SI R A U R O B I N D O ’ S L E T T E R S  
Y O G A A N D P O E T I C D E V E L O P M E N T

(The least fault in my poetic expression of spiritual realities puts me in a hurry to set things right. I have found some alternatives to replace the lines which did not come up to the mark in a recent poem. Is any of them good?)

"If (what is meant to be) the fruits of the signs of the heavens, what a splashing and splashing! When you miss a verse or a poem, it is better to wait in an entire quietude about it (with only a silent expectation) until the true inspiration comes, and not to thrash the inner air vainly for possible variants—like that the true form is much more likely to come to you and find it solved when they awake. Otherwise, you are likely to have only a series of misses, the hallucinations of the semi-poetic mind continually intervening with their false enthusiasms and misleading voices."  (II-7-31)

(There are many poems which may be generally exotic but the like of which have been written so often in the past)

"Certainly if you want to achieve a greater poetry, more unique, you will yourself have to change, to alter the poise of your consciousness. At present you write, as you do other things, too much with the brain, the mere human intelligence. To get back from the surface vital into the psychic and vital psychic, to raise the level of your mental from the intellect to the Illumined Mind is your need both in poetry and in Yoga. I have told you already that your best poetry comes from the Illumined Mind, but as a rule it either comes from there with too much of the transcription diminished in its passage through the intellect or else is generated only in the creative poetic intelligence. But so many poets have written from that intelligence. If you could always write direct from the Illumined Mind—finding there not only the substance, as you often do, but the rhythm and language, that indeed would be a poetry exquisite, original and unique. The intellect produces through the intellect the intellect. I would prefer to give examples. I suggest a problem and find it solved when they awake. Otherwise, you are likely to have only a series of misses, the hallucinations of the semi-poetic mind continually intervening with their false enthusiasms and misleading voices."  (II-7-31)

(There are many poems which may be generally exotic but the like of which have been written so often in the past)

(What distinguishes in manner and quality a pure inspiration of the Illumined Mind from that which has the psychic for its origin?)

"Your question reads like a poem in an examination paper. I suppose you could give a satisfactory definition Euclidian rigid, I don’t know that it would be of much use or would really help you to distinguish between the two kinds; these things have to be felt and perceived by experience. I would prefer to give examples. I suppose it would be impossible to find a more perfect example of poetic inspiration in English literature than Shelley’s lines, I can give now what men call love: But well thou accept not the worship the heart lifts above, And the Heavens reject not: The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow, The devotion to something afar From the sphere of our sorrow.

— you will find there the true rhythm, expression and substance of poetry full of the psychic influence. I have not any books of poetry with me except my own and Shakespeare’s; so I will give you examples first of the Illumined Mind and then of the combination of the psychic and the Illumined Mind powers of a poet whom you will perhaps easily recognize. For the first the lines—
The longing of ecstatic tears
From infinite to infinite
will do very well. For the combination, here is an example that could not be bettered:
If Thou dost ever my weak self to outgrow
Its mortal longings, lean down from above,
Temper the unborn light so thought can trace,
Surmise my mood with a familiar glow.
For ‘tis with mouth of clay I supplicate;
Speak to me heart to heart without reserve,
And all Thy formless glory turn to love
And would Thy love into a human face.

(My poetic stock so far—almost the end of 1921—is rather scanty: only a dozen poems that have been completely approved by you. Two of them you have liked immensely and some of the others you have pronounced ‘very fine’ or ‘very good’. Do you think I could have your assurance that in spite of this small stock I need not feel inferior to the other Indian poets who have written in English?—Mammon Mahatma Ghose and Harindranath Chattopadhyaya and Sarojini Naidu?)

"What have you to do with what others have achieved? If you write poetry, it should be from the standpoint that you have something of your own which has yet not found full expression, a power within which you can place at the service of the Divine and which can help you to grow—you have to get rid of all in you that is merely mental or merely vital, that is true and fine in it and leave the rest until you can write from a higher level of consciousness things that come from the deepest self and the highest spiritual levels. Your question is that of a littérateur and not in the right spirit. Besides, even from a mental point of view, such comparisons are quite idle. Sarojini Naidu has at best a strange power of brilliant colour and exquisite melody which you are not likely ever to have; on the other hand she is narrowly limited by her gift. Harindranath has an un faultless sense of beauty and rhythm (or had it before he became a Bolshevik and Gandhian)—while your writing is very unequal; but I do not suppose he will ever do much better than he has done or produce anything that will put him in the first rank of poets, unless he changes greatly in the future. As for my brother, I do not know enough of his poetry to judge; I know he had a better knowledge of technique than any of these poets, but my impression was that life and enduring quality were not there. How am I to compare you in these things with them? You have another turn and gift and you have in the resources of Yoga a chance of constant progression and growth and of throwing all imperfections behind you. Measure what you do by the standard of your own possible perfection; what is the use of measuring by the achievement of others?"

(1921)

(My inspiration has come to a dead stop. What is the devil is the matter with me? The power of poetry seems to have completely forsaken me.)

"I do not think you need be anxious about the poetry; the power is sure to re-express itself as soon as you are ready for a progress. It has probably stopped working temporarily because the pressure for

* This remark was made before the work done during the two years spent by Chittaprosad in the Akshar. The criticism in it may not apply to that work, part of which differed from anything done by him previously or subsequently.
Sri Aurobindo's Letters —Continued from page 1

the inner self-creation more than for the outer expression—I am speaking, of course, of your case in particular. The expression in poetry and other forms must be, for the yogi, a flowing out from a growing self within and not merely the creation or aesthetic pleasure. Like that the inner self grows and the poetic power will grow with it."

"I don't know what to do with this mind of mine. As a poetic instrument it is extremely variable. Why can't it always get successfully inspired?"

"Perhaps one reason why your mind is so variable is because it has learned too much and has too many influences stamped upon it; it does not allow the inner poet in you who is a little at the back to be himself—i.e. it wants to supply him with a form instead of allowing him to breathe into the instrument his own notes. It is, besides, too ingenious. What you have to learn is the art of allowing things to come through and recognizing and accepting the one right thing—which is very hard for you. What you have to do in Yoga also. It is really this recognition that is the one important—once you have that, things become much easier."

"Is there something definitely in the rhythm or language of a line of poetry which would prove it to be from a certain place? Take the lines I am sending you. From what you once wrote to me I gather that my first quotation has an Overmind movement as well as substance strongly coloured by the vital. But where and in what lies the vital colour which makes it the highest Shakespearean and not, say, the highest Wordsworthian? How does one catch here and elsewhere the essential differences?"

"It is a question of feeling, not of intellectual understanding. The second quotation from Shakespeare—

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our breasts, rent none our parts so poor

But was a race of heaven—

is plainly vital in its excited thrill. I have given the instance (in The Future Poetry) of Shakespeare's Beatrice:

That bliss, that lute-strings' music,:

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

That is a 'thought,' a judgment on life, so would naturally be assigned to the intellect, but as a matter of fact it is a throw-up from Macbeth's vital, an emotional or sensational, not an intellectual judgment and its whole turn and rhythm are vital."

"About the first quotation, Shakespeare—

The prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreamings on things to come,

might be some doubt, but still it is quite different in tone from Wordsworth's line on Newton—

Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone—

which is an above-head vision—and the difference comes because the vision of the 'dreaming soul' is felt through the vital mind and heart before it finds expression. It is this constant vitality of the vital surge in Shakespeare's language—which makes it a sovereign expression not of mind or knowledge but of life."

"The poet of the Illumined Mind is usually full of a play of lights and colours, brilliant and striking in phrase, for illumination makes the Truth vivid—it acts usually by a luminous rush. The poetry of the Intuition may have play of colour and bright lights, but it does not depend on them—it may be quite bare, it tells by a sort of close intimacy with the Truth, an inward expression of it. The Illumined Mind sometimes gets rid of its trappings, but even then it always keeps a sort of lusterousness of robe which is its characteristic."

(From some passages from the Mundaka Upanishad and from the Gita's vision of the Cosmic Spire. Have they the accent of what you have described in The Future Poetry as the mantra? The target of all mystic and spiritual poetry should be, in my opinion, the mantra utterance. At least the target of my own poetry certainly is. Will you shed some light on the mantra's peculiar quality? And tell me, please, whether we can expect a poetry from even beyond the mantra—poetry of the as yet unmanifest Supermind?)

"The mantra (not necessarily in the Upanishads alone) as I have tried to describe it in The Future Poetry is what comes from the Overmind inspired. Its characteristics are a language that says infinitely more than the mere sense of the words seems to indicate, a rhythm that means even more than the language and is born out of the Infinite and disappears into the Infinite and the power to convey not merely some mental, vital or physical content of consciousness or values of the thing it speaks of, but its value and figure in some fundamental and original consciousness which is behind them all. The passages you mention have certainly the Overmind accent. But ordinarily, as I have said, the Overmind inspiration does not come out pure in human poetry. It has to lift it by a seizure and surprise from above into the Overmind largeness; but in doing so there is usually a mixture of the two elements, the uplifting influence and the lower stuff of mind. You must remember that the Overmind is a superhuman consciousness and to be able to write always or purely from an Overmind inspiration would mean the elevation of at least a part of the nature beyond the human level. But to write of these things would need a greater length of exposition than I can give you at present."

"But how do you expect a Supramental inspiration to come down here when the Overmind itself is so rarely within human reach? That is always the error of the impatient aspirant, to think he can get the Supermind without going through the intervening stages or to imagine that he has got it when in fact he has only got something from the illumined or intuitive or at the highest some kind of mixed Overmind consciousness."

"(To help me distinguish the planes of inspiration, could you just indicate where the following lines have their sources?)

(1) What visionary urge Has stirred the hermit-dweller:
Into thy being with ethereal gleam?

(2) A huge sky-poise sprouting from the earth
In branchid vastnesses of leafy rapture.

(3) The mute unspeakable spaces of her mind.

(4) A sea unheard where ampu, nor spray is blown.

(5) Irradiant wing-sea through eternal space,
Pride of lone rapture and incisive sun-paze.

(6) Born nomad of the infinite heart
Time-tamer! star-struck debauchee of light!

(7) Across the terrible night
Of death to conquer immortality!

(8) . . . And to the earth-self suddenly
Came, through remote entranced marvelling
Of adoration ever-ununderstanding.

(9) Here life's lost heart of splendour beats immense.

(10) The haunting rapture of the vast dream-mind
The welded one, star-fringed eon of eternity.

(11) An ocean-heaved ecstasy am I
Where time flows inward to eternal shores.

(12) Second line Intuitive with Overmind touch. Third line imaginative Poetic Intelligencer.

(13) Imaginative Poetic Intelligencer with something of the Higher Mind.

(14) Intuitive with Overmind touch.

(15) Intuitive.

(16) Higher Mind with mental Overmind touch.

(17) Mixture of Higher and Illumined Mind—in the last line the mental Overmind to the Illumined Mind.

(18) Illumined Mind with mental Overmind touch.

(19) Ditto.

(20) Intuitive, Illumined, Overmind touch all mixed together.

(24) I have analyzed them very superficially—because these influences are so mixed together that the descriptions are not exhaustive.

"Also remember that I speak of a touch, of the mental Overmind touch and that when there is the touch it is not always complete—it can be more apparent from something either in the language or substances or rhythm than in all three together.

"Even so, perhaps some of my descriptions are overhasty and debase the impression of the moment. Also the poetical value of the poetry exists independently of its source."

(13-234)

(13) It was extremely kind of you to analyze a few weeks back the influences of different planes in my poetry. I seem to have some feeling now of the qualities proper to them. I should like to know, however, whether you intend any important distinction when you speak of 'Overmind touch' and 'mental Overmind touch'."

"Yes—the Overmind proper has some gnostic light in it which is absent in the mental Overmind."

(2-34)

(Once the consciousness is aware of a certain vibration and poetic quality, it is possible to get a direct approach towards the source of inspiration. As a poet for us here must be a way of Yoga, I suppose this reaching out is a helpful attempt; but it would become easier if there were some constant vibration present in the consciousness, which we know to have descended from the higher ranges. Very often the creative spark comes to me from the poems I read. I shall be obliged if you will indicate the origin of the few examples below—only the first of which is from my own work.

(1) Plumbless inaudible waves of shining sleep.

(2) The diamond is immortal in the dark and air.

(3) Withdrawn in a lost attitude of prayer.

(4) This pattering of Time's morning steps across the solitude of the abodeless, where rays of life call and end alone.

(5) Million doteuses of d'or, O future vigours!

(6) Rept above earth by power of one fair face.

(7) I saw them walking in an air of glory.

(8) Solitary thoughts with such as watch alone.

(9) Conception to the very bourn of heaven, Then leave the naked brain.

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(3) But felt through all this fleeky dress
Bright shouts of overlastiness.
(10) see Eternity the other light
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calvin as it was: bright.)

"(1) Illumined Mind.
(2) Illumined Mind.
(3) Intuition.
(4) Illumined Mind with an intuitive element and a strong Overmind.
(5) Illumined Mind.
(6) Difficult to say. More of Higher Mind perhaps than anything else—
but something of illumination and intuition also.
(7) It is a mixture. Something of the Illumined Mind, something of the
Poetic Intelligence diluting the full sovereignty of the higher expression.
(8) Higher Mind combined with Illumined.
(9) Illumined Mind with certain amount of Intuition.
(10) Illumined Mind with something from Overmind.*)

(3-7, 34)

(1) I have given a copy of yesterday's poem to the library, but I am
visited by a doubt. Was it a perfect success? If not, I should like to
write it. I have no ambition to attract the number of my poems if I can't
maintain a high level of quality. So please let me know where it stands.

P.S.—By the way, will you tell me if the following two ideas of mine
are correct? (1) Your comments on the composition you have by anybody
are based on an underlying aesthetic standard, whatever the consideration.
You may include from the spiritual standpoint: that is to say, you would
not give praise unless the spiritual substance has been finely expressed,
nor, to take an extreme case, you would withhold praise if even a non-
spiritual substance came to be finely expressed, though you might add
that such poetry was not our aim here. Of course you would commend
more highly something which is not only perfect in expression but very
deeply in spiritual substance, than what is equally perfect but not so
deep; still, you would not say "very good" unless the form was flawless,
not pronounce a composition "successful" just to encourage something
that might help one's audacia, no matter if the form was hopeless.

(2) Your judgment would be more agreeable to me if the following
criterion where the form is concerned: it does not differ with different writers, provided
you do not add any qualifying phrase. Thus, a poem, say, by Shahien would
be aesthetically on a par with one of Harin or Arjava's if simply
required, you found it "very good" on the condition that you would have
given a restrained comment, but privately you judge by an
unvarying aesthetic standard—don't you? By "unvarying" I don't mean
a partiality for a particular kind of style. I am referring to level of excellence.

(1-3, 25)

(3) You seem to carry a very rigid and academic finity of meaning
from my hastily penned comments on the poetry sent to me. I have no
unvarying aesthetic standard or fixed qualitative criterion,—not only so,
but I know nothing to be impossible with regard to so subtle and
intellectual an essence as poetry. It is only physical things that can be
subjected to fixed measures and unwavering criteria. Appreciation of poe-
try is a question of feeling, of intuitive judgment and it is a matter of intense
sense—most particularly not the result of an intellectual judgment.

(4) "My judgment does differ with different writers and also with different
kinds of writings. If I put 'very good' on a poem of Shahien's, it does not
mean that it is 'very good' on a par with Harin or Arjava's or yours. It means
that it is very good Shahien, but not that it is very good Harin or very good
Arjava. 'If very good were ours by all', you write! But, good heavens,
you write that if I were a master giving marks in a class. I may write
'Very good' or 'very good' on the work of a novice if I see that it has
succeeded in being poetry and not mere verse however correct or well
rhymed—but if Harin or Arjava you to produce work like that, I would
not say 'very good' at all. There are poems of yours which I have
shaken my head at and which I think to be very bad. There are five or
six poems of yours that I would have said the above if I had to
write them."

(10-11, 26)

(5) The line is strong and dignified, but it impresses me as too mental
and Miltonic. Milton has very usually (in Paradies Lost) some of the
languerous and rhythm of the Higher Mind, but his substance is—except at
the mental Miltonic is one of the great stumbling blocks when one tries
to write from 'above'."

(17-11, 26)

(6) (How is it that after all this training under you and getting inspiration
from certain of the planes towards which I kept straining my conscious-
ness I relapsed into inferior poetry? Either a relapse or else I grow dumb—
and even otherwise it is no easy job to receive the inspiration. There are
fine verses in the two poems you sent, but there is an over flow of
phrases at times, but often there are blockings in places and I have to wait and wait for their removal. I feel dejected and
wonder when the intense joy that poetry brings me will be free from
these most discouraging impediments. My relapse at the moment, as regards
these themes, fill me with shame.)

(10-11, 30)

(7) It is not a relapse, but an oscillation which one finds in almost every

* When the line was changed to "An ultimate crown of joy's infinity", Sri Aurobindo found it more acceptable as part of the poem concerned.
Sri Aurobindo's Letters—Continued from page 3

fully if one has some clue to what you put in, either the clue of personal experience or the clue of a sympathetic insight. One who has had the concrete experience of the consciousness as a night with the stars coming out in the sense of the too much drizzliness of an ornamental kind, at a higher to post-Victorian, Edwardian or Georgian rhetoric with a frequent saving touch of Yeats; (2) a level at which all is fused into a fine intuitive authenticity and beauty, there is seldom anything to change; (3) a higher level of greater movement and language in which you pull down or reach the influences of the Higher Mind, Illumined Mind, Overmind Intuition. The last you have not yet fully mastered so as to write with an absolute certainty and faultlessness except by lines and stanzas or else as a whole in rare moments of inspiration, but you are moving towards mastery in it. Sometimes these inspirations get mixed up together. It is this straining towards greater height that creates the difficulty, yet it is indispensable for the evolution of your genius. It is not surprising, therefore, that instead of a thought differently often, or that there be dormant periods or returns of the decorative inspiration. All that is part of the day's work and dejection is quite out of place."

"In a recent letter you wrote: "What you are writing now is 'overhead' poetry—I mean poetry inspired from those planes—before you used to write poems very often from the intuitive mind—these had a beauty and perfection of their own." These words of yours set me asking: Isn't the intuitive mind itself an overhead power?)"

"The intuitive mind, strictly speaking, stretches from the Intuition proper down to the intuited inner mind—it is therefore at once an overhead and one of the most fundamental. In it all depends on the amount, intensity, quality of the intuition and how far it is mixed with mind or pure. The inner mind is not necessarily intuitive, though it can easily become so. The mystic mind is turned towards the occult and spiritual, the poetic mind deals without foreknowledge of the occult and spiritual, it can act in the same field and in the same material as the ordinary mind, only with a larger and deeper power, range and light and in greater union with the Universal Mind; it can open also more easily to what is within and what is above. Intuitive intelligence, mystical mind, inner mind intelligence are all part of the inner mind operation. In today's poem, for instance—A Poet's Stammer—"

My press is spoken
As if by sound
Were tremulously broken
A voice profound.
A timeless sound
Draws e'er back
The wining music-rush
Upon thought's track.
Throbbing aplies sleep
Like golden birds,
For loneliness of sleep
Divide my words.
Beyond life's clamour,
A mystery marts
Speech-light to a myriad stammer
Of flickering life.

It is certainly the inner mind that has transformed the idea of stammering into a symbol of inner phenomena and into that operation a certain strain of mystic mind enters, but what is prominent is the intuitive inspiration throughout. It blends with the intuitive poetic intelligence in the same stances, gets the lower in the overlaying of the intuition in the second, gets full of it in the third and again rises rapidly to that in the two last lines of the fourth stanza. This is what I call poetry of the intuitive mind." (13-15-1897)

"(How is it that people find my poetry difficult? I almost suspect that only Nolini and Arjava get the whole hang of it properly. Of course many appreciations which I have explained to them—but otherwise they admire the beauty of individual phrases without grasping the many-sided whole phrases form. This morning Premanan, Vijayarao and Nirdo read my Agni. None of them caught the precise relevances, the significant connections of the words and phrases of the opening lines.

Not from the day but from the night he's born,
Night with her paing of dream—star on pale star
Winging strange rumour through a secret dawn.
For all the black unenopied spaces mirror,
The brooding distance of our planet's mind.

In the rest of the poem too they failed to get, now and again, the true point of felicity which constiutes poetic expression. My work is not surrealist: I put meaning into everything, not intellectualism but a coherent vision worked out which I have to do so half-vigorous reasons. Why then the difficulty? Everybody feels at home in Harin's poetry, though I dare say that if I catechised them I might find the deepest felicities missed. All the same, there was something in his work which made his sense more accessible. Even Nolini, who passed a little over his head—Arjava's, of course, he finds still more difficult. Perhaps I tend to pack too much stuff into my words and to render my links a little less explicit than Harin did or Dunsany does."

"It is precisely because what you put in is not intellectualism or a product of mental imagination that your poetry is difficult to those who are accustomed to a predominantly mental strain in poetry. One can grasp

"I hope people won't misunderstand what you have remarked about the mystic mind. One's not having a mystic mind and vision does not at all reflect upon one's poetic excellence, even as a singer of the Spirit. As regards Harin, you had said long ago that he wrote from several planes. And surely his Dark Well poems come from a source beyond the poetic intelligence?

"I used the words 'mystic' in the sense of a certain kind of inner seeing and feeling of things, a way which to the intellect would seem occult and visionary—for this is something different from imagination and its work with which the intellect is familiar. It was in this sense that I said Dilip had not the mystic mind and vision. One can go on in the same way, having plenty of spiritual visions and dreams even without having this mystic mind and way of seeing things. So too one may write poetry from different planes or sources of inspiration without possessing spiritual feeling, knowledge, experience and yet use the poetic intelligence as the thought medium which gives them shape in speech; such poems are not of the mystic type. One may be mystic in this sense without being spiritual—one may also be spiritual without being mystic or one may be both spiritual and mystic in one. Poems ditto."

"I had not in view the Dark Well poems when I wrote about Harin. I was thinking of his ordinary way of writing. If I remember right, the Dark Well poems came from the inner mind centre, some from the Higher Mind—other planes may have sent their messages to his mind to put in poetic prose, but the main worker was the poetic intelligence which took what was given and turned it into something very vivid, coloured and beautiful—just not so much in the sense given above." (15-15-1897)

"My lines—
Across the keen apoclypse of gold...
and
A white word breaks the eternal quietude...

(Which you consider fine may be authentic poetry and true to spiritual reality but I find nothing strikingly new in them in their present form. Don't you believe that to repeat excellently is as much a fault in its own right as to transcribe?"

"I have to face to too great an extent at the feel the force of those two lines, as one who has had experience of the mind as a wide space or infinity or a thing of distances and expanses can fathom those that follow. Or even if he has had not these experiences but others of the same order, he can feel them by a mean and centering it by a kind of identification. Feeling the other's experience, a sympathetic insight can bring the significance home; certainly, Nolini and Arjava who write poems of the inner vision and feeling must have, moreover their minds are sufficiently subtle and plastic to enter into all kinds of poetic visions and expression. Premanan and Vijayaraj have no such training; it is natural that they should find it difficult. Nirod ought to understand, but he would have to ponder and take some trouble before he got it; night with her labour of dream, the star, the bird-winging, the bird-voices, the secret dawn are indeed familiar symbols in the theory he is himself writing or with which he is familiar; but his mind seeks usually at first for precise allegories to fit the symbols and is less quick to see and feel by identification what is behind them—it is still intellectually and not concrete in its approach to these things, although his imagination has learned to make itself its transcribing medium. That is the difficulty, the crux of imaged spiritual poetry; it needs not only the fit writer but the fit audience—and that has yet to be." (14-15-1897)

"Dilip wrote to me in recent times expressing great admiration for Arjava's poems and wanting to get something of the same quality into his own poetic style. But in any case Dilip has not the mystic mind and vision that I had in mind. In quite different ways they receive and express their visions or experience through the poetic mind and imagination—even so, because it expressed something unusual, Dilip's poetry has had a difficulty in getting recognised except by people who were able to give the right response. Harin has been very successful with spiritual visions and dreams which have the language of the emotion and the poetic imagination and intelligence—no difficulty there. As regards your poetry, it is indeed more compressed and carefully packed with substance and that creates a difficulty except for those who are alive to the language or have become alive to the shades, implications, depths in the words. Even those who understand a foreign language well in the ordinary way find it sometimes difficult to catch these in its poetry. Indications and suggestions easy to catch in one's own tongue are often missed there. So probably your last book is founded."

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"Dilip wrote to me in recent times expressing great admiration for Arjava's poems and wanting to get something of the same quality into his own poetic style. But in any case Dilip has not the mystic mind and vision that I had in mind. In quite different ways they receive and express their visions or experience through the poetic mind and imagination—even so, because it expressed something unusual, Dilip's poetry has had a difficulty in getting recognised except by people who were able to give the right response. Harin has been very successful with spiritual visions and dreams which have the language of the emotion and the poetic imagination and intelligence—no difficulty there. As regards your poetry, it is indeed more compressed and carefully packed with substance and that creates a difficulty except for those who are alive to the language or have become alive to the shades, implications, depths in the words. Even those who understand a foreign language well in the ordinary way find it sometimes difficult to catch these in its poetry. Indications and suggestions easy to catch in one's own tongue are often missed there. So probably your last book is founded."

"I hope people won't misunderstand what you have remarked about the mystic mind. One's not having a mystic mind and vision does not at all reflect upon one's poetic excellence, even as a singer of the Spirit. As regards Harin, you had said long ago that he wrote from several planes. And surely his Dark Well poems come from a source beyond the poetic intelligence?"

"I used the words 'mystic' in the sense of a certain kind of inner seeing and feeling of things, a way which to the intellect would seem occult and visionary—for this is something different from imagination and its work with which the intellect is familiar. It was in this sense that I said Dilip had not the mystic mind and vision. One can go on in the same way, having plenty of spiritual visions and dreams even without having this mystic mind and way of seeing things. So too one may write poetry from different planes or sources of inspiration without possessing spiritual feeling, knowledge, experience and yet use the poetic intelligence as the thought medium which gives them shape in speech; such poems are not of the mystic type. One may be mystic in this sense without being spiritual—one may also be spiritual without being mystic or one may be both spiritual and mystic in one. Poems ditto."
SRI AUROBINDO, THE LEADER OF THE EVOLUTION

PART II OF "THE WORLD CRISIS AND INDIA"

By "Synergist"

SECTION III: THE NEW WORLD-VIEW

(i) THE SPIRITUAL METAPHYSIC

(ii) KNOWLEDGE OF THE DIVINE REALITY

MIND AND SUPERMIND I

After examining, in the last essay, the difficulties of having an intel-lectual understanding of the Supramental cognition we concluded that the best way to have an idea of this higher mode of apprehending reality was by constraining it with the only kind of cognition really known to us—the mental. Here we shall, therefore, see the difference between the two and examine how knowledge-apprehension on the Supramental plane varies from the mental way of acquiring knowledge. The epistemic and psycho-logical basis of mental cognition was described in detail and its limitations pointed out in the previous essays when the four modes of knowing were described: knowledge by identity, knowledge by separation, knowledge by separative direct contact, and wholly separative knowledge by indirect contact.

In this essay we shall see how the epistemic and psychological basis of cognition changes from indirect and separative contacts to direct and immediate contacts and ultimately to identification, there is a reci-procal change in the grasp of reality, resulting in greater knowledge of self, God and the world; this happens because the focus of consciousness widens making the awareness unitarian instead of fragmentary, and perception more and more total and integral instead of partial and analytical.

Sri Aurobindo writes:

"The nature of the gnosis can only be indicated intellectually by con-trasting 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,—for what language forged by the reason can really express the superrealistic? The mental reason proceeds from ignorance to truth, the gnosis has in itself the direct and immediate vision of the truth. The reason starts with appearances and labours, never or seldom losing at least a partial dependence on appearance, to arrive at the truth behind them; the gnosis starts from the truth and shows the appearances in the light of the truth. The reason proceeds by inference, it concludes; the gnosis proceeds by vision,—it sees and knows. As the physical eye sees and grasps the appearance of objects, so the gnosis sees and grasps the truth of things; and where the physical sense gets into relation with objects by contact, the gnosis 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 only what the senses give is direct knowledge, pratyaksha, the rest of truth is arrived at indirectly; to the gnosis all its truth is direct knowledge, pratyaksha. Therefore the truth gained by the intellect is an acquisition over which there hangs always a certain shadow of doubt, an incompleteness, a surrounding penumbra of night and ignorance or half-knowledge, a possibility of alteration or annihilation by farther knowledge. The truth of the gnosis 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 imagination, secures itself by judgment; all is a process of groping and seeking. The gnosis does not seek, it possesses; or if it has to enlighten, it does not even then seek, it reveals itself. The gnosis grasps the whole truth, its consciousness is universal, and the time-sense also changes. Sri Aurobindo continues: "while the reason proceeds from moment to moment of time losing and acquiring and losing again and acquiring again, the gnosis possesses time in one view and links past, present and future in their indivisible contact; the gnosis starts from the totality and sees parts, groups and details 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 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 gnosis grasps the thing in itself, its individual 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 or as a general conception: the gnosis dwells in the unity and starts from the unity and it sees diversities only of a unity, 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 time and is helpless before the infinite which it can conceive of readily 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 gnosis lives in the infinite, starts always from the infinite and knows finite things only in their relation to the infinite and in the sense of the infinite...."

"This is the basis and when it is achieved, then only can we progress to the normality of the supramental ideation; for that is the play of the supreme light and, though we may receive or reflect it even before we rise into the gnosis, we cannot command or wholly possess it until we become the being of the supreme light, until our consciousness is transformed into that consciousness; for according to the nature of our consciousness will be the normal strain of our ideation. This ideation of the gnosis 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 immensely extended, active and effective, where they are now deburred, blind, instructuous, and turns them into a high and intense perceptive activity of the Vijnana. Thus it takes up our sense action and illumines it even in its ordinary field so that we get a true sense of things; but it also enables the mind-sense to have a direct perception of the inner as well as the outer phenomenon, to feel and receive 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 and saves them from their errors; it gives us the knowledge, the experience of planes of existence other than the material to which our ordinary mentality is ignorantly attached and it enlarges the world for us. It transforms similarly the sensations and gives them the full intensity as well as their full holding-power; for in our normal mentality 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 both break under the shock or the prolonged strain. It takes up too the element of knowledge in our feelings and emotions,—for our feelings too contain a power of knowledge and a power of effectuation which we do not recognise and do not properly develop; and the gnosis, in its infinite power of knowledge and its infinite power of effectuation, makes them a part of the infinite of its own nature, enabling it to link the infinite of the finite to the finite of the infinite and to bring into play the infinite of the finite in the finite.
MOTHER INDIA, July 25, 1951

SRI AUROBINDO

By DILIP KL

CHAPTER XII

THE MOTHER

In the preceding chapters I kept the Mother somewhat in the background because to the superficial view here must appear a personality very distinct from that of Sri Aurobindo. But one who has won to the deep discovery will be titled to follow the phenomenon of the Ashram but cannot but be persuaded that without her dominant presence, superhuman patience and genius for organization (not to mention her ineffable person-ality of light and grace and courage) S. R. Aurobindo’s Synthetic Yoga would never have found the convincing shape it has. In other words, his gospel could not have found an adequate medium of expression in the practical field. But even this is by no means the whole story. For none can hope to understand S. R. Aurobindo fully without a basic understanding of his estimate of the place of the Mother’s divinity in his Yoga. One of his oldest and staunchest disciples, Rajaon Palit, wrote to him (in August, 1933): “There are many who hold that the Mother was once upon a time—judged from her Prayers—but has outgrown her humanity through and through, feeling, having cast off the cloak of obscenity and suffering in order that we, humans, may be delivered out of our ignorance into knowledge, and out of our suffering into bliss.”

S. R. Aurobindo replied categorically: “The Divine puts on an appearance of humanity, assumes the outward human nature in order to tread the path and show it to human beings, but does not cease to be the ‘Divine’. It is a manifestation that takes place, revealing a human inner consciousness the Divine blazing consciousness, seen by human ramos as divine. The Mother was inwardly the human even in childhood. So the view held by ‘many’ is erroneous.”

It is here serve us a useful purpose to go into the why and wherefore of it all. For after all the recognition of the Mother’s divinity or her Yoige Force is not like the positings of a scientific hypothesis to be ‘assumed and accepted tentatively’ subject to revision and modification as new data come to light. For the major aims of her life, her renaissance to the Yogic truths and experiences as I and others have realised them in the Ashram, a few personal impressions of the Mother will well be recorded here as germane to my purpose. Naturally I hesitate to deal with a per-sonality such as Mother’s in such a summary fashion, but she will, I hope, pardon such babbling babbling knowing that even in our inspired moods we can hardly expect to express more than an infinitesimal fraction of what we owe to her.

I think I can abbreviate in brief my first experience of her Force since it may help my readers to glimpse in her what we ourselves did interminably in the course of our day-to-day struggles with our obstinate egos opposing surrender in the will.

When I met her for the first time in August 1928, I was struck by her sweet personality and felt a deep exhilaration which I could not account for. The joy left a caress of music in my heart but I could not bring myself yet to contemplate surrendering my will to hers. The first question I asked her was whether the Mother Aurobindo called the Yoga Force acting through her personality could achieve anything “tangible”.

Mother gave me an amused smile. “What is meant by ‘tangible’?” she asked.

“Your experience,” I answered, “I have been praying daily before Sri Ramakrishna’s photograph for years—and since my adolescence. But though I have often felt an upwelling of bhakti, I have never felt anything else, far less any of the gardens of glows, letters of light, figures of flames etc. I have therefore come to the conclusion that I am too opaque to the ray of the spirit. I know really less than nothing about Yoga. Let me add that though my interest in life as it is fast wearing away, I cannot possibly leave it—break away from my moorings. To cut a long short story, I would ask you if you could possibly initiate me in your Yoga—for I understand I have to initiate, first and last, from you. I can accept to wait till I feel more sure about your Yoga Force being a living reality. My position is this: I can stake everything I still cherish—but only for something real and concrete, not something vague and ephemeral. In short, I cannot take a leap blindfolded into the unknown. So I have come to ask you very simply, but trenchantly, whether you can possibly give me a trial so as to convince me about the reality of your Yoga Force. But mind you, I want the Force to speak to me in a way which cannot possibly be explained away as auto-suggestion, wishful thinking or hallucination.”

Mother smiled once more.

“I can try” she said simply, “You are at the Hotel? When do you retire for the night? At nine? Meditate at that hour in your room—try to open yourself to me and I will concentrate on you from here. Maybe you will get something which cannot be explained away even by such long-sounding names scientific or otherwise.”

(I have of course given here, as usual, only the gist of our talk. But as we have not anything profound I can claim to have given a fairly faithful description of what passed between us on the 15th August, 1928.)

The experience came in a curious way. As, after dinner, I went up to my room in the evening I kept thinking of her words to test if anything would happen. But I had only smiled at the word. How could anything untoward happen to me when I only wanted Krishna? Besides, ghosts and spirits did not exist except, of course, as vapours of a heated brain.

So I sat down to meditate in a flawlessly confident mood. I did indeed expect to see so many things: lights, colours, some figures, with luck maybe even a radiant form—who knows? But then, I told myself, I must be on my strong desires and expectation will tonight very well take shape as forms in one’s meditation—and auto-suggestion must, above all, be ruled out—and so on. In short, in my wise folly, I was unwittingly armimg myself with weapons against myself. Suddenly I found my bodily stiffened and I started perspiring profusely, then—to complete my discomfiture—my heart beat so fast that I got scared. What is this all? Suddenly I remembered Sri Nalin Gupta’s advice and took Mother’s name. And the palpitation ceased. But I felt the lift we all over with perspiration, and the tension in my body increased till my muscles became so stiff that I felt a positive pain.

As soon as the palpitation ceased, my fear left me but not my astonishment.

For, palpably, here some extraneous force was acting on my body—a force the like of which I had never experienced so vividly before! Also, obviously, it had nothing to do with auto-suggestion since I had never even imagined that an invisible Force could so convincingly twist the live, mater- nal muscles of a strong sensitive being, but my fingernails that I had finger-tips! So I did not know what to make of it all: what came to pass was too outlandish to be true and yet wasn’t it too concrete to be dismissed as fanciful.

But that was, alas, all. I saw nothing—not even a ghost抓好, not to mention a benevolent deity—felt no joy, no peace, no blakets. Most disappointing and yet in a way utterly, overwhelmingly impressive.

For me, as I most inwardly of all the Ashram members, a heart which had never palpitated was fluttering causelessly. And last, though not least, profuse perspiration, in a cool room, attended by the sensation of one’s muscles being actually manhandled all over one’s body! I was con- vinced that a definite Force was taking liberties with me—albeit in an al-most imperceptible but not licentious way!

Next morning, after relating to Mother the whole gamut of my curious experiences, I asked her why she had so oddly wanted to cause me this kind of meaningless pain when she could well have given me peace and joy and so many other things worth while.

“But I didn’t want to cause you pain at all,” she laughed, vastly tickled.

“But you were resisting, so my Force could not give you the peace and joy which you would have felt if you had not opposed it tooth and nail, with all the weapons of your wise scepticism and assured ignorance. One must have trust in the Divine.”

“Must you need not worry,” she added, mollifyingly, “for I have found you quite receptive. I will say no more now. Go on with your meditations: my help will always be with you. The tension and pain will disappear after a week or two—or perhaps sooner if you can manage to trust the Divine Grace which brought you to S. R. Aurobindo.”

What she had foretold came to pass afterwards in due course. I was impressed, naturally. So there were, really and literally, “more things in heaven and earth” than could be dreamed of by the “philosophy” of reason alone! If I was so of this, the delight was that of the normal phenomena, but when these fell within our ken and can be traced to the agency of one whom we already esteem, an indible mark is left, inevitably, on our minds. So henceforth I began to look upon the Mother as superior to all of us put together, even though my highbrow reason wanted to dis- miss such powers rather summarily. Besides, was she not principally re- sponsible for my heightened respect for the occult powers of Yoga which in its turn helped me weather the storm of opposition I had to pass through before I could come to port at her feet for good?

I say ‘for good’ because I mean it. Not that I have not often wanted also to leave for ‘good’, thanks to my strong self-will, but even in my worst moods I knew full well that I would never be able to cut away from my moorings—in the last resort. I often recited in self-felicitiation (calling myself a sincere fellow on top of being a “good man”) the Lord’s challenge to Mephistopheles:

Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunklen Orange

Lebt sich des rechten Weges wohl bemerkt*.

But though in my heart of hearts I knew that I could not possibly be otherwise, in the thick of my crises I have often felt like giving in, but her active help and support kept me from swerving from the right movement, “the homeward way”. For although I have, in my wrong moods, sometimes wanted to go over her head to S. R. Aurobindo for redress, I have been fully conscious every time that she was, I would never have won his support when I thus appealed to his indulgence as against hers. I make mention of this to stress not only her incredible tolerance but also her deep understand- ing of the perversity, inhumanity in human nature, which sometimes one of

* Goethe’s Frund. A good man, however driven by his blind impulse, shall yet overcome of the homeward way.
the greatest hurdles our aspiration has to cross—a task we could never have achieved had she not forgiven our lapses and misdemeanours again and again.

I have hinted already at her greatness which could forgive so readily and will have a good deal more to say about it in the concluding chapter. I can tell, besides, of a number of instances in which her soul of compassion was shown anew and her divine treachery on the part of some of her irredeemable disciples. But I cannot recall a more convincing instance than the one I am going to relate: convincing because it moved and overawed even the sturdy heart of rebellion in me which has been responsible, by the way, for my often passing down the wrong paths of evil. And, as far as I can remember, it was perhaps the last of such instances which helped her assuage the truth about our struggling selves. I shall end this chapter with a talk I had with her nearly twenty years ago—on July 7th, 1922 to be more precise—with no other object than to delineate how her wisdom impressed me. But knowing her little of her rare, unapproachable wisdom, I shall try to depict her as she is, as I saw her one day at Staten Island.

It happened in the twentieth. I have forgotten the genesis of my trouble—the exact pinchprick to my susceptibility which was the cause of the resultant septicemia—but shall I ever forget the revelation which followed? But I must first give a picture of the context.

In those days, I, like many others, used to see the Mother once a week to have an intimate talk. Something happened which made me conclude hastily that she had done me a grave injustice in believing a false allegation against me and sent her word that I would mend her in spite as I owed her no allegiance whatsoever. At the same time I wrote a long letter to Sri Aurobindo telling him that I had come to the Ashram for him alone, so that if he decided the case in her favour against mine I would sooner leave the Ashram and go back to my roots. Then I went off at a mad tangent and added that she seemed displeased with me presumably for loving him more but I could not help it and did not think that love could be made to flow in any direction one liked. I went on in this utterly "darling" strain till I wrote to Mother herself:

"If you choose to frown on me because I love Sri Aurobindo more than I love you, I cannot help it. For I came here primarily for him and accepted you because he wanted me to turn to you. I never made a secret of this, as I saw no reason why I should stifle the voice of truth. I know full well that he will never approve of my placing him above yourself but as that is my present feeling I cannot behave as if it were otherwise. Now you do your worst; I am ready to leave this evening in which I have to order me personally to go, remember! For I can take no orders from you."

I was desperate, obviously, and although in my extremity I still repeated what's couplets about the good rich being saved at the eleventh hour and shouted "the right way" I did not see how I was to be saved from the consequences of my own gratuitous insolence. So I brooded in my abysmal gloom when Sri Nilini Gupte came to me with a message from her; she wished to see me. "I am not going to submit to being frowning upon," I snapped, "I am only waiting or a letter of dismissal from Gurudev and as soon as it comes I will pack off."

Mother has no intention of frowning on you," he said. "For she told me it was a case of misunderstanding. At all events," he pleaded, "you should not be so discourteous as to refuse to see her when she wants to explain it all."

I was pathetically lonely.

Mother smiled at me as only she could, in the circumstances. I could hardly believe my eyes! But her unexpected smile of Grace sent a thought flashing through me which I can only describe by the cryptic "Yes!" on my lips. I lost—not only that moment's illusion but the feeling of being deserted—simultaneously, I felt how much I depended on just one smile of hers even when I defiantly raved that she was nothing to me. How could one stay in such a God-forsaken seclusion without the companionship of her smile and loving support? Besides, hadn't she revealed to us on so many occasions that her ways were radically different from those of a moralist reforming with sermons or of a school-mistress correcting with a case? Had I not borne witness myself to so many instances of her forbearance and charity? All such thoughts became vividly actualized in me, induced by her one fecond smile. Then as I sat down on the floor (she was sitting on a divan with her beautiful hairlet loose), she placed a hand on my shoulder and looked steadfastly at me. I fought bravely with my unruly tears. But I could not bear to be angry with those who love Sri Aurobindo as you do," she said, very simply. Her eyes radiated a strange light, a marvellous blend of strength, tenderness and humility. "My own feelings apart, do I not know how Sri Aurobindo cherishes you? So how could you think it possible for me to frown upon one whom he greets with a smile? And I not here to serve him with all I have and am—even as you, his disciples, are?"

She would have said more had I not burst into tears.

That day I had a new glimpse, or shall I say vision? of humility derived from true spiritual self-negation. I accepted her on her own as my spiritual Mother on that morning—of my full and final initiation.

I have often enough, in my wrong moods, criticized her—sometimes with no excuse at all, at others goaded by a misunderstood misunderstanding. Every time has she come down to me to explain her point of view, never once minding the hurt of insults but, withal, never letting truth down. But there, also, lay the cruel of difficulty for such as we. For it was her cleaving to truth which we so often interpreted as hardness, not realizing she could so moderately have grown to her stature she had fostered the least in her stand on the plinth of truth. Notwithstanding, we wanted so often to ingratiate ourselves with her through dinners and make her hopes would never find it out. But though she could forgive again and again to give delinquents "yet another chance," she could not be cheated because she had won, through her ascetas, the touchstone of insight and spiritual wisdom. But we knew her wisdom little of little. We had and would help her assuage the truth about our struggling selves. I shall here this chapter with a talk I had with her nearly twenty years ago—on July 7th, 1922 to be more precise—with no other object than to delineate how her wisdom impressed me. But knowing her little of her rare, unapproachable wisdom, I shall try to depict her as she is, as I saw her one day at Staten Island.

The occasion was a Bengali song which I had composed in Sanskrit mandalavanta metre. In a musical soirée I sang it to her and others within the Ashram precincts. Sri Aurobindo (who had stayed away from the party that day) wrote to me: "Your song Nada, 'Sound', is truly wonderful and it is a beautiful poem too". I give below my English translation:

Who is she, the formless, gleaning and hurling Through the aries in the lightning's force! Who is she, the fearless, loud in the clanging Of the storm and its frenzied blare! Who is she, the bounteous one, comes dissolving As rain in a mystic thunderstorm To her children appealing in the heart's spent rush As the Mother of sleep, the soul-charmer! All the world breaks out in love's discourse: "To the chicken on the brink of disaster After the trump of darkling doom Thou com art as redeeming lure."

Mother greeted me with her usual beaming smile as I entered her sanctum sanctorum where she used to meditate with us individually, when many people had many kinds of experiences. Also she used to tell us of things she had seen within us. Only those who had had such confidential interviews with her know how much she could and did give to others through her insight: um, smile, glance and talk. I could only meditate perturberly with her because I was always looking forward eagerly to the talk that would follow. She knew it and so she never meditated long with me. To each she gave according to his need.

So after the short meditation I looked up and met her eyes.

"Your song on sound last evening," she said, "was power, power, power all through. You expressed the conflicts of Nature so powerfully and truly that I was very pleased. I saw descending upon you from above an intense white light and a great power. Under its pressure there was proceeding from you a very generous outflow of vital force—in the best sense of the term—all round you. And the resolution of the conflicts into the chords of Victory was remarkable. Then, above some of the notes you sang, I contacted a vast Peace and Ananda, which will be expressed more amply in the measure of your progressive identification with what inspired it. But even at this stage of your experience the peace that was waiting lasted fairly long and in some portions of your music I saw you not you but Music itself."

"That is what constitutes genius," she added with one of herarest smiles. "You know I do not believe in paying compliments. I tell you this simply because I mean it."

"I am overjoyed, Mother," I said. "Only I wish the peace and bliss you contacted might endure a little longer."

"I wish it to less," she returned. "In fact it has been part of my experience to make it stay permanently. Your music yesterday seemed to me to be just a random music which is now beyond its reach, and that reminded me of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. You have heard it, haven't you?"

"I have, Mother," I said, "it is wonderful."

With me to me to be making an opening towards that grand power, of course, not in the European way, but in the Indian way—and not yet in its native amplitude and glory but in the full process
of formation and crystallization.

"Great geniuses, when they truly achieve great things," she continued, "lose the sense of their separate ego and identity—narrarupa—and become the same thing, identical with you when they are certain of those notes, which were truly marvellous. What you invoked could not come down to stay, I repeat, at this stage of your sakti, but when you will have had the full experience of the Divine—it will come down fully and permanently—when you will have touched the same of your personality. It is not yet come, but it is fast coming. And the white Light descending on you, which was flowing and reaching others was dazzling, like, what shall I say?—you have seen snow mountain-tops reflecting the sun—yes, but you haven't seen it yet.

"Yes, Mother,
I said, thrilled. I hung on her every word now.

"The light I saw round you was like that," she said. "It was a descent of Power.---concentrated.

"It is so pleasing, isn't it?" she went on to "see true and rapid growth in people, to see them evolving, that is, rising higher and higher progressively."

"But how about being ambitious, Mother?" I asked. "For sometimes I feel I am not getting on famously because I am a little too athirst for fame."

"I always blame people for not being ambitious enough," countered Mother. "I always tell people: be more ambitious—ambitious to grow, ambitious to be the white light, ambitious to be the white light, ambitious to be the light, while. The only thing is: the human limitations have to be consciously transcended. Otherwise unimpeded and true growth is not possible. Let it be your ambition to be content with nothing but the highest."

"I have never seen this," I said, "I have never seen it these vivid feelings, Mother," I said, "I have felt again and again that I must grow and grow as never before: only I must purge myself of all cravings—like personal ambition. A voice cries out to me insistently that I must advance steadily in one path only and shun all the others."

"I added smiling, as she smiled back at me, "for fortunately, I believe my coming way my bare words, being all the sorts of things that you have said to me, as you know."

"We cannot go with appreciation, here or outside, whatever of connoisseurs or charlatans, since you know that you came for the Divine sincerely and that the Divine has attested it by accepting you. Let the whole world understand you, how can it make the least difference now—so far you are concerned?"

"But you need not look so frightfully abashed," she added twinking at me and putting me on the hand, "few are the artists who are not avid of praise, who don't doubt but that the world has been created to revolve around them, and if far more serious defects of your character have had their backs broken already, fame-hunger, the clinging leech, too, will have to capitulate some day—don't worry. Your difficulties will then disappear at one sweep, when you are convinced it. Incidentally, it is again another wonder that while you were producing certain specific notes, when—as I told you just now—I saw you no longer as Dilib, but as Music pure: then it was that flashed before me your true being—which, by the way, is an old acquaintance now."

"But above all, my joy is that you work now—as I want you to realise it yourself—why, you will know later on.

"Take your breath away, Mother," I said. "Only, my mind is so inebriated, you know, and keeping on saying that I am too uncooperative and new.

"And that is when to deserve the miracle—impossible. So I have to sigh and say to myself: never mind, be yourself, since that is the utmost you can do—when all is said and done.

"But what is the meaning of being oneself, may I ask?" Mother returned quickly. "Most people accept their limitations and, identifying themselves with their limited selves, say gloomily: 'This is what we are!' But that is all nonsense. You cannot equire yourself with your surface personalities. There are things you can do, you can equal the man to be with the embryo, or the tree to come with the sapling. It is only when you have realised the Divine that you can say that you have met your real self. We get a glimpse of this truth when we see a genius making the impossible possible—which he does because it is his métier. But how does he achieve such miracles? Simply by refusing to identify himself with what he is on his lower levels: in other words, by transmogrifying the mould of his unevolved personality and identifying himself with his inspiration, more or less. Do you understand?"

"Do you mean one has to envisage oneself first with what one expresses?"

"You may put it that way," she said, "for that too is a way, as you yourself achieved partially yesterday while you were singing—that is what I meant by an artist showing really with what is that you expressed or rather what got expressed through you. But you must not infer from this that it is the only way. In fact the way varies with the temperament.

"Is that the reason why Sri Auraibindo has written in his Synthesis of Yoga that everyone must find out his own Yoga?"

Mother nodded.

"Well, now, that is why we say that what we prescribe to one is for himself alone and must not be taken as a general prescription or rule for all. But to come back to your music."

She gave me a very kind look. I was thrilled. For she had never before spoken to me about my own music so intimately and appreciatively. I understood what little I could grasp I will give below more as a gist than as a report: "It is very remarkable and interesting," she went on, "to trace the changes and evolution in your music and creative power. The fund of vital force in you one day yesterday turned and from that day forth your music was fundamentally altered in its character and outlook; you have continued ever since to succeed, progressively, in expressing what you sang. For instance, when you sang your song on Kali the other day, she actually appeared in your mind and danced in the smoke and danced in the smoke and danced in the smoke and also her characteristic red colour appeared. When you sang of Shiva, he actually came and stood before me and you. When you sang of Krishna, the blue colour which is His colour appeared, and just when your aspiration increased He was about to take Form."

"I regret so much, Mother," I said smiling. "I wish I had known, for I would then have emitted a cry that shivers the tingling stars."

"No matter," said Mother, giving me an answering smile. "The stars will appear to you, as they only appear to you when your aspiration and your desire is a balance.
SRI AUROBINDO CAME TO ME.
—Continued from opposite page

mine true or untrue?"
"Quite true, Mother."

"Well then, that is what I want to see, which I don't yet. But Sri
Aurobindo writes that if I want to see the Divine in the human being
I can see him! If not, I can see only the human. I cannot understand this
fully; for take my own case. Not only do I want to see the Divine in the
total human, but I want it first and last. There are my friends who
raise hell when they are asked or even expected to believe in a Personal
God. There are others who cannot admit a God, or admit grudgingly a
formless Eternity. There will be yet others who have been taught by
Guruvada or Avatara. But these difficulties I can simply ig-
nore. Ever since I was thirteen I have wept—actually shed tears—pray-
ing to see the Divine in the human being, the human form. My friends
used to call Sri Ramakrishna only a great man, nothing more; I could
never think of him as anything less than an Avatar. What always moved
me so powerfully was a saying of the Gopis when, after offered Brundavana
by Sri Krishna, he said, laughing, saying: "What have we to do with
the All-Pervasive Formless and Knowledge of It, when we have you
in our midst?" Of all the religions I feel the most powerful kinship with
the Vaisnava outlook because of its emphasis on Naradha—a human in-
carnation. To see the Divine in the human being is, I agree, the sum-
mit—france for me, anyway; so that not only do I want to see the Divine
in you and Sri Aurobindo but I want nothing more ordently. The
fact remains I have not seen. I see your kindness, grace, greatness, your
insatiable work, your selflessly innumerable work, selflessly innumerable
organisation etc. But I do not find that enough: I want to see in you
the Divine—the throbbing, the indolent, the dazzling Divine. Here too,
surely, it cannot be just a matter of terminology, since I want to see in
you, I repeat, an attribute of Divine. But it is, as I have seen, one of the
knots of my heart and resolve all my doubts—vidyagata hridaya
granthikidvi samadhi samayaka. But unhappily, I have not seen
that—as yet. Evidently. For my doubts persist, you see. Now, tell me
once for all: is this too due to a mere confusion of terms or quibbling
about words?

Mother held my eyes for a few seconds in silence, then smiled.
"I am seeing the Divinity at last, in her half-masquerading way. I always
found so beautiful. "Anything that makes life exciting, anything
that lifts you up above the lowest type of living in a mere animal
harmony, anything that is great, noble, self-sacrificing, self-giving, inspiring,
beautiful, is a manifestation of the Divine."

That is what I mean: here and now I am seeing
the coming down of the Divine and touching our souls with His higher
attributes there could have been no evolution from the lesser to the
higher. In other words, life would have been utterly drab and dismal if the
Divine had not come and touched some part at least of our leader
hearts into gold. So I say that whenever you see anything truly great,
anything truly elevating, anything truly heart-warming, you are seeing
the Divine without knowing it. Only you call it 'human' in the sincerest
sense—that is the crux of confusion. Once you wrote to Sri Aurobindo
that you simply love artists like Tagore and atheists like Russell or Sarat
Chatterjee, because they depict beautiful things and stand up for noble
values. But if and when you do that, they are standing up for the Divine
values without knowing it. Do you see my point?"

"I do, Mother, I answered. "Only, I am afraid, it leaves the central
problem no nearer solution. For if, say, your Tagores and Russells and
Sarat Chatterjee, are the ones who are in the centre of the nobler
quest—through humanitarianism and art and science—would they have
just stayed where they do today? I mean to ask: would they have re-
main—unlike Sri Krishna, Chaitanya, Buddha, Ramakrishna, Sri Auro-
bindo-Sarasvati—behave as these do? Do they just completely
thoroughly shaken by the shocks of life, why does the spectacle of life
ate them with sheer despair? In a word, why are they so limited? Evi-
dently because there is a deeper, more intimate, more pervading experi-
exence of the Divine possible which has not yet fallen in their lot in the
course of their seekings and proddings. Is it not so?"

"Quite, she answered. But that is just where Yoga comes in. For
Yoga is, in effect, a high-pitched endeavour to catch and retain what the
Tagores and Russells may at best guess vaguely but cannot hold, far less possess.
I have often said that the Divine visits us in the midst of our self-regarding petty pursuits and clamourings
inspired by greed and the darkness of our wrong movements like a breath of
—enchanting mountain-which touches you, enraptures you but then passes on. You run after it, but the breeze is no more. It
is that which leaves people brooding and mourning. You say you haven't
glimpsed the Divine. You have, in your brightness and purest moments.
But only a glimpse—a touch of the breeze. You have run after it, but
could not overtake it."

"My heart agrees partly, Mother," I said. "But you will pardon me
if I demur that my having had a glimpse does not lessen my gloom that
follows when I forfeit it the next moment, it only deepens my despair. For
those who have never had such a glimpse have this advantage over such
as we, that never having seen even fugitively what we have, they stay more
or less contentedly tethered to their inferior pleasures. But not we whose
nostalgia has been aroused by the vision to which we have thrilled in
anger—wonder—because we are left with no clue to the problem of how
to make it abide. That is why we, humans, can ill afford to do without
this experience that we may count as an elusive thing on nameless wings
and seems too lovely to be true, is none the less attachable by us, fearless
creatures, in spite of appearances, as said for instance in the beautiful
exhortation of A.E.O.

The unattainable beauty
The thought of which seas pain
That flickered in eyes and lips
And vanished again:
That fugitive beauty
Thou shalt attain.

"Quite," Mother added. "And that is why Yoga has to be done, I
repeat. For Yoga is, in essence, nothing but the method and the process
by which you grow to the unattainable and realise permanently the Eter-
nity, and through what seem to you cruel, bitter, even—and which, once seen
in all the knots of my heart and resolve all my doubts—vidyagata hridaya
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Dream-asim-enthroned, O high spirit face! With thy grandeur fill my narrow lips
Isn't this a certain distance? From the dark mind of my night
And the shadowed foam-steeds of life-seas
Desire the imperishable distance
Of thy star-world beyond our reach....

ROMEN

Mother of Deathless Suns

My dim clay hangyers for the far
Unattainable glimmer of thy smile
A white flicker of thy lips
From the dark mind of my night
And the shadowed foam-steeds of life-seas
 Desire the imperishable distance
Of thy star-world beyond our reach....

The Bhagavat, 19.49.

"Sava eva yejanti twam Sarvakete-Maheswaram
YasyagadSYinadatbhatam yejantiyejantah Prokho
YashikoI/taSvaha maye jñato-pujitah Prokho
YahPita sarvatra sthdaha tvatd tvad tvad gatayantah"

As all the rivers run to meet the sea,
Though some run straight and others deviately,
So all who worship what their hearts adore
Unwittingly, Lord, sail for thine one Shore.*

*The Bhagavat, 19.49.

Dream-asim-enthroned, O high spirit face! With thy grandeur fill my narrow lips
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ROMEN
THE INTEGRAL YOGA OF SRI AURIBINDO

By RISHABHCHAND

AN EPOCHAL SYNTHESIS

PART I

Ages ago, when the natural unity of the spiritual vision and culture of the Vedas and the Upanishads began to give way before the developing complexity and individualistic self-affirmation of the parts of the being of man, each of which sought its own separate individuality and its characteristic fulfillment to the neglect and exclusion of the others, the Gita propounded a colloidal synthesis and paved the way for a harmonious growth of the whole human personality into the fullness and perfection of the Divine. All the important strands of spiritual culture, current at the time or regarded as essential, were woven together into that comprehensive synthesis which aimed at raising man into the light and freedom of the dynamic divine consciousness. Nowhere, at no period of the spiritual history of man, has there ever been such a vast and powerful attempt at a synthesis, at a mighty gathering up of the distinct and divergent elements of human nature into a living and fruitful unity. Sankhyayoga, Karmanyoga, Jnanayoga, Bhaktiyoga, Hathayoga, Rajayoga, Mantrayoga, all were given a place and a definite function in that manifold synthesis, and an integrated system of spiritual culture, not indeed apparent on the surface, but implicit in the grain of its thought and active in the unfolding rhythm of its movement, was evolved for the purification and sublimation of the human being and its transference from the floundering ignorance of the ego into the luminous freedom and bliss of the divine Presence. Works, knowledge and love, crucified their truculent, separative tendencies, and, blended, were fused into a single movement of self-offering to the Supreme. The impersonality of the Brahman and the divine Personality, the silence of the omnipresent Immutable and the ceaseless flux of the cosmic movement, the festal state of liberation and the continued performance of all mundane action—these were some of the most outstanding reconciliations effected by the Gita at a crucial stage of the spiritual culture of India. And this synthesis was achieved, not by any religious or philosophical collectivisation, but by an embracing and unifying spiritual vision and intelligence, paralleled in its comprehensiveness in the annals of ancient mystical achievements.

Indian spirituality, however, described a downward curve soon after this gigantic synthesis had lost its hold upon the people’s mind. The lower parts of the nature of man, released from the central control of the light of intuition and the co-ordinating force of the illumined intelligence, sought again, each in its distinctive way, its individual self-affirmation and self-satisfaction. Even when they turned towards spirituality, they pursued individual fulfillment, and cared little for a total consummation. The Gita’s synthesis had not success even in the midst of an apparent failure—it had outlined an ideal, the shining ideal of a harmonious perfection and a divine fulfilment of man, and left it as a seed in the terrestrial atmosphere to germinate and grow and prepare its future evolution to fruit and fullness, and, if it failed at the present time, because man was not evolved enough for such a global spiritual endeavour; his mind, life and body needed a long individual preparation and development, an intense chiaroscuro and psychic conversion and correlation, before they could present to enter into the harmony of the integral orientation.

And thus passed century after eventful century, witnessing signal individual conquests and achievements, triumphs of new trends, enrichment of past gains and an opening up of unforeseen possibilities in the midst of a general spiritual decadence in India. When the Gita’s synthesis, which pivoted upon the illumined intelligence, disintegrated, the Gita’s synthesis had not success even in the midst of an apparent failure—it had outlined an ideal, the shining ideal of a harmonious perfection and a divine fulfillment of man, and left it as a seed in the terrestrial atmosphere to germinate and grow and prepare its future evolution to fruit and fullness, and, if it failed at the present time, because man was not evolved enough for such a global spiritual endeavour; his mind, life and body needed a long individual preparation and development, an intense chiaroscuro and psychic conversion and correlation, before they could present to enter into the harmony of the integral orientation.

Therefore the succeeding age saw the death of nihilism and agnosticism in the intense bliss of a rejuvenant spirituality which drove straight towards the ultimate Reality, making knowledge the sole means of its realisation. But the anti-pragmatic tendency continued as ever. The very fervour of the precipitate directness of the illumination of the spiritual discovery engendered a greater indifference, even an aversion to the world and life. But life and Nature cannot long be ignored or spurned with impunity. A stream from the inalienable samyog of the supreme Light, life protests against all inequality or unbalance in the steps of the soul’s ascent and insists, with sharp pain if need be, on the harmonious development of all the powers and potentialities of the human being, through whom it seeks its divine fulfilment.

The unilateral drive of the thought-mind culminated in the discovery or recovery of the apex of the ultimate Reality, but its mass, its infinite, living body and face of light remained undiscovered. The seeking of the infinite was, therefore, for a while, a series of touch-and-go experiences, a broken heart, and there seemed to be for a time—a very short time indeed—a growing rapprochement between knowledge and love. The intellect of man can remain satisfied with abstractions and even merge itself in the inapprachable absolute of its overmastering conception; but the heart and life of man insist on concreteness. They demand that the object of their aspiration and adoration must become a living and tangible reality to them, real human feeling and sight and sensation. This demand is the signal trigger of their creative action, if need be, on the one hand, in relation to the mystery of the divine immanence in the world. And it is a law of Nature that whenever there is an insistent and legitimate demand for a particular experience and realization of the supreme being and the ultimate unity and synthesis of them all. Alongside of this development of the mind and heart of man, ran the development of his life—the conquest of its desires and the union of its will with the divine Will, which formed the kernel principle of the Tantric and the Karma yoga. If we take a synoptic view of this progressive spiritual decline in India, we shall see that it was not really a decline, but a divinely-ordained descent of spirituality from part to part of the human being for their exploration, purification and sublimation into the glory of the integral union with the Divine.

The age of the intellectual seeking was followed by the age of the spiritual awakening. The conqueror of the Brahminical caste periphery, the capture of the bare holies of the omnipresent Reality seemed to suffer a slight eclipse, its massive ranges and shining uplands, its colourful plateaus and smiling table-lands swam into human sight and the thrilled intimacy of inner feeling. The distant, inconceivable, relationship Brahman of the Advaitin assumed the majesty and sublimity of the Narayan or the beauty and bliss of the Krishna of the Bhakta.* The response of the heart was more passionate, more transporting, more dynamically purifying and exalting than that of the head, though it was but a faint whisper of the contagious sea of the unruly life-forces.

In pursuit of this, one became both a devotee of the formless God and a profound student of the science and techniques of the human soul. This rapture is implied but not felt in the Suyogas of the Adwaitin, in which the individual consciousness is abolished in the supreme Consciousness, and the knowledge of self and the object of knowledge to admit of a human enjoyment of the bliss of the perfect union. But this bliss is the highest experience of the embodied soul, the scene of its spiritual freedom and perfection. In the Adwaitin, there is in fact no union as such, but an extirpation of the individual soul (an illusory soul at that according to the Vedantin!) in the undifferentiated absoluteness of the One. It is to the credit of the Yoga of love and delight that it has made the highest union a feasible realisation, and its inexorable ecstasy of joy the highest crest of divine attainment.

Another line of Yoga, the mighty Tantra concerned itself with the spiritual purification and preparation of life and its will. It was a very daring adventure which necessitated a deaconcy into the dark regions of the
the being and a grappling with the most powerful forces of human nature, destined in the context of the age, to be overcome, though not, perhaps, without a final victory, and that if the whole being and nature of man were to be transmuted into the being and nature of the Divine to ensure the integrity and permanence of the dynamic divine union, which is the goal of human life. The task to which Tantra addresses itself was immense and infinitely difficult; and its failure far outweighed its slender success; but it evolved into activity a possibility of perfection which, since the days of the Vedas, had lain latent and overlooked in the human consciousness. This was the great contribution of Tantra. Its ideal was, not the self-mortification in the Brahman, adwitya, nor an eternal proximity to the luminous presence of the Beloved, svadipa and iswarya, but a union through the remoulaging of human nature into the divine nature, a growing into the likeness of the Divine, adverbhata.

The next part to feel the pressure of the descending spirit force was the physical and intellectual force. Two immediate outstanding consequences of this descent were, first, a growing obsession of the national mind with material things and, second, an upsurge of the subconscious scum and obscenity. But that is an eventuality which has to be faced in any work of radical purification.

At this juncture of Indian spiritual culture, when the higher light seemed to hide behind the veil and the material life pressed forward with its clasped demands and craved truth was camouflaged, the impact of the materialistic West, at once disruptive and galvanizing. It disrupted the spiritual values which had been the sustenance of Indian culture and galvanized the material and intellectual life of the people. The fatigue and the distress of vitality which had marked them as the home of a long-drawn inner exploration, and the incrustation that had begun in time-worn traditions and dead formalism, seemed to disappear under this powerful and fateful impact. The material life which is the foundation of the Spirit's self-manifestation on the earth and which had been steadily neglected and repressed in the mental absorption of the followers of Jnana Yoga or in the emotional fervours of the Brahmakaths, and blighted under the mist of illusionism (Mayavada) and the chill of apostatized asceticism revived, widened and throbbed with new, creative impulses. A general awakening, a pervasive renaissance was the result of the absorption of the influence of the West, which came to India as the priest and champion of the life-spirit and the interpreter of its evolutionary values.

The last stage had been reached. With the long past of her unparalleled spirituality, rich with signal achievements and varied conquests, not dead but living and vibrant, behind her back, India accepted the quickening message of Western Materialism and the gift of life it brought to her. But she could not live without God. To follow in the steps of the West would have been to advance towards spiritual suicide. A life of material wellfare and intellectual advancement in front of her and a life of light and immortality and spiritual fulfillment behind her, India stood uncertain and wavering for a brief moment, as if poised on the brink of a crucial decision. But her soul repeated once more what it had declared throughout the history of her evolution. "Kama hi shaktim "—"What shall I do with that which will not make me immortal?" India accepted the gift of life, but reverted to the fount of Light to link the two together, so that her future may be great again and glorious and immortal with the unprecedented triumph of a dynamic spirituality. At that passing moment of the crucial decision, she seemed to glimpse, as if in a flash, the meaning of her soul's long travail through the eventful centuries of a declining epoch and the arduous Hand that was guiding her destiny. She clasped the Hand and decided in favour of the life in Light, the Life Divine.

The first reaction of the soul of India to the impact of the Western Materialism was a reaffirmation of the bare truth of the transcendent Absolute and an uncompromising rejection of almost all that constitutes the richness and diversity of Indian spirituality. It was, as if at that moment of eager return, the soul of India was clinging to clatch at a way to hold on to this spirituality, which was its mainstay, and back at the branches and leaves and flowers that had developed out of those very roots during the long centuries of its evolution. But the arduous of the first return soon shed their narrow intensity and began to assume the large catholicity of the ancient spiritual tradition; for the decision taken by the soul of India at the fateful turning of its life was not for any narrow and one-sided achievement, however high it might be, but for the widest synthesis: for the reconstituted of Spirit and Matter, Heaven and Earth, Light and Life, and One and Many.

As the most perfect embodiment of that decision of the national soul, the consciousness of its past manifold achievements and a harbinger of the great synthesis that was preparing in the womb of the approaching future, came Sri Ramakrishna. Four things in his illustrious life stand out with a remarkable significance. First, his coming to live very near the most modernised, that is to say, westernised capital of the country. He built his spiritual citadel in close vicinity to Calcutta from where he could aim infallible shots at the monster of Materialism and bring to birth a robust and opulent spirituality in India. Second, he practised most of the Yogas of the West, both the centre and the world (not only of the world) grasped and summed the highest realisation possible in each. Third, he conquered and converted the most representative Indian of the times, a brilliant product of Western culture, Vivekananda—Narendranath Dutt as he was then named—and moulded him into his chief instrument for the accomplishment of his mission. Fourth, he heralded the coming synthesis in spirituality and foreshadowed something of its outline in his life and teachings.

In Sri Ramakrishna Indian spirituality came to close grips with the materialistic West of the And. What was the result of the conflict? Vivekananda and resurgent India. Vivekananda, the "cycloonic Harekirti", as he was described in America, the preacher of the gospel of the Vedanta, shook the whole world with his message of the unity of all life and the divinity of all men. Perhaps he did not bring out the full significance of the central truth of his Master's vision: the synthesis of all religions. This synthesis was interpreted as meaning simply that all religions lead to the same goal, but it seems hardly likely that Sri Ramakrishna underwent the superhuman labour of practising the principal Yogas of the world only to arrive at this truth of this age-old truism. There was a great teleological intention behind. Though he practised the Yogas separately, yet he assimilated the highest achievements of them all, which combined and crystallised into a sort of synthesis in the paths of his being. He retained the distilled essence of each in himself till the last day of his life. He was at once a man of knowledge, a man of unfathomable love and devotion, a man of undying will and power and, as the world knows only too well, a creator of probably the greatest and most paradoxical personality the world has known. He was an Adwaitin, a Vishishhtadwaitin, even a Dwaitin, a Christian of Christians and a devout Moslem—all these and many things more rolled into one. His successive practice of the different Yogas was an experiment, a bold breaking of the ground; but the result was an incoherent synthesis, unavoidably somewhat vague and uncertain in the then state of spiritual possibilities, but an unmistakable prelude to its coming perfection. A synthesis of Yogas means an integration of all the parts of the human being, including even the physical, which has as much claim to perfection and divine fulfilment as any other, and their global turning to the Divine. Our synoptic survey of the spiritual curve of India since the Upanishadic age has shown us that when the synthesis of the Gita broke up, it was the reason of man that turned towards the supreme Reality and underwent, in consequence, a great purification and heightening; the heart had then its turn, and the life, and, last, the physical conscience. The downward curve seems to be complete now, and there are indications that the upward has already started. The synthesis that Sri Ramakrishna foreshadowed, foreshadowed and forestalled, a mightier synthesis than even that of the Gita, seems to be the destined means of the integral perfection aspirred after by the progressive mind of modern man. A totality in aspiration betokens a totality in realisation. The entire being of man yearning for the Divine shall attain the most perfect union with the entire being of the Divine.

Sri Aurobindo stands for this entire turning, this complete synthesis and integral spiritual fulfillment of man. Having realised it in himself, he calls upon humanity to proceed towards the Divine by the way of this synthesis. His call is the call of God, the call of the earth-soul, the call of the Tono-Spirit, the call of the East and the West and the call of the awakening soul of man himself. The world moves to a multi-dimensional synthesis.

In the next part of this article we shall see what exactly this synthesis means and by what processes and psycho-spiritual potencies it aims at achieving the glorious result it has set before itself—the harmonious perfection and divine fulfillment of the whole being of man upon earth, or the perfect manifestation of God in man.

**A REMINDER**

ALL SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE NOT YET RENEWED THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD DO SO WITHOUT DELAY. RENEWAL CARDSHAVE 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.
SRI AUROBINDO UNIVERSITY CENTRE FUND

An International University Centre is being established at Fondicherry 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 itself, rise out of falsehood and ignorance and live in truth. The University is meant to give a practical and concrete shape to SRI Aurobindo’s life-long 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 assimilated into practice.

We appeal to all who have good will and sympathy for the undertaking to contribute generously to the foundation and maintenance of the institution.

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 SRI Aurobindo Ashram, Fondicherry.

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