(I am feeling uneasy and unsettled. Aspiration seems almost extinguished. To put it more precisely, although I want to aspire I don’t have the necessary impetus and that is why there is a sense of consciousness down—so that I don’t have the inward energy left even to try writing poetry with sufficient effort. Please send me inspiration—and tell me if this recurring cloud of impetuosity comes as a sign that after all I am doomed to taste nothing more than the small fragments of the yogic life. I find yoga very ever so difficult—but I am appalled by a prospect of labynthine uselessness when I think of the ordinary life.

I have fallen between two stools—the old joy is gone and there is nothing else to replace it. I remember myself as I was before this desire for the Infinite and the Eternal invaded my consciousness. Morning after morning I used to get up full of a laughing energy—confident and impregnable, eager to taste everything and happy with a sense of power to do so, aware of a certain harmony between myself and the universe and of a poised mental capacity to mould experience to the purposes of literature. No difficulty, no disaster could daunt me: the star of accident was there to cast its malign influence, but through the worst vicissitudes I passed with unabated vigour and courage and optimism and grip of the intellect on life. I had evolved a half-Shavian half-Goethean outlook—fearlessness, force, gusto, wideness, idealism, all these mixed together and made me feel complete in general, looking forward only to fill in detail after enriching detail as the years would unroll their various surprises. There were also crudenesses in my composition just as there were disasters in my experience, but everything was held together, every strain assimilated by a dominating tone of mentalised vitality… Then, all of a sudden, came the devastating glory of the Divine: an earthquake, as it were, and almost in the moment when I felt most masterful and triumphant on my peak of intellect and life-force, the foundations of the world shook and I was broken utterly by the sense that a whole infinitude was wanting to experience, by an immeasurable hunger that found all I had valued and acquired a mere morsel of miserable pleasure. The old poise and power were lost, common passions grew stale and I was just a poor mortal struggling helplessly and understanding that only the Divine could save me and that nothing had any worth without the Divine. But where have I come through all this? I have achieved so little, though I have seen and known and felt the greatest that life can offer—the cheer that is you and the Mother. Yes, this is great, yet in myself I seem to be a failure. To replace what has been destroyed, something more is required, a deeper and more permanent experience. You have made me write poetry that you have considered fine and I am extremely thankful, but I am also extremely dissatisfied with my incapacity to move forward in even the poetic field. What a limited instrument I am after all! Others with a much smaller nature-endowment are proving far more receptive and fluent mediums. Of course all artistic creation is a glory and a rapture and it would show a most mean mind to encourage envy and a most pitiable temperament to be unable to enjoy intensly the beauty of other people’s work. What I am realising is my own limitation in the sphere of art just as in the sphere of yoga. I have not won the same degree of confident power here as I had in the pre-yogic days. I can never return to that, because that kind of intellectual and vital vigour is now inaccessible—and not even attractive, since I have known greater splendours, but all the same I am acutely conscious of being incomplete, a quivering fragment, an interplay of chords not yet resolved into a harmony. And, what is worse, I am often ashamed at present by a sense of “this far and no further.”

Could you give me any hope? Why is my mind so wretchedly limited, my soul such a feeble flame?)

“IT is not the question, for this is not a question of personal capacity but of the development of the receptivity and for that the sole thing necessary is that your mind or at least your conscious mind be kept in a state of receptivity. What you are writing is not the record of your own consciousness—it belongs to a range of experience to the Word of which you have opened up. It is the development of the spiritual self—a further development beyond not only your old mental self but also your old vital self is needed to get the concrete realisation of that range of experience.

“What is standing in the way is something that is still attached to the limitations of the old personality and hesitates to take the plunge because by doing so it may lose those cherished limitations. It stands back in apprehension from the plunge because it is afraid of being taken out of its depth—but unless one is taken out of the very shallow depth of this small part of the self, how can one get into the Infinite at all? Furthermore, there is no real danger in finding oneself in the Infinite, it is a place of greater safety and greater riches, not less; but this something in you does not like the prospect because it has to merge itself into a larger self-existence. You asked the Mother to press you on the lighting of the fire within, and she has been doing so, but this is standing back with the feeling, ‘Oh Lord! what will become of me if this flame gets lit!’ You must get rid of this clinging to the past self and life; then you can have a fire which will not be feeble. You have not fallen between two stools—you are hesitating between two consciousnesses, the old and the new, the small and the great; that is all.

“As for the poetry, well—you have developed up to a point at which your work is of a very rare and unique quality in no way inferior to that of the others of whom you speak—the difficulty of controlling production is nothing, for all feel that except Nishkant and Dulp who have no misgivings about their creative power. Your rises probably from the fact that in order to have free command of the highest planes of poetry, you have to rise into them and not only open to the Word from them—it is therefore the same difficulty in another form. Otherwise if you did the old self-satisfaction of which you draw so glowing a picture, you would have found your present poetry marvellous and gone on writing it—only oscillating between the different planes achieved and content to do so. This is not a proof of incapacity but of the will to greater things. Only that will must not be in the mind only but take full hold of the vital also and must be a will that you write of should be a part not only of thought but of life. Which comes back to what I have written above—get free from the obscure hesitation to open and let the fire do its work.

“One must either do that if one wants a rapid change or go quietly and wait for the slower working from behind the veil to reduce and break the obstacle.”

(Will the Supermind, when it makes its descent, have the power to transform us in spite of ourselves?)

“I suppose the (vitala’s) will to resist will disappear.”

(I am all agog to know whether I should pack up for Pendiuchery. Should I come away with my heart still far below normal by medical...
Sri Aurobindo's Letters —Continued from page 1

standards? I surely can't expect it to catch up with normalcy so soon after that mistake of mines with the tonic stimulant powder given me by a friend. You know that owing to an error in instructions, instead of taking the normal dose of 1/12 of a gram I swallowed more than 4 grams, which—

I may believe the doctors—means about 50 times the normal dose, over 4 times the dose a horse might be given and many hundreds by 3 times the dose at which the drug begins to be sheer poison for human beings! I also remain—

With real medical aid for 45 minutes! In my awful condition I only kept calling to Mother and you. Of course I am again up and doing, and I can't take this set-back very seriously, though I have semi-collapses now and then and the medics say I need regular attention and should not exert myself. Mother and you got me out of all scrapes; the sweet grace of you both was not being unfulfilled. And I don't think I am much frightened by theoretical possibilities of death. Will my undertaking to come away do me any harm? This is a year in which, I believe, the Truth-Consciousness may make up its mind, or rather its Superman, to descend. I was expecting a wire from Mother in May; it came on the 1st July on a high—this year is not yet out, and August 15 is pretty close. Won't I be losing something great if I don't throw all caution to the winds?

"You must not on any account return here before your heart has recovered. No doubt, death must not be feared, but neither should death or permanent illness be invited. Here, especially now when all the competent doctors disagree. I have been sent to you in instance from Pondicherry. There would be no proper facilities for the treatment you still need, while you have all there. You should remember the Mother's warning to you when she said that you would have your realisation in this life provided you did not take the poison given and nearly 50 times the dose of a body the rendering it incapable of resisting any severe physical attack or shock in the future, would be another 'something silly' of the same quality. So it's on no account to be done."

(1-8-38)

"You need not be afraid of losing anything great by postponing your return to Pondicherry. A general descent of the kind you speak of is not in view at the moment and, even if it comes, it can very easily catch you unawares. It is not in my place to tell you of the other hazards, but I feel the voice as if outside him and have the sense of another being than himself, an invisible presence in the room. The inner being is often felt as someone separate from or other than the ordinary self, but it is not usually felt outside. So it may be that in this state of withdrawal he comes into contact with another plane or world and attracts to himself one of its beings who wants to share in his sadhana and govern it. The last is not a very safe phenomenon, for it is difficult to say from the data what kind of being it is and the handing over of the government of one's inner development to any other than the Divine, the Guru or one's own psychic being may bring with it serious peril. That is all I can say at present.

"You will find with this a letter from the Mother giving you her point of view with regard to the request for a written statement from herself about approaching people for money. You must make your friend understand that this is not done and cannot be done. If he feels moved to do so as work for the Mother, the knowledge that it is needed should be enough. It is not a question of a public appeal for funds, but of getting friends and sympathisers to help. You will see from the Mother's letter the spirit in which it should be done."

THE MOTHER'S LETTER

"I am not in the habit of writing for money to anybody. If people do not feel that it is for them a great opportunity and Grace to be able to give their money for the Divine cause, tant pis pour eux." Money is needed for the work—money is bound to come; as for who will have the privilege of giving it, that remains to be seen."

(29-4-38)

"So much the worse for them!"

Ojas

Rise upward, stream of passion in the glands! Rise where once pinnacles met with heaven's womb! Earth drags you down, but all your shimmer know The stars' enchanted fire calling you home. Mountains of mind are sacred; join your cry Unto their peaceful marriage with the sky. Your children shall be words eternal, sung From golden seeds of packed immensity.

K. D. SETHNA
SRI AURbindO AND THE MOTHER
A LETTER

By PRITHVIS ING

The face of Sri Aurobindo with his eyes closed as if in some deep Yogic trance may evoke different emotions in different people. To most of us as we saw that majestic form that had housed the Divine Soul with the golden suprasensual light radiating from it almost visible to the physical eye it seemed like the God Shiva asleep in Samadhi after he had drunk the poison that would destroy the world. In the bosom of this mighty peace the whole universe could find shelter. Infinity was there in that august form, rugged and austere, that might create perhaps, if looked at from a certain angle, an impression of suffering. But I’ll speak more no. The more one gazed at it in quiet concentration, things hidden were revealed to one and tears came to the eyes as one contemplated all that he had done for us and how unworthy we had been!

Now I would like to say something to you about our Mother very frankly. It may be especially important for those who have been doing the sadhana from outside and have not had the opportunity of visiting the Ashram. It is our Master who taught us not to make any distinction between himself and the Mother. “It is the same Consciousness divided into two for purposes of the play.” And so we always look upon our Mother, following her guidance and her wishes as our poor limited human capacity would allow. And today, when Sri Aurobindo is no more in his body, we realise more than ever the profound significance of his words. Because of the Mother the Ashram has not disintegrated. She alone has the secret of transformation and the change that has to take place upon this earth, as Sri Aurobindo has said, and he has by his “supreme sacrifice” opened the way for its rapid descent. We feel no depression in our sadhana because the Mother is upholding us with her tremendous spiritual Power. And if “our Lord has sacrificed himself totally for us” for reasons too sublime for the human mind to understand, we feel that the sacrifice of the Mother is, if anything, perhaps greater. For she has consented to remain on the material plane without him! And if she has consented to do so, it is out of infinite compassion for the “unreceivably earth and man” and to carry on his work to its triumphant fulfillment. Our hearts bow down to her in infinite gratitude and we pray Victory to her! Very truly indeed you say that “the Divine never bungles”, and that is why he enjoined on the Mother to remain here among us, for that is the certitude of the fulfillment of all that he saw and laboured and shaped to bring to birth. When the supramental Will stands on earth and takes complete possession of body and Matter, then will his dominion be truly established.

I have written to you at length that you may know that Mother is our sole Guru now, and those who would follow this path have to look to her for guidance and transformation which cannot come by any human tapasa, however severe. We love her dearly, as we have always loved her, and pray to our Lord from the depth of our souls that she remain with us till his work is fully done and the supramental evolution accomplished.

Indeed the Mother’s burden is heavy, the earth being un receptive and the disciples who form part of the earth-consciousness being what they are, but our World-Mother upholds everything and with a forward pace which nothing can stop she moves steadily towards her goal. But for her we would have drooped like flowers torn from their roots, waiting for our days to end that we might come again with the Divine for his work.

You have asked if anything needs more emphasizing at this hour. “The Supramental is a Truth and its descent is, in the nature of things, inevitable”. That is the thing that needs to be said now, with all emphasis and a faith unshaken by appearances. Sri Aurobindo’s decision to leave his own body does not invalidate the truth of his teachings. We accept it as the working out of a terrible Divine Wisdom whose logic is unknowable to us, and we bow down before it in deep reverence! His last act of Grace was to keep his body intact for several days so that all his disciples may have the chance to come from distant places in India for his last Darshan.

Offerings

Some bring to you their learning,
Their wisdom new and old;
Some fame and power and glory,
Rich treasures, art and gold.

I too would offer something
To you, my Lord and King!
I claim no power or knowledge,—
O what then shall I bring?

I bring a heart that loves you
And lips that sing your praise,
A soul that seeks one honour:
To learn to tread your ways.

INDIRA

Nostalgia

I long to fare, Lord, far from this
Dark world of din to a lonely nook,
Beyond the pale of friends or kin,
And live in a glen by a blissful brook,
Where only the murmur of her waves
My music shall be...or the trees’
Soft sighing when, from time to time,
Will pass a wayfaring pilgrim breeze.
There I shall fashion a temple of peace
With fragrant flower-petals and make
A tender couch of dew which I
With virgin creepers will bedeck.
There with the stars as arms from sky
My little basket shall I fill
And the soft rhythm of rain will be
My one and only sentinel.
With this beacon I’ll my career build
And the fireflies will my tapers be
And the lapping of waves shall mingle with
The woodland’s crooning melody.

My heart I’ll change to a conch and play
With my life’s breath for thee, my King!
At morn with peacocks will I dance
And at eve live with the cuckoo’s sing.
There save thy Name, my only mate,
None else shall, Lord, companion me:
I will adore thee ever alone
In the aura of tranquillity.
Nor will I there, Beloved, demand:
Thou be my Guest compassionately.
Love bargains never: only give
That I may ache for none but thee.
When my day is done and shadows loom
At life’s nightfall—from out the heart
Will pray my last breath: breathe thy Name
And put out the light as I depart.
And then...what then?...Perhaps...some day,
A chance wayfarer this may call
And offer a flower to me as one
Who madly lost for love her all.

(Translated from INDIRA’s Hindi song in the same metre and rhyme-scheme by DILIP KUMAR ROY).
THE INTEGRAL YOGA OF SRI AUROBINDO
By RISHABCHAND
(2) THE VARIETIES OF YOGA

Before we enter upon a detailed consideration of the nature, process and aim of the Integral Yoga as evolved by Sri Aurobindo, let us take a bird's-eye view of the general Yogic background in India against which this new, dynamic synthesis of spiritual culture rises in massive grandeur, embodying the essentials of the past and claiming to fulfill the more complex and universal needs of the present.

Man is a progressive being. He emerges from the past only to march towards the future, which is an ever-extending line of light lure him to greater and greater conquests. His greatest achievements of yesterday are but stepping stones to the yet greater achievements of tomorrow. His loyalty to the past must not, therefore, be a conservative clinging to the dead shells, but an enlightened assimilation and utilisation of the ever-living spirit of what has contributed to the present, and perfectly compatible with a large and perceptive opening to the future. The revolutions that take place in the world are Nature's violent pointers to the truth that in the onward progress of life there can be no comatose abiding in the effete forms of the past: evolution is a perpetual call to the new and the unknown. Conserving the essential gains of the past and consolidating and harmonising them in the present, man must advance towards the higher gains and greater victories of the future.

In India, where spirituality has been the very life-breath of the people, many forms of spiritual culture, many Yogas, have been propounded and practised since the time of the Vedas. Human nature has been systematically and laboriously explored to discover what it is made of, how it works, what are the various aspects of its being and of its powers, and how it can be made to work better. The subtle and the profound, the individual and the universal, the systematic and the experimental, have all been seeked and reached. It is this vast field of spiritual exploration that forms the foundation of the Integral Yoga.

In the field of Yoga, too, we find a vast variety of paths, some focusing on the physical body, some on the mind, some on the emotions, and some on the spiritual Self. Each of these paths has its own unique strengths and weaknesses, and it is only by integrating these different practices that we can achieve a complete and balanced spiritual growth.

In the next part of this series, we will explore some of the different varieties of Yoga that have been developed over the centuries in India. Each of these Yogas has a unique approach to spiritual growth, and by studying them we can gain a greater understanding of the nature of spirituality and how it can be practiced in our modern world.

Hathayoga
Hathayoga is founded on the truth that the human body is not "a mass of living matter, but a mystic bridge between the spirit and the physical being". It houses powers and energies which, once properly quickened and marshalled, can achieve the release of the human mind and the soul from the cramping hold of Matter. The very body which is the cause of man's bondage to ignorance and suffering can be made, if rightly tackled and trained, a powerful means of spiritual progress. It is a marvellous instrument possessing unreckoned possibilities of perfection. But normally it is a mere chaff of Matter, ignorant and inert and liable to suffering and accosted to mechanical movements. By its dual practice of Asana and Pranayama, Hathayoga changes this inert lump of flesh into a dynamo of vibrant energies and, awakening the coiled serpent power at the base of its spinal column, carries the consciousness of man through the intermediate planes into the embrace of the Brahman. Asana teaches the body to conserve in placid immobility the currents of vitality that flow into it from the universal life; and Pranayama controls the spiritual development of the entire organism, not only through the regulation of the life-energy through all the nerves and, by a masterful manipulation of vitality, effects the release of the being from its subjection to the body and its normal impurities and disabilities. Hathayoga is a Yoga, that is to say, it is a means to a union with the Supreme, whatever the nature of that union may be; but in its excessive zeal for the purification and control of the body and the life-energy, it seems to forget its goal and remains constantly obsessed with the means. The result it achieves by an enormous outpour of energy can be obtained more easily and rapidly by other methods than the elaborate and cumbersome ones it employs. It is very widely, though by no means very wisely, practised in India, and betrays a facile tendency to degenerate into clap-trap and miraclemongering. And yet, in spite of its physical pre-occupation and frequent aberrations, it has made a substantial contribution to Yoga by its discovery of the potential powers and capacities of the human body and the life-energy playing in it. It will be seen later how in the dynamic and practical transformation of the different schools of Yoga, this contribution has been incorporated with certain vital modifications and given an important place in its comprehensive scheme of spiritual values.

Rajayoga
Unlike Hathayoga, Rajayoga does not start with the body and the life-energy, but with the mind of man. It does not dispense with Asana and Pranayama, but relegating them to a subsequent stage, gives the primary importance to Yama and Niyama, which are mental disciplines calculated to conquer desires and passions of the lower nature of man and, by an interiorisation of the moral purifications, help the concentration of his consciousness on the Supreme. It aims "at the liberation and the perfection not of the body, but of the mental being, the control of the emotional and sensual life, the mastery of the whole apparatus of thought and consciousness. It starts on the chitta, that is, the mental consciousness in which all these activities arise, and it seeks, even as Hathayoga with its physical material, first to purify and to tranquilise". When the mind has been

*"The Synthesis of Yoga" by Sri Aurobindo.
THE VARIETIES OF YOGA

Corresponding to the three principal powers of the human being—will, knowledge and love—there are three Yogas in India: Karmayoga or the Yoga of Works, Jnanayoga or the Yoga of Knowledge and Bhaktiyoga or the Yoga of Love and Devotion. Karmayoga takes its stand upon the will of man and turning it Godward through a dynamic surrender of the actions and all movements of the nature, emancipates him from the yoke of the ego and leads him to a union with the object of his quest and worship. A living and constant self-consecration in action and an unconquerable desire for the divine are the two main requisites of Karmayoga. As most men live in their vital-physical being, predominantly concerned with the satisfaction of their desires and wants, the practice of Karmayoga is usually attended with rapid and remarkable results. In the general purification of the nature and the opening and orientation of the being to the Divine, it is a dynamic Yoga which has to be pursued from moment to moment avoiding the pitfalls of tamasya passivity on the one hand and the heady drive of sadashiva vitality on the other. If all desires are suppressed, all actions are done as a conscious and living offering to the Divine, the knots of the ego are gradually loosened, and the consciousness of the Karmayogi rises to the pure, unadulterated Spirit, beyond the habitual insanities of the passing moments. Dwelling upon the conditions of this effort and the ideal to which they point, Sr. Aurobindo says in his The Synthesis of Yoga:

"To live in God and not in the ego; to move, vastly founded, not in the little egotistic consciousness, but in the consciousness of the All-Soul and the Transcendent.

"To be perfectly equal in all happenings and, to all beings, and to see and feel them as one with oneself and one with the Divine; to feel all in oneself, all guidance coming from the All, all will being the will of the All, all guidance being the guidance of the All.

"To act in God and not in the ego. And here, first, not to choose action by reference to personal needs and standards, but in obedience to the dictates of the highest Truth above us. Next, as soon as we are sufficiently founded in the spiritual consciousness, not to act any longer from separate will or movement, but more and more to allow action to happen and develop under the impulsion and guidance of a divine Will that surpasses us. And last, the supreme result, to be exalted into an identity in knowledge, force, consciousness, act, joy of existence with the Divine Shakti; to feel a dynamic movement not dominated by mortal desire and vital instinct and impulse and illusive mental free will, but luminously conceived and evolved in an immortal self-delight and an infinite self-knowledge. For this is the action that comes by a conscious subjection and merging of the natural man into the divine Self and eternal Spirit; it is the Spirit that for ever transcends and guides this world-Nature."

Jnanayoga or the Yoga of Knowledge takes its stand upon the mind or rather the intelligence of man and, turning it Godward through a dynamic surrender of its thoughts and activities to the Absolute. By an act of abstraction, the buddhi or the intellect takes from itself the other parts of the being and concentrates on the silent and immutable Brahman or the sheer, unqualified Spacelike in all other Yogas, it is the nature of the mind that determines the nature of the end. Jnanayoga, by making the buddhi the chief instrument of spiritual realization, effects a split between the Bruhman and the world, which is practically and essentially the same split that is found in all other Yogas, the separation of the Nature of the soul from the illusory and dreamlike, seeks to lead the individual consciousness to the undifferentiated unity and merge it in the featureless infinity of the One. By noetic abstraction, by sustained reflection on the sole, relative, external movements of the soul, the individual member, it achieves an evolution and extinction of the individual soul—evolution from the illusion (Maya) of embodied existence and extinction in the infinite.
CHAPTER XI
THE MESSAGE OF "SAVITRI"

There is an idea abroad that a Yogi or mystic is of a piece with the savior, and as such has no message to deliver to humanity at large. What is contended in this view is something interesting because there is a mysterious and mystical atmosphere about Sri Aurobindo, which suggests to me once, in every intellectual conviction seriously cherished. What is true in this indictment against the mystic is that his contribution to human culture is not uniform with that of the social man in his various, more or less, social moods. Art, poetry, music, the crafts, philosophy—in fact every walk of life hitherto trod by men the world over—all fail more or less under the category of our social moods. It has indeed, been claimed by some poets, artists and thinkers that since their handicrafts are inspired by their desires and matured by their faculties, therefore what they create cannot be counted, strictly speaking, as a social product. This contention is valid but only up to a point, since what the man in his creative impulse produces is usually a resultant of forces which away him in his solitude, countered by those that sway him in his social setting. Even the argument of theighbrow, world-alooft scientist, living for his laboratory, cannot be fully valid when he claims that his findings have nothing to do with humanity and its aspirations. For man being born from others, nurtured by others, living with others, sustained by others and, last though not least, often killed by others, cannot claim to be a perfect solitary in any of his moods on earth. That is why we are confronted as the mystic’s point of paradox; namely, that the most abstract and even seemingly impossible of scientific theories (theories which once upon a time man could only gaze at) have been fruitful in inventions which have profoundly modified not only the outer life of man but his thoughts and actions as well. "To act is to think" (things lean upon one another and hold together), as Rolland wrote to me once.

Consequently, we somewhat look askance at mystics and Yogins even when something within us is impressed by something about them which we don't understand and therefore repress: Why must a rational man be led to bow to what his reason cannot label orocket? I recall a remark Tagore made years ago. He said Bertrand Russell had once gone out for a stroll in Cambridge. As they passed by King’s College Chapel they heard a choral hymn being sung by the boys: lovely music! Tagore suggested to Russell that they stop inside the Chapel. “Nothing doing,” replied the rationalist mathematician, “I can’t let myself be influenced by music and nonsense and college glamour.” I don’t want to spoil the serenity of the setting and windows and me to feel what my reason holds suspect.” And how Tagore laughed! But it is not a laughing—not, much to the nigh-lauded mystical, any way; not that Tagore was militant and rationalist and man need not say, the mystic knows what he feels not because he wishes to feel but because he cannot live without feeling it, because life becomes for him a blind alley without the lead of the mystic light, or, to put it in the words of Sri Aurobindo:

Impenetrable, a mystery recondite
Is the vast plan of which we are a part;
Its harmonies are discord to our view,
Because we know not the great things they serve.*

Those who hold, with the rationalist, that such things are “suspect” must, in their turn, be held suspect from the mystic’s point of view. For the mystic knows that the sum total of spiritual emoluments are not all made up of those that make the mind’s eye see the spiritual. That another’s thought of dissecting a dead body is the sum total of all the body is in its full vital functioning. He knows because he has peeked into something behind the veil and is not only delighted but overawed by what he has glimpsed. He is not so much perplexed because he realizes, from what little he has visioned, that:

Ineradicable are the cosmic agencies.
Only the fringe of a great wave we see;
Our knowledge has not that greater light,
Our will turns not with the eternal Will,
Our heart’s right is too blind and passionate.*

From the view of the mystic—who has seen what most people have not—there can be at least a deep regret that what has been granted to him has been withheld from the rank and file, but never any question of agreeing with the verdict of those who have not seen what they might have if they had accepted development of their powers of supraphysical perception. But this does not mean that what he has seen is against reason. Deep Ings has put the mystic’s case rather well when he writes that “... at every step we can only see what we deserve to see. The world that we know changes for us, as a landscape changes as we climb the mountain. It seems to follow that we have no right to dispute what the mystics tell us that they have seen, unless we have been there ourselves and not seen it.”* Ings only touches the surface of the validity of mystical seeing. It is not only that the “landscape changes” as one rises higher and higher in the mystical knowledge of reality, but that something else happens simultaneously—at least with the greatest among them—namely, that the mystical is able to bring to being, to materialize, concrete embodiment if not obligation what Sri Aurobindo has described in his noble language as a “divine self—
interest to bear the burden of others.” This makes them plunge into ceaseless activity, not indeed of the Light or the semi-light of this or that set of men, says a thoughtful writer. “To follow the example of mystics would mean healing and orderliness, fraternization and freedom and peace.” Or, put it in the language of Sri Aurobindo, the greatest of the mystics have always been a luminous lead to a common conduct and a more peaceful enjoyment of their bliss, steeped in their solitary contemplation. Because, he asserts, “accepting life he (a sadhaka of the Integral Yoga) has to bear not only his own burden, but a great part of the world’s burden too alike with it, as a continuation of his own sufficiently heavy load. Therefore his Yoga has much more of the nature of a battle than others; but this is not only an individual battle, it is a collective war waged over a considerable country. He has not only to conquer in himself the forces of egoistic falsehood and disorder, but to conquer them as representatives of the same, adverse and intractable forces in the world.”* It is obvious, that if what is claimed here is valid—that to win through to the Light is not to turn one’s back on the world, but to help it come out into the sunshine, the sunshine invoked by the true vision—then the mystic’s world cannot he dismissed as a world of selfish inaction, euphemistically called “contemplation”. Any one who has ever had the supreme good fortune of living under the aegis of a really great mystic must testify that the latter wants nothing as much as to share the boon he has earned with others, and who will dare deny that this aspiration is a living duty to him?* For the sake of clarity one may perhaps be justified in admitting, pro vincially, that the two exist side by side: the social man and the spiritual aspirant. But one must add, to make matters complete, that these are naturally interdependent: the social man needs the spiritual aspirant to enable him progressively to work in the Light the latter cannot help shedding, while the spiritual aspirant needs the other to induce in the his urge and vision to realize himself completely. The great Sage of the Upanishad did not moral a platitude when he said: “One loves one’s kin—his children, consorts and parents—not because they are they but because they are indistinguishable from one’s own self.”* he only uttered something the greatest mystics in all climes have proclaimed with one voice: that one must utilize whatever one is given to serve others. Or, to put it in the mantric words of the great Messiah of Divine life, the mystic wins God not to rocket up to him leaving the earth to her fate, but to invoke His light here below for all.

But this does not mean that the luce is an imaginary one: the lure of egocentrism. It would be idle to deny that, human nature being what it is, man generally prefers to travel light. Also, the knot of egoism is fastened so tight in him that he cannot possibly cut it at one tautening stroke even when he deserts to Godliness. The anochorite is a real and impressive figure indiscipline of his unassisting to meditate; but any more than that the anatomy than by dissecting a dead body is the sum total of all the body is in its full vital functioning. He knows this because he has peeked into something behind the veil and is not only delighted but overawed by what he has glimpsed. He is not so much perplexed because he realizes, from what little he has visioned, that:

Ineradicable are the cosmic agencies.
Only the fringe of a great wave we see;
Our knowledge has not that greater light,
Our will turns not with the eternal Will,
Our heart’s right is too blind and passionate.*

From the view of the mystic—who has seen what most people have not—there can be at least a deep regret that what has been granted to him has been withheld from the rank and file, but never any question of agreeing with the verdict of those who have not seen what they might have if they had accepted development of their powers of supraphysical perception. But this does not mean that what he has seen is against reason. Deep Ings has put the mystic’s case rather well when he writes that “... at every step we can only see what we deserve to see. The world that we know changes for us, as a landscape changes as we climb the mountain. It seems to follow that we have no right to dispute what the mystics tell us that they have seen, unless we have been there ourselves and not seen it.”* Ings only touches the surface of the validity of mystical seeing. It is not only that the “landscape changes” as one rises higher and higher in the mystical knowledge of reality, but that something else happens simultaneously—at least with the greatest among them—namely, that the mystical is able to bring to being, to materialize, concrete embodiment if not obligation what Sri Aurobindo has described in his noble language as a “divine self—

*“Savitri”: Book II, Canto V.
*Ibid.
*“Mystic in Religion”: Chapter XI.

5 “The Synthesis of Yoga.”
6 "Who Walked With God" by Sheldon Climen (p. 384).
7 “The Synthesis of Yoga”: Chapter II.
8 Words of the Master—a message of Sri Aurobindo’s published posthumously in the Bulletin Vol. III.

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CAME TO ME
IMAR ROY

ings, to show that "Immortality" is not "a playing to be given lightly to a child," nor "the divine life a prize without effort or the crown for a weakness."**

*The legend is an old one, even older in age than the Ramayana since in this first epic of India Sita makes mention of Savitri and says to Rama: "Know me as flawlessly faithful to you even as Savitri was to Satyavan, the son of Dyumat."*

The famous legend as it has come down to us is beautiful in its simplicity as it is in its implications. Prince Satyavan, the lovely daughter of King Aswaphati, wants to marry Satyavan the son of King Dyumat who having lost his kingdom has been forced to live in a forest, a blind exile. But the Sage Narada tells her that Satyavan is fated to be dead within a year, whereupon Savitri reaffirms her pledge to Satyavan saying that her life is cast since she can choose no other for her consort. So the marriage takes place and Savitri leaves her palace and luxury to do her duty by her lately husband and his helpless parents living as exiles in the forest. The fateful day, however, cannot be stayed and Satyavan dies resting his head on the lap of Savitri. Yama, the Lord of Death, then comes to carry back with him Satyavan’s life but Savitri refusing to see him prevents Death from following him. A dialogue, or rather an altercation, ensues on the way between the frail victim of Fate and the mighty all-powerful Lord of Destiny till, in the end, Savitri prevails upon the dread Dispenser of Doom to reverse the verdict of Time: Satyavan shall live. This is the story. Sri Aurobindo has metamorphosed it into what may be fittingly called a marvellous epic, luminous with the message of Immor-
tality. The arguments, in brief, are as follows:

The advent of Savitri cannot be an accident. The earth has to aspire for her Descent. So Aswaphati has to pave the way through his lordly aspiration—Aswaphati, "the colonist from immortality" and "the treasurer of superhuman dreaming" whose "soul lived as the eternity of her delites." But the heart of flame of this doughty aspirant cannot rest content with mere realization. So when he meets the World-Mother face to face the first question he asks her is:

_How long shall our spirits battle with the Night_ And bear defeat and the brute yoke of Death, _We who are vessels of a deathless Force And builders of the godhead of the race?*_

He cannot help asking such a challenging question to the Great Mother because his mighty heart finds little consolation in the current philosophy that a human being must accept its human limitations. So he asks:

_Or if it is thy work I do below Amid the error and waste of human mind Why breaks not in some distant gleam of thee? Even the centuries and millennia pass . . . All we have done is ever still to do All Breaks and all renewals and is the sense?*

Not that he is a defeatist. How can he be after having seen . . . the Omnipotent’s flaming pioneers Over the heavenly verge which turns towards life System crowning down the amber stars of birth . . . The sun-eyed children of a marvellous dawn . . . The massive barrier-breakers of the world . . . The architects of Immortality . . . ?

Therefore even though he is eager to see the Kingdom of Heaven established on earth, here and now, and feels restless to have to stay a passive witness to human suffering, he says:

_I know that thy creation cannot fall . . . *

Because man as he is today—ruling at best by his mind and intellect—is not the final term of the Ascending Consciousness—this strange irrational product of the mire, This compromise between the beast and God, Is it not the crown of thy miraculous world . . . Even as of old men came behind the beast This high divine successor surely shall come Behind man’s inefficient mortal pace, Behind his vain labour, sweat and blood and tears . . . *

And as the destined

_Inheritance of the toil of human time, He shall take on him the burden of the Gods._*

He knows all that. Yet the human mind’s supine acceptance of the world makes the Divine in the human impatient—inevitably, because without this impatience the impossible cannot be translated into the possible. Vapouring or burning aspiration of the deathless heart is necessary if the heart is to serve for a foothold of the Divine. So he cries out as it were frantic with

the tardy pace of the ascent of Consciousness:
Heavy unchanged weights still the imperfect world; The splendid youth of Time has passed and failed; Heavy and long are the years our labour counts And still the seats are firm upon man’s soul And weary is the ancient Mother’s heart._*

So be appeals passionately:
_The Truth defended in thy secret sun . . . O radiant fountain of the world’s delight . . . O bliss who ever dwellest deep hid within . . . While men seek thee outside and never find . . . Mission to earth some living form of thee. One moment fill with thy eternity, Let thy infinity in one body live All-Knowledge wrapt one mind in seas of light, All-Love throb single in one human heart. Immortal, treading the earth with mortal feet All heaven’s beauty crowds in earth’s limbs! Omniscience, girlish with the power of God Movements and moments of a mortal will, Pact with the eternal might one human hour And with one pasture change all future time. Let a great word be spoken from the heights And one great act unlock the doors of Fate._*

Then at last long, his Divine Interlocutor answers assuring him that she, Savitri, will be born:

_O strong forerunner, I have heard thy cry, One shall descend and break the iron Law, Change Nature’s doom by the lone Spirit’s power. A limitless mind that can contain the world, A sweet and violent heart of ordain’d love, Moved by the passions of the gods shall come. All might and greatnesses shall join in her; Beauty shall sleep in the cloud-net of her hair And in her body as on his homing tree Immortal Love shall beat his glorious wings. A music of griefless things shall weave her charm; The karpas of the Perfect shall attune her voice, The streams of Heaven shall murmur in her laugh, Her lips shall be the honeycomb of God, Her limbs his golden jars of ecstasy, Her breasts the rapture-flowers of Paradise. She shall bear Wisdom in her voiceless bosom, Strength shall be with her like a conqueror’s sword And from her eyes the Eternal’s bliss shall gaze. A seed shall be sown in Death’s tremendous hour, A branch of heaven transplant to human soil; Nature shall overleap her mortal step; Fate shall be changed by an unchanging will._*

So the Great Sphinx reveals her secret: the incredible comes to pass: the unhoped for for incarnation comes down to earth as Aswaphati’s daughter though none can guess her essential divinity because although

_Even her humanity was half-divine, and Apart, living within, all life she bore, she is, intrinsically, Too unlike the world she came to help and save. But all the same, All is her pointed to a nobler kind . . . Her mind, a sea of white sincerity, Passionate in face had not one turbid wave . . . _

For the lila of the Divine to be consummated her human face has, perchance, to be a mask, but even so, Immortal Rhythm swung in her time-born steps; Her look, her smile evoke celestial sense Even in earth-stuff, and their intense delight Poured a supernatural beauty on man’s lives . . . A deep of compassion, a hushed sanctuarity, Her inward help unbared a gate in Heaven; Love in her was wider than the universe. The whole world could take refuge in her single heart? _Never was a woman born of flesh limned with bases so etherial—so incredible yet convincing, so all-embracing yet lonely, so powerful yet tender. It almost seems too Utopian to be true. That is why earthlings now fail to recognize the Incognito and so reject all that she comes to give to earth: The proud and conscious wideness and bliss . . . The calm delight that sends our soul to all. The key to the flaring doors of ecstasy._*

We call for the Divine but on our own terms: we know no better. That is why the light-bringers of the world are not accepted as they want

*Hādi, Book III, Canto IV.
†Hādi, Book I, Canto I & II.
‡Hādi, Book I, Canto II.
§Hādi, Book III, Canto III.
to be. No wonder Savitri has to realize little by little, to her sorrow, that
There is a darkness in terrestrial things
That will not suffer too long a glad a note.*

Consequently,
Oh, too late she accepted the inseparable Hand.
The armed Immortal bore the snare of Time.*

She had to, because unless she accepts the cross of mortality she cannot in-
duce cave-dwellers to welcome her crown of the Everliving. But though she has
to accede to this, she still can—because otherwise she cannot
prepare the ground—she knows that it is but a divine strategy—regular
pour miere sauter—a drawing back to be able to invade the more effective-
ly, because
To wrestle with the Shadow she had come, and
Not to submit and suffer was she born;
To lead, to deliver was her glorious part.

But the nature of man as it is today cannot succeed even in imagining what
supernature is like—not to mention welcoming the superhuman. So when
Savitri chooses to forsake the protection and plenitude of her father's
royal palace, a hue and cry arises. Her mother cannot possibly consent to
such "madness" and essays frantically to dissuade her from marrying a
poor exile, a nobody who, besides, is going to die in twelve months.
Were it not for exigencies of space, I would give long excerpts from the
"Book of Fate" where Sri Aurobindo brings out forcefully this dramatic
situation: Savitri is resolved to make everything for her ideal; her mother,
the queen, is afraid of disaster, four making her pessimistic in the extreme;
Narada admonishes the queen and, siding with Savitri, counsels her parents
to let her marry Satyavan. Lastly, he winds up with a revealing prophecy.
But as this is impossible to cite in full I shall only quote a few lines from
this oracular revelation:
Queen, strive no more to change the secret will;
Time's accidents are steps in its vast scheme,
Bring not thy brief and helpless human tears
Across the fathomless moments of a heart
That knows its single will and God's as one.

For Savitri is not human in the ordinary acceptation of the term but be-
ing "an ambassadress twist eternity and change," she can "sit apart with
grace and facing death" from "adverse fate, armed and alone," because
Sometimes one life is charged with earth's destinies,
Therefore, the Sage enjoins on the Queen Mother:
Intercede not in strife too great for thee....
The great are strongest when they stand alone.

Consequently, he proclaims prophetically, when the day will come when
"she must stand unhelped"—
On a dangerous brink of the world's doom and here,
Carrying the world's future in her lonely breast,
Carrying the human hope in a heart left sole....
She must cross alone a perilous bridge in Time
And reach an apex of world-destiny
where all is use or all is lost for man.

In a word, her destiny of loneliness is meant to forge the last link which
will complete the circuit. That is why
In that tremendous silence lone and lost
Of a deciding hour in the world's fate....

Before she must conquer or alone must fall
because
No human aid can reach her in that hour,
No armoured God stand shining at her side.

Therefore the Queen is told:
Cry not to heaven, for she alone can save,
For this the silent Force came missioned down,
Inasmuch as it is preordained about Savitri that
She only can save herself and save the world.

A tremendous prophecy, indeed! But then is not Savitri "missioned" to
make "the impossible possible"—
Here was no fabric of terrestrial make....
An image fluctuating on the screen of fate....

And tossed along the gulfs of Circumstance.

That is why she has been destined to dare what no human heart could even
contemplate:
Her single will opposed the cosmic rule.

And she was justified in flinging this challenge because
The great World-Mother now is her arise.

This is the stuff of which dramas are made. But Savitri's life, being
the enactment of a divine drama, starts from scratch, that is the human,
and culminates in the superhuman. And this deepening drama of lesser
loves calling the Soul but failing to grip her, she has progressively, to give place to the higher and higher through an ascending
aspiration—till she has to sacrifice everything to the highest call—has been

* Ibid, Book I, Canto II.
MOTHER INDIA, July 14, 1951

SRI AUROBINDO CAME TO ME

My soul and his indissolubly linked
In the one task for which our lives were born.
To raise the world up to God in the earth,
To bring God down to the world on earth we came,
To change the earthly life to life divine.
I keep my will to serve the world and man;
I loose the chains of thy alluring voice,
O blissful godhead, cannot seize and snare.
I sacrifice not to happier worlds.

A great answer of a great soul which has definitely turned its back on defeating
even against desperate odds. For Sri Aurobindo is not earth
averse. Has he not heard Earth’s moving song so vibrant in his marvellous
poem, The Life Heavens:
I, Earth, have a deeper power than Heaven:
My lonely sorrows surpass its rose-joy:
A red and bitter seed of the raptures seven:
My dimness fills with echoes of a far voice.

Whether those who have not heard this her great message believe him or
not he does not care for he has heard as he wrote to me in an explanatio-
ary letter (when I asked him in despair how such could an inglorious, dis-
harmonious and creaturely thing as our earth be redeemed):
"All the non-evolutionary worlds are limited to their own harmony
like the ‘life heavens’ The Earth, on the other hand, is an evolu-
tionary world, an organic world as it were not as mere atoms
(except in certain appearances) but rather most sorrowful, disharmonious,
imperfect. Yet in that imperfection is the urge towards a higher and more
many-sided perfection. It contains the last faint which yet yearns to the
supreme infinite, it is not satisfied by anything or anyone even as a material
world (except in certain appearances) but rather most sorrowful, disharmonious,
perfect. But as Sri Aurobindo wrote to me once in a letter—the Divine sub-
jects His Incarnations to the fiercest of ordeals; so He asks her once again to
receive as a punisher what He has been an organizing power.
A third time resounded the great admonishing call:
"I spread above the refuge of my wings."
In other words, He asks her to seek final asylum under His wings where
there is only peace and silence.

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there is only peace and silence.

Every authentic mystic knows that the Godhead’s injunction to his devotee
must coalesce with the latter’s inner evolution. Everyone receives but the
measure of his receptivity. That is why Dhiruba was first offered a
Kingdom and only when he refused it was he deemed eligible for the
Boon of the Vaikuntha. The lesser mystics are often content with inferior
boons but, as they evolve deeper, their aspiration too becomes strengthened.
If the lesser boons are offered to comparatively lesser hungers.
Sri Aurobindo himself, as he said to us explicitly, had come to the Yoga to
liberate his country but as he delved deeper, his lesser loves gave place
to the greater till he wanted to liberate the Divine Bliss and Light for all, not for
himself and his countrymen only. That is why he heard the Voice also
ascending in pitch and deepening in timbre as he progressed more and
more in hisiahness, till he compelled it as were the last sanction of the
Supreme to his suppliant prayer: the voice said:
"Thy sweetness give to me for earth and men.
Seek and thou shalt find."
He sought and found, and as he turned pro-
gressively deaf to the lesser appeals he heard the answering
Music too merged higher and higher in harmony and grandeur. This he has ex-
pressed in the final answer of the Godhead given to Savitri who is at long
last granted the one boon she has sought:
O beautiful body of the Incarnate Word,
Thy thoughts are mine, I have spoken with thy voice.
My will is thine, what thou hast chosen I choose.
All thou hast asked I give to earth and men.
I lay my hands upon thy soul of flame,
I lay my hands upon thy heart of love,
I yoke thee to my power of work in Time.

And this He conceals because He has assayed Savitri and not found her
wanting.

Because thou hast obeyed my timeless will,
Because thou hast chosen to share earth’s struggle and fate
And leamed in pity over earth-bound men
And turned aside to help and grieved to save,
I bind by thy heart’s passion thy heart to mine
And lay my splendour yoke upon thy soul.

And not content with a mere reassurance, He cries out apocalyptically:
O Sun-word, thou shalt raise the earth as on fire
And bring down God into the lives of men;
Earth shall be my work-chamber and my house,
My garden of life to plant a seed divine.
SRI AUROBINDO CAME TO ME

When all thy work in human time is done,
The mind of earth shall be a home of light,
The life of earth a tree growing towards Heaven,
The body of earth a tabernacle of God.

And therefore she, acting as the divine intermediary, will bring to the earth the Boon of boons—the Divine Grace and Love acting in its native power of bliss and light. For this to be possible the Divine Will must use her as His radiant Agentive, the Avatar:
I will pour delight from thee as from a jar,
I will whirl thee as my chariot through the ways,
I will use thee as my sword and as my lyre,
I will play on thee my minstrelies of thought.

And then she with Satyanarayan will do His Will:
You shall reveal the hidden eternities,
The breath of infinities not yet revealed,
Some rapture of the bliss that made the world,
Some rush of the force of God’s omnipotence,
Some beam of the omniscient Mystery.

And at that fateful hour—
The Mighty Mother shall take birth in Time
And God be born into the human clay.
In forms made ready by your human lives.
Then shall the Truth supreme be given to men....
The superman shall wake in mortal man.

And manifest the hidden demi-god
Or grow into the God-light and God-Force
Revealing the secret deity in the waste....
Annulling the decree of death and pain,
Erasing the formulas of the Ignorance....
Ruling earth-nature by eternity’s law....

When
Life’s hope shall flame with the Immortal’s thoughts,
Light shall invade the darkness at its base,
because
When superman is born as Nature’s King
His presence shall transfigure Matter’s world:
He shall light up Truth’s fire in Nature’s night;
He shall lay upon the earth Truth’s greater law,
Man too shall turn towards the Spirit’s call.

And then—
A divine force shall flow through time and cell
And take the charge of breath and speech and act
And all the thoughts shall be a glow of suns
And every feeling a celestial thrill....
Nature shall lie to manifest secret God,
The spirit shall take up the human play,
This earthly life become the life divine.

A REMINDER
ALL SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE NOT YET RENEWED THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD DO SO WITHOUT DELAY. RENEWAL CARDS HAVE ALSO BEEN SENT TO RemIND THEM. THOSE SUBSCRIBERS WHOSE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOT RECEIVED BY THE END OF THIS MONTH WILL BE CONSIDERED TO HAVE DISCONTINUED.

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A P R I M O F I N N E R V I S I O N

Poetry and Mystics by Nolini Kanta Gupta

A poet, a writer, an artist is a source of Light or perhaps only a receiving and transmitting centre of the splendour-messages coming from the Unknown; and a critic is a mirror that reflects, and magnifies that light or splendour and spreads it far and wide; and if that mirror is not simply a mirror but also a prism, as is sometimes the case, we not only get the bare light but also the rainbow-hues that are shimmering in the inside of that Light or Splendour. Such a prism is Nolini Kanta Gupta's critical-consciousness and he is the Poet of Poets. His inspiration on which the iris glow of many a splendour-message is imprinted. The gorgeous hues of the dawn-adorned East and those of the sunset-fushed West have been united in a union of happy marriage. It is a union that does not follow the ceaseless multi-channelled flux of the inner consciousness evolving in the varying forms of Life and Mind! Art and literature are the higher forms of manifestation in which the human consciousness expresses itself, and in doing so, it contains also that which is behind itself and beyond itself, inarticulate yet pressing forward towards articulation. Hence, he alone can see, can see behind and beyond the expressed word or form. Every line and every hue is only the outer frame, the conical tip of an iceberg of consciousness-sense-sense finally emerging. So there is no seeing. To understand poetry or art, one must delve deep into that ocean.

And that is what Nolini Kanta has tried to do. His whole being and thought are enveloped and pervaded by an atmosphere of Aurobindo's stupendous world-soul, a cosmic universe, and in every page of every one of the fourteen essays contained in this book bears witness to this fact. One almost sees and feels the Master's hand doing the work through the instrumentality of the discursive writers.

Two of the essays, viz., "Mystic Poetry" and "The Poetry in the Making" deal with poetry in general; while the rest of them are each a short monograph on individual authors, accepting the first essay in the book with the heading of "Sir Aurobindo: The Age of The Aurobindo".

In the essay on "Mystic Poetry" the author makes a distinction between mystic poetry and spiritual poetry. When the Spirit speaks its own language in its own name, he says, we have spiritual poetry. If, however, the poet speaks—from choice or necessity—an alien language and manner, e.g., that of a profane consciousness, or of the consciousness of another domain, idealistic or philosophical or even occult, makes it an imitation of its own language and manner, we have what we propose to call mystic poetry proper. And then he gives examples of both types from Baudelaire, Tagore, the Upanishads, Sir Aurobindo and others. Spiritual poetry is different from both religious as well as mystic poetry. It is not religious because although religion is an aspiration towards the truth and reality beyond or behind the surface, it is much less concrete. Later on it is hardly distinguished from more than mystical poetry, for it does not stop at being a signpost to the Beyond, but it is itself the presence and embodiment of the Beyond. One is almost tempted to express this last distinction by way of a figure of speech, Myra Tawney's saying a Vivekananda is seeing Brahma and seeing Brahmanadhat Tagore, Blake and Blaise Pascal, Eliot and Aldous Huxley, Goethe and Nicholas Roerich, and have all become integral parts of a vast cosmic design, which Nolini Kanta's inner vision has lucidly glimpsed.

It is the eye of a mystic, the vision of a seer, which alone can penetrate into the chequered pattern that Life is and Mind too. Even the apparently and relatively clear surfaces of Life and Mind are not easy to understand, how much more difficult it is to grasp the inner consciousness of the human being and follow the ceaseless multi-channelled flux of the inner consciousness evolving in the varying forms of Life and Mind! Art and literature are the higher forms of manifestation in which the human consciousness expresses itself, and in doing so, it contains also that which is behind itself and beyond itself, inarticulate yet pressing forward towards articulation. Hence, he alone can see, can see behind and beyond the expressed word or form. Every line and every hue is only the outer frame, the conical tip of an iceberg of consciousness-sense-sense finally emerging. So there is no seeing. To understand poetry or art, one must delve deep into that ocean.

And that is what Nolini Kanta has tried to do. His whole being and thought are enveloped and pervaded by an atmosphere of Aurobindo's stupendous world-soul, a cosmic universe, and in every page of every one of the fourteen essays contained in this book bears witness to this fact. One almost sees and feels the Master's hand doing the work through the instrumentality of the discursive writers.

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SRI AURIBINDO UNIVERSITY CENTRE FUND

An International University Centre is being established at Pondicherry in memory of Sri Aurobindo. Sri Aurobindo consecrated his whole life to the realisation of a new consciousness in humanity that will make it transcendent of itself, rise above the出席 and live in light and truth. The University is meant to give a practical and concrete shape to Sri Aurobindo's lifelong effort.

The education imparted in the University will be based upon his teaching. As desired by him, the education will be given free to chosen students from all nations, religions and professions. The institution will have no commercial basis or aim.

The present Ashram itself is already a miniature international university and all can see for themselves how on a smaller scale the above efforts are being translated into practice.

We appeal to all who have good will and sympathy for the undertaking to contribute generously to the persons specifically authorised by the Mother, or direct to her at Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry.

Contributions can be made in money or in material expressly required. Payment should be made only to those persons specifically authorised by the Mother, or direct to her at Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry.

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