsions, can never perceive Beauty, but is oppressed by the superficial charm of forms. It is only by becoming infinite and egoless that one can get behind the glitter of appearances and discover the Beauty which is explicit or implicit in all the forms of the universe. "Impersonality and abstraction of egotism" are the cardinal condition of perceiving the immanent Beauty, "the harmonious smile of Love".

Indian Aesthetics postulates the un消极istic impersonality of conscious being as an indispensable pre-condition to an appreciation or enjoyment of beauty. The nine reases, including even the operation of the subtle and the hideous reveal beauty and give genuine aesthetic emotion to one who can rise superior to his mental concepns and surface reactions. A spiritual aesthetic delight is independent of the likes and dislikes of the outer personality and its dual reactions of pleasure and pain. The capacity for perceiving the underlying beauty of forms is a rare gift, and it can be maintained in a freely functioning order by inner purification, by a cleansing of the "doors of perception, as Blake put it, "If the doors of perception were cleansed," says he, "everything would appear to man as it is, infinite." Again, "How do you know but ev'ry bird that cuts the airy way, is an immense world of Delight closed by your senses five?"

This superemnous and super-emotional perception of beauty is the spiritual, the true perception, a source of infinite delight.

The Mother says that it is difficult to discover this Beauty, though it is spread "in widest compass", everywhere. It is difficult, again, to understand it, once it is discovered. But the most difficult thing is to live it — it is like living the Bliss or the Power of the Divine. For this these ways to the Lord of Beauty that He may give me a perfect understanding of His Law so that she may not fail in it and that He may become in her the harmonious crown of the Lord of Love.

Essential Beauty and Manifested Beauty
One question may arise in my minds: Is there then nothing ugly in the Continued on opposite page
The Discovery

Oh who stole softly into
The temple of my heart
And woke me from my slumber
With all his tender art?
A riot of wind then wafted
The rumour of some far shore
I heard a deep-toned flutelet
And it opened in me a door.
An auspice Gleam then entered
And kindled my twin thrilled eyes.
And my life acclaimed the Stranger,
Augur of a new sunrise.
But the herald was a visitant
Disturbing to my peace.
Even as the moon to the ocean.
Yet a weaver of harmonies!
As I mused, the alien-intimate
In a mystic smile broke out.
When, lo, a curtain lifted
And I spied an angel rout!
A sudden world reviled then
With the flow of time reversed.
And I saw: we ran to the Rasa
Where for Him we nightly rehearsed
The parts for us predestined
By our souls’ one Lord again
Who was born to us as Beauty
In this our sphere of pain.
In Him we discovered our Guru:
The drop revealed the deep.
When merged Mir'a's restless heart in
His love’s heart of song and sleep.
(Translated by DILIP KUMAR ROY from INDIRA'S Hindi song inspired by a vision of Mirabai.)

Earth's Tree and the Sun-Eagle

Titan tree, rooted in the aeron-hearted sleep,
Stands, a cathedral of gloom and of light,
Locked in the bosom of abyssal mire.
A majestic symbol of the earth's cry
To the unknowable distances of gold—
Like a fountain of ever-rolling quest
Athirst for the remote spheres of dawn.
Chained to the granite spaces of the abyss.
With glowing arms of insatiable flower-flame
And a dense body of grey twilight-leaves.
And a trunk of giant untremored drowse
And deep roots of coiling midnight-trance.
The earth's voiceless sentinel stands alone,
Yearning for the deathless plane to outpour.
And release its soul from the clutches of the void.

Then out of the unhorizioned vastitude
Sweeps down a white burning eagle of the peaks.
Like a wonder-blue lightning with wings of might—
A magic breath from the heights of power.
To illumine its mass of green oblivion
And bring to its limbs the touch of god-delight.
And unbar the hidden stream of drometh.
Flowing in the eyeless caverns of night,
Making the serpent-roots of the mindless base
Awake and channel through its veins of drouth.
The luminous river of the ages gone;
Its myriad quivering branches now bloom
With splendid-souled blossoms of the unseen;
Its crown of blazing emerald houses now
The vast sun-bird of illimitable grace.

The Mother on Beauty

Continued from opposite page

universe, no absence or deficiency of beauty in the forms? Are all forms to be taken indiscriminately as beautiful? Does not this view result in a reductio ad absurdum?

We must remember that there is nothing in the universe which is not a delight-norm of the essential Consciousness-Force of the Divine.

For forms, therefore, ensoul Delight and Beauty; but in manifestation there is diversity, degree of excellence, distinctions and differences. To ignore diversity would be to ignore the basic purpose of creation. The spiritual aesthetic perceives the essential ambience of Beauty in the world—the All-Beautiful shining through every form, the one, indivisible Loveliness and Glory, the impersonal Person inhabiting and irradiating all things and living beings. This is the essential perception, the perception of the unity of universal Beauty, voiced in some of the most exquisite verses of the Vedas and the Upanishads. But playing upon this fundamental perception, moving out of it and returning to it as a constant background and point of reference, is the clarified, penetrating vision of the multiple self-expression of that Beauty in the shapes and forms of the world. The degree of this expression is the measure of the beauty achieved in a form. Working against the stark resistance of obscuring Matter, Beauty is at labour to express itself through mortal forms, and this evolutionary self-expression grades itself into classes and categories, types and patterns, here veiled, there revealed, denoting varying degrees of its achievement. In the last analysis, this self-expression of beauty resolves itself into various degrees of correspondence between content and form. Where the form has a close correspondence with its content, it is a mirror or a transparent channel of it, we have an outshining of the inner beauty; but where the form is yet dense or crude, that is to say, where the manifesting medium offers resistance, beauty remains involved and implicit, perceived by the spiritual aesthetic, but outwardly masked as ugliness. We understand, therefore, that it is possible to see beauty even in the ugliest of forms and yet not be blind to their phenomenal ugliness.

But it is impossible for the finite human mind, proceeding always by analysis and aggregation, to conceive of a universal, impersonal Beauty labouring to manifest itself through a multiplicity of forms which are not at all separate, self-efficient units, but facts and aspects of one, indivisible All-Beautiful. That is why the Mother says that it is as difficult to discover Beauty as any other expression of the Divine; for, this discovery is a revelation, a sudden bursting of the velum of the sense-perception and a thrilled emergence of the soul-perception, the inner, mystic vision. Released from the phenomenal individuality and restored to unity and infinity, one revels in the vision of Beauty everywhere. The phenomenal personality persists, but as a conscious point or focus of the solar rays flooding out from the depths and the heights of the being. This constant perception of the essential and eternal Beauty in the fleeting, but evolving, forms of time gives a firm conviction of its ultimate emergence in all its glory and is a safeguard against any discouragement or despair even in the face of the most chaotic and confusing appearances.

Beauty, the smile of Love, is an inseparable harmony. So long as there is any disharmony in any part of our being—the normal human being is a triumph of disharmony—Beauty cannot manifest itself in its fullness, its expression is maligned or marred. This disharmony or lack of harmony in a form is, according to the Mother, as great a fault as a lack of Truth in the world of ideas. Disharmony argues impurity and constitutes ugliness. In fact, ugliness is nothing but disharmony and disproportion, an anarchy or disorder in some part of the form, betokening a corresponding anarchy in its inner mechanism. It is a fault, a serious blemish, almost a sin. From the aesthetic standpoint, at least, if from no other, man should strive to acquire beauty, that is, to attain a harmonious and classical in himself. But an aesthetic perfection demands the establishment of a perfect harmony in the midst of the manifold complexity of the being. This perfection can be attained only by a single-minded pursuit of the Law of Beauty, making this Law prevail over all the forces of disorder and chaos in oneself. A strenuous pursuit, indeed, but one that inevitably leads to the perfect revelation of Beauty in the human form, Beauty that is the highest Good and the highest Truth—Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram.

Steps Towards Transformation

Continued from page before last

useful in Yoga also; when the mind is put in communication with the Divine WILL, the supramental Truth begins to descend through the layers intervening between the mind and the highest Light and if on reaching the mind finds there the power of making forms it easily becomes embodied and stays as a creative force in you. Therefore I say to you never to get dejected and disappointed but to let your imagination be always hopeful and joyously plastic to the stress of the higher Truth, so that the latter may find you full of the necessary formations to hold its creative Light.

The imagination is like a knife which may be used for good or evil purposes. If you always dwell upon the lower, feeling that you are going to be transformed, then you will help the process of the Yoga. If, on the contrary, you give in to dejection and bewail that you are not fit or that you are incapable of realisation, you poison your own being. It is just on account of this very important truth that I am so tirelessly insistent in telling you to let anything happen but, for heaven's sake, not to get depressed. Live rather in the constant hope and conviction that what we are doing will prove a success. In other words, let your imagination be moulded by your faith in Sri Aurobindo; for, it is not such faith the very hope and conviction that the will of Sri Aurobindo is bound to be done, that his work of transformation cannot but end in a supreme victory and that what he calls the supramental world will be brought down on earth and realised by us here and now.
SEPTEMBER 15, 1959
MOTHER INdia

SRI AuroBInDo, THE LEADER OF THE EVOLUTION
PART II OF “THE WORLD CRISIS AND INDIA”
By “Synergetik”

SECTION III: THE NEW WORLD-VIEW

(a) THE SPIRITUAL METAPHYSICS

(i) KNOWLEDGE OF THE DIVINE REALITY

Continued from previous issue

BEING AND KNOWLEDGE

From the preceding essays on the knowledge of Reality, as well as the earlier ones on the need of a new world-view based on spiritual knowledge, one can see the close connection between the problems of being and the problems of knowledge. Between Ontology and Epistemology in the philosophy of Sri Aurobindo, it has all along been stressed that the knowledge a man has of God, universe and himself depends on the type, range and level of his being and consciousness—the higher the level of his being and the wider the range of his consciousness, the greater his knowledge of the Ultimate Reality and its relation to man and the universe. His mental knowledge is, as we have seen, intimately connected with his eternal existence as a spiritual being. Only if it becomes a part of a whole-knowledge attained through an integral vision of Reality, can it find its right place in a complete philosophical schema; and the way to attain this greater knowledge is spiritual development—growth of consciousness and enlargement of knowledge. Such an attainment is impossible for man, because in his essence he is not something other than the Reality which is the Source of all creation. Matter, Life, Soul and Mind are subordinate powers of Sat (Existence), Chit-Tajas (Consciousness-Force), Ananda (Bliss) and Mahas (Supreme Bliss) respectively. Man is in his outer reality a mental-rival-material nature organism created out of elements of Universal Mental, Vital and Material Nature; this is his frontal instrumental personality that he calls "I", his ego. In his inner reality, he is seen, a soul-being, a direct emanation of the Transcendent Divine. It is because man is made of the very stuff of divinity, and is identified with the Divine on the heights of his self, that he can, by ascending the ladder of Being know himself and God. He can not only know his transcendental self, but by widening himself into the universal consciousness he can know his universal self as well, his cosmic status. Such an enlargement of being can enable him to acquire self-knowledge, world-knowledge, God-knowledge—knowledge of truths of existence apprehended in immediate self-experience. Sri Aurobindo classifies knowledge into two categories: the lower knowledge and the higher knowledge. The first is the indirect mental knowledge—knowledge of apparent phenomena of existence. Its approach is external, it examines the surfaces of things. The other is knowledge gained through spiritual means, through direct experience and realisation; it seeks to understand truths of existence from within, in their source and reality. Man at first has his gaze turned outward, and seeks knowledge through his body; when his mind develops and turns back upon itself and he learns to gaze inwards, he is ready for the higher knowledge.

Those who support an Ilusionistic or Nihilistic interpretation of existence know only the higher knowledge, and spurn the lower one as worthless, but those who accept the world as a manifestation of God and recognise all human efforts towards perfection to be imperfect gropings towards the Light, should understand that these are two sides of the same seeking. All knowledge through whatever way it is pursued, is ultimately the knowledge of the Divine Being, either attained directly through union with Him, or gained indirectly through Nature and its workings—nature natureans as well as nature natureans. Sri Aurobindo states that science, art, philosophy, ethics, psychology, the knowledge of man and his past, action itself, are means by which man attains knowledge of the works of God through Nature and through life. At first he concerns himself with the externalities of life and the forms of Being, but the deeper and truer fathering is, the deeper is the scientific understanding that underlies it and the greater is the right understanding of life and theworld and its effects in the present state of scientific theory: at least it is in harmony with it. This is even more true of the psychic sciences, which deal with superphysical phenomena and attempt to contact subler planes of being; for it is finally the science of the universe, which are horizontal to the terrestrial, are the spiritual planes of fundamental manifestation, Sat Chit and Ananda. Art leads ultimately to the perception of the highest beauty and delight which reside on the plane of Ananda in the Being of the Supreme whose nature is SatChitAnanda. When the soul has been spiritually uplifted and unified, it perceives the Everlasting that dwells in celestial regions and gazes on the One who is the All-Beautiful and the All-Blissful. Philosophy, attempting to fathom the principles of things and the workings of the cosmic process, destiny of man in the universe and his relation to God, begins to see the one Supreme Principle, which governs all that is, the Divine Sources from which it all proceeds by the hidden manner that it secretly sustains and pervades his being. Trying to find absolutes behind all relatives, it finally begins to perceive that these can only have their existence on the heights of the Spirit in the One Supreme Absolute, by which all relatives exist. Ethics has to come to the inevitable conclusion that it can only have an ultimate sanction in the Divine Truth, in which resides also the Supreme Good, and that the highest law of Good must be the Law of God. Psychology, if it is really a science that tries to probe into the abysses of consciousness, to use a phrase of St. Augustine's, and investigate the nature of mind and soul and explores all the levels of being and ranges of consciousness from the subconscious and the subconscious and the superconscious, will be led to the perception of the One Being who reveals himself as the One Soul that has equated myriad of individual souls from Itself and sustains them. Action itself, which at first is egoistic, later finds its fulfilment when the Divine Power uses it for its own purpose. As the intellect gets purified and turns itself to the light of the Ground, it recognises the Supreme Child in itself, and can be achieved only by the intelligent understanding which is all philosophy gives, into an intimation which carries it beyond thought into vision and beyond understanding into realisation and possession; what philosophy leaves abstract and remote, it brings into a living nearness and movement.

The lower knowledge is God-possession, it is to possess God and be possessed by him through consciousness, through identification, through reflection of the divine Reality. But not merely in some abstraction away from our present existence, but here also; therefore to possess the Divine in himself, the Divine in the world, the Divine within the Divine in all things and in all beings, it is to possess oneness with God and through that to possess also oneness with the universal, with the cosmos and all existences; therefore to possess the infinite diversity also in the oneness, but on the basis of oneness and not on the basis of division. It is to possess God in his personality and in his impersonality; in his purity free from qualities and in his infinite qualities; in time and beyond time; in his action and in his silence; in the finite and the infinite. It is to possess God not only in his mind, but in all senses, not only in being, but in nature; not only in spirit, but in supermind, mind, life and body..." Finally he speaks of the yogi who possesses both the higher and the lower knowledge: "In all he sees God, seeks supreme consciousness... He sees God through the data of science, God through the conclusions of philosophy, God through the forms of Beauty and the forms of Good, God in all the activities of life, God in the past of the world and its effects in the present, and its tendencies in the future and its powers... Into any and all of these he can bring his illumined vision and his liberated power of the spirit. The lower knowledge has been the step from which he has risen to the higher; the higher illumines for him the lower and makes it part of itself, even if only its lower fringe and most external radiation." This then is the integral knowledge of Reality—reality in its essential as well as manifested aspects; it takes up the lower knowledge within itself and transforms it. In the integral knowledge, the self is included in the Self, the soul is itself included in the Universal Soul, and the individual consciousness comes part of a suprarational knowledge will; it fulfils itself, for this knowledge is the real higher knowledge, apprehended through an ascent to the Truth—Consciousness of the Divine Reality—its gnostic light and creative dynamis, the Supermind.
Most of us pass through a difficult age when we are thrown into confusion and distress. It is at that time of disillusionment at which the new knowledge which has been acquired comes into collision with the old way of life, and brings us to a process of transformation. Dazzled by our new scientific knowledge, we cast aside the simple ideas of our childhood and at first are proud of our new freedom and our enlightenment. But later we become conscious of a deep and bitter sense of loss. We have rid ourselves successfully of the old but we have nothing to put in its place. What has happened to so many of us as individuals is now happening on the vast scale of nations. The traditional Christianity on which our Western culture rests has been discarded. Its sense of ultimate purpose has been lost, and the religion of the people perish," or as Moffat has translated it, "the people are thrown into confusion." This old Bible text has suddenly acquired meaning for the Western world.

It is sometimes said that the confusion into which Western thought has been thrown is a purely temporary discontinuity due to our living in a period of transition. But when we examine it the term "transition" really means very little. Thought is always in a state of transition, for ever changing its direction. For two thousand years philosophy has traced an erratic course between the two opposite poles of materialism and idealism, first seeking to explain everything in terms of matter, and then reacting against its own failure, and seeking again to transcend matter. Opposite directions seem equally tenable: the difficulty is fluid that it may at any moment be said to be in a state of transition, it is possible to discuss the main direction of its current, and it is by such means that the history of thought has been divided into a number of different epochs. For example, it is said that the Church was in the Scholastic age in which the Church was paramount and the period of the Renaissance. It is by means of their distinctive features that we orientate ourselves when we consider the changing cultural background of man. It may be that in the present age in which we shall be known to the historian of the future as the Scientific age and that he will look upon it as being of far greater importance in the history of thought than the age which preceded it, the age of the Renaissance.

The Old Materialism and the Reaction Today

It will be of interest to examine its features and to guess what the historian of the future will have to say about it. It will probably say that Francis Bacon inaugurated the Scientific age by calling attention to the great value of the experimental method of research. He will then describe the rapid advance of science in the seventeenth century by the application of that method. He will refer to the researches of such scientific geniuses as Galileo, Newton, Lavoisier and Boyle and to the overwhelming success of the fundamental concept on which these researches were based, namely, that everything could be explained in terms of matter and motion. Scientistic materialism, indeed, receives so much support from dynamics, physics and chemistry that a nineteenth century president of the British Association confidently declared that the day would surely come when the scientist would be able to explain everything in terms of the movement of atoms and from the evolution of the world to the proceedings of the British Association.

Having described the spectacular progress of science, he may then give an account of the changes of human thought. He will say that the people were so dazzled by the brilliant achievements of the scientist that he concluded that the scientist were the only exponents of the truth and that real knowledge was synonymous with scientific knowledge. He may point out that although the influence of religion had begun to weaken previously, the discoveries of the scientists accelerated its decline. He might then state that history often repeated herself and that as an all-powerful and tyrannous Church had formerly repudiated the discoveries of the scientists, so now did the latter on attaining power deny the discoveries of the saints and theologians, declaring that there was no evidence that any of their findings were true. He might then draw attention to a very interesting period in which the first signs of reaction against the thoroughgoing of science could be noted, in the first years of the twentieth century. There were many intelligent men who were convinced that the scientist had learnt of the capacity of the atom bomb to destroy human life that they declared that scientists, and particularly the physicists, should be forcibly prevented from possessing it. They new discovered that back to the claim that the scientific method could supply all man's needs occurred at the beginning of the third decade of the twentieth century, when it was discovered that, whilst the machine picture which the scientists had used as a means of explaining man, it could explain man's mental processes. The disturbance of old ideas caused by the new discoveries in physics at that time was so great that many of the physicists abandoned the vocabulary of the materialists and began to talk in the language of the idealists philosophers. They thereby became unpopular not only with their scientistic colleagues, but also with the philosophers into whose domain they had trespassed.

The Scientific Dichotomies

It is in some such way as this that the future historian of thought will describe the happenings. That there is a comparatively new current of thought running counter to the main current of science is, I think, obvious. The extravagant lost causes made by nineteenth century scientists have done nothing to satisfy man's needs. They could satisfy all man's needs are no longer heard. Instead many books are being written by scientists on the subject of the precise place of science in human life. But science, like religion, has its fanatics, and some of her more noxious devotees refuse to regard any dealings with a heretical doctrine as this. The late H. G. Wells was one of these scientific dichotomies and I well recall a talk with him on the subject of the limitation of science in the year 1908. I told him that I had long ago got rid of the illusion that mankind was marching down a broad road towards Utopias and he said in his novels. The Victorian notion of a guaranteed mechanical evolution had been exploded, I said, and in view of all that had happened, the Divine Intelligence controlling everything might well be discredited and wipe him off the surface of the earth. He smiled and then hastened to reassure me. It was true, he said, that there had been temporary setbacks to man's progress, but the future was to bring us to a new conception of man. The present age in which he lived and the Scholastic age in which the Church was paramount and the period of the Renaissance. It is by means of their distinctive features that we orientate ourselves when we consider the changing cultural background of man. It may be that in the present age in which we shall be known to the historian of the future as the Scientific age and that he will look upon it as being of far greater importance in the history of thought than the age which preceded it, the age of the Renaissance.

There are many besides Wells who believe that man is a rational being and that if only he can be made to see what is the right course for him to pursue, we will do all that is required of him. This is the Apollonian view of men but the Dionysian view is now gaining ground. According to this, man is swayed more by his emotions than by his intellect. It is true that it gives reasons for the things he does, but his reasons are only his justifications and it is his emotions that have been responsible for everything man thinks and predicts according to. "Man is not a rational being," wrote Whithead, "he is subject to attacks of irrationality," and with this verdict all who have studied themselves and other people's sciences agree. So science is a product of long thought and as such it can have no effect on man's emotional life and his morals. Consequently it can never act as a substitute for the religious man has lost.

The Right Attitude to Science

There are three different attitudes to science at the present time. The first view is that science, in spite of its limitations, can supply what man needs; the second that although it cannot answer the questions that are of most importance to mankind, nothing else is able to do this, so that we must learn to make the best of it; the third that both science and religion have a place in man's life and that neither of them can replace the other. With the first attitude to science I have already dealt. The second is the attitude of the positivist school of philosophy which is formulated by Lord Russell and has been called "common sense positivism." They hold that the human intellect is unable to find conclusive answers to questions of profound importance to mankind but they refuse to believe that there is some 'higher' way of knowing, by which we can discover truths hidden from science and the intellect. In other words, it is on the doctrine that the 'world of ideas' propounded by the world's great religious teachers and discount the testimony of all the seers and saints. For them the world's sacred books are imaginative literature and nothing more. It is a bold claim that these philosophers make, and this claim to dismiss as 'naive' all the teachings of Christ, Buddha, Krishna and Mohammed. But as Leibnitz long ago remarked: "Philosophers are more likely to be right in what they assume in what they do not assume." The third attitude that both science and religion are needed by man is that one more that more people are now adopting and it is becoming increasingly popular amongst the scientists themselves. The following passages is taken from E. F. Coldin's book, The Power and the Limits of Science: "It follows from our account of the method of science that it is not the sole source of truth; nor is it a sufficient source, since it cannot deal with the metaphysical and moral topics that are of the greatest importance to man. The paradox is that the paradoxes on the one hand and the successes of particular conclusions of science, though some have tried to do so. We cannot settle the nature and destiny of man by reference to natural science, though some have thought it possible.

The second section of this paper is on what of the future? He would be a bold man who dared to prophesy the future drift of human thought. There are those who, like H. G. Wells, believe that the human mind is at the end of its tether; there are others who hope for a great spiritual renaissance; there are some who foretell the advent of a new Messiah; and there are others who believe the future will be of no concern to his type. All that can be said with any certainty is that there is growing realization that man cannot live by science alone and that man's efforts to use it as a substitute for religion have failed.
INCREDIBLE
A SHORT STORY
BY DILIP KUMAR ROY

(1) "Yes, Nayan, though, being a born actress, she made it look as if it was Jolyon who was the happy man.

(2) "And you really give me to understand that you told them then that I--"

(3) "Had I been smitten by her ladyship? Yes, that was precisely what she confided to me—though many others did talk—

(4) "Blit the many. Do you think I care a hoot for the rabble? What do I want to make sure is whether it was—she who told you or Jolyon?"

(5) "No, I learnt it first from her confiding self. But if it should hurt you still—"

(6) "Oh, don’t, Kaman. Thirty years have passed since. So go ahead without a qualm. Only one thing please be so good as to conceal nothing—nothing; I simply won’t be spared. But no, wait. Didn’t you tell me this Cambri--"

(7) "Can’t you imagine why? You loved her desperately, and she—well, she seemed to have returned your passion; then I heard it from her own lips, mind you, that she admired you but couldn’t love you. Well, don’t being the winner but her easy success in having told me all this, she asked my advice I could hardly go to you blabbing and let her down? Wouldn’t that have been acting like a cad? And then—"

(8) "He pleased, you must allow for my vanity also. To think that I—a living bundle of vibrancies—could be thus preferred by a captivating woman to you, a model of brilliance, balance and self-reliance—oh, I almost struttered like a peacock thrilled into a new awareness of my irresistible glamour. But don’t look so glum, dear Nayan!"

(9) "I spoilt your price: For you you may be sure I had to pay dearly for my every single thrill subsequently. For, she got me nearly all set through her native ruse of making a confidant of me, indeed almost a mentor."

(10) Nayan’s lips curled in bitterness. "The flirt!" he muttered.

(11) "Don’t proceed," commented Kaman with a faint smile. "Only remember that none of us—not even the clear-sighted Jolyon, and you—was put wise to it till after the event, assuming of course that he retained the revealing wisdom afterwards."

(12) "I only wonder," he went on, after a slight pause, "why, she hadn’t hinted even once to me that she was...treating you on friendly terms? No, don’t mistake me: I don’t agree with your naive assumption that a woman must always prefer sobriety to vibrancy, especially when the incarnation of vibrancy happens to be as handsome as your delightful self. No, this time at least I am not laughing at you. For I know that in the club of women I would be the unluckiest rarer to be favoured. A sprinter like you would be able to beat me with a long handicap every time. No, what baffles me is your never being told me all this."

(13) This is admirable...I draw the line at what you call guidance."

(14) "But isn’t this splitting a hair?" Kaman smiled. "But no, perhaps you are right. For I was at fault: I used the lesser word, help, when I had the deeper one, guidance, in mind. But then."

(15) He added in a tone of irony, "we, moderns—haven’t we grown a little too self-reliant even in India, the land of faith?" He smiled and then went on: "No wonder we baulk at the mere mention of such words as guidance or surrender, forgetting that even the mere Arjun had to be piloted at every turn by the Divine Charlotier! And that is why I, who have nothing to lose, feel shy to own that I have been saved from a shipwreck to be directed into a harbour of which I had no conception before."

(16) "I am sorry I got a little riled, Kaman," apologized Nayan. "But I trust this morning that’s his eyes, I dare say. But,"

(17) "he went on: "We are just friends, Nayan. She has no interest in me, but I don’t know what else. And she managed it so cleverly that before long I became an adept in rekindling my confidence into submission and making my perspec--"

* "Kaman" means troubling & quivering. "Nayan"—the eye.
tive tally entirely with hers. Add to it my sense of obligation as it were and you will not find it so difficult to understand how I came to dismiss you altogether from my calculations. Kampen gave him a quick glance and smiled. "It was an obligation, you know. I always was a debtor to her for having preferred me to you, yes, even you, Nayan, whose stature I had grown to admire as much greater than my own." He paused and added, "But not now, Kampen.

"Don't be so flippant, Kampen!"

"But I am not being flippant. I am only telling you the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. For remember all this had happened before the non-cooperation movement really got going—when we, Indians, still suffered from an inferiority complex so hard to cure as you too know to your cost. In fact, if anything, both you and I were somewhat inferior—"

"Don't be so flippant, Kampen!

"I mean by this that you and I were certainly gullible, if not quite green. And that was why you never suspected that she could possibly drown, by her soft cadences, the robust voice of conscience which had roused me as an echo to your own.

"To cut a long story short, I got quite intoxicated in the end till I congratulated myself on my capacity to—quote Tagore—that something eminently worth happening was happening to me, at long last."

"And in my turn congratulate you also. For I take it that it did happen?"

"Who's been flippant now, pray?" Kampen retorted.

"I apologise," answered Nayan dropping his voice, "the more so, knowing you. For I was not that easy to deceive. I could have been so for you may be vacillating and miscellaneous but I can't see you as instigating.

"Handsome is that handsome: I thank you. For whatever my fault at least I never wanted to gain favours under false pretences. For instance, I had read her straight to the very outset, that I had taken a vow never to marry."

"Bravo, my boy!" Nayan clapped his hands. Then with a smile: "But tell me: didn't she ask you why?"

"Darned if she didn't!" Kampen laughed. "And shall I ever forget the steely glint in her eyes when she put the question?"

"And then?"

"And then, Oh! I told her the truth: that from my boyhood days I wanted to become a Sanyasi, a Yogi, and that I had been looking for a Guru ever since.

"Lord of thunder and lightning! You don't say so!" Nayan laughed and added: "But it's just like you. And now that you tell me, I come to realize that I was concerning myself with some question of your Sanyasi, Yoga, and told her—but never mind, tell me what happened next and be quick about it as I've got to catch the train tonight, at any rate.

"Well, I must tell you this that though many of the thrills as well as disappointments that I experienced via-vis Dorothy must have been served up by known factors such as our individual personalities, preconceived notions about love and what not, an element of surprise, delightful or otherwise, was never absent thanks to sudden eruptions of all sorts of strange expectations and unforeseen preoccupations, if I may exploit such a purple word. To give an instance: she wanted to argue for all worth, believing that it was paid. I didn't, persuaded that it was waste of time. So when she argued, I got tired while when she didn't, I was tired. Of course, the whole episode of the argument was just like that of a shipwreck, both ours and others in the region. But we reacted differently. For example, even when I rejoiced in her beauty I wouldn't let myself go. I felt that an attachment should not be all-absorbing. But she resented my attitude and said I was not fair to her. She offered to gift the whole world; she seemed unwordingly.

"I demurred that attachment entailed no end of expectations till they tended to swallow up the crystal clarity of love. She only curbed her lovely lips in contempt: what toils—was not expectation the very stuff all love was made of? I disapproved of desires. She stared at me: how on earth could any circuit of human give-and-take be completed without the electricity of desire? Jealousy? But wasn't it one's holy duty to guard jealously what one cherished with one's whole being. And so on. In short, though we did come to grips in here, we decided that each other's contact in the deeper strata we grasped only at emptiness. For instance, I felt an almost instinctive respect for the impulse to renunciation in love. She laughed it out of her sight. To her eminently practical feminine mind love without its laurels and stimulants looked like something fantastic, a skyborn bloom, an aerial shimmer with no basis of earth-experience. That was why she saw nothing wrong at all in a lover's wanting to pool his power and beauty—and ship it to her. She seemed unflinchingly that the more one loved the more one must crave to possess: yes, crave, crave, crave—so no-spindle verb like pleaded for, if you please! And curiously, when she talked on in this strain I felt a strange sympathy too. I detested the fervent plea, or her power of expression than for the truth of her contentions. But whatever the reason, she never failed to sway me and so her grip never relaxed. Add to it that she was a poet as well. I still remember," went on Kampen, reminiscing, "how beautifully she used to speak to me, or rather to a quarrel which said:

"The wind sang as she kissed the tree:
Who loves me shall stay ever free.

Only I ask—when I come at dusk,
Thy murmur of love sing back to me."

"But she never could see that an expectation could not cease to be an expectation just because it delighted poetically. Not that the dogs may not murmur but that the wind must not pose it as a condition under which it will blow and cease to be at dusk. But it was no use trying to make her see the beloved point of view. I even went against the current and started it once on her favourite theme: the 'voluntary subservience' of the other party. But it had to be always of the other party!

"But I was getting restive under all this glitter that looked so dangerously like gold till, at long last, I felt almost suffocated in the gilded cage. Not that I didn't ache to possess her, mind you," he added quickly looking straight at Nayan, "only I wanted to possess without being possessed by. But as soon as I saw this I felt conscience-stricken because I realised that what I was wanting was impossible on top of being unfair; and here it was who scored in that if she longed to demand all she was at least ready to give all in return. I can clearly remember how I shifted my too-sturdy stock in my own suudharma as man: I could not barter my ultimate liberation—maktk—for an earthly bliss however delectable. In other words, there could be no love of the human brand which I was prepared to buy with the price of my personal liberty which I could only surrender for something divine even though I never could define what I implied by the word divine. But she was, as you know, of that faultlessly rational and overpraised loyal type of woman who had no nonsense about herself and yet would swallow any sentimental notions about the summit fulfilment of love through total possession. In one word, it was an impasse.

The cloud had nearly passed from Nayan's face. "I can imagine your predicament, if it could be called so, in your mind. "

"It's a moment I can never forget, " he added with an amused smile, "though I 'll bet she couldn't."

"But how could she when it wasn't even a problem to her conservative soul? And that was why I was 'scared. Yes, and the fear swelled like a flood. But she was waiting quietly on for ever, the tidal waves, retreating to me day after day everything that passed between her and I—whichever I devoured. No, Nayan, you had jettisoned your clean observance—only Jolyn I was up against, at this time. Of course I guessed why she harped on Jolyn in season and out; she only wanted to induce me to leave off sitting on the fence and declare my voluntary subservience to her once and for all. Only, the more she went on mentioning in this strain the more I recalled in dismay even though I felt a strong impulse to tell Jolyn to mind his own business.

"But why?" asked Nayan. "Didn't you want to back out of it, really?"

"Of course I did. But then I have never been a consistent pillar of society—like you or Jolyn for Professor Stability. Only, he added by way of an afterthought, "Mr. Inconsistency the vagrant has his compensation too, sometimes—unexpectedly. For look, you were jilted while I got off scot-free."

"That's a good one," laughed Nayan. "Go on."

"Well, the drama would have gone on for a few months more possibly, had she not forced the issue by playing her trump card a little too soon. For one fine morning, in fact, she sailed her lisp trembling, and told me acridly that my reasons were less than mere reasons; I was hurt but only said that I had told her frankly, at the very beginning of our unfortunate intimacy, that I had been vowed to a religious celibacy. She retorted—but surely you can see what sort of scene she must have made. The long and short of it was that I was told I was going away to South Africa in a month, or two where he had secured a private post, so would I now, please, tell her finally what answer was she to give Jolyn who implored her to go with him as his 'aroused' wife, or his wife?

"When she had attacked our Indian mentality I was within an ace of walking out of the room. But when the next moment she talked about going away with Jolyn to South Africa as his 'aroused' wife, I felt as though she had slapped me in the face. I suddenly felt weak as a weed and didn't feel myself equal to letting her be carried off in this summary fashion. After a few minutes, during which I could hardly think at all, I asked her to give me a little time: I vacillated. Give me six months, for mercy's sake! "Impossible! 'Four months then!' "Too long. 'Two months at least?—you must,' I appealed. She yielded at last. I called for Calcutta by the next available boat, in a week's time, perhaps the wisest thing I have ever done in my blundering life, chived by the relentless Imp of decision. I was best now, after all, telling my Guru who was to tell me from his vision's tower—he must—what was my suudharma: married life or Yoga?

"I had indeed heard," Kampen resumed after a pause, "that one could never meet one's Guru till one had been learned. I had read too in the Maha-bharata: Parigapagopa labhate marasvasah: one could not skip things and wrest a boon from Destiny before one's time. But I felt fairly frantic at the news, and simply could not afford to wait any longer. I prayed as never before for the Guru I had been following for a score of years. But the Guru who was to and had to tell me what was my destiny at this dread hour.

"Kampen paused once more and then went on in a low voice: "My prayer was heard—at last, and I met him, the pilot of my heart, real and true, tell you how it came about for it has nothing to do with my story; suffice it that he came just when I had touched the lowest depth of despair, my true source of irresistibility was what I was on the point, really, of writing to Dorothy to come to me.

"What did your Gurudev say when you met him?"
A PILGRIM IN PONDICHERY

By GURDIAL MALLICK

AUGUST 15, 1950

THE PROPHET AND THE PILGRIM

Within sight of the ever-whispering sea, under the shadow of the ever-silent sky, in an ever illuminated apartment, all the windows of which are open day and night, year in and year out, to all the eight quarters of Heaven, there lives the Prophet. His face and figure have the golden hue of the Primordial Person, his eyes are a perpetual fountain of light.

On an auspicious afternoon, seated on a sofa, in a posture in which Power and Peace were harmoniously blended, the pilgrim just had a fleeting glimpse of the Prophet. But in that glimpse was the golden glow of the divinity, in which the pilgrim's petty and pugnacious self was well-nigh reduced to cinders. He felt at the time like a phoenix, indeed, rising again from its ashes.

But when the pilgrim walked forth from the august presence of the Prophet, something of the cinders of his burnt-out self still cling to his forehead. And the people in the street, noticing this ashy spot between his eyebrows, sneered at him, saying, "A gift, indeed, from the World's Greatest Prophet!"

But the pilgrim did not heed them nor did he make an answer, but he continued his journey towards the sea-shore.

Evening came. The sea-shore was carpeted over with frivolity and fun, as the sky was with the serene stars.

Soon Night flung her dark mantle over the earth and the sea-shore assumed the aspect of a cemetery. Not a soul seemed to breathe anywhere.

At midnight a shining spray from the sea struck the ashy spot between the eyebrows of the pilgrim. And, lo! it glowed like the sun's ray, rising from behind tall cliffs.

The morning bird sang. Dawn brushed aside the dark Mante of Night. The sun rose and, eyeing the shining ashy mark on the pilgrim's forehead, said, "Greetings to the new-born son of our Solar Family."

And the pilgrim bowed in deep reverence and humility and responded, "All glory to the Prophet, the sun of our ignorance-enveloped earth."

THE MOTHER

6:35 a.m. A street in Pondicherry, quite a crown has collected there, and men, women and children of various ages and spiritual allegiances are marching towards a balcony and waiting in eager expectation for the blessed moment when SHE will appear on the horizon of their hearts' love and longing. A halo of happiness hovers over their heads, while the silence of rapturous realization fills the atmosphere.

"The Mother!" presently exclaims a child with the ecstacy of "eureka." For, have I not found in HER the fulfillment of his soul's truest demands and desires? And so have so many others.

Indeed, the Mother, clad in silk and soul sympathy, is Compassion Incarnate as she casts her gracious glance from one corner of the crowd to the other, taking in everyone, in the sweep of her liminal gaze and taking all, in spirit, to her bosom, saying, "My dear children!"

But she disappears after a minute or two, leaving behind her a trail of tears. Tears shed because she stayed with them only for such a short time? Yes, for they would have liked to bathe longer in the river of her radiance, streaming from the sun of all suns. But they are also tears of joy inasmuch as they have had the unique privilege in their present life of seeing with their own eyes a replica and representative of the Divine Mother of the universe. And yet in these tears is treasured the pain of ages of separation from her, during which they kept their hearts out in anticipation of the hour when she would call them her very own.

Today, however, at long last, they had a signet-ring from her to secure them that she has been always with them, though submerged in the sleep of self-consciousness they did not see now feel her perpetual nearness to them.

The Mother's glance is indeed, a precious ring of recognition and fortuitate is the person who has once received it.

INCREDBLE—Continued from previous page

"He simply smiled and said that he could only take charge of my destiny if I surrendered my total will to him." Kampan paused for a split second as he saw Nayan lower his eyes. Then he went on: "I agreed eagerly even though, curiously again, I had to take my mind off Dorothy with a wrench. But I need not go into that, nor try to describe the repugnance I felt when I pictured to myself that I might ignore him and invite Dorothy still to join her life with mine. What is stranger still was that just when I had finally decided to cable to her I vacillated again and so had to temporize once more. It was the last stand of the routed rebel but a rebel who still had quite a kick of left in him. All sorts of suggestions kept besieging me most the powerful among which being what I chose to call 'honest doubt' was wise after all to take a leap blindfolded like this; what proof had I that it was not the abys which I was plunging into... and so on. In the end I told him frankly that I wanted some concrete proof of Gurudev's, that Yoga gave real power although, I told him, it was not an ultimatum, only an appeal. He gave me an amused smile and then asked if I had her photograph. I showed it to him. He instantly asked whether she had had another Bengali author who had attempted two days ago to commit suicide, "What?" exclaimed Nayan. "You mean to say you heard about it first from him?"

Kampan nodded silently. For a few seconds none spoke... Kampan was gazing at a coloured photograph, in which he had a picture of his blind mother all to the left. Nayan followed his gaze and looked, then, his eyes glistening, he heaved a deep sigh and, as Kampan turned quickly, wiped his eyes hastily. "Please go on," he said, trying to force a smile to his lips. "It's really nothing, I assure you. But wait a moment. I take it you didn't know about my attempted suicide, did you?"

"But how could I? I instantly cabled to Dorothy enquiring after you and received the reply, a week later, that you had been saved almost by the skin of your teeth."

"Sorry for the interruption. Please go on. Only don't spare me any more a fool of a thing I was to have been vain of my blindness!"

Kampan placed a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, don't say that—a man of your intellect—"

"Oh?" he covered his face with both his hands. Then he looked up at Kampan and added bitterly: "Do you know what my intellect pooh-poohed most, cockpit of its folly?—That saying of Christ after the Resurrection, remember?"—when he said to a disciple: "You believed because you have seen, but blessed are they who have not seen and yet believed."

No, no, don't try to console me. Leave me to chew my bitter cud. Tell me rather, what happened next."

"Oh, I have come to the end of my story since you know what happened after that and how. Only one thing you may not have guessed: why she made and then broke off her engagement with you in such hot haste."

He hesitated for a split second, then added: "Well, it can't do any harm now, anyhow. You see, she went back to you, number one, because I had cabled to her about Gurudev and my Yoga. Then, number two: you sent me a cable, in your ecstasy, telling me all about your angel having saved your life, that she was so enthusiastic about India that she insisted on marrying you on Indian soil and so on. And then, number three, she sent me a cable in which she told me 'confidentially' that she was coming to India for me alone to join the Ashram, assuring me that she would never marry another because—"

"What?" Nayan cried. "You mean when she was still engaged to me?"

"But the engagement, she knew, she was going to break off directly she set foot in India—don't you see? She got engaged to you only to use you as a cat's paw to get rid of directly you outlasted your use. For she couldn't possibly have come just then, remember, since she didn't have the money nor the dare to come to India without a second string to her bow. At least that's what Gurudev told me."

Nayan sat still for a while. Then he muttered out: "I... understand... I... but never mind..." He paused, then mumbled himself and asked: "And then...? I mean... what was your reply?"

Kampan held one of his hands in his and said: "Need you ask still? I wired back that no one was accepted in the Ashram who felt no real call to the Divine and added, to drive it home, that I would be in closed seclusion indefinitely. Goodbye. Yes, one last point: I asked Gurudev what he would advise me to do supposing she came still? He answered, with that mysterious smile of his, that she was destined not for India but for South Africa. Yes, and he added: 'And I am glad—for your friend's sake.'"

Nayan got up and paced the verandah restlessly.

"I say," said Kampan, "your train leaves—"

"Oh hang the train... But... do tell me, will he consent to see one who... ever... has been blind so long because he is dreading to open his eyes?"

Kampan was going to reply when a servant entered the room with an envelope. He opened it and cried out: "It's from him, Nayan. He writes: I would like to see your friend once more before he leaves!"
of MICE AND MEN

WALPURGIS NIGHT

By "Cynic"

When I showed my last month's notes to Dr. Freud he was very pleased, but looked a little puzzled.

"That's the matter, doctor," I asked, "you look puzzled. I thought you knew everything about human nature. Any of your pet theories upset?"

"Oh, no, no; my theories never get upset. I always find some explanation. I am astonished to see so much cohesiveness in your dreams. The dreams of all my patients are positively coherent; their subconscious is chaotic, whereas yours seems to have some sort of cynical wisdom in it, which leaves me baffled. Your sub-conscious self actually seems to be wiser than you are."

"Doctor, doctor," I replied, "I am glad to know that I am not really as insane as I look."

"I don't think you look insane; you look quite intelligent. Only sometimes, when you talk, people may be led to believe that you are a little too inclined in the head."

"Yes, I have also noticed that, especially when I tell them that I consult you every week."

He removed the cigar from his mouth and laughed heartily. "You must come often; we shall have long chats."

"On the contrary, I was thinking of making my visits less frequent. My friends advise me to consult the parapsychologists. They say that your theories are a little archaic, and point out that you have not been able to say anything definite about my dream experiences."

"Oh, is that so?" he said sharply. I could see that he was getting a little hot under the collar. "If you have no confidence in me why do you come to see me at all?"

"Now doctor, don't misunderstand me. I have implicit confidence in you, but my friends haven't. I know how difficult it is to make definite pronouncements on psychological phenomena. Psychologists are after all human beings with human limitations. One cannot expect them to work miracles. One must be tolerant when they invent a new term every time they come across something which they do not understand and cannot explain. Perhaps Goethe was thinking of the psychologists when he wrote:"

"For just where falls the conscious delusion, A word steps promptly in as deputy."

"Since you quote Goethe, allow me to do the same," he replied: "'Art is long, life is short, judgment difficult'. So how can you blame us?"

"Yes, doctor, I'll grant you that," I replied.

"Come on now, let us get down to business. Mr. Pottycrass. My other patients are waiting." I went and sat near him on the patient's chair. "Dream fantasy usually has its limits." he began, "but yours seems to know no bounds. That is because in your dream experiences something does not function at all—what I have called the Censor. You seem to be a man without what is commonly known as 'conscience'. That is the reason why you seem to have no respect for persons in your dreams, I mean."

"Oh, how horrible," I murmured.

"Let me see your note-book; I want to know what you dreamt last night."

"Here you are, doctor."

I was giving below an account of the dream for the benefit of my readers who I am told are also expert dreamers. I dreamt that I went to a theatre to see Faust. The curtain fell on Part I, and just as we had finished, and scene two had the famous scene in the Laboratory with Wagner at the furnace conducting his great experiment—Mephistopheles was standing beside him watching intently; Faust was in the next room sleeping. Wagner at last succeeded, and Homunculus came to life in the glass phial. Wagner and Mephistopheles took him to Faust, who was lying upon a couch.

Mephistopheles: "Thy talents here employ."
Homunculus looked at Faust and read aloud his dreams.
Mephistopheles: "How much has thou to tell that stories marry! So small thou art, so great a visionary! Nothing see I—"

Homunculus: "Just now—there breaks on me a light—abracadabra! Walpurgis-Night!..."

Then suddenly strange things began happening; Homunculus, Faust and Mephistopheles went through the window and began to fly. They flew over the Pharsalian Fields and over the Penaus.

Meanwhile a queer change was taking place in me—I was beginning to identify myself with Faust; this identification finally grew so intense that I found myself in the skies with Homunculus and Mephistopheles. Faust had disappeared and I had taken his place. The other two had not noticed the change, for they kept on addressing me as Faust.

Homunculus: "You were seeking knowledge, were you not, Dr. Faust? Now you will set your eyes on things which earthly creatures cannot see—things which happen in regions below them and above them. Your apprehension of Time and Space will change now. Different extensions of Space and Time exist side by side in the region of Light and Space."

Homunculus: "The co-exist and coalesce. Men of one country or one generation can meet here men of other countries and other generations. This beam of light stretches out endlessly through Cosmic Space which is boundless, and then passes away into the Transcendent Infinite Radiant Space from which it emanates. It divides this particular hemisphere into two divisions; that, down below you is the region of Darkness, and there right above you is the region of Light. Jump lightly on the beam and you will see what I mean."

I jumped. I could see both the regions now. Then seeing that Mephistopheles was not jumping, I asked, "What about him?"

Homunculus: "Oh, he cannot come; he will be reduced to ashes if he tries. He is the Prince of Darkness; he reigns over there only—though not remarkably as he used to. He is losing his touch; he may soon have to go out of business."

Mephistopheles: "All this is really wonderful."

I started flying on the beam of light, with Homunculus on my right and Mephistopheles on my left following a little distance away. I kept on looking rapidly above and below me, from Light to Darkness, and wondered at the strange contrast. Voices, voices, everywhere, and swiftly changing scenes. I felt as if a million wireless sets had been started all at once, and as if a medley of scenes were televised kaleidoscopically, each scene mingling with others and suddenly changing.

Homunculus: "(seeing my perplexed state). "You must learn to concentrate on a particular voice or scene, and all the others will automatically get subdued. You are connected, like all other beings, with these scenes by a net-work of subtle energies; the whole of Creation is connected that way. With a little practice you will also learn to co-ordinate the upper and the lower regions; you will then understand the cosmic movement of the play of opposites."

Mephistopheles: "Alright. I shall try."

I concentrated on a spot in the upper region, and lo! there was a blaze of light that nearly blinded me.

Homunculus: "You have contacted something great."

We heard a voice. The Voice: "For many will come in my name, saying: I am Christ, I am Christ; hear them not."

From below we came shouts:
Shouts: "You listen to me......"
"Nothing but this can bring happiness into the world......"
"This is the only remedy, I tell you......"
I again looked above.

The Voice: "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet—the inner chamber of thy soul, and when thou hast shut thy door—the door of thy senses, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

A voice from the darkness below: "I hope we have a good audience this evening at the prayer meeting, and they adjust the loud-speakers properly. Yesterday people could not hear my voice clearly."

Homunculus: "How are you getting on?"
Mephistopheles: "Oh, fine, fine."
Homunculus: "Look there; that's London."
Mephistopheles: "I concentrated. A man was holding a meeting."

The President: (reading in a loud voice) "It is proposed to have a series of essays written by well-known authors in continuation of Carlyle's Heroes, Hero-worship and the Heroic in History. A great need has been felt for some time past for adding a new section to the original work. It will be entitled The Heroes of the Twentieth Century. In accordance with our cosmopolitan outlook, it has been decided to include in it heroes of all nations. Mootoe's China will be recognised, as our Government has recognised it; but we sincerely hope that we do not have to repeat it like India will be represented, as a new India has been born and deserves recognition; but it will be recognised as a single entity—its suburbs, like Pakistan, will not receive separate recognition."

Carlyle began with The Hero as Divine and ended with The Hero as King: we shall continue the good work and have The Hero as Film Star, The Hero as Community Playmate, The Hero as Psychiatrist, The Hero as Psychologist, The Hero as Agrarian Optimist, and lastly, The Hero as Peace-maker—both invited as well as uninvited. In case we are forced to recognise Pakistan, we shall have an extra essay entitled The Hero as Butcher."

We expect co-operation from all our members in compiling this Series. Thank you."

The President sat down amid loud cheers.

Homunculus: "Very interesting, wasn't it? Now look there. That is the Prime Minister of France Monsieur Reynaud quoting Lenin's letter to the 'Universal Europe' Rally in March last year."

Monsieur Reynaud: "Gentlemen, this is what Lenin wrote: 'The shortest way from Moscow to Paris leads through Peking, Tokyo and Calcutta.'"
of MICE AND MEN—Continued from previous page

MOTHER INDIA

Huxley: "That's enough; let us contact America now. (pauses) There you are. Now observe the antics of that bearded man."

It was indeed a funny sight. A swarthy bearded man was jabbering away at a terrible rate before a microphone. A number of children had collected, having a good laugh. The man had a large hat in his hand and was holding it between himself and the microphone.

Huxley: "Who in heaven's name is this fellow?"

Homicide: "Don't you recognise him? That is Zafarullah Khan talking through his hat. He is very popular with the American children; since he has come, they have stopped going to the comics."

My attention was distracted by a loud voice. Two bearded men were arguing. The tall thin one was obviously having the better of his stout companion; he was the only one banked in."

The Tall Man: "Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that flit through the Universe seeking after somewhat to eat: and shrieking dreadfully because carrion enough is not given thee? I tell thee, blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity. Fancv that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot...."

Economist: 'Dost thou really think that every man's consciousness is centred in his stomach? Dost thou really believe that man is only a food-getting animal who will consent to have his mind regimented for bread and vodka twice a day, and that he will barter his soul for a piece of meat? Now listen: The ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape the same ideal out of...."

Homicide: "Yes; but wait till you fly over the Himalayan belt. That is a sight for the gods."

The Thick Man: "Come on then, what are we waiting for? Let us get there."

Homicide: "Alright, concentrate."

We concentrated then; and were immediately flooded with light. A man was kneeling down before a figure who was standing in the centre of a blaze of blue light. This figure was speaking to the kneeling man in a voice the like of which I had never heard before.

"Then if I choose thee, O Arjum, as my instrument to fight for Me, how canst thou refuse? What cowardice is this that maketh thee thus say not: ""Be free from desire and egoism, do not be attached to the work or its results, have jnana, equality, be one with Me in thy heart and conscience, the Truth clearly, and then—fight. If thou art wise and Me in thy heart, thou shalt know that it is I who guide thee and support thee, O Partha."

Therefore abandon all dharmas, all rules of conduct made by unenlightened minds, and take refuge in Me alone. I shall be thy Light and Guide."

I at once looked below.

Another Voice: "Take a letter."

Dear Mr. Churchill,

I hope you are doing well. Why don't you practise non-violence against Hitler? I tell you, this is the only way to everlasting peace in this world. I am very sorry to hear about Dunkirk, but if you had consented to stage another Munich in Poland, there would have been no Dunkirk. See?"

Best wishes,

Yours,

"And that, my dear Alchibaides, is the difference between wisdom and sophistication, between spirituality and religiousity!" came another voice from above.

The speaker got up and was preparing to leave when Alchibaides said:

"Sit down, Socrates. sit down; what is the hurry?"

Socrates: "I cannot wait, I have still to give that stock to Asclepius. Crito forgot to give it."

(a short pause)

"Who was that fellow dictating to Churchill?" I asked Homunculus, as soon as we had moved further.

Homunculus: "I cannot say definitely. It was either the ghost of Tolstoy, or his fourth copy; I could not properly make out in the darkness."

Myself: "Why is Mephistopheles so quiet today? He seems to be sulking."

Homicide: "That is because General MacArthur has recaptured Yanks. Just wait till Truman orders the Hydrogen Bomb; his face will be worth waiting for then."

Myself: "I see what you mean. (Turning to Mephistopheles). Where are your headquarters?"

Mephisto: "Over there, beyond the Ural Mountains."

Myself: "Are you in charge of the Soviet Forced Labour Camps?"

Mephisto: "Well, in a way yes. You can call me the inspiration behind it. Actually Simon Legree is in charge."

Homicide: "SuddenlY, Look there. They are fighting hard."

Myself: "Who are fighting?"

Homunculus: "The Communists."

Myself: "Why, has war been declared?"

Homicide: "Don't be silly; it was declared long ago. As soon as the war was over the Communists declared the Third World War against the free peoples of the world."

Myself: "And who is that prophetlike-looking figure?"

Homicide: "That is Walpole shouting to the multitude."

We could hear his voice distinctly.

Walpole: "They may ring their bells now, but soon they will be wriggling their hands."

"Not so fast, Mr. Walpole," shouted back Mephisto who (whose face had turned red with rage) forgot the factor of human stupidity. "And my dear fellow, you forget the other factor—the divinity in man that can shine even through this stupidity" I retorted.

Mephisto: "We will see about that. The trouble with you is, Dr. Faust, that you are an idealist and an optimist. You want to be the executor of every notion of existence. You cannot understand the elementary truth that the divinity in man is a part of the Infinite, and can therefore triumph over anything that is finite, however powerful it may seem. You are very powerful, but you are a finite creature, you cannot partake of the Infinite as man can. He cannot triumph over you yet, because he has not manifested his secret godhead; but when he does it he will."

Mephisto: "I shall prevent it."

Myself: "You might as well try to prevent the night from following the day. Your power is great but limited, Mephisto, remember that."

Mephisto: "(angrily) And you remember our pact, Dr. Faust. You are in no position to talk about triumphing over me."

I suddenly remembered that I was supposed to be Faust. The fellow obviously did not know that I was not Faust.

Myself: "And you are in no position to talk about long term projects. You have just become a nervous wreck and gradually fade away into oblivion."

Mephisto: "(with a shout) What's me! The mighty Mephisto! You don't seem to have grasped the fact that I am immortal. First try to show that your power is limited, and now you doubt my immortality."

Myself: "And you don't seem to grasp the difference between 'perpetuity in time' and 'immortality.' You are a very bad metaphysician; you should go to India to study metaphysics, not to Russia. You are allowed to exist because you have a function to perform, a purpose to serve; as soon as your use is over you will be dissolved."
WHITHER INDIA?

BY B. C. SEN

The turn of events in Korea has proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the aggression by North Korea was very well planned and that the Russians had been training the Koreans for this brutal aggression for the last three years. It has come as a sort of Pearl Harbour to the Americans, beyond the reach of diplomatic or military negotiation. It is a blow to the influence of the United Nations, and the Americans were not at all prepared for such a move at this time. Indeed this is the beginning of the Soviet threat for world conquest. President Truman spoke only plain and obvious truth when he said, "the attack upon Korea makes it plain that Communism has passed beyond the use of subversion to conquer independent nations, and will now use armed invasion and war. It has defined the orders of the Security Council of the United Nations, issued to preserve international peace and security." So it is only an extension of their present programme of dictatorship of international opinion by force, with an eye to see and admit the truth. Many are actually putting more trust in the words of the Soviet propagandists that the Korean war is the beginning of open aggression by America. It is but natural that the Communists in India should propagate this view though I wonder why the Governments of provinces which have banned the Communist party allow free circulation of rabidly Communist propaganda in journals hailing from provinces where the party is still not under a ban. But it is surprising that papers that are not Communist should come out with open or subtle charges against America of doing the very things the Communists have done. Communists or fellow-travellers seem to have managed to enter into the editorial staff of many non-Communist papers and are insidiously carrying counter-propaganda through them. A good example is giving news of the Korean war, many papers are printing with big headlines, the comments published in the central Communist papers like Pravda and Isvestia. The result is that the general consensus of opinion in the country is at least as much in disarray as in the Soviet Union. That is undermining the will of the people to resist Soviet aggression by definitely supporting the American bloc and this is very dangerous, unless the non-Communist nations combine and resist wholeheartedly, Soviet domination of the world cannot be prevented.

The first charge that is brought against America is that it is a capitalistic country and that it is the big business firms of America who really determine the policy of the Government there and they are driving the world into war. That is a dangerous line of argument that they may make huge profits by producing and supplying war materials. It really means one way how such ridiculous charges are widely believed by the Indian people. There was recently a big bold-lettered proclamation in one of the Bombay Journals: "The rulers of America are the same Hitler are the enemies of the capitalists. But what about the labour class in America? If they are exploited by the capitalists why does not the America, or Socialism flourish in America? Certainly the working class there is far more advanced politically than the dumb driven masses in Soviet Russia and they very well know how to further their own interests. It is because they have found that a system of free enterprise is more conducive to the welfare of the workers that they stick to the American way of life. It is absolutely false that the Korean war is the creation of a handful of capitalists in America; President Truman’s action in Korea has been whole-heartedly supported by almost all Americans except a handful of Communists and some others who have pacifist leanings. Indeed the American public, especially Americans are not0 against the war. Its interest in many of them is more in the capitalist than in the communists. Indeed the war is in the interests of the country, and as such it is not much different from democratic socialism as we find practised in Britain. America has no quarrel even with Communist Yugoslavia, it holds that different economic systems can co-exist and even work together in a free world. But that is not possible in Russia. As regards imperialism, the charge against America is baseless. After giving freedom to Cuba and the Philippines, America has freed herself from all trace of imperialism. And what about the Soviet Union? In 1938, the workers of the workers of Indochina and Indochina by 170,467,000 and an area comprising 8,173,500 square miles. By the end of the war, the RSFSR had annexed Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, Bessarabia and Bessarabia and Rumania, part of Finland, Poland and East Prussia, the Kurene of Finland and the islands of South America, against the interests of the country, and as such it is not much different from democratic socialism as we find practised in Britain. America has no quarrel even with Communist Yugoslavia, it holds that different economic systems can co-exist and even work together in a free world. But that is not possible in Russia. As regards imperialism, the charge against America is baseless. After giving freedom to Cuba and the Philippines, America has freed herself from all trace of imperialism. And what about the Soviet Union? In 1938, the workers of the workers of Indochina and

Addressing a meeting of students and professors at Benares, Nehru thanked the United Nations for its help in bringing about a lasting peace in Korea. The United Nations had won the war in Korea, which had been fought to end colonialism and promote individual democratic freedom with full-blooded socialist justice? The Socialism he supports is essentially social justice, the urge for which is evident in Korea and Europe today. He said: "I am a great believer in the idea of justice, but I am also a believer in the idea of freedom. I am not a believer in the idea of freedom for a minority. I am a believer in the idea of justice for all, whatever their colour, creed, or religion."

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WHITER INDIA? — Continued from previous page

is trying to mediate between the two blocs but that is certainly not the way to real peace. So, a fresh arrangement which will leave Soviet Communist Russia as a great power will prolong the world crisis, and the ideal of a world government which Nehru cherishes will not be fulfilled. The Korean situation has awakened the world to a true sense of the problem facing humanity.

As Sri Aurobindo said about the last war, the present conflict "is not a fight between nations and governments but between two forces, the Divine and the Anic". The American forces and the British forces, the West and the East--have ultimately failed to find a better and more effective instrument in Stalin. Those who are trying to come to a settlement with Stalin are blind to the actual forces that are behind him. "What we have to see is on which side men and nations put themselves; if they put themselves on the right side, then the victory of the other side would drag back humanity, degrade it horribly and might lead even, at the worst, to its eventual failure as a race, as others in the past evolution of foreign and as a human population."

YUGENDRA.

The Sky-rocket and the Lightning Rod

I would rather be a lightning rod,

Tall, still, straight,

Planted in a sheltering sod

To watch and calmly wait

To ground the spark of God.

A prime conductor, nude, hard,

Engine-cured, cold,

A hollow tube, a Boulevard

Of steel, my waiting forebode,

A shining shaft on guard.

The glypy rocket zooms! From the land

It weaves a thread of light,

A glittering golden moment's strand

Across the loom of night,

A hissing saranband.

That bows, unfurls a brilliant shower

Of scintillating fire,

Then turns into a blackened flower:

What wirosed fruit to bear --

Corruption to empower?

The while the quiet lightning rod,

Slender staff of storms,

Looking to heaven with never a nod

At angry shadowwows

Invites the Heart of God.

ELEANOR A. MONTGOMERY.
SRI AUROBINDO AS I KNEW HIM
SOME REMINISCENCES OF HIS POLITICAL DAYS

By SURESH CHANDRA DEB

"Mother India" has great pleasure in publishing the result of a request to the author to put together his reminiscences of a brilliant career when he was making history in and for India.

Silent Watcher

My eyes first set themselves on Sri Aurobindo—known at that time as Aurobindo Ghose—on a November evening on the eve of the Benares Congress held during the last days of December, 1905. The place of the meeting was the bride, and Aurobindo Ghose in the new and charming Dal Lane just north east of the present Vidyalaya College Hostel on Connaught Street. The Club had been organized by the young men of the Bengal Greeks high classes headed by the then Maharaj-Kumar of Cooch-Bihar. Many of them had complete their time-spirit had caught them and been influencing them in the thing of...
SRI AUROBINDO AS I KNEW HIM —Continued from previous page.

MOTHER INDIA

Chandra's request. Relieved of anxiety on this point, the editor started for Simth on the 6th August morning with the Bande Mataram hot and wet from the press in his hand. Sri Aurobindo started his contributions from the 8th. That same issue, his first article was on "The War: 3 Phases". It fell to me to come to him every evening at about 5 p.m. and receive from him the article promised. I found it ready; I did not have to wait for it or in suspense.

The Bande Mataram was an instantaneous success. And the soreness felt by certain leaders of the New Party for the way in which Bipin Chandra Pal had sprung a surprise on them soon wore away and was replaced by pride at the success of it. The Classic Press could not cope with the demand for the paper. And there was again a gathering of the clan. On the guarantee of Rs. 6,000 by certain members of the party, Upadhyaya Brahambandhav undertook to have the Bande Mataram published from Surat. Brahambandhav Street from which his own Brahmachari Press daily, the Sandhya, used to be published. Till the end of August, the Classic Press printed the Bande Mataram and it was my privilege to put in daily appearance at Sri Aurobindo's residence. Now and then he used to ask me questions with regard to how the rest of the paper got the materials for publication, with regard to Bipin Chandra's tour programme and whether articles from him came regularly. These were rare occasions.

Now and then I found him with friends—Subodh Chandra Moollick. Charu Chandra Dutt, Surendranath Halder, Bipoy Chandra Chatterjee, Rajasthnyo Roy, Hemendra Prasad Ghosh, Jogendra Krishna Bau—when he opened out; and still do I appear to hear the tinkling laughter that expressed the joy of his heart. I remember the thought and responsibility generally felt by him. Now and then politics cropped up in these discussions and their handling in the daily Press, in his interviews, where he usually spoke in English, but when he spoke in his mother tongue, Bengali, the foreign accent and a lisping sound made it pleasant to the ear. Even during these pleasantries, a book was always by his side into which he would dip and lose himself. And there were silences eloquent of the prevailing mood of all present. Now and then there was small talk, and Sri Aurobindo extracted the utmost pleasure from it. It is not easy to recall at this distance the nature of the discussions held on these occasions. But one stands out prominently where he and N. N. Ghosh, editor of the weekly Indian Nation and Principal of the Metropolis College, now known as the Visyassyag College, were engaged in a controversy over the principles and practice of the New Party. N. N. Ghosh had a reputation for crisp, nervous English and Sri Aurobindo was a match for these two gentlemen who were of a character of an epic, neither giving quarter. This controversy and the words and phrases used in it became the talk of the politically-minded people of the day.

But this was later in 1907. In August-September, 1906, Sri Aurobindo's writings showed the quality of a master that was an inspiration to thousands. And almost daily Reporters and correspondents of the foreign Press used to cable the news and views published in the Bande Mataram as reflecting the authentic feelings of the Indian people in their struggle for national self-respect, which is Swaraj. By the end of September, Bipin Chandra Pal returned from his East Bengal tour and took editorial control of the Bande Mataram and repaired it to a state of real recuperation. The problem of Bande Mataram's finances came up again and Subodh Chandra Moollick offered to take up the whole responsibility of this concern, and from Cornwallis Street it had transferred to Creek Road, and was changed into a weekly. It excited him before himself, and yet it was a minor change in the internal affairs of the New Party. Balwant Gangodhur Thak tried to bring about a reconciliation during the Congress Sessions at Calcutta over which Dadabhai Naoroji was to preside. But he failed as the younger people were for a more outright support to the tactics of Parnell—a combination of constitutional and unconstitutional activities directed against the alien State in India. Bipin Chandra Pal retired from the editorial charge of the paper and in a letter handed it over to Sri Aurobindo—a letter which I carried to the addresser's Moti Lane residence.

And since this letter afterwards gained importance as evidence against Sri Aurobindo as Editor of the Bande Mataram in a sedition case, the episode shall be described in his own words contained in his letter to the "Indian Indians" which appeared in the Town Edition of the 27th June and the Dak edition of the 28th June and the republication on the 26th July of extracts therefrom. He has, in his editorial of the 27th June,"Jnana Jnanathitam," expressed in the Judah Press newspaper, to quote from the judgment delivered on September 28, 1907, by Mr. Kingsford, first Chief Presidency Magistrate of Calcutta. Sri Aurobindo was acquitted, as the prosecution failed to bring home to him the charge of sedition. "I consider that the editor of the Bande Mataram who, in spite of the letter of Bipin Chandra Pal found in a course of police search of his house at Moti's Lane. And as Bipin Chandra refused to swear in the witness box when called upon to do so by the Magistrate, the latter drew the conclusion thus: 'I am not concerned with Bipin Chandra Pal,' for his subordinate Magistrate, Mr. Ram Anugrah Narain Singh, for trial. Mr. Kingsford had not allowed Bipin Chandra to put in his plea for refusal to cooperate in the discharge of justice by the State. But in Mr. Kingsford's judgment it was fully explained how this was a total non-cooperation with British Administration as was evolved in the "open conspiracy" during the twenties of this century under Gandhiji's inspiration and guidance. But he stood on his right as a citizen to withdraw co-operation from the State in a particular case in which the policy followed would be creating greater confusion in the country by suppressing the activities of the particular section of the New Party, the Indian National Congress, or the State or the basic principles of its being. He was sentenced to six month's simple imprisonment on the 10th September, 1907. The Press of India hailed the action of Bipin Chandra's as confirming the opinion of Srinivas Shankar Chatterjee that Bengali was introducing an element of "unfitness" into Indian politics which had become more than ever necessary.

With the transfer of Bande Mataram from Cornwallis Street to Creek Road my connection with it ceased. But in March, 1908, I was called in as a sub-editor to the Classic Press which had then been bought by Bipin Chandra Pal. Krishana Ghosh who has died this year on the 8th of May. We "edited" the telegrams, and Sri Aurobindo passing through our room would ask of us of the day's news on which to comment. He generally finished Shastra Bhavan by 5 p.m. and while he was finishing he would inspect whether they would be sufficient. If we replied in the negative, he would stand by our table, look over the telegrams sheets, and write a "para" or two, as the mood was on. Other denizens of the editorial sanctum were Syam Sundar Chakravat' and Hemendra Prasad Ghosh, the latter still happily with us, a witness to the "high audacity" of those days, Sri Aurobindo's favourite words. The "Chief", the title by which he was known in the Bande Mataram office, showed an instinct for journalism that was remarkable for one of his retiring and recluse habits.

During 1907, I had been a fitful visitor to Sri Aurobindo. On the eve of the Surat Congress, December, 1907, the organisation of the New Party was called to order, and to the hour of the meeting Bipin Chandra Pal joined me at Subodh Chandra Moollick where Sri Aurobindo generally resided or passed the evenings when he had his own house at Calcutta. One day I found him absorbed in "automatic writing", and certain of the indications about the future of the Indian developments were fulfilled in course of time. Indebted to him for this, for instance, which was compared to death. I was one of the Bengal delegates who accompanied Sri Aurobindo and Syam Sundar Chakravat to Surat. All of us travelled "3rd" Class. On reaching Surat we were housed in a "bungalow"; we spread over the floor and the beds remained unoccupied. Syam Sundar had toots to distinguish their position. We took the same vegetarian food arranged on behalf of the New Party's conference, and Bengal delegates were recipients of marked public notice as having done more than any other single individual in the evolution of Indian Nationalism during the British period.

Guide and Deliverer of the Indian People

Sri Aurobindo presided over this Conference. He was no orator. But the Conference hung on his words limpid and flowing, instinct with a new meaning, though the words had been familiar enough. Even during this Conference Sri Aurobindo appeared as a soul that dwelt apart from the tumult and shouting of politics of an awakened people newly roused to the degradation of its subjection and grown conscious of its high destiny in the world recalling and fulfilling the achievements and promises of our storied past. Sri Aurobindo today is engaged in transforming the thoughts and activities of his people, and it is enthralling to watch the evolution of this drama involving individuals who left home and family, and dared and did deeds that awed millions and thrilled them; who dominated their realisation of their realisation of their political and social polity of those. As the guiding spirit of the Bande Mataram he had been a distasteful figure; the Surat Congress ended that recluse life and made him a "Statesman" as the tribune of their rights, as the long-looked-for guide and deliverer.

From Surat he went to Bombay; the conduct of the Bande Mataram devolved on Syam Sundar Chakravat and Hemendra Prasad Ghosh who had deputed for them all the Congress session; and it was he who put in the Bande Mataram a banner-head-line describing Dr. Ragh Bhoyar Ghosh's speech as "The undelivered Masterpiece". We resumed our normal life at the Bande Mataram office. The "Chief" returned after about 30 days. I do not remember anything particularly noticeable to be recalled except that newspaper controversy between the "Moderates" and "Extremists" with regard to the responsibility for the abortive Surat Congress showed no signs of abatement. During those tumultuous days at Surat, he wrote a letter to his well-beloved wife from Queen Victoria, a letter which we know little of. And, therefore, we could not imagine that the days were hastening towards a crisis in the affairs of his own life, in the fortunes of the Bande Mataram. Financial difficulties had always been dogging this paper. Except in an extremity, the management generally did not pester him with them. And the majority of us were taught to treat them as part of the day's work, the "Chief" preferring to forego any "salary" that the paper drew; the others followed the example. For, in those days journalists regarded journalism as part of their profession to be carried on under Trade-Union rules. Those of us who linger on the scene still follow something of the old-world practice.

As a political author and theorist, his contribution was largely in the form of newspapers. His ideas were the result of a unique and personal experience of the Indian society as he saw it during his travels, and he used this experience to formulate a theory of politics which he believed would lead India to independence. His writings were known for their clarity and simplicity, and he was able to communicate complex ideas in a way that was accessible to a broad audience. His philosophy was based on the idea of self-realization and the importance of individual spiritual development, which he believed was necessary for the realization of India's full potential as a nation. His writings were highly regarded in India and abroad, and his ideas continue to influence political and philosophical discussions in India today.
other deficiencies in their material existence. The alien bureaucracy having failed to capture him with laws of sedition were ever on the watch, and their spies and informers prowled about his province, everywhere and everywhere his life was in danger. This is how he came to be shot in the Bnde Mataram office. We members of its staff were careful of our words and avoided "loose" talk lest it leak to known people such as generally cropped into newspaper offices. We felt the tension in the air. But we were not prepared for the event that was due to happen at Munafpore in Bihar then under a common Lieutenant-Governor. A bomb burst at about 9 p.m. shattering the carriages in which Mr. Kingsford was supposed to be returning home. In reality the victim turned out to be Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Kennedy, two of the daughters of the Governor, and a Miss Kenville, daughter of the Provost of a famous college.

The Bnde Mataram struggle had been a heroine in the storm. It was in vain. The Bruce government, taken aback by the disposing of the press and the printing of the paper fell into the carriages. The destruction of the "Chief" was the work of a fanatic who had been engaged in a new Sadhana that would give him supernatural powers which would make an end of the hated foreign rule. My companions were more receptive of the new psycho-physics discipline that the "Chief" was prepared to impart; the Karma Yogiin (English) and Dharam (Bengali), the two weeklies preaching a new Nationalism, were more in my line. We interpreted the truths inculcated through these two papers in the light of our own experience, in consequence with our personal capacities. These brought to our thoughts and activities some sort of a coherence out of the confusion created by the repressions by the Government and the safe policy of our elder politicians. He showed us the way out of bewilderment; we learnt to understand what Indian Nationalism stood for and the ideal of the "Karma Yogiin:"

"It (Indian Nationalism) must be on its guard against any tendency to cling to every detail that has been India. This has not been the spirit of Hindutva in the past. . . . In all life there are three elements, the fixed and permanent spirit, the developing and constant soul, and the brittle changeable body. The spirit we cannot change, we can obscure or lose; the soul must not be rashly modified with, must be kept to itself and shaped like a shapeless mass, not obscured in its free expression, and the body must be used as a means, not over-cherished as a thing valuable for its own sake . . ."

"The process of a people is determined by a sort of revivalism that leads men and women to cling to every detail! that is in practice in every-day life. Indian nationalism of the times I have been trying to indicate was not free from this defect. And it was in the fitness of things that Sri Aurobindo, the "prophet of Nationalism" as Chittaranjan Das called him, during the peroration of his address to Mr. Beachcroft and thelessors, showed the earliest opportunity to warn his listeners of this aberration of their life. Many of us who had been carried away by this spirit of revivalism needed this warning so that we could devote ourselves to the service of our people with a becoming spirit of humanity, with a new awareness that the alien values introduced into their life by Britain had made contributions towards its enrichment, winnowing the chaff from the grain. Thus would we be able to take part in rebuilding the life of humanity on a new basis in the construction of which East and West would cooperate out of mutual knowledge. Sri Aurobindo, a graft of the East put on a Western trunk, was best suited to work out this synthesis. The Karmayogin and the Dharmas were chosen as the instruments fit to be placed in his hands for the evolution of the Master Plan of a saner humanity rooted in honest labour, disdainful to exploit the labour of others, and bearing love for all created things. This was an earnest of the "divine life on earth" of which Sri Aurobindo speaks with certitude in his 76th Birthday Message. The Karmayogin and the Dharmas gave us intimations, faint and obscure, of the "human dream of perfectability", of aspiration to a heaven on earth common to several religious and spiritual seers and thinkers."

The weakening of political fervour turned the minds of many of us inwards. But the presence of External Authority in our country had had such a disturbing effect on our minds that, except the chosen few, none could settle down to this new Sadhana. The majority of us looked to the Karmayogin and the Dharmas, 1909, to see us a new lead in our political bewilderment. Sri Aurobindo's "Open Letter to My Countrymen" that appeared in the Karmayogin on July 31, 1909, was regarded by us in this light. And we who lived in the countryside could not know that this letter would prove to be the most enlightening of all the Karmayogin's 1909s. Sri Aurobindo himself wrote in the letter: "I feel, and I feel that the thought was that part of political tactics—a refusal to be caught and put behind prison bars; I fondly hoped that he would come back to his accustomed place in the political leadership of his people, refreshed and renovated by the new Sadhana he had undertaken. We of the generation that grew up under his spectacular eyes, caught fire from his flaming words, the few of us who have had no inspiration other than the ending of alien rule, the few of us who still linger on the scene have been awaiting for 40 years for the arrival amidst us of one of the builders of our youth whom the Creator has yet spared to us. We have waited in vain. So it has been decreed. Sri Aurobindo is a distant figure to us beyond our comprehension. The realisation of this disability in us has not been a pleasur-able experience. But we have learnt to accept it as a decree from on high."

These reminiscences cover a period of about 45 years. They are coloured by growth and retrospection in thought and life that are part of human evolution. I am conscious that they do not throw much light on the development of the personality from a political thinker and activist into a seer. They are here for what they are worth. I am thankful to Mother India for according me an opportunity to recall the age when Sri Aurobindo was the centre of a people's hope, a path-finder to them over stretches of life littered with lost opportunities, it may be with failures and weaknesses, but now and then shot through and through with evolutions of spiritual and solid dedication to a far off divine vision that dawned on the 15th of August, 1947, coincident with the anniversary of Sri Aurobindo's birthday. This attempt to recollect has been a healing experience. It has confirmed my faith in the people. Saint Augustine's mother had been concerned with the words—"the child of so many tears can never go wrong for long"; the people among whom Sri Aurobindo was born can never go wrong for long. This thought upholds many of us.

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**Sleepless Light**

O sleepless light on a calm snow-white shore,
Open its vacant heart to thy profundity.
And make the empty solitudes more and more
A golden vision of thy prophecy.

In my dim house thy glimmering shadow falls
And on ceilings painted with a timeless brush,
Deep figures and laughless odles.
Rise carved from the rocks of a mysterious hush.

O Singer of the Vast, thy voice is heard
Revealing to my spirit's mute abode
The secrecies of the immortal word.
In the open azure of thy seraphic ode.

The bright ethereal voice the deathless hear
To the flame-notes of a supernatural lyre;
Its accents break upon my listening ear
In rhythmic waves of magical moon-rise fire.

My slumbering moments like slow stars arise
In the firmament of thy infinitly.
A breath, a symbol of thy supreme self.
And burdened with a luminous mystery.

---

**Green Tiger**

There is no going to the Cold,
Save on four feet.
Of the Green Tiger in whose heart's hold
Is the ineffable heat.
Raw with a burning body
Rolled by no thought.
Hero of the huge head's hearing
Ever to be caught!
Backward and forward he struggles,
Till Sun and Moon tame
By cutting his neck asunder:
Then the heart's flame bursts.
Is free and the blind gap brings
A new life's best—
Red Dragon with eagle-wings
Yet tiger-feat!
Time's blood is sap between
God's flower, God's root—
Infancy waits but to crown
This Super-brute . . .
LIGHTS ON LIFE-PROBLEMS

One of our chief aims will be to provide an authentic guidance in regard to the many important questions which arise in the lives of thoughtful people all over the world. This cannot be better done than by considering these questions in the light of Sri Aurobindo's writings, because Sri Aurobindo is not only a Master in the possession of the Eternal Spiritual Truth in possession of the eternal creative essence and the power of mankind in various spheres of life and thought. To bring home the light of this guidance and to make it directly applicable to the problems that present themselves to an observing intelligence- a series of questions with precise answers taken from Sri Aurobindo's writings will regularly appear in these columns.

Q. 1: To what extent is the work of a poet or an artist determined by the culture and the traditions of the nation to which he belongs?

A: "The work of the poet depends not only on himself and his age, but on the mentality of the nation to which he belongs and the spiritual, intellectual, aesthetic tradition and environment which it creates for him. It is not to be understood by this that he is or need be entirely limited by this condition or that he is to consider himself as only a voice of the national mind or bound by the poet national tradition and debarred from striking out a road of his own. In nations returning under difficulties to a strong self-consciousness, like the Irish or the Indian some time back, this nationalism may be a living idea and a powerful motive. And in others which have had a vivid collective life exercising a common and intimate influence on all its individuals or in those which have cherished an acute sense of a great national culture and tradition, the more stable elements of that tradition may exert a very conscious influence on the mind of the poets at once helping and limiting the weaker spirits, but giving to genius an exceptional power for sustained beauty of form and a satisfying perfection. But this is not essential condition for the birth of great poetry. The poet, we must always remember, creates out of himself and has the indefeasible right to follow freely the breath of the spirit within him, provided he satisfies in his work the law of poetic beauty. The external forms of his age and his nation only give him his starting-point and some of his materials and determine to some extent the room he finds for the free play of his poetic spirit."

Q. 2: The historical school of literary criticism maintains that a poet's work is the product of his past and present circumstances and influences and that it is impossible to have a proper appreciation of his work without a study of these circumstances and influences. Is this true?

A: One cannot subscribe to this 'dogma of the historical school of criticism which asks of us to study all the precedents, circumstances, influences, surroundings, all that created the man and his work,—as if there were not something in him apart from all these which made all the difference—and supposes that out of this the right estimate of his poetry will arise. But even the right historical or psychological understanding of his past will not arise out of this method, since we may very easily read into him and his work things which may perhaps have been there before and around him, but never really got into him. But the right poetical estimate we certainly shall not form if we bring in so much that is accidental and unessential to cloud our free and direct impression. Rather the very opposite is the true method of appreciation, to come straight to the poet and his poem for all we need essentially to know about the Eternal—"we shall get there all that we really want for any true aesthetic or poetic purpose,—and afterwards go elsewhere for any minor elucidation or else to satisfy our scientific and historical curiosity; things accidental are then much more likely to fall into their right place and the freshness of poetic association to remain unobscured. But quite apart from its external and therefore unreal method, there is a truth in the historical theory of criticism which is of real help towards grasping something that is important. We must not discard it, but take it in hand to be essential, if not for our poetic appreciation, yet for our intellectual judgment of a poet and his work."

Q. 3: Definition of poetry

A: "In poetry, as in everything else that aims at perfection, there are always two elements, the eternal and the temporal element. The first is what really and always matters, it is that which must determine our definitive appreciation, our absolute verdict, or our critical response to poetry. A soul expressing the eternal spirit of Truth and Beauty through some of the infinite variations of beauty, with the word for its instrument, that is, after all, what the poet is, and it is to a similar soul in us seeking the same spirit and responding to it that he makes his appeal. It is when we can get this response at its purest and in its most direct and heightened awakening that our beauty of poetic appreciation becomes at once surest and most intense. It is, we may say, the impersonal essence of creative beauty in us responding to the impersonal creator and interpreter of beauty in the poet; for it is the impersonal spirit of Truth and Beauty that is seeking to express itself through his personality, and it is that which finds its own word and seems itself to create in his highest moments of inspiration. And this Impersonal is concerned with the creative idea and the motive of beauty which is seeking expression and with the attempt to find the perfect expression of the inevitable word and the rhythm that reveals. All else is subordinate, accidental, the crude material and the conditioning medium of this essential endeavour."

Q. 4: Is the personal element then only a hindrance in our appreciation of poetry and art? Is there nothing essential in our present personality which has a right to be heard in this field?

A: "We are all of us souls developing in a constant endeavour to get into unity with the spirit in life through its many forms of manifestation and on many different lines. And as there is in Indian Yoga a principle of adhikara, something in the immediate power of a man's nature that determines by its characteristic his right to this or that way of Yoga, of union, which, whatever its merits or its limitations, is his right way because it is most helpful to him personally, so in all our activities of life and mind there is a principle of adhikara. That which we can appreciate in poetry and still more the way in which we appreciate it, is that in it and us which is most helpful to us and therefore, for the time being at least, right for us in our attempt to get into union with the universal or the transcendent, in the revealing ideas and motives and revealing forms of poetic creation."

Q. 5: "This is the individual aspect of the personal or time element. But there is also a larger movement right which we belong, both our selves and the poet and his poetry; or rather it is the same movement of the general soul of mankind in the same endeavour towards the same objective. In poetry this shows itself in a sort of evolution from the objective to the inward, from the inward towards the spiritual, an evolution which has many curves and turns and cycles, many returns upon past motives and imperfect anticipations of future motives, a general labour of self-enlargement and self-finding. It is a clear idea of this evolution which may most helpfully inform the historical or evolutionary element in our judgment and appreciation of poetry."

K.G.
Looking back upon those four or five years which immediately followed on D. H. Lawrence's death, it is difficult to realise that it is now a little over twenty years since that "awakening" and "break-down" from which he wrote "The Plumed Serpent" and "Cahil of the Islands." But now that both the wild storm of castigation and the exuberant froth of praise, which then issued from his many critics and close associates, have long since died down, we can begin to see from a fresh aspect of the situation. For what D. H. Lawrence was really striving for, and his consequent failure to realise that aim.

Search for the Pure Primitive

The seventeenth years from 1913 to 1920 covered practically the whole period of Lawrence's production. It was the solar phase of activities, and the position he occupied, characterised by such books as 'The White Peacock' and his last works—\textit{Lady Chatterley's Lover} and \textit{The Man Who Died}.—there emerged the modern novel in all its nakedness, that is, with all its primitiveness and crudities, that were but suggestions of earlier expression, fully exposed. We may well ask, however, if Lawrence was really the prophetic genius he was made out to be, or was he merely the writer of profanities breaking conventions and shocking people's susceptibilities just to express what he felt to be real? Perhaps it would be safe to say that he was something of both. His feeling into the inner life-rhythms, which are inherent in all things, animate as well as inanimate. At times he touched the true cosmic vision, but he was too responsive to the life-pull to accept the truths of those higher values which thus opened up to him. It is not surprising therefore, that the sinister powers of sex played a predominant role in his works. For by giving full reign to the primitive and instinctive elements he lost, or rather violently rejected, the balancing effect of humanising and stabilising. This made him unable and unwilling to see sex in its true perspective within the cosmic movement as a whole. Like Blake before him, he tried to recapitulate something of the innocence that was man's before the "fall"—as symbolised in the Biblical story of Adam and Eve: that is, before self-consciousness had precipitated man into all the unresolved conflicts of his present condition or, as Lawrence puts it, into "the war of the self-conscious ego against the spontaneous old Adam." But for Lawrence it was more the full-blooded vital flow rather than the simple child-like innocence that drew him. He deliberately shocked his contemporaries by making use of what have become the discarded and obscene words of the language. And he justified his position in irrefutable terms: "All the old words, all the old laws and the old wrongs in the world, made by man, belong to him, he is judge—obscene—which is childlike. The words themselves are clear, so are the things to which they apply. It is the mental association which has become obscene—the mind drags in a filthy association, so it is our business to cleanse the mind." In a similar way also, he justified his deliberate emphasis on sex, because he felt that "the only way to stop the terrible mental itch about sex (the disease of modern times) is to come out quite simply and naturally into the open. His, by his very nature, is a natural and instinctive urge, so that, particularly in his last works, he yielded to "the stirring half-born impulse to smash up the vast lie of the world (on sex) and make a new world." But alas, his efforts to create a "new world" were in vain, the rubble of these vitally bomb-blasts proved good in the end to be utterly futile.

It was that untrained "daimon" in him (as Aldous Huxley called it) which tore at its vitals and prematurely consumed him, producing that influence over his work which, pursued by the all-consuming passion he searched incessantly for the spontaneous or the "pure" mind-free primitive expression and way of life. He failed to recognise or accept the fact that all this primitiveness belonged to the past of man, and could not possibly be recovered in its pristine form by the present-day world. It was by rejecting entirely the self-conscious level of man, which we now recognise to be but an intermediary stage, a stepping-stone in man's development, that he had shut out all access to the higher mental reaches—the pure intuitive levels of mind. Instead of the intuitive, which he was really seeking, he merely grasped the instinctive lurking in the primitive depths of the being. He thus deliberately chose and disregarded, discarding and in "dark worm of man's birth and origin" he pictured the ultimate re-emergence and resurrection of man into his fullness.

Probing into Psycho-Physical Secrets

The central core of the well-known Lawrence to Lawrence's work, is perhaps most fully brought out in \textit{Fantasia of the Unconscious} (published in 1923). Although he had read various esoteric works—such as books on Yoga and the writings of Plato, St. John, Herakleitos, and many other such as the "Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus" of Frege—he wrote always of what was issued from his own inner experience. His acute analysis and probing into the inner secrets of man's psycho-physical nature have proved, however, to be as mystifying to the more primitive instinctive as to the more intellectual. To \textit{Goldsmith's House of Demons}—as Freud—fewer of us is the same as all the literature of eroticism he had touched on some fundamental truths which man must observe, if he means to comprehend the whole nature of his being.

Let us briefly examine his description of these psycho-physical centres, since they are fundamental for a proper understanding of his later works. What was depicted in his novels and short stories. Firstly, there are what he calls the two great primal centres of the body—both below the diaphragm. These are the solar plexus in front, and behind it the lumbar ganglion. These of course are the natural centres connected with the life-flow and the body. And the Lawrence they assumed a more fundamental significance. They are the negative and positive poles—animating and outward feeling—of a subjective consciousness which is wholly impersonal and absorbed in itself. They are the outward and the inwardness of the centres; and the lumbar ganglion (negative) is the receptive centre which gives a sense of detachment from things other than oneself. It is in fact the stiffened upright back which gives the feeling of independence and individual will-power to man. Similarly there are two great centres immediately above the diaphragm—a sympathetic centre in the breast, and a volitional centre between the shoulders. Here we recognise the heart-centre on the one hand, and the thoracic plexus on the other, controlling quite separately the functions quite spontaneously without the interference of mind. In them breathes the primal rhythm of life—as is typified by the steady inflow and outflow of breath from the lungs, and the rhythmic pulsating blood-beat from the heart. There are other centres which Lawrence touched upon, although he chiefly stressed the four large centres of the body as being the basic and prermal consciousness. In adolescence, for instance, two subsidiary centres develop—one in the throat and the other in the cervical ganglia of the neck. These are respectively the centres of outward expression, and of conscious activity. Youth, growing into self-aware manhood, becomes both articulate and conscious of his own existence to note. As an example of these, Lawrence has recently pointed to a centre in the back of the neck, which not only balances the skull in its upright position, but controls the whole posture and movement of the body. This factor, it has been suggested, can be utilized to attain a more conscious control over all one's physical activities.

\textbf{Inductive Levels and Mental Consciousness.}

It is from these primitive instinctive levels that Lawrence traces the origins and rise of the mental consciousness. But it seems to him that this latter is more of an automatic function than a system of conscious rhythms which are its source. It is therefore against the law and nature of life, to impose the mental will on the free spontaneity of the life-flow. The relation of the mental with the life-flow is that the mental imposes, or is induced, to provide us with the means to adjust ourselves to the external world of nature, and to give us the means also for subduing that external material-mechanical movement according to the needs of our creative life. From this, Lawrence concludes that the mental world of mental consciousness is in reality of particular interest to the self-consciousness—has oversimplified the old-world rhythm, when man enjoyed the freedom of a direct expression, and of an intimate feeling into the world around him. In this top-heavy mental development Lawrence sees the whole failure of modern man to adjust himself to the world and to the cosmos. He saw, however, that it is not the mind but rather the soul in man which is the ultimate unifying factor of all these separate degrees or layers of consciousness. And it is the soul, unique for each individual, which gives man the ultimate sense of essence. But although he realised the spiritual nature of man's inner being—or Holy Ghost as he called it,—his actual contact with and experience of it led him to depart from the world with the quiet of life (that is, with the vital spark of man's being), losing thereby the true spiritual conscious.

It is unfortunate that Lawrence in thus tracing the development of man's consciousness in terms of his psycho-physical functioning, did not venture beyond the adolescent stage. In judging too hastily the present condition of man—with his highly developed intellect and self-consciousness, and his corresponding loss of the subjective or sensual vision, as he termed it—he came to regard the ideative mind, and hence the brain-centre, as something unimportant, which he compares to "an account book." He says that the supreme lesson of human consciousness is to learn how not to know—that is, how not to interfere mentally, but live dynamically from the central source and origin of one's being. Inevitably he falls back to the "total self-consciousness," that is, to the pure consciousness of pure sensuality which consists primarily of instinctive and sub-conscious functions. "The business of mind", he states, "is first and foremost the
CAPRICORNUCOPIAE
To His Supposed Master

Hail, Southern son,
Northborn, ecstatic one,
Self-belittling, Southern sun!
Shine on alone,
Illumining our zone
With frilly darkness. Through your
Stanzaic horn
I trumpet in this morn-
ing your three hundredth year outworn
In loftier heights
With what erratic flights
Your Roman candles fire our nights,
Your squalls and rockets
Surprise our mental pockets,
Tearing our feelings from their sockets!
Queer mind-physician,
Hypnotic shock-tactician,
Mystic, tone-colourful technician!
Saint on the spree,
The subtle marquetry
Of your conceited modesty
Is plain grotesque
Plus Christian arabesque
Infused with cultured barbresque.
Your worship buoyous
With its fantastic toys
And ornate pyrotechnic joys.
Blushes and blood,
Kisses and perfumes seud
Before us; we swim in your flood
Of tears; are perched
In nests and niches; smirched,
Are washed in wine; and travel lurched
Through sweet and smiles,
Balsam and sugar, piles
Of phoenixes and pearls, quaint styles
Of paradex,
Concerti, ex-
yaora, twisted columns, stocks
Of silver, gold
And polychrome; take hold
Of turtles; watch the mass unfold
In unctuous odes—
Rich, incense-oiled loads
Of flourishing figures sprung from nodes
In seventh heaven.
These luminous symbols leave
Our lump; we feed on cream of Devon

Loveretto-kist.
Unable to resist,
Barocco-galactophobia
Is what I turn.
Through your untranquil churn
The milk of rapture writhe to learn
New, radiant shapes.
(Teresa’s lover rapes
Our general fancy, and escapes
Continence to
The Continent.) Your true
Visions in false perspective do
Ignore convention.
How musically you mention
The Magdalen, fix our attention
With spears and darts!
What multivalent arts;
Red, rapturous rhetoric that starts
Our jaded souls
(But ends not); purpose shoals
Of pageantry; jet girandoles!
You damascene
And incandescence routine
With an ultra-Marinnist’s ultramarine.
Exuberant voice.
Now I have made my choice,
You may multivocally rejoice,
Exuding sweets
In broken outline; beats
Of mysticism fire your beats
Of motile verve,
Where gay vulotie and curve
Ingeniously prod each nerve—
Make us see stars.
In your bizarre bazaars
We squander caution, buy up jars,
Moisten our lips,
And take our lucky dips.
Oh often may we have these trips
Fast rich façades,
Doing our promenades
In such spectacular boulevards.
Hail, Southern sun,
In rhythmic-rubied fun
Your soul-consulting consoles run
Intercompeting.
I trumpet you this greeting
Through conical triplicts. Here’s to remeeting!

1849

TERENCE HEYWOOD

pure joy of knowing and comprehending, the pure joy of consciousness. The second business is to act as medium, as interpreter, as agent between the individual and his object. The mind should not act as a director or controller of the spontaneous centres. These the soul alone must control: the soul being that forever unknowable reality which causes us to rise into being ... Mind and conservative psyche and the incalculable soul; these are a trinity of powers in every human being. But there is something even beyond these. It is the individual in his pure singleness, in his totality of consciousness, in his oneness of being: the Holy Ghost which is with us after our Pentecost ... The only way out of the vicious circle is to turn away, each one into the stillness and solitude of his own soul, and there to remain in the quiet with the Holy Ghost which is to each man his own true soul.” How true! But how inadequately Lawrence himself dealt with this truth. He recognised the spirit-entity as the unifying centre of the being, but failed to perceive that it was other than the vital centre of man. Thus his interpretation of the spiritual nature was but a shadowy affair, vague and indistinct, which could not survive the forceful reality of the life-impulse.

In one of his last works—the Man Who Died, a short novel which sensitively portrayed the resurrected Christ, and which balanced and offset to some extent the crudities of Lady Chatterley’s Lover—he did endeavour to show a stage beyond mere sensuality, when man could look upon sex decently—that is, having transcended the sex-urge and become master of his soul. But he could not see the way by which this mastery and control could be achieved. He meant to convert profane love into sacred love, but this is impossible without the real transcendence. And it is precisely this latter from which Lawrence had fled. Having surrendered to the life-impulse, it was the living moment, the “now”, which he took to be the great underlying reality of all things. He could not, on this account, even bring himself to believe in a progressively emerging evolution, which appeared thus to be contrary to the ever-creative spontaneity of the present. And, as Aldous Huxley observed, he had no concern for eternity—the timelessness of the mystics. This, of course, is understandable when we realise that his was a particular kind of mysticism of the cosmos, with nothing of the supernatural in it. When, therefore, he touched on some truth of the spiritual Reality, it appeared ethereal and otherworldly; he could not reconcile it with the elemental life forces to which he had wholly given himself. And so he died leaving behind him a widely varied collection of writings through which one has to step correctly in order to sift out the truth beneath his all-too free, though always stimulating, spontaneity.
This brilliant book is almost a model for the historians of to-day and tomorrow. It is a blend—a happy and fruitful blend—of philosophy and history, the divorce of which has reduced philosophy to a conglomerate of words and the statements of deisms and history to a stodgy register of passing events. The ancients were wiser than we are in that they knew that philosophy is an endeavour of the human mind to relate Life to its parent Light and history a story of that Light progressively unfolding and fulfilling itself. That is why they saw no historical in the present sense of the word in those old days of deep and expansive vision, it was, instead, a picture of the manifold adventure of man in Time, a mobile representation of the meandering course of his inner and outer evolution. A nation's history is the annals of its soul's growth and self-expression, and the materialist historian, the crowned historian of to-day, ignores all this in his idolatrous preoccupation with the brute facts of life and his vainglorious desire to make his records realistic. Realism, in so far as it means a loyal concern for the objective aspect of life, is a sound creed, no doubt, but if it means—as it has, indeed, come to mean—a denial of and an obstinate indifference to its deeper and subtler aspects, it is a pathetic blindness clamping man down to the dust and precluding a vision of all that lies below and behind and above him. And it is interesting to note that in spite of the fanatical fidelity to facts that this realism professes, it finds itself twisting away from the truth of the facts it observes. It overlooks holiness and vitalism and serious obscuring of its observation and human imagining introducing a distorting and falsifying element of conjecture into it. That was the reason why Napoleon branded history as a fable agreed upon. There is a certain danger in the life of nations, where the destiny of individuals and nations are forged, and unless the historian has a vision of it, unless his insight can probe into the subtle intricacies of a nation's inner life mechanism, his history will be a dry catalogue of events seen through the unavoidable handicap of his presuppositions.

India's Many-sided Culture

The book under review is admirable in that it evinces such a vision of the organic development of the many-sided culture of India from the Vedic times up to the present day. It is Sri Aurobindo's vision of the entelechy of the national being and its evolutionary self-expression that the author has followed in his sweeping survey of the whole history, the prehistory of this ancient land. He takes us, first, to the Vedic age, the age of the "deepest experiences of the higher truths", the age in which "the Vedic seers discovered the essential nature of the terrestrial existence as the light of Light, of Life and Mind, but compelling in the earth-nature an effort to cleave through these contrary conditions and eventually arrive at its own unvelled splendour, the Perfection implicit in it." The end of human life was to the Vedic seer the end of the earthly"(1) an effort directed to the attainment of the higher and infinite. An offering of all one's possessions and powers to the Supreme from whom they are derived is the means to the realization of the Supreme and the enjoyment of the bliss of Light, Love and infinite plenitude. And the mystic Fire, the fire of the awakened Psyche, is the priest and leader of this sacrifice."

Then we are shown the glory of the Upanishadic age in which the intuitive vision of the Vedic seers is being steadily supplemented by intuitive thought. It is still the age of the Spirit, or the symbolic age, according to another classification, but it has already begun to betray a growing premonition of thought-mind and describe an incipient declivity of the cultural cur. The Upanishads represent a subtle systematization, in terms of intuitive thought and not of discursive intellect, of the multifold, opulent experiences of the Vedic mystics. In society one feels the pulsing of a vigorous spirituality expanding its empire and creating novel forms of self-expression. "People lived a rich and robust life, and a harmony there surely was between it and the intense seeking after truth that was so much in evidence among the kings and nobles no less than among the sages and saints of the time. Royal courts and forest hermitages were humming with a glee that was at once solemn and gay, and many were not solitary, the Rajashra or sage-kings like Janaka ruling over a vast empire and at the same time living the unfettered, luminous life of the Spirit; and some were simple men living a humble, lowly, human life, held in hands of sages, but whose figure in the Upanishads—to whom truth was greater than anything else, and yet who accepted with both hands worldly possessions along with spiritual riches."

The composite and expansive spirituality of the Upanishads was conducted to the age of the Dharma, the mighty and magnificent age of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. This is the typal age in which Intuition is receding into the background and Reason is developing and coming forward to grapple with the problems of life. One notices here a further decline of the cultural cur, but a decline big with immense possibilites for the development and dynamisation of the latent or imperfectly evolved potential of the initial being of man. A partial and temporary obscurity of the peaks, it may be, but a stupendous expansion of the bases of life and their unparalleled enrichment and fortification. The Ramayana stands for a clean and powerful ethical organisation of society, in which the forces of dignity and balance discovered to the changes made for a splendid richness and purity of national existence. The Mahabharata represents an epoch of virile and versatile intellectuality, greater expansion and complexity of life and a more efficient systematization. It is the age of spiritual gains of the present age, the sages of the age, diminished and modified in part, were being used for laying down the large lines and rearing the structure of the cultural life of the country. But all these colourful changes, one is struck by two things: first, the persistence of...
LIGHT OF THE AGE

A MYSTIC VOICE, THE MEMORY OF A FACE
Shines through the enshrouding mystery of the years
To gauge the Truth twined within the web of Time,
But can we tell the all consuming hour?
The brute we thought to be so well controlled
Leaps from a moment of apparent calm
With facile urge to sweep the soul's whole time,
And time's own circumstance of high intent.
Out of the depths of our subconscious selves,
Rising upon a flood of wild desire
A demon serpens strives to mar our dreams:
Yet once where here a battle would have raged
There now sits calm a strange invariable Power,
Shining as if with multitudinous flames
Into the dim profundities of night.
Here dwell the kings of jealousy and hate,
Of passions wild and animal delights:
The petty barons of our gross desires
Bowed low before the advent of a Light
Changing all jealousy and hate to Love,
All passions and desires to brace ascent.
But who can tell what ages passed—before
The Light could penetrate to these dark caves?
What seems of arguished through unconscious lives
Were spread across the rolling seas of Time?
When early man, all animal on his aim
Rose with the snake and flame of primal fire
He groped in darkness—yet 'twas then he made
The first great victory over the brute world.
While tredding the path of earth's tormented labour,
The sloth and hate of a barbaric age
He felt the birthpangs of a growing mind,
A mind then full of fear, of superstition—but
But fascinated still by that same fire
Which sprang from out volcanoes and the skies.
Then there arose—in some—a second flame,
A flame that lived within the verse and rhyme
Bursting the bounds of earth's unconquerable law,
Aspiring to heights ere then dreamed by man.
From our life's suffering there arose a prayer,
A vibrant force was flung in the hand of Time.
To find a place among the courts of heaven:
Out of the Timeless came an answering call—
As dark to limnet in the realms below,
So from the Cosmic heights a ray of light
Descended into earth's dark hour of time.
This Light, this Force, this emanating Power
Here took upon itself the human form
In different lands and various ages came
A Man—for man's advancement to the Light,
Yet only the few could recognize it then—
Veiled by illusion, Nature's discipline.
Who saw the Light of Krishna in His day,
The Christ, Mahomed or the Buddha's gleam?
Illumined souls with divine authority—
Few only knew them... to describe Their Word
Upon the pages of our history.
Awake ye dreamers in a world of death!
The Light has come to bless the earth again,
More powerful, more insistant on Its aim
As wedded to the Mighty Mother Soul,
Arching the chasm twixt the heavens and earth
It bridges time to all eternity.
Arose and seek beyond the veil of night,
Beyond the pale horizon of the mind!
Drink in the Cosmic vision of the day:
The Light is here!—creating future Dawns.

NORMAN C. DOWSETT.

WORDS BY A NEW WORLD etc. the author imparts a wise and varied knowl-
edge of national evolution and gives a definite picture of its final ac-
complishment. After having shown how the Light descended from the
summits of the national being to its lower and more active parts, quickening,
enlarging and developing them, he proceeds to outline the pro-
gressive integration of the whole and its sublimation into the very dyna-
ic of the creative Spirit. It is, indeed, a treat and an instruction to follow
the author through the various phases of the evolutionary culture of India
and see in them the gradual steps of its organic growth into the fullness of
a synthetic self-expression.

India's Cultural Empire

The chapter on "India's Cultural Empire" reads like a romance. That
India did not meditate or vegetate in sacrosanct isolation, but sent her ambas-
dors to sow the seeds of her cosmopolitan culture on the shores of the Medi-
terranean, in parts of Russia and Siberia and Lithuania; that her culture
was a shaping influence in Greece, Persia, Asia Minor and Alexandria;
that in the distant days of the great Roman and Greek maritime activities
India brought her into contact with many countries, such as Egypt, Baby-
lon, Assyria, Judea and prehistoric America; that "influences of Vedic
culture have been traced in Boghat Keot in Cappadocia, in various parts
of Central Asia, at Samarkand, Bishapur, Khotan, Miras, Kircher, Turfan and
Tun-huang;" that "Indian influence in China was not confined to the sphere
of religion alone, but is evident also in her arts and crafts, in her music
and sciences;" that "the early temples of Cambodia resemble the Guptas
Temples of India and are the work of the artists and craftsmen brought
by the Indian colonists;" that "Indian ideas began to flow out to Siam
and permeate her mental soil;" that "the group of islands known as Malay
Archipelago is another renowned outpost of Indian culture;" that "the Hindu
buddhism of Java's culture is a marvel of India's cultural colonisation;"
that "the island of Bali stands unique in the history of India's cultural
empire, since it is the only colony which is still Hindu in its culture and
civilisation;" that, coming to recent times, Germany which was
the first in Europe to discover the hidden treasures of Sanskrit literature;
"that another notable event in the expansion of Indian culture in the
nineteenth century is the American Transcendentalist movement;" and
that "the Ramkrishna-Vivekananda movement is an ambition of the New
World by Indian thought" are some of the glowing facts which fill our hearts
with a legitimate pride in the greatness of India and an invincible faith in
the eventual fulfillment of her spiritual destiny. The immemorial lighthouse
of the world will guide onward man's pilgrimages to the Divine.

The last chapter on "Integral Vision in History" is a star-dance of
stimulating thought and sparkling suggestions which no historian of the
synthesis and panorama of school can afford to miss. To the historians
of India the book will be an intellectual revel and a reveal in every
aspect and indicate several prolific lines of research and treatment.

It is printed and published in America and very attractively got up.
A useful bibliography is appended to almost every chapter. It richly
deserves the praise and popularity with which it is being rewarded.
The Human Cycle and The Ideal of Human Unity—these two books by Sri Aurobindo were published serially in the magazine Aranya about thirty years ago. They were brought out in book form very recently. The author has made alterations where necessary, and has added a new chapter at the end of the second book.

We have undertaken the arduous task of introducing the ordinary reader to the firm conviction that no attitude of mind or of will can be attained until Master's synthetic philosophy can be complete without knowing its applicability to life. All life is Yoga, as Sri Aurobindo has told us often. But the sayings are true not only of individual life, but of the corporate life of mankind as well. The books under review, the author said, in the preface of the first, "We start from the idea that humanity is moving to a great change of its life which will even lead to a new life of the race—and our aim is to introduce the spiritual, religious and other truth which can enlighten and guide the race in this movement and to appreciate its tendencies and show what is wanting to them in order that real human unity may be achieved."

The scope of the two works is thus clear. But so vast is the ground that has been covered, so comprehensive is the view that has been taken, so detailed has been the consideration of the various historical data relied on, that no perfunctory reading of the books is likely to be of any use. A certain amount of previous training would undoubtedly be helpful. But even when that is absent, the reader must make an honest attempt to follow the Master's lucid lines of reasoning and not take fright at a string of unfamiliar names to him such as Schleswig-Holstein. Alcide-Lorraine, Austro-Magyar, Rapsburg, Hohenzollern, Romanoff etc. Sri Aurobindo's language is apart from its grammar, as enriching as prose, as charming as poetry, that it will make the reader learn and enjoy it. The whole of the two books is dry—the subject, the gradual blossoming out of man's corporate life, is entrancing and the luminous personality of the author never quite forsakes the devoted reader. A sentence like the following is brilliant, with its gorgeous sweep of the horizon, but to enjoy it truly, the reader must take the high flight with Sri Aurobindo as his inner guide:

"Therefore the old status had to dissolve and disappear, in India into the longer and bureaucratic empires of the Gupta and the Maurya to which the Pathan, the Mogul and the Englishman succeeded. In the West into the vast military and commercial expansions achieved by Alexander, by the Carthagian Oligarchy and by the Roman Republic and Empire."

In considering the gradual evolution of human society Sri Aurobindo has given us four definite stages—the Symbolic, the Typal, the Conventional and the Rational and shown how man's life has passed gradually from that of the symbolic to present day rational stage. In political evolution, the Master has indicated how man's life has evolved from the family to the clan and tribe, from the clan and tribe to the nation, from the city and regional state to the national state—how man has attempted throughout to transcend the narrower limits of a nation-unit and established empires, federations and leagues.

Before we go over the subject matter of the two books in the same detail, it would be needful to indicate briefly the ultimate goal of man's social and political progress as envisaged by the Master.

Speaking of the gradual advent of the Spiritual stage, he says that many new spiritual waves will probably come in the course of evolution with their special motives and disciplines, but they will only be steps in man's progress and will never be wholly valid. "The one thing essential must take precedence, the conversion of the whole life of the human being to the life of the Spirit." For this, man as he is, the highly materialised being, must be transformed to a creature divine. This is not only the need of the times but the need and undoubtedly the intention of Nature. This transformation will be integral of life as a whole and not piece-meal.

Even as the primitive insignificant living creature has risen to a high stage of intellectual mentality in man, so will the mental being of today ascend to a suprarational spiritual level. The pioneers on the higher plain will take up the whole of the first step of their province and proceed to the second, then the third, with a decisive turn to the progress of the race and lead it to a higher and higher spiritual level in a divine progress.

As to the ultimate goal of man's political endeavours, it can only be achieved by a realisation of the trine principle of God, Freedom and Unity—God being the primary principle, for without him neither Freedom nor Unity can have a meaning on the spiritual level. From the commencement, man has been moving towards a larger and larger unit of corporate life; this tendency is perfectly clear even today. The Master declares explicitly that some form of world-union is necessary and inevitable, in spite of "the disarranging features, and dangerous possibilities" that we see around us. Neither megalomania nor blind fanaticism is likely to be helpful in this man has got to get over both these tendencies through the doubt that he will succeed some day. Rising to the life of the spirit is a slow process. A spiritual oneness creating oneness of the mind, but not dependent on the intellect in any way, would be the basis for the highest type of man's corporate existence. Until man realises this oneness of the spirit, he must go on with his attempt to bring about unity by mechanical means. Dishonest political protestation, unscrupulous tactics, cruel and inhuman weapons will continue playing their part. "The higher hope of humanity lies in the growing number of men who will realise this truth and seek to develop it in themselves." This is how the Yogic discipline of the individual connects up with the political destiny of the race.

We shall now go over the two books under review in some detail, indicating the steps by which man's collective life has arrived at its present stage. Let us take The Human Cycle first. In the nineteenth century human existence was looked at entirely from the point of view of physical Mind and Soul were regarded as the two independent material. Thinking was looked upon as a material process, but of late, in Sri Aurobindo's words, a movement of emancipation from the obsession of material science has begun in. In the evolution of man's material development of man's life is determined not only by economic causes but by "profound psychological, even perhaps soul factors." We have already referred to the four psychological stages accepted as a working hypothesis by the Master. It is necessary to know a little more about them. The first is symbolism, the symbol being of something hidden and mysterious behind his life and activities, the Gods. Out of this symbolism there developed easily the type with a corresponding ethical development and social connection. This second stage is the national and social or ethical and answers to the term of the Gita, "Gunakarmavighaabhah." From the typal we pass on to the conventional stage when the division into types has become stereotyped. The great ethical and social ideals of the second stage endure for a time and then pass away leaving an urge which Sri Aurobindo calls the idea of "natural social honour. The division into four castes may be taken to illustrate what we mean. In the symbolic stage the conception of the Vedic sages was that the four orders represented the Divine Knowledge, the Divine Power, the Divine Production and Enjoyment, and the Divine as Service and Obedience in human society. In the next stage, the four castes represented ideas of social honour—the honour of the Brahman, the priest, the warrior, the worker. The last two were still dwelling in courage strength etc., the honour of the Vaibhya living in skill in production, rectitude in dealing etc., and the honour of the Shudra in obedience and faithful service. In the conventional stage, the outward existence of the idea of honour passed into the inner spirit. "In the end", as Sri Aurobindo says, "they remain more as a tradition in the thought and on the lips than a reality of the life." Once this rigidity has set in, the need of maintaining an ethical type becomes secondary, even tertiary, and birth becomes the most important qualification. The old system becomes a name, a shell, a sham and must be dissolved in the crucible of the reason. When this has happened the stage has been set for the self-assertion of the individual, for the revolt of reason. Society enters into the fourth or rational stage.

And yet this conventional period is often very beautiful and attractive to the distant view of posterity by its precise order, symmetry, fine social architecture, the admirable subordination of its parts to a general and noble plan. We in India look back in the same way to our Hindu Satya Yuga when man had submitted his whole life, entirely, to the guidance of the Sstras. But this Golden Age was not all gold. Sri Aurobindo says that it was the copper age and not the true golden age inasmuch as it had no inner form or ideal and the spirit reared. There were always some subsequent attempts to reformate the constitution but without any success. The time-tendency was much too powerful. Of this we have had many examples in India, as well as in Christian Europe.

Ultimately when the gap between convention and truth begins to toil in national and international understanding and the will to act, and a new spirit of unity or a new evolving cycle of civilization." To be continued in the next issue.
SPIRITUAL ACHIEVEMENT: THE ANCESTS AND Ourselves

By T.V. KAPALI SASTRY

Mother India has asked me to take up the question of spiritual achievements of the ancients with special reference to the ideal of Supermind as conceived and described in the writings of Sri Aurobindo. The request is particularly timely, as discussions and debates in regard to the statement of Sri Aurobindo that the Vedic sages did not arrive at the Supermind for Earth or did not make the attempt at all. In taking up this subject let me at the outset state that there is nothing of importance for me or for anyone else to say by way of further discussion and put in writing here. Besides, basing themselves on the authority of his statements, well-known writers have followed in his footsteps and discoursed upon the nature of the Supermind and the preliminary, the preparatory work that is done and yet to be done for its achievement. I propose, therefore, to contribute to this subject, not anything new or different from what has been said by others, but something that may interest the discriminating mind to know and find for itself the basis or bases of Sri Aurobindo's statement in regard to the Supermind; and in doing so it is necessary to clarify at the very beginning what the term connotes and what it does not. We shall also take into account the ancient achievements in the realm of the Spirit and their conceptual imagery, where grace, puana, seanaa, Matter, Life and Mind etc. are spoken of in the Upanishads and in the later Vedantic texts.

Now, first about the Supermind. It is a term coined and used by Sri Aurobindo in a definite sense to denote a principle which governs the fourth term, svaymbhu, in the hierarchy of the sevenfold plane of being. It is a principle, yet not a mere principle, but a plane and a world—a plane of consciousness through which the Manvantara and the One are naturally, a spontaneous manifold unity in which Knowledge and Power are inseparable, or the one is the figure of another. This Supermind which is of a Divine world and plane above the Ignorance, above the triple world of the survival, below the plane of Divinity, descending with the Supermind, his body and life and mind transfigured into the super-spiritual and divine world, the parts in the Truth-Consciousness whose plenary home is the "Sun-World." The Sun is the symbol used by the ancients to denote this Supreme Light of the Transcendent. The last part of the sentence requires elucidation for a fuller grasp by the reader who is not quite familiar with the central thought of this teaching. We shall come to that later on; here we may first dispose of the question of the basis of the statement quoted above. A disciple, an intelligent follower of Sri Aurobindo does not raise the question of his basis; he has no doubt whatever in this regard. For when words fall from the Master, he knows and is convinced that Sri Aurobindo never utters anything from sheer speculation concerning matters of the Spirit. When he sees or hears the Master, he can rely on that peculiar sense of pertinence which secondarily adduces reasons where necessary for the enlightenment of the enquiring mind. When a hunter enters a forest his observing eye detects the kinds of denizens, tiger, bear, deer, lion or porcupine that inhabit it by the footprints they leave and other marks they throw on the surrounding wild vegetation. A man, when he is in a wood, can easily discover if human feet have trodden the earth there and if he finds marks of human habitation or finds a trodden track, he can follow where it leads and discern the parting of the ways, if any, or he can still walk alone until the path ends abruptly or meets with obstruction from an impenetrable block of wood or rock and then finds that the wild country is not passable and no man has ever walked it. The same can be said of the Yogi, especially of the path-finder of the Integral Yoga. For a set purpose when he shuts the doors of the senses and withdraws the outgoing mind and gets above it, in order to rise to the higher levels of being, he does so to discover the hidden truths in the higher consciousnesses and lays hold on the clues, whenever possible, that may lead to the higher heights, studies the actualities of the situation, discerns the achievements of the past, ponders over and decides upon the possibilities of the present endeavour. Rising from height to height, the Yogi, ever exploring, ever analysing, at some peak, he sees much that is yet to be done and achieved, but has not been ventured so far by any before him. He finds no sign, no pointer, no evidence in the vast country of the highest levels of the pure and luminous mind in us that it is called the Supermind. But, when he trod the path before that, freely leads to the Sun-World, the world of Truth-Consciousness, much less does he find any trace of return passage that leads back up from the Supramental World of Solar Light to the world of grace, Life and Matter.
MOTHER INDIA

SPRITUAL ACHIEVEMENT

Continued from previous page

AUGUST 15, 1950

form of the Truth-Consciousness, the Eternal Light and joy undyingly, without taking any means or measures. Baradwaj Suresh Nutan asks regarding the goal. Even in the means adopted for its achievement there are indications in the hymns that the Rishi aims at this goal. As stated earlier, the means adopted is first the kindling of the Agni, the awakening of the Individual Will, and then the self-offering and lead towards the Godhead, the Sun of Truth which is one's own home. In a hymn addressed to the All-Gods, eaihe devah, the Rishi proclaims that his soul is travelling onwards with the help of what he designates as the 'Traveling Vrksa' or the tree of life, which the commentator Suvakya explains to be the indwelling Godhead, antaeryani devah: here is an English translation of the Rik (V. 46.1.): "I have yoked myself well-knowing, like a steering, to the Brham that blows hence I that bears us and gives succour. I seek no release, nor do I turn back. May he who knows the path, the Leader, lead me straight."

Here again, one finds that the Vedic seer offers himself to the Indus-Sun. In the hymn, 191, this is said as: "As I have entered into you and have made an offering, the goal of which is, indeed, the Sun-World. Instances can be multiplied to show that the common conception of the Vedic sages, and their ideal was to win for themselves the World of the Solar Light of Truth and Immortality in the Beyond, tansaan parastat. They did not aim at, or even seem to have conceived the idea of bringing down something of the Solar Splendor dour here on earth and for earth. They had realizations of the Cosmic Gods and the Godhead, and that qualified them for getting established, on departure, in the paths through the gates of the Brham (for it is not that they were unaware of, and insensitive to, the sufferings of fellow-beings groping in the dark, but they did not seek the remedy for the countless ill's of the darkened earth in the descent of the Truth-consciousness - "ah, the glory") On the other hand, they prayed for a common thought, feeling common, goal, which would pave the way for an increasing harmony that would make for a better and increasing happiness among fellow beings. The hymn 191 in the Rig Veda speaks of it in these words: "In the bliss of the Sun the Creator."

Aurobindo had obviously this hymn in mind when he wrote in the Idee of Human Unity these lines: "For that essentially must be the aim of the religion of humanity, as it must be the highest aim of all human religion, love, mutual recognition of human brotherhood, building sense of human oneness and practice of human oneness in thought, feeling and life, the ideal which was expressed first some thousands years ago in the ancient Vedic hymn and must remain the ideal to this day no - the highest injunction of the Spirit within us to human life upon earth." Now, we can very well say that the Vedic sages did not conceive the cure for human ills to be lying in the establishment of the Truth-consciousness in man on earth, and therefore the question of an attempt to that effect does not arise. Sri Aurobindo himself says, "perhaps they did not make the attempt." And this can also mean, according to some, that perhaps they made the attempt and did not succeed. This is quite possible; only we do not find instances in the Rig Veda that would enable us to hold that an attempt was made, but was un crowned with success. There is another alternative and that is perhaps the well-established idea in the minds of the Vedic sages that it was an impossible proposition to that end, to bring the Truth-Consciousness into the human sphere of the earth-consciousness and, because of this idea of impossibility settled in their minds, there was no attempt, not to speak of getting hold of the more important proposition of the truth of the individual and the true oneness of the race. In the absence of a tradition to this effect is a factor that makes it difficult for us to appreciate the authentic words of the Master in this context. Indeed, well-equipped they were with their high achievements in the Godward speaker, in such a way as to make and would have made an effort to lead the failure to make the attempt, or the failure to succeed in the attempt if it had been made at all, which is a gratuitous conjecture, has had its consequences in the trend of philosophical thought of India in later times.

The Yoga of the Upnishads

Let us now return to the Upnishads: on the same page in the Riddle, the idea has been said: "Even there are verses in the Upnishads in which it is hinted that there is a way to pass through the gates of the world of the Beyond and so rest in another or that symbol of the Supermind) and yet retain an earthly body. "Through the gates of the Sun they pass there where is the immortal Being whose self of the immortal Being of the worlds!" says the Maitri Upnishad. There are passages in the Maitri Upnishad to this effect, and this idea is present in some of the Yoga Upnishads also. In addition to this, if the ideal of the Vedic sages had been to bring down the Solar Truth for the enjoyment of all, of all the major ones, very few have made mention of it; but they proclaim the ideal of Brham-ah, the Self of all, the World of Light Immortal which is the same as the Sun-world of Supermind, as the ideal to be achieved. And that is a world from which there is no return, a realm of infinite, eternal, boundless, continuous, endless, the goal of the endeavors of these ancient sages. Knowledge of Atman, realisation of Brham as the All while man lives on earth is the goal here and on departure one goes forth to the worlds above, the highest of which is the bliss. Or called variously, cosmic, the highest, the Self of all, called other name, etc.; or one realises the Atman in the depths, and is absorbed, laysa, in which case the question of departure does not arise. And this last kind of liberation which is absorption, laysa, is supported by pages in the major Upnishads notably the Brihadaranyaka Upnishad in some of the Mahabharata, the Bhagavad Gita and the Chandogya. Of these, the ten major ones—speak of the soul arising at the Supreme world from which there is no return. As for the body, it is taken for granted that it does not escape from the grasp of death. We can state in a few lines that this body and the soul's departure and non-return from the world of Supermind.

The Isha Upnishad which takes a comprehensive view of the Creation and its Lord, the apparently irreconcilable opposites such as Enjoyment and Rasa of knowledge and ignorance, Brihadaranyaka Upanishad says: "Of this body ashes are the end." The Rama says: "If here thou hast known Him, then thou hast lived truly. If thou hast not known Him in this mortal life, then great is the perdurance." Here it is taken for granted that the body perish and is dissolved in the super-deep, yet there is nothing further for the body to achieve, when the soul has known the Supreme. The Katha Upanishad says: "If before the body drops down over this world I have been able to apprehend (to here), then is one fit for embodiment in the worlds (the ugras are His creations)." In the Prashna Upanishad the sage approaches Pippalada the teacher for that Knowledge by which they can be taken across the other shore of Ignorance. And in the answer to the first of the six questions, we find that the Sun-world is the source of all forces and is the Immortal, free from the Sun of the supreme escape from which there is no return. Again in the Mundaka Upanishad (II.2.6): "The strivers after Truth, they who have made certain of the speech of the inner seer, who are the end of the Veda and are fixed in their being by Yoga of renunciation, in their time of ultimate end become absolute and immortal and they are released into the worlds of the Eternal." (Sri Aurobindo's translation.) The last passage in the Brhadaranyaka Upanishads puts it in this way: "That and beyond that is the Sun-world without parts is the transcendental state of supreme bliss, void of phemenal existence and duality. This Om is Atman. He who knows this enters the Atman." And the Aitareya says that Vamsadeva, having got over this world by means of Brahma as awareness, prejana, and got all objects of his desires in the regions of Heaven, became immortal. The Taittiriya which of all the Upnishads best affords, like the Iskha in some respects, a broad basis for the Yoga and Philosophy of the Supermind, makes that the Knower of Brham attains to this. And in this sense indeed, it reveals the truth about the gradations, levels and aspects of the Brahman, and the coverings, rather sheaths, of the Purusha which have great bearing upon the practical aspect. For that leads to the realization of the separate elements of the several Purushas, the corresponding layers of consciousness or on the various levels of being. We shall return to this part of the teachings of the Taittiriya when we shall consider the difference between the spiritual achievement of the ancients in regard to Vijnana and the present endeavour to achieve the realization of the Supermind for earth. One more among the major Upnishads is the Chhodaga and its last word is that the soul arriving at the Brahmakola which is the same as the abode of the Supreme, the Sun-world in the symbolic sense, what we call the Supermind, does not return, no cha pauruas ecata. And this is also the phrase which forms the last aphorism of the Brahma Sutras. This has to be understood as a well-knoen idea that to the extent that there is no rebirth for one who has attained to the Brahman. But neither in the Prashna Upanishad nor in the Chhodaga where the same phrase occurs is any express statement about the rebirth though it can be so understood. Straightforwardly interpreted the idea is that the true consciousness reaches that world of Immortality, from there he returns not. Now from what has been stated regarding the ideal of the sages in the Upnishads, it can be easily gathered that the goal aimed at was not anything nearer to the line of Sri Aurobindo's approach to the Supermind, but it was the Knowledge of Brahman, the realization of the Self, Atman. And they seek the support of the hymns of the Rig Veda for their conclusions quite often. They nowhere seem to hint that the idea of bringing down the Truth-consciousness was there in the minds of the Vedic seers, nor do themselves state anything to indicate that they had thought even of a remote possibility of such an endeavour, not to speak of the inevitability of the effort of the Supermind.

Now an important distinction must be made here where the spiritual achievement of the ancients. The sages of the Upnishads have tried to recover something of the Vedic wisdom and from their own experiences and intuitions the line of realization of the Truth, and both are valid in their own ways. The one realization is related mainly and solely to the Atman, the Self of selves or Brahman that is the All. In the Consiousness of the Atman, or Brahman, the soul may gradually arise to the Sun-world or plane in which it lives and gets the realization. In other words, this line of realization is essentially one that is indifferent to or admit of being related to the Cosmic manifestation. Another line is that in which the soul is bound to the world-order in the Cosmos. Obviously, it is this latter kind we refer when we speak of the achievement of the ancients compared to the Upanishad, the Chandogya Yoga. From this point of view, the ancient achievements, whether it be the later Vedic Rikas or the later Vedantic Yoga, or those who followed the path of devotion and love, or the path of the Karma Yoga, were all essentially
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