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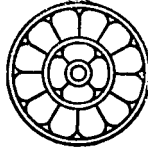
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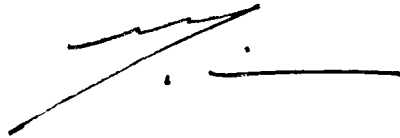


Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute.

A new light breaks upon the earth,

A new world is born.

The things that were promised are fulfilled.



# MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

Vol. XXIV

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*"Great is Truth and it shall prevail."*

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## CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
WORDS OF THE MOTHER	... 365
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	... 366
LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO	
THE SUBCONSCIENT, SLEEP AND SADHANA	
SUBCONSCIENT AND VITAL DREAMS <i>From Nagin Doshi</i>	... 372
TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO <i>Nirodbaran</i>	... 377
SRI AUROBINDO AT EVENING TALK <i>V. Chidanandam</i>	... 380
THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE FUTURE	
A SEARCH APROPOS OF R.C. ZAEHNER'S STUDY	
IN SRI AUROBINDO AND TEILHARD DE CHARDIN <i>K. D. Sethna</i>	... 383
THE FINAL ANTINOMY AND THE TWO TRUTHS	
A TALK GIVEN AT MATAGIRI, N.Y., U.S.A. <i>J. N. Chubb</i>	... 387
SRI AUROBINDO: ARCHITECT OF INDIA'S FREEDOM <i>Sanat K. Banerji</i>	... 394
PASSION PLAY (A Poem) <i>Georgette</i>	... 402
A GREAT PIONEER OF YOGIC POETRY	
AN APPRAISEMENT OF AE'S INSPIRATION <i>Amal Kiran</i>	... 404
THE JUDGMENT-SEAT OF VIKRAMADITYA	
AN ANCIENT TALE TOLD TO THE CHILDREN	
OF INDIA <i>Clair</i>	... 414

## CONTENTS

THE MAGICAL CAROUSEL		
A ZODIACAL ODYSSEY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE	<i>Patrizia</i>	... 418
"LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL"		
GOD AND LIFE: THE SRI AUROBINDO		
INTERNATIONAL CENTRE OF EDUCATION	<i>Narayan Prasad</i>	... 424

## STUDENTS' SECTION

THE TIME HAS COME	<i>Patrizia Norelli-Bechelet</i>	... 426
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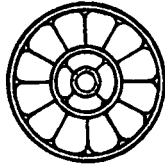
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## WORDS OF THE MOTHER

The Truth-Consciousness  
only  
can manifest in those  
who are rid of the ego.

*Blavatsky*

The Truth-Consciousness can manifest only in those who are rid of the ego.

THE MOTHER

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Continued from the issue of June, 1972)

*(This new series of answers by the Mother to questions put by the children of the Ashram appeared for the first time in the Bulletin of the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education but in a somewhat incomplete form. We now give, in a new English translation, the full text as it was taped with here and there a few special additions or modifications made by the Mother herself at the time of its first publication in French in February 1968.)*

June 20, 1956 (Continued)

*Sweet Mother, sometimes when one has a depression it lasts for quite a long time; but when one feels a special kind of joy it does not last.*

Yes, that is very true.

*Then what should one do to make it last longer?*

But it is not the same part of the being that has the depression and the joy.

If you are speaking of pleasure, the pleasure of the vital is a very fleeting thing, and I think that in life (in life as it is at present), there are more occasions for displeasure than for pleasure. Pleasure in itself is an extremely fleeting thing, for if the same vibration of pleasure is continued a little longer, it becomes unpleasant or even repugnant—exactly the same vibration.

Pleasure in itself is very fugitive. But if you are speaking of joy, that is altogether a different thing, it is a kind of warmth and illumination in the heart, isn't it?—one may feel joy in the mind also, but it is a kind of warmth and beatific illumination occurring somewhere. That is a quality which is not yet fully developed and one is rarely in the necessary psychological condition to have it. And that is why it is fugitive. Otherwise joy is there constantly in the truth of the being, in the reality of the being, in your true Self, in your soul, in your psychic being, joy is constantly there.

It has nothing to do with pleasure: it is a kind of inner happiness.

But one is rarely in a state to feel it, unless one has become fully conscious of one's psychic being. That is why when it comes it is fugitive, for the necessary psychological condition to perceive it is often not there. On the other hand, one is almost constantly in an ordinary vital state where the least unpleasant thing very spontaneously and easily brings you depression—depression if you are a weak person, revolt if you are strong. Every desire which is not satisfied, every impulse which meets with obstacles, every

unpleasant contact with outside things, very easily and very spontaneously creates depression or revolt, for that is the normal state of things (normal in life as it is today) —whilst joy is an exceptional state.

And so, pleasure, pleasure which is simply a pleasing sensation, if it lasts, not only does it lose its edge, but it ends up by becoming unpleasant; one can't bear it much longer. So, quite naturally it goes as it comes. That is to say, the very thing that gives you pleasure—exactly the same vibration—, after a short while doesn't give it to you any longer. And if this goes on, it becomes quite unbearable for you. That is why you can't have pleasure for a long time.

The only thing which can be lasting is joy, if one enters into contact with the truth of the being which contains this joy permanently.

*Mother, in the heart there is a double action: the action of vital impulse and that of pure emotion. What makes that mixture possible?*

How is the mixture produced?

*For both have their seat in the heart, don't they?*

Not in the same place.

It is not our physical heart, you understand. It is this centre here (*Mother points to the middle of the chest*). But there are various depths. The more you come to the surface, the more is it mixed, naturally, with vital impulses and even purely physical reactions, purely physical sensations. The deeper you go, the less the mixture. And if you go deep enough, you find the feeling quite pure, behind. It is a question of depth.

One throws oneself out all the time; all the time one lives as though outside oneself, in such a superficial sensation that it is almost as though one were outside oneself. As soon as one wants even to observe oneself a little, control oneself a little, know simply what is happening, one is always obliged to draw back or pull oneself in, pull inwards something which is constantly there on the surface. And it is this surface thing which meets all external contacts, puts you in touch with similar vibrations coming from others. That happens almost outside you.

That is the constant dispersal of the ordinary consciousness.

For instance, take a movement, an inspiration coming from the psychic depths of the being (for it comes even to those who are not conscious of their psychic), a sort of inspiration coming from the depths; well, in order to make itself felt, it is obliged to come to the surface. And as it gradually comes to the surface, it gets mixed up with all sorts of things which have nothing to do with it, but want to make use of it. As, for instance, all the desires and passions of the vital which, as soon as a force from the depths rises to the surface, get hold of it for their own satisfaction. Or, on the other hand, there are people who live in the mind and want to understand and evaluate their experience, to judge it; then it is the mind that seizes upon this inspiration or this

force which rises to the surface, for its own benefit, for its own satisfaction—and it gets mixed up, and that spoils everything. And this happens constantly; constantly surface movements creep into the inspiration from the depths and deform it, veil it, defile it, ruin it completely, deforming it to such an extent that it is no longer recognizable.

*Why do these external impulses, when coming in contact with the inspiration rising from within, spoil everything, instead of becoming transformed?*

Ah! excuse me, it is a reciprocal movement. And it depends on the dosage. The inspiration from within acts of course. It is not that it is completely absorbed and destroyed, it isn't that. It cannot but act, but it gets mixed up, it loses its purity and original power. But all the same something yet remains, and the result depends on the dosage of the forces, and this dosage is very different in different individuals.

There is a moment when one calls the inner inspiration deliberately and submits to it, when it can enter almost completely pure and make you act in accordance with the Divine Will.

The mixture is not unavoidable; it is only what usually happens. And the proportion is very different according to different individuals. With some, when the psychic within takes a decision and sends out a force, it is quite visible, it is obviously a psychic inspiration. One may see at times a sort of shadow passing which comes from the mind or the vital; but these are interventions of no importance which cannot change the nature of the psychic inspiration at all, if one does not give them the upper hand.

None of these things are irremediable, for otherwise there would be no hope of progress.

After the last Talk wherein the Mother had complained about not having interesting questions very often, the disciples began to send in written questions, which one of them read aloud:

*It is said: "Follow your soul and not your mind which leaps at appearances ..."  
How to practise this in everyday life?*

Why, what is the problem? What is the difficulty?

*How to put this advice into practice, this direction to follow one's soul and not one's mind?*

This is a purely individual question.

The first condition is to receive inspirations from the soul—exactly what we were just speaking about—, for if one does not receive these, how can one follow one's soul?

The first condition is to be a little conscious of one's soul and receive its inspirations. Then, naturally, it follows that one must obey them instead of obeying the reasoning intellect.

But how to do it? By what method? ... That is a purely personal thing. Everyone must find his own procedure. The principle is there; if one wants to apply it, for everyone the method is different. All depends on the extent to which one is conscious of the inspirations from the soul, on the degree of identity one has with it.

So one can't give (one) remedy for everybody.

Is that all?

*"The more you give, the more you get," it is said. Does this apply to physical energy? Should one undertake physical work which seems to be beyond one's capacity? And what should be the attitude when doing this kind of work?*

If one did not spend, one would never receive. The great force a child has for growth, for development is that it spends without stint.

Naturally, when one spends, one must recuperate and must have the necessary time to recuperate; but what a child cannot do one day, he can the next. So if you never go beyond the limit you have reached, you will never progress. It is quite evident that people who practise physical culture, for example, if they make progress, it is just because they gradually surpass, go beyond what they could do.

It is all a matter of a certain balancé. And the period of receptivity should be in proportion to the period of expenditure.

But if one just sticks to what one can do at a given moment.... First, it is impossible, for if one does not progress, one falls back. Consequently, one must *always* make a little effort to do a little more than before. Then one is on the upward path. If one is afraid of doing too much, one is sure to come down again and lose one's capacities.

One must always try a little more, a little better than one did the day before or the previous moment. Only, the more one increases one's effort, the more should one increase one's capacity of receptivity and the opportunity for receiving. For instance, from the purely physical point of view, if one wants to develop one's muscles, a progressive effort must be made, that is to say, a greater and greater effort, but at the same time other necessary things must be done: massage, hydrotherapy, etc. to increase at the same time their capacity of reception.

And rest. A rest which is not a sinking in the inconscient (which generally tires you more than it refreshes), but a conscious rest, a concentration in which one opens oneself and absorbs the forces which come, the universal forces.

The limits of the possibilities of the body are so elastic! People who undergo a methodic and scientific training, rational, reasoned out, arrive at absolutely staggering results. They ask from their bodies things which naturally, without training, it would be quite impossible to do. And certainly, they must gradually go beyond what they could do, not only from the point of view of perfection, but also from the point of view of

strength. If they have that fear of doing more than they can, of overdoing things, they will never progress. Only, at the same time one must do what is necessary for recuperating. That is the whole principle of physical culture. And one sees things, which for an ignorant and untrained man are absolutely miraculous, done by bodies which have been methodically trained.

*What should be done to remember the Mother constantly? Should one repeat Her Name? Is gratitude for the Divine a form of remembrance?*

All this is good. And many other things are good. And it depends on what each one can do.

It is a little too personal a question, isn't it?

It depends on each one, it is the same thing. If one generalises, it makes no sense any longer. To remember, you must not forget, that's all!

*Is it possible to have a collective form of discipline which is self-imposed?*

But very often it happens that people form groups and make rules for themselves. That is a discipline which is self-imposed. That is a constant fact. All societies, secret or other, and all groups of initiation have always done things like that: they make rules which they impose upon themselves, and follow very strictly on the whole. And there are even terrible penalties and quite disastrous consequences when after having taken the oath, one wants to come out of the discipline. That is what constantly happens in the world.

One could discuss the efficacy, that would be another thing. But in any case, the question is not "whether one can do it" — it does happen, it is something which has been happening since the most ancient times. Always man has tried to form groups in one way or another and impose laws on these groups.

And if it is a mystic group, they are mystic laws.

*Perhaps they are imposed on those who want to enter the group; then are they self-imposed?*

But one enters the group freely, and consequently accepts them. Generally in those groups the first thing one does is to tell you: "These are the laws, the rules of the group, do you accept them or not?" If you do not accept them, you don't enter; if you accept them, it is you yourself who impose them upon yourself. No force is put on you in a group like that! It is not like being subject to, say, the atavism of the family in which you are born. That is imposed from outside. You are born in a family and are subject to the atavism, the laws of a rigorous family atavism, which is imposed from outside. For, almost universally, the permission of the one brought into the world or his acceptance is never asked: you are brought in by force, an environment

imposed on you by force, the laws of the atavism of the milieu by force, and indeed you make of them what you can—the best you can, let us hope! But when it is a group of friends or a society, unless you have no personal will and are carried away by someone else whom you obey, it is you yourself who decide whether you accept these laws or not.

It is evident that the question becomes a little more subtle when it is a matter of religion, for that is a part of the imposition on the child before it is born. If it is born in a religion, that religion is imposed upon it. Evidently, according to the real rules, there is an age when apparently, after having been instructed in the religion in which you are born, you choose to be in it or not. But very few people have the capacity of individual choice. It is the custom of the family or the milieu in which they live, and they follow it blindly, for it is more comfortable than reacting; one is born in it and it is almost by force that one follows that religion. One must have a very considerable strength of character and independence of character to get out of it, for generally you have to break through with much commotion and that has serious repercussions upon your life.

*(To be continued)*

---

# LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO

## The Subconscient Sleep and Sadhana

*Q: Formerly I could sleep for eight to nine hours, but now hardly for five!*

SRI AUROBINDO: Five hours is too little. Sometimes some tension in the consciousness comes which diminishes sleep, but it should not go too far. 23-1-1934

*Q: What sort of tension is it? Something helpful to the sadhana?*

SRI AUROBINDO: No, it comes because the physical is not able to meet the intensity of the concentration of force without tension. 24-1-1934

*Q: I had a nice sleep this afternoon for about two hours!*

*How can the physical meet the intensity of concentration by tension?*

SRI AUROBINDO: Tension is its way of realising the intensity—it stiffens and strains itself for the purpose. 25-1-1934

*Q: At present my body demands a long sleep—eight hours at night and two in the afternoon! Should it be allowed? Is it not a kind of tamas?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It is a little long, but perhaps the body needs it for a short time so as to recoup some past strain. 1-3-1934

8 hours at night is all right, the additional 2 hours is probably necessitated by the bad sleep you were having before. The body recoups itself in this way. That is why it is a mistake to take too little sleep—the body gets strained and has to recoup itself by abnormal sleep afterwards. 22-5-1934

The body needs rest, if it is given the needed rest, it can be taught to recover quietly—if forced it becomes tamasic. 2-3-1934

*Q: During the state of quietude lots of subconscious impressions, thoughts etc. come up. Sometimes the mind considers them as foreign, sometimes it indulges them. Is there any reason for their rising up particularly when I am in quietness?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It very often happens when there is quietude but not the silence—they have to be rejected as foreign and so cleared out. If they are indulged, they get a new license. 2-3-1934

It is not the impressions but the mechanical subconscious activity that has to cease. The subconscious has (with all the rest of the being) to become luminous and conscious. 23-3-1934

In sleep one easily loses the consciousness of the day, because of the lapse of the physical being into the subconscious. You have to get the power to reestablish it when you wake. 25-4-1934

The absence of sleep does not always have its effect immediately—but it accumulates and the physical subconsciously feels the strain and the full effect appears afterwards. 3-8-1934

One can assimilate in sleep also. Remaining awake like that is not good, as in the end it strains the nerves and the system receives wrongly in an excited away or else gets too tired to receive. 23-7-1934

If the body does not get rest sadhana is not possible. 3-8-1934

*Q: To take some rest is necessary but then it would be for the sake of the Divine that one rests and not for the satisfaction of one's ego.*

SRI AUROBINDO: Also because of the need of the body—because the body must be kept in good condition as an instrument,—for the sake of the Divine. 24-7-1934

*Q: Sometimes the sadhana continues during the sleep with experiences and visions, while sometimes there are only vital and subconscious dreams. In such a case how to make the sleep-state conscious and prolong the sadhana to the night also?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It can only be by degrees that the sleep consciousness will entirely throw off the lower forms (of dreams). 15-9-1934

If the sleep becomes conscious even for a time, the experiences and sadhana itself can go on in the sleep-state and not only in the waking condition. 7-8-1934

*Q: During a recent night I thought there were no dreams. But today I remember to have had on that night a dream about Harin and another about a rose. This proves that dreams were playing on and I was unconscious of their existence!*

SRI AUROBINDO: That happens commonly—there are perhaps only a few minutes of sleep in the night without dreams. 14-9-1934

### Subconscious and Vital Dreams

*Q: What we ordinarily see in our dreams—from where does it come?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It is more often the impressions of the waking state that come up in this (subconscious) type of dreams. 4-1-1934

Observe them (dreams) — if they are of importance or of a dynamic character, the meaning is not so difficult to find. 14-5-1934

I don't think it is necessary to make the effort to remember (dreams), unless you feel that there has been something of special importance. 16-10-1934

*Q: I am told by S that the people we see in our dreams are sometimes parts of our own being, and that the mind gives them the forms of men or women, with whom we are acquainted on the physical plane. Is it true?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It is not parts of our own real "being" that (we see) usually. It is different forces and forms of nature—whether of general nature or of our own

nature, also ideas, impulses etc., the formations of our outer personality, or mind, vital etc. 4-12-1934

These dreams on the vital plane are often very mixed owing to the intrusion of figures and details from the subconscious. 12-4-1934

These are dreams on the vital plane or excursions into the vital world of which the happenings are rendered in terms familiar to the physical mind—e.g. shopkeeper, police etc. though arranged in a different way from the physical. I cannot say they are clear and precise in significance as the mental dreams are. 17-8-1934

The dream is a seeing of things that have their truth on the vital plane.

30-8-1934

You do not know that you live on other planes as well as on the physical and that what happens there need not be the same as what happens on the physical. If you meet the Mother on the vital and certain things happen they can have their truth on the vital plane but it does not mean that they happened here in the physical world.

30-10-1934

Things do happen on the vital plane—but they are not *more* important than what happens here because it is here we have to realise and what happens on the vital is only a help.

31-8-1934

Subconscious dreams and lower vital dreams are usually incoherent. Higher vital dreams are usually and mental dreams are always coherent. 7-9-1934

It was a sexual formation probably rising from the subconscious vital. Instead of allowing yourself to be disturbed by it, you should dismiss it from your mind altogether. 15-1-1934

*Q: In some of my dreams, circumstances are so arranged that I find myself much behind in my studies and, when the examinations approach, I am unprepared. There are also many other states of failure or despair. All this makes me very depressed during the dreams.*

SRI AUROBINDO: If it is not during the waking hours, it has no importance.

*Q: Does not this dream-depression throw its influence on the waking condition?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It need not. Why should a dream depress?

Do not attach so much importance to dreams—especially those of the vital plane.

15-1-1934

It is the subconscious that sent up impressions put incoherently together.

16-1-1934

*Q: In our dreams, why sometimes do the figures take the form of a particular woman?*

SRI AUROBINDO: They take often the form of one who has some power of vital attraction in her so as to support their effort. 3-9-1934

*Q: A dream: The time was hushed with twilight. I was entering the Ashram when*

*I saw that the Mother had already come down. When she saw me, such a gracious and blissful smile escaped her lovely lips! There were many sadhaks about her.*

*Then she began to conduct music, with a small and beautiful stick. There were three girls around her; one of them was playing on a harmonium and the other two on tamburas. While directing the music the Mother was also singing, but mostly in a trance.*

*Am I right in taking those three girls as the Mother's presiding Shaktis?*

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes.

*Q: Was it a mere dream or a real experience within?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It was an experience on the vital plane.

*Q: What does such a spiritual music signify?*

SRI AUROBINDO: There is such music on the supraphysical planes.

... You entered some part of the higher vital world and had the experience.

10-9-1934

*Q: I don't understand why I am still rolling on in ordinary vital and subconscious dreams. Why does the all-day thought of the Mother fail to continue in sleep also? At least one side of my being could be made to remain always in touch with the Mother.*

SRI AUROBINDO: The subconscious is there—so long as it is unenlightened, these dreams are bound to come.

27-9-1934

It is a kind of vital dream that often comes, but they are very difficult to interpret—often there is no symbolic meaning.

24-9-1934

*Q: What should we try to understand about dreams?*

SRI AUROBINDO: Simply to make precise where you are in the dream state.

15-10-1934

*Q: Making sea-voyages in what is called "Happy Boats" in dreams: what does it signify?*

SRI AUROBINDO: A happy movement of the sadhana without depressions and obstacles.

14-12-1934

*Q: In a dream I saw the dawn of the 15th of August: a great storm arose, something like a cyclone. My mind considered it as a final revolt of the material nature against the higher Powers that were brought down by you on the occasion of your birthday. Very soon all the resistance vanished and instead of the obscurity, created by the storm, I found a bright sunlight! What does this event signify?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It is not an event. It is simply a symbolic dream in the vital indicating a tendency or possibility.

*Q: There was another dream: I felt as if two parts of my being—one turned towards light and the other towards ignorance—came out of the body and had a final fight. After the duel it was not clear who won, but I experienced a sort of release in the consciousness.*

SRI AUROBINDO: It was probably not a dream, but an experience within.

7-8-1934

*Q: I dreamt that a few Christians were jeering at you. Then you made a statement by which the court could fine them.*

SRI AUROBINDO: It is a purely vital dream. Of course one can take the Christians as forces of the vital physical nature, which can be converted. 29-8-1934

*Q: In a dream I saw the Mother walking with some of us. She asked me, "What is this tree?" I replied, "Peace in the vital." Amongst us there were many newcomers. One of them prostrated herself before the Mother. Sobbing she prayed, "O Mother, how wretched I am that I am not able to stay here. I am already married," etc. In the dream itself my mind thought that it was her soul that had expressed itself.*

SRI AUROBINDO: That is more coherent than many of your vital dreams and was probably an actual fact of experience in the vital plane. 19-6-1934

*Q: In last night's dream I saw a monkey. What does a monkey stand for?*

SRI AUROBINDO: The monkey may have been of the Hanuman type. Hanuman is a symbol of Bhakti and devotion.

*Q: During today's dream I saw a flower signifying "Victorious Love". Has it any connection with my sadhana?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It is usually some force that is represented—probably here some vital Power that seeks transformation through love. 13-12-1934

*Q: This was during the noon nap. Directly I found myself making Pranam to the Mother in the Meditation Hall. After touching my head with her palm she put her hand in mine. Then she bestowed upon me some powers. Her love was flowing like water. Was it a dream or an experience?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It was probably an experience on the vital plane. 3-9-1934

From NAGIN DOSHI

## TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO

(Continued from the issue of June, 1972)

*(These talks are from the notebooks of Dr. Nirodbaran who used to record most of the conversations which Sri Aurobindo had with his attendants and a few others after the accident to his right leg in November, 1938. Besides the recorder the attendants were: Dr. Manilal, Dr. Becharlal, Purani, Champaklal, Dr. Satyendra and Mulshankar. As the notes were not seen by Sri Aurobindo, the responsibility for the Master's words rests entirely with Nirodbaran. He does not vouch for absolute accuracy, but he has tried his best to reproduce them faithfully. He has made the same attempt for the speeches of the others.)*

JUNE 16, 1940

P: It was Tagore and not Sailen Ghose who appealed to Roosevelt yesterday. *(laughter)* I don't know how Suvrata could confuse between your name and Tagore's.

SRI AUROBINDO: Perhaps my name also has *bin* as in Rabindranath and the second syllable of Tagore has a similar sound to Ghose. *(laughter)*

N: Dilip says that the Americans won't come into the war; he is quite definite about it.

SRI AUROBINDO: They are hesitating and they may not unless they are frightened of conquest by Hitler.

P: People are now willing to enlist for the Allies but their law doesn't allow them.

N: Can't the law be changed?

SRI AUROBINDO: It can be but the Congress has to do it. It is not sufficiently war-minded perhaps.

N: Dilip says, "If the Americans don't come now, why should they come later to board a sinking ship?"

SRI AUROBINDO: Quite so.

N: I lay a bet that America will come. But the point is, if she comes too late it won't be very effective, specially if France is already overrun.

SRI AUROBINDO: Exactly.

N: He says that the Americans haven't much sympathy for Paris, but have it for London. If London falls then they may come, for after all they belong to the same stock.

SRI AUROBINDO: That is not true. They have more sympathy for Paris than for London. As a matter of fact they don't trust Englishmen.

P: So many Americans visit Paris all round the year!

N: Somebody told Dilip that now that the Germans are pushing southwards

and to the rear of the Maginot Line, the French run the risk of being annihilated.

SRI AUROBINDO: Annihilated? How? They can withdraw towards the south. They still have their fleet.

N: They can go to Africa and fight from there, as they say.

SRI AUROBINDO: If they can defend the Maginot Line and provided they have the supplies and the ammunition, they can stand for a long time.

N: But does it operate both ways?

P: Yes, that is the arrangement.

SRI AUROBINDO: The French made the mistake of not concentrating all their troops against Hitler.

N: Dilip says if America is attacked by Hitler that will be after a long time.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, he will settle first with Asia and Africa.

N: England?

SRI AUROBINDO: Attack on England is not likely unless her navy is first destroyed.

N: England won't give the fight up even if France is conquered.

SRI AUROBINDO: No; so long as she has her fleet, she will carry on.

N: And Russia is there.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, Hitler is the great danger to Russia.

N: Stalin is already taking measures to protect himself in the Baltic.

SRI AUROBINDO (*addressing P*): Yes, what is this pact of non-aggression with Lithuania Russia speaks of? Non-aggression against whom? Sending troops means only landing in Germany.

P: Yes, there was some non-aggression pact. Of course these are all excuses.

SRI AUROBINDO: Stalin wants to fortify his position when Hitler is engaged elsewhere. He is fortifying it in Galicia too.

S: These governments are all a nuisance. Perhaps what Sisir said may come true that we may have to seek refuge in some islets. (*laughter*)

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, if islets are available. (*laughter*). We shall have to if Hitler or Stalin comes in. Stalin will at the very outset liquidate—this is the Russian term—all sannyasins and religious institutions. As for Hitler, he will ask us to accept him as the head; and factories and industries will be run by the Germans. There will be thorough Nazism. Doraiswamy will have a hard time. As for Y, he will be beaten to death. (*laughter*)

P: Astrologers say that after the 20th of this month Hitler's decline will begin.

SRI AUROBINDO: Which astrologers?

P: The Parsi one and somebody else also. Pavitra too knows astrology, but he did not try to see Hitler's horoscope.

SRI AUROBINDO: He is not good at events. He studies the character, and there he has made remarkable readings. About Hitler he has found that he will cause terrible bloodshed and that he runs a great danger to his life.

N: Amery has repeated the old formula about India's internal differences.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, these Labour leaders seem to be useless as regards India. In their own affairs they can exert pressure on the Government. Even the *Manchester Guardian* defends Jinnah. It doesn't know enough of India, it seems.

N: That paper takes sometimes this side and sometimes that side.

SRI AUROBINDO: If the Congress had agreed to the scheme of a few people coming together for discussion then they would have tried for a compromise. The English people are a practical people. They don't understand the principles the Congress stands for. And to agree to whatever the Constituent Assembly decides is out of the question. Stafford Cripps may do that but he is not the Premier.

#### EVENING

SRI AUROBINDO: Fazlul Hoque has come down again on Bose's paper by demanding more security. By the way, this agitation of Bose against the Holwell monument seems to be a pre-arranged affair. The *Forward* says that Fazlul Hoque has already said that it will be removed.

N: Yes, there was an attempt on the part of the Muslims to remove the monument and Bose has taken up that cry to curry favour with them. In the corporation, a European member proposed to withdraw all advertisements from the *Star of India* because of its attack on Sri Krishna, and the Hindu Sabha supported him. But Bose opposed it. His party, himself and other Muslims voted against it.

SRI AUROBINDO (*laughing*): You mean he is also a Muslim? (*laughter*)

N: Going to be!

P: The Germans claim to have taken Verdun which means they have crossed the Maginot Line.

SRI AUROBINDO: The Mother says that the Maginot Line is a farce, because from the point where the Rhine divides France and Germany, there is no proper Maginot, only scattered fortifications. Only in the north from Montmedy the Maginot proper begins. I don't know why they have done that. Have they thought that the Rhine will be a natural barrier? It is absurd. If such is the case they ought to remove their troops from there in time.

(*To be continued*)

NIRODBARAN

# SRI AUROBINDO AT EVENING TALK

SOME NOTES OF MARCH-TO-NOVEMBER, 1926

*(Continued from the issue of June, 1972)*

*(These notes were not taken on the spot. They are recollections of the talks at which their author, V. Chidanandam, was present. Whatever in those talks seized the young aspirant's mind was jotted down the next day. Neither complete continuity nor absolute accuracy could be maintained. But, in reconstructing from memory, the author sought to capture something of the language no less than of the thought-substance. In places, later editing has been found necessary in order to clarify notations which had served merely as signposts.)*

SANJNANA is the ordinary knowledge which comes from the contact of consciousness with the world. Prajnana is when the mind acts on the object in front of it. Ajnana is an imperative consciousness which lays hold of the object and compels it.... Corresponding to these there are higher movements on higher planes of consciousness.

The Fall of man, if it has any meaning, symbolises the original descent of the soul into manifestation. All the rest of the idea—the Sin (even existence is Sin according to a line of Christian thought), the Damnation, the Redemption must be regarded as nonsense. For the descent into evolution was intended by God.

The vital world lays its hold on religion. Religious people mostly worship the the vital devil without knowing it. Behind religion and its dogmas is a kernel of truth. Thus the Ascension in the Roman Catholic Church means the ascent of the earth nature into the Divine. But when fanaticism developed, Roman Catholicism became an instrument of obscurantism and oppression.

The Christian mystics and the Indian monists were content to have some limited experience of God. The latter tried to merge themselves in Brahman; when the body falls, they pass probably into some condition of blissful sleep from which they have to wake up one day,—it is not true Moksha.... Shankara had too many obstacles to even get into this state; for instance, his argumenative nature. The only one who had a chance was Jada Bharata! What we want is not some such experience, but some principle which dynamically changes our nature, not the experience of Brahman only or else of Shakti only but an integral realisation of the truth. The realisation, the reception depends on the Adhar, the instrument, and most human Adhars are deficient. The idea of increasing the capacity of the Adhar does not seem to have prevailed anywhere.

Phenomena like horripilation (goose-flesh) are the signs of the Bhakta's trance; even the joints of the bones get disjoined and the hands become loose and longer, it seems. Chaitanya had such an experience. It is said he even got four hands (it was taken as a sign of the partial Avatar). Once he got into Daivi Bhava or Maha Bhava, kicked an idol and sat in its place like a God having full control for some time. In his case his dancing does not indicate lack of Dhāraṇa Sāmarthya. For he even manifested the Avatar. Once unable to contain the Delight he jumped into the sea; it indicates the extraordinary intensity of the force that came down.

Suggestions of all kinds, *e.g.* demand for sacrifice of the body, come to Bhaktas in their emotionalism. Some Bhaktas do not organise their beings.

The story of Savitri and Satyavan is symbolic. Satyavan represents the soul, and Savitri the power of the Sun of Knowledge, and Death represents Ignorance.

*Vers Libre*—Free Verse—is all freedom and no verse. With some masters, even when there is no metre there is rhythm or there is a principle of prosody in essence.

The power of the mantra depends on or works under certain conditions. The Guru must be capable, the disciple not only open, but prepared and fit and then the right mantra must be used in every case; *e.g.* psychic, vital, etc.

That which is awake when we sleep is not the mental consciousness, for the thinking in dreams is incoherent; it could be mental-vital.

*Q: Do you see the hand of God in our calamity—the house and everything reduced to ashes in a fire?*

Nothing comes except from the hand of God, but the channels are different. It may be that there are certain forces which take pleasure in afflicting men: for example, the Spirit of Fire; or hostile forces may have been at work at the time and you were only the victims in passing.

*Q: Ramakrishna says: "Spirituality can be given by one to another, just as a flower can be given." What does he mean?*

I don't exactly know what he means.

*Q: Does it not depend on the state of the disciple?*

Of course, it does.

*Q: Is it anything to the detriment of the disciple's individuality if he utilises the force of the Guru?*

What is spirituality? If it is the force of truth, the question does not arise, for here there is no individuality in the sense of the ego; the force is not somebody's, neither the Guru's nor the disciple's, it is God's, it is universal nature working

through somebody—here the Guru.

Only when there is openness and transcendence of ego can the force descend. If the disciple feels that, because the force is not his, there is something unreal, it is only the suggestion of the ego which says, "This is mine, this is not mine." True individuality feels itself to be a channel of the Shakti.

Dharmaraja Yudhisthira's well-known lie as recorded in the Mahabharata was uttered in war for the sake of Dharma—an external lie which does not create any falsehood in the psychic atmosphere.

I have no conscience in the ordinary sense of the word. Normally what is called conscience or the Categorical Imperative belongs to the vital being. As it develops, conscience becomes something formed by reason, heredity, public opinion. As we rise higher, we see behind it a certain subtle, fine and delicate feeling which takes joy in Right and is depressed when a wrong is done. The psychic being gets a twinge and the moral conscience revolts at a wrong.

There is a moral law, a moral energy behind the world, in spite of all the conflicting multiplicity and variety of moral ideals just as there is one delight behind all pain and pleasure.

*Q: What do you mean by the moral law and energy of the world ?*

A spiritual law and energy.

Islam has little inspiration of the intellect proper, no real intellectuality. It strengthens the vital being. It is a fighting religion. Mahomed himself was the founder of a kingdom, who gave individuality to a race. Christ was not like that. The Mahomedan religion may suit the temperament of certain peoples; for example, those in North Africa. The system of rewards and punishments, which is in both Mahomedanism and Christianity, also appeals to the vital being.

Although purity of race is a good thing it must not be carried too far as in India. But before Hindus intermarry with non-Hindus, they must intermarry among their own various groups. Things may not be all right in the beginning, but latter there will be fresh vitality.

The ideal of humanitarianism and universal love, as commonly envisaged, is a mental ideal. It may run to strange extremes. Embracing the scavenger in order to practise it is an absurd form of it.

*(To be continued)*

V. CHIDANANDAM

# THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE FUTURE

## A SEARCH APROPOS OF R. C. ZAEHNER'S STUDY IN SRI AUROBINDO AND TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

(Continued from the issue of June, 1972)

3 (Continued)

### THE ROLE OF THE CHURCH, CHRISTIAN ORTHODOXY AND TEILHARD'S "NEW RELIGION"

(d)

TEILHARD'S "revolution" led him in 1953 to make one more attempt to formulate in *The Stuff of the Universe* "the fundamentals of what I feel, of what I see and what I live".<sup>1</sup> He introduces the attempt with the words:<sup>2</sup>

"Without for once being concerned to respect any orthodoxy (whether scientific or religious) in the way I express myself—though at the same time in the consciousness that I am simply acting out of loyalty, carried to its extreme limit, to my twofold vocation as a man and as a Christian: this is the astounding panorama that, simply by adjuring our vision to what we can all see, I would like to bring out for you with unmistakable clarity."

Then Teilhard<sup>3</sup> states his credo in general terms:

"For a long time, just like everybody else, I came close to being bogged down in the antiquated habit of looking on man, in nature, either as an inexplicable and ephemeral anomaly—or as the product of a physico-chemical evolution strictly confined to our planet—or, again, as the result of some miraculous extra-cosmic intervention.

"Now, on the other hand, that my eyes have been opened, I have come to understand that in the totality of itself, and at every point within itself, the *Weltstoff* tended to reflect upon itself—now, in other words, that I can no longer regard the terrestrial human except as the natural and local, and for the moment the most advanced, product of a trend that embraces the totality of matter, and time, and space: now that that is so, I can say that I have found my bearings, and I can now breathe freely, in the feeling, vindicated at last, of forming but one with all the rest."

Then we have a startling formulation of the insight that the universe is "spirit" in a progressive flux of material organisation: "the 'spirit' of the philosophers and theologians was seen by me as a direct extension of universal physico-chemism." Next, he adds to "the discovery of this prime relationship" "a further apparent fact: that, on earth, in mankind, the cosmic process of psychogenesis (contrary to what one is told) is far from being halted at this moment: we can only say that it is accelerated."<sup>4</sup> To Teilhard, "twentieth-century mankind...presents itself quite clearly to our ex-

<sup>1</sup> *Activation of Energy* (Collins, London, 1970), p. 375.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 376.   <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 378.   <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 378-79.

perience as a system in the full vigour of *co-reflection*, which is exactly the same as saying of *ultra-hominization*.<sup>1</sup> “And this irresistible biological folding-back (planetary in its scope and urgency) suggests to our minds the wild idea and the wild hope that perhaps there really does exist an ultimate centre of reflection (and hence of beatifying consummation) ahead of us, at the upper term of evolution.”<sup>2</sup>

Here Teilhard speaks of “the great event of my life”—“the gradual identification in my spiritual heaven of two suns: one of these stars was the cosmic peak postulated by a generalized evolution of the convergent type; and the other was constituted by the risen Christ of the Christian faith.” He continues with an emphasis on “the astonishing energetic properties of the *divine Milieu* which is generated in the utmost depths of human consciousness by this truly ‘implosive’ meeting between a rising flood of co-reflection and a second, descending, flood of revelation.”<sup>3</sup>

What the meeting stands for receives from Teilhard its closing description thus: “The final and complete reflection of the universe upon itself in a meeting between the above of heaven and the ahead of earth—in other words, proceeding from the same movement, a God who makes himself cosmic and an evolution which makes itself person.”<sup>4</sup>

Where in St. Irenaeus can we ever find that “same movement” visualised by a fusion of evolutionist modernism and a re-thought Christology? And, if the Church is simply St. Irenaeus clothed in a twentieth-century nomenclature, there is certainly no genuine Teilhardisation of the Church. Teilhard the Roman Catholic still remains “un-Churchified”—novel, non-orthodox.

We may even take leave to doubt whether the fusion which we have spoken of is the only fundamental difference between Teilhard and St. Irenaeus and his fellow-Fathers. Both Teilhard and admirers of him like de Lubac often put his thought along with those theologians of Alexandria in general. But Speaight<sup>5</sup> records weighty notes of dissent:

“Teilhard had against him some very considerable theologians, and in Gilson the most erudite historian of philosophy. Not an historian in the dry, academic sense, but a mind which had counted for a great deal in the renaissance of Catholic thought; deeply versed in scholasticism, but well able to look beyond it. For Gilson as for St. Augustine whom he quoted in support—*Nobis ad certam regulam loqui fas est*—theology was ‘the most exact of sciences’, and Kant had admired the scholastic method. Gilson criticized Teilhard’s transposition of the Christ of the Trinity into the Christ of the cosmos and his generalization of Christ the Redeemer into a motor of evolution. The Alexandrian Fathers to whom Teilhard appealed had assimilated the Logos to the Redeemer—not, as Teilhard claimed, the other way about; just as it had been the error of the Gnostics to ‘cosmify’ the Redeemer at the same time as they ‘christified’ the universe. For St. Irenaeus ‘the true gnosis’ was ‘the teaching of the twelve apostles’. Gilson maintained that the historical Christ was not ‘the concrete germ of

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 380. <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 381. <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> *Teilhard de Chardin: A Biography* (Collins, London, 2nd Impression, 1968), p. 326.

Christ Omega'...."

According to Speight,<sup>1</sup> Gilson questions Teilhard's science as well and sets no value on his exposition either scientific or religious: "Moreover, the cosmic Christ was a Christ in whom no scientist believed. There was 'too much para-science in Teilhard for too little true Christian wisdom', and as for his style—'what a fall is there when one deserts the naked rigour of the old masters for the gelatinous prose of our contemporaries'."

We are afraid Gilson is too much caught in the traditional religious mode of thinking, the "naked rigour" of the champion logic-choppers, to appreciate what we may term the intuitively guided argument of insight, a kind of leaping logic which is not just poetic in the pejorative sense but is secretly behind even the fundamental movements of scientific theory no less than behind the basic turns of religion rationalising itself. But, of course, it is true that science in its common outlook has not yet come to believe in anything like the cosmic Christ. Teilhard is well aware of this fact and that is why he calls his science "hyper-physics" or "generalised physics". Leave aside Christ Omega, Omega itself without Christ colouring it has no acknowledged place in the scientific world-view. Even Julian Huxley<sup>2</sup>, whose evolutionary thinking runs on lines similar to Teilhard's on many large issues, says that Teilhard's vision of Omega is far from clear to him and that Teilhard "appears not to be guarding himself sufficiently against the dangers of personifying the non-personal elements of reality". Like most scientists Huxley<sup>3</sup> could hardly "follow him in his gallant attempt to reconcile the supernatural elements in Christianity with the facts and implications of evolution". But he<sup>4</sup> added: "this in no way detracts from the positive value of his naturalistic general approach." And Huxley<sup>5</sup>, apropos of his own phrase that in modern scientific man evolution is at last becoming conscious of itself, writes of Teilhard: "His formulation...is more profound and seminal: it implies that we should consider inter-thinking humanity as a new type of organism, whose destiny it is to realize new possibilities for evolving life on this planet." Further, the religion Teilhard tries to draw out of science has a basic relationship with the greatest experience Huxley has known independently of science and stated in his autobiography.<sup>6</sup> It happened during a dance at Shackelford: "Wandering out into the fragrant night air, the sky crowded with stars, I had a strange cosmic vision—as if I could see right down into the centre of the earth, and embrace the whole of its contents and its animal and plant inhabitants. For a moment I became, in some transcendental way, the whole universe." Here Huxley is a true pantheist—and one may dare say that his experience is not unassimilable to his own scientific sense of the evolutionary process coming to self-awareness in men like himself and pointing to a new collective "psycho-social" development.

Gilson, we feel, tends to exaggerate Teilhard's "para-science". But he hits the bull's-eye when, referring to traditional Christianity, he avers that Teilhard had

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid*    <sup>2</sup> Introduction to *The Phenomenon of Man* (1960), p. 19.    <sup>3</sup> *Ibid*  
<sup>4</sup> *Ibid*, p. 20.    <sup>5</sup> *Ibid*, p. 20.    <sup>6</sup> *Memories* (George Allen & Unwin, London).

“too little true Christian wisdom”. Teilhard’s “meta-Christianity” is an undeniable fact. Nor can we be content, like Gilson, with his sincerity and piety while ignoring his thought-structure merely because it misinterprets Alexandrian or other doctrines and employs a different type of expository language from that of the master-scholastics. Like Rabut, de Lubac and Mooney we have more respect for his religious philosophy than has Gilson to whom Vernon Sproxton<sup>1</sup> attributes the catty remark: “I see what he believes; but what does he know?”. However, we part company with whoever equates him in essence with the Church. He stands out, when most Teilhardian, as novel and non-orthodox.

The sure sign of his novelty and non-orthodoxy is his various lapses into “heretical” utterance despite all his care for what de Lubac has called “the perennial Christian ideal”. What we mean is best illustrated by a series of questions raised by de Lubac<sup>2</sup>: “He tried to show in our Lord Jesus Christ ‘the synthesis of the created Universe and its Creator’;<sup>3</sup> did he not sometimes seem to establish this synthesis at a too accessible level and thus, in spite of the qualifications and corrections we have noted. and against his own unmistakable intention, to some degree naturalize Christ? In some over-hasty expositions, did he not appear, as though *a priori*, to fuse together Cosmogogenesis and Christogenesis? Again, he sought to bring out the wonder of the universal ‘diaphany’ of him who, in the first place had effected, at one particular point in time and space, his ‘epiphany’; though unambiguously affirming the causal link, did he not sometimes seem in practice to overlook it, and so seem to drown the unique datum of faith in the ocean of a natural mysticism?”

Apropos of the last lapse, de Lubac<sup>4</sup> adds in a note: “That such an appearance is deceptive, we have as warrant, among others, the explanations he gave to his friend Père Auguste Valensin, who had mentioned to him the doubt referred to”. Giving explanations is very well; but where we encounter repeated need to explain we may assume an ineradicable element of novelty and non-orthodoxy calling to be fused with the devotional and credal Christian element yet failing to be fused because of some radical disparity between the ultimate metaphysical bases of the two. Neither element can be denied its place in Teilhardism. As a Jesuit, Teilhard desired the former to be integrated into the latter, but he could not help again and again going beyond the terms by which it could be first subordinated and then combined. It kept on functioning in its own right and pointed to an exceeding of basic Roman Catholicism by a Christianity set on a fresh start. Admittedly, Teilhard could not coherently work out in full his hyper-Catholicism; but the essential newness of it insists on shining out on occasion and takes on its most self-aware avatar in the letters from China to Léontine Zanta.

(To be continued)

K. D. SETHNA

<sup>1</sup> *Teilhard de Chardin* (SCM Press, London, 1971), p. 73.

<sup>2</sup> *The Religion of Teilhard de Chardin* (Collins London, 1968), pp. 202-203.

<sup>3</sup> ‘Mon Univers’ (1918) <sup>4</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 354, note 31.

# THE FINAL ANTINOMY AND THE TWO TRUTHS

## A TALK GIVEN AT MATAGIRI, N.Y., U.S.A.

THE characteristic feature of Sri Aurobindo's philosophy is its integrality. In his conception of the logic of the Infinite he has offered a reconciliation of the different systems of Vedanta, and shown that the Infinite or the Supreme is many-sided and we must not apply to it a logic, a conceptual framework which is valid only when we think about the finite world. When we turn our gaze from the finite to the Infinite, we must not carry with it the logical scheme which is valid in the world of science.

The logic of the Infinite is not my present topic, but what I have to say today links onto it as an extension of it. I want to talk about what Sri Aurobindo calls "the final antinomy", which raises the problem of reconciliation and harmony at a different level. Let me put it this way: the various reconciliations which Sri Aurobindo offers of the different conceptions of the Truth are all reconciliations in the realm of the Transcendent or the Eternal. Further, they are reconciliations which are offered concerning the relation of the individual to the Eternal, the varying modes of spiritual realisation, since insofar as the individual enters into a true relationship with the Eternal, the relationship is also transcendent. (I am distinguishing the word "transcendent" from the word "phenomenal".)

Our present existence, which is imperfect, full of conflict, ignorance and obscurity, in which there is struggle and suffering, things passing away, creating sorrow, this may be called "phenomenal existence". The transcendent existence is one of peace and joy and fulfilment. The logic of the Infinite has been understood as bringing about a total reconciliation in the realm of the Transcendent.

But there is another opposition which is on a different level. And that is the opposition between the phenomenal and the Transcendent, which Sri Aurobindo calls "that final antinomy, through which the mind of man looks up to the Absolute".

This opposition or antinomy between the phenomenal and the Transcendent raises a difficult problem and is resolved in Sri Aurobindo's philosophy and, as far as I know, only in his philosophy, though in other spiritual traditions there have been vague hints of the possibility of reconciling this ultimate conflict. In a sense we may say that this reconciliation is effected by the application of the same principle, namely, the logic of the Infinite. But the application is significantly different and it is not the same kind of reasoning that is applicable here as in the case of the reconciliation of the so-called conflicting poises of the Infinite. This is the opposition between the truths, the values, the beauty of embodied existence in society, life under circumstances of finitude, and our supernatural destiny in which everything is the same forever, because there is fulfilment, where, because of an inner union with the Divine, Time ceases to have significance. So here we have an opposition between a truth

which is Timeless and a truth which is unfolding itself in Time. And the tendency of all spiritual philosophies is to say that there is only one Truth, the Truth which is eternal, and there is no Truth as such which is unfolding itself in Time. There is only the Play of the Divine as the manifested universe but there is no kind of fulfillment which can be expected in terms of our phenomenal or embodied existence. So the usual way of resolving this conflict is to deny that there are two truths. There is only the eternal Truth and the rest is either considered to be a playful manifestation without purpose, or dismissed as illusion.

Now this would be to take the easy way out of the difficulty by merely shutting our eyes to something which is of value and importance, and if we simply say that there is just one Truth, then it would mean that all this which is other than that one Truth is an unintelligible process. It seems to have no rationale, no *raison d'être* that man comes to this transient and sorrowful world, goes through a series of births and deaths, and is again pulled up into the Eternal. There seems to be no significance in this circular process. If, however, we recognize that this manifested aspect of existence has an inherent value, then we cannot take the easy way-out of saying there is only one Truth, and that is all, and that our object is to reach that Truth and forget the rest. But now if we say that there are two truths, that will only be the beginning of our philosophical problem or puzzle. The second truth, the truth in manifested existence, appears directly to contradict the first truth, the Truth which is eternal. It is not sufficient to say that there are two truths or two expressions of the one Truth, one eternal and the other unrolling itself in Time, like a cinema film, the whole of which is there in the spool and is unrolled on the screen, with the further understanding that in the case of the Infinite these two things are simultaneous. It is not just like that, because we find that in the truth that is unfolding in time there are elements and features which seem to be in direct contradiction with the eternal Truth.

I shall now bring out some of the contradictions, and when these contradictions are presented we cannot just say that there are two things or two expressions of one and the same thing. Take, for example, the problem of evil. That there is evil in the world cannot be denied. It can only be denied by shutting our eyes to it or by the help of some metaphysical theory which says evil is an illusion, unreal; but you don't deny evil when you are suffering the torments of physical or mental pain. When you're undergoing tortures, when you meet with experiences which are shattering, you don't say that evil is an illusion. So there is evil, there is cruelty and these are facts which we cannot deny. At the same time, if we say that this whole world is a manifestation of the Supreme and the Supreme in its essential nature is love, goodness, then the manifestation of a Being whose essence is love and goodness cannot give rise to evil. So we are here forced to say that there is evil and also when we look at it from the point of view of the Ultimate Being, we must say there is no evil.

There is another contradiction which breaks out, that concerning Time and free will. If we believe that our wills are free, that we can mould the future, that we are responsible for our actions, then we have to hold that the future is open, open in the

sense that we can make it in accordance with our will and effort and desire, by surmounting obstacles. Nothing is predetermined. On the other hand, if we try to look at things from the absolute point of view, we would have to say that since the Supreme Being is perfect, contains everything within itself, Time, the whole of Time, is included in the vision of the Supreme. And the Supreme cannot be in Time; all Time is in him or it, which means that past, present and future are in one sense all at once realised. There is no succession. And this means there is no future *as such*.

Or we may put it in a way to bring out the contradiction between the phenomenal and the Transcendent. From the phenomenal point of view the future is open. Even if you look at it from the point of view of our individual existence as moral and spiritual agents, we have to postulate that our future is open, we can make it, we are responsible for making it. But from the transcendent point of view the future is closed. There are no possibilities that are to be worked out or realized; everything is realized.

We have seen two contradictions between the phenomenal point of view and the transcendent point of view. There is suffering, there is evil, there is no evil, the future is open, the future is closed. Now I mention a third conflict or contradiction which is brought out in Sri Aurobindo's vision concerning the future evolution of man and his statement that the Divine has to be brought into the world from a higher plane, He has to descend here. When this was communicated to Ramana Maharishi, he remonstrated, "From where is the Divine to descend into the world? The Divine is already here." In a letter (*On Yoga* 11, Tome One, Revised and Enlarged University Centre Collection Edition, 1969, page 102) Sri Aurobindo comments: "Perhaps the Divine may be here, but if he has covered here his Light with darkness of Ignorance and his Ananda with suffering, that, I should think, makes a big difference to the plane and, even if one enters into that sealed Light etc., it makes a difference to the consciousness but very little to the Energy at work in this plane which remains of a dark or mixed character." This means that the third contradiction here is that the world is perfect from the absolute point of view and from the phenomenal point of view it has to be made perfect. Something has to be done and yet all is done, nothing needs to be done.

I remember in the thirties when I was a college student I had gone to Dacca to attend a philosophy congress and there I met Anandamayi. She is a great woman sage, in her seventies now, and with me was a professor of Psychology from one of the colleges in Bombay who asked her a lot of questions. One of them was: "If we do this, that and the other, then will the world become perfect?" Anandamayi smiled and said, "It is perfect already." Now if we want to avoid jumping to extremes, we will not say Anandamayi's answer was wrong. That is the truth, the world is perfect already. On the other hand, if we wish to avoid jumping to the other extreme, we will not say that Sri Aurobindo's vision, that the world is not perfect but it is has to be made perfect, is wrong. So here we have another contradiction: the world has to be changed, but the world does not have to be changed because it is full of the Divine.

I have tried to spell out the content of this notion which Sri Aurobindo refers to as "that final antinomy". This antinomy presents a contradiction not in our conceptions of the Infinite, not in man's ultimate relationship to the Infinite, but in the two orders of being, the transcendent and the manifested, the eternal order and the order unfolding itself in Time, the evolutionary order. This opposition requires to be overcome at the level of rational thought—Sri Aurobindo never rejects rationality, never says, "This is a mystery so don't ask these questions." Rationality has its place: that's why he talks of "the logic of the Infinite" and not "the magic of the Infinite". So we have to ask: how is this final conflict to be overcome?

Now here what I have to say is not directly from Sri Aurobindo; though it won't be inconsistent with what he has said. I shall suggest a solution to this problem of how to reconcile the conflicting truths, one belonging to the eternal order and the other to the temporal order. There is evil, there is no evil; the future is open, the future is closed; the world is perfect, but the world has to be made perfect. This is a dualism of a unique kind; it is a different order of dualism, not a dualism of aspects within the One, not even a dualism between the One and something else, but a dualism within the One which appears as a dualism between the One and something else. It is a dualism within the One which, nevertheless, indicates a relation of which the One is only one term.

Now it is a truth of spiritual philosophy which is committed to the concept of the Infinite, the perfect Being, that no dualism can be ultimate, for dualism implies that there is something outside the Infinite, outside God, for which God is not responsible, and that would naturally limit the being, the perfection of God. Now how is this dualism to be overcome, the dualism of the two truths which give rise to a contradiction? The truth as it unfolds itself in Time asserts the reality of evil, the reality of Time, and the reality of imperfection. The Truth in the eternal order denies the reality of evil, the reality of Time, and the need for any process of perfecting, since all is perfect.

Let me begin the attempt to resolve this dualism by giving an example of how a dualism of this type can be resolved without too much mystery. You know that we make a distinction between the secular and the sacred. And the sacred is something that can be pushed into the background, forgotten and even denied, and the whole of life can become secular.

The distinction between the secular and the sacred is very clear. For most people their consciousness can be described as belonging to the secular level. But there arises within us an urge towards something that goes beyond the secular stage; there is an incipient sense of something that is holy, transcendent, sacred. And we try to reach out to that which is sacred and holy, try to grasp it, try to become one with it, achieve kinship with it, which means that in that process we sanctify ourselves. We ourselves become holy and sacred. Now once we have reached and entered into the precincts of the sacred, then when we look back, a very surprising thing happens. When we look back, when we look out upon the world, we find that there is nothing that is

secular; everything has been sanctified, all things are sacred.

Now let us consider the relation of these two, the secular and the sacred. If you are in the secular point of view, in the normal consciousness, and have just an inkling of what is sacred, then you set up a relationship between the two. You are going from the secular to the sacred. So here there are two things and there is a relationship between the lower and the higher. But once you have reached the realm of the sacred and look back, you find that there is nothing but the sacred. In which case there is no relation returning from the sacred to the secular; it's a relation going one way, but not a relation that returns. Usually, in fact always, except in this one instance, all our relations are necessarily bilateral. If A is related to B, then B is related to A by the converse relation, *e. g.* A is the father of B and B is the child of A. But in this one unique case where we try to bring together the secular and the sacred or the phenomenal and the transcendent, the relation is not bilateral; it is unilateral. We realise that there are two things but only from one point of view. From the other point of view there are not two things; there is only one thing. This example will, I think, provide the key for the solution of the dualism of the two truths which I mentioned and the contradictions that these two orders of truth generate. There is evil, there is no evil; both these are true. But now there is a relationship. How do we relate "There is evil" with "There is no evil"? The relationship goes from the phenomenal to the Absolute and we say that there is something beyond this transient and sorrowful world, which can heal all conflicts and resolve all problems. We set up a relation between the phenomenal and something which is the source of the phenomenal in which all things are resolved. But if there is a mere relationship of the ordinary kind, it should run both ways, and the problem would remain. This transient and sorrowful world points to something that is harmonious and peaceful. But if you reach the realm of the harmonious and peaceful, the transient and sorrowful world would remain. And so you have not really solved the contradiction. If, however, we understand the concept of unilateral relation, then the contradiction vanishes. For when you pass from the world of evil, the world of Time with open possibilities and the imperfect world to the Transcendent and then look back, there is nothing but the Transcendent everywhere. There is, however, one important difference between two of these contradictions, the first and the third. There is evil; there is no evil. This is one type of contradiction. Leave out the second for the moment, namely, the future is open and the future is closed, because that is closely tied with the third: the world is imperfect; the world is perfect. Now this latter contradiction has another dimension to it, namely, the world is to be made perfect. So here we have three things: the world is imperfect; the world is to be made perfect; and the world is already perfect. If we pass from the phenomenal point of view to the Transcendent, then one attains the kind of realization of which Ramana Maharishi speaks: the Divine is already here, all is Divine; there is nothing to be done. But if we are not to embrace a one-sided truth, then even from the absolute point of view we have to see that there is imperfection in the world which has to be removed.

But this would mean that somehow the contradiction remains. When we reach the absolute point of view we say that all this is Divine, and yet in Sri Aurobindo's vision we look back on the world and we say there is imperfection here which has to be removed. So does the contradiction persist? Now here we have to take another step, and that is this: Obscurity, conflict, and ignorance are present in the world and these have to be removed by a process of further evolution and the transformation of human nature. The imperfection along with the process of transformation must be regarded as a temporal expression of a Divine perfection.

I must make this point a little clearer. I suggested that the first step in resolving this contradiction is to see that the dualism presents a relationship which is unilateral. A relation arises if you are speaking from one point of view but when you reach the other point of view the dualism is overcome. But I have also said that when you reach the absolute point of view and have this realization that everything is perfect, that still does not resolve the final antinomy. The final antinomy remains, because from the absolute point of view, the point of view of inner illumination, one looks out on the world and sees, in the words of Sri Krishna, that it is a "transient and sorrowful world," by no means the expression or true manifestation of Divinity. But what actually does one see from the transcendent point of view? One sees two facets of a complex process. One, there is a process or state of affairs which is imperfect, obscure, full of ignorance, conflict, suffering—that we may call "the ill" of the world. There is the other process, which is a process of removing the ill of the world, the cure, the remedy. Now from the transcendent point of view these two processes must not be characterized as an ill or a sickness and a process of cure or a remedy. They must both be looked on as forming in their totality a *dynamic* expression of the Divine perfection.

Let us fix on this concept: there is obscurity and inertia, and the removal of obscurity and inertia. Or, to put it differently, the evolutionary process up to this point rests on the basis of Inconscience, with all that Inconscience implies, the drag of inertia. In the words of the Vedic sages, the beginning of this process of evolution is "darkness covered by darkness" and when things originate from darkness, even though there is a light concealed behind it, the products of this darkness will be dark; they will not be luminous creations. So here there is a distinction between an obscure expression or process and a counterprocess which consists in removing the darkness at the base of the evolutionary process, the drag of inertia and the transformation of the whole process into a Divine manifestation.

Now suppose we take these two processes, first the process of obscurity and then the process of transformation. I'm suggesting that both these processes can be regarded as expressions of a process that is perfect. It is an aspect of Divine perfection which is temporal. There are two Divine perfections, which do not create any conflict or dualism because they are both Divine and perfect. There is the eternal Divine perfection and there is the temporal Divine perfection. Sri Aurobindo speaks of two kinds of eternity: a timeless eternity and a time eternity. This distinction corresponds to

the distinction I have made between an eternal perfection and the perfection which is a process. So if we look at it this way, then the solution which I have offered still stands. Imperfection as such is like evil. We have to recognize it, it's a fact. But it is a truth of our phenomenal existence, not simply the truth of the temporal order, but of phenomenal existence within the temporal order and this truth is contrasted with the truth of the Transcendent. But the dualism of these two truths is overcome when we see that the relation is unilateral. We pass from the lower to the higher, and then from the higher point of view there is only the higher, nothing else. So just as we say there is evil but there is no evil and we reconcile this contradiction by saying that when evil appears as a fact, we conceive of the absolute good, but when we reach the absolute good we see that there is no evil, there is goodness everywhere, similarly we may say there is imperfection and in this stage of imperfection we have Utopias, we conceive of an ideal society, we conceive of the kingdom of heaven on earth, the reign of Truth and so on and so we set up a dualism between the imperfect and the perfect. But if the relation is unilateral, then when we pass from the one to the other we see that everything is perfect. Only, perfection has two aspects: an eternal aspect and a temporal aspect.

The concept of the final antinomy arises in the sense that both these terms of existence, orders of being, have a value, a richness and a significance, and neither is to be sacrificed to the other. But the antinomy in the sense of a conflict arises because the temporal order throws up certain aspects or features which are disvalues, like ignorance, obscurity, inertia, suffering, cruelty and the rest of it, which we can bring under the single concept of imperfection. And so the final antinomy could be stated as a conflict between an order which is imperfect and an order which is perfect. And the way of resolving the conflict would be, as I have suggested in my solution, first of all to see that what we call evil or a disvalue is there only from one point of view not from the higher point of view, because the relation is unilateral. And secondly from the higher point of view both what we call imperfection and the removal of imperfection by the process of transformation of human nature, both these processes are parts of a process which is perfect, and is seen to be perfect from the higher point of view. From the phenomenal point of view the perfection is missed. But from the higher point of view the imperfection is taken up into a total process which is the dynamic expression of the Divine Perfection

To say that the world is perfect already is to withdraw the gaze from the manifestation to the underlying essence. To say that in manifestation there is imperfection is to state a truth from the phenomenal point of view. To *supplement* these one-sided truths with the affirmation that this 'imperfection' and the removal of 'imperfection' are both parts of a Divine Perfection in *Action* is to arrive at the integral truth—the truth which is caught in Sri Aurobindo's philosophy.

J. N. CHUBB

# SRI AUROBINDO: ARCHITECT OF INDIA'S FREEDOM

*(Continued from the issue of June, 1972)*

## III

### The Primary Aim

THROUGHOUT life, from beginning to end, openly visible to the naked eye or hidden deep in secrecy from the human gaze, Sri Aurobindo had only one single aim in all his work. That was to raise this struggling world of men to a level where life would not be the nightmare it normally is. Call it what you will—divinisation of life, spiritualising the race, fixing the Supramental principle in earth-nature—the name does not matter. All his efforts were directed towards this single objective. The meaning of his political work cannot be understood unless we keep this central fact always in view; if we do, everything that he did in the Swadeshi days and before and after, apparently for the sake of his motherland but really for the future of the human race, falls in its place and acquires a significance that may not have been so clear to his co-workers and contemporaries but of which history must take full note.

Is this empty rhetoric? Then listen to what he himself has said, not in his Pondicherry days, but long before the terms divinisation and supramental principle came to be common parlance even among his disciples.

“What Christianity failed to do, what Mahomedanism strove to accomplish for a brief period and among a limited number of men, Hinduism...has to attempt for all the world. This is the reason of India's resurgence, this is why God has breathed life into her once more, why great souls are at work to bring about her salvation, why a sudden change is coming over the hearts of her sons. The movement of which the first outbreak was political will end in a spiritual consummation.”<sup>1</sup>

“In the next great stage of human progress it is not a material but a spiritual, moral and psychical advance that has to be made, and for this a free Asia and in Asia a free India must take the lead.”<sup>2</sup>

“The work which we have to do for humanity is work which no other nation can accomplish, the spiritualisation of the race.”<sup>3</sup>

“India is the guru of the nations, the physician of the human soul in its pro-founder maladies; she is destined once more to new-mould the life of the world and restore the peace of the human spirit.”<sup>4</sup>

An objection can at once be raised, and it was frequently enough raised both by

the religionists and the politicians during the Swadeshi period: what has spirituality to do with politics? do they not stand as poles asunder? would not the purity of the spiritual endeavour be sullied by the mud that is always raised by political agitation? Sri Aurobindo took particular care to give a satisfying answer. His first answer was meant for the man of affairs, the "practical" man.

"We must live as a nation before we can live in humanity.... A man must be strong and free in himself before he can live usefully for others, so must a nation."<sup>5</sup>

To those who, under the long spell of the Illusionist concept, were apt to confuse spirituality with inertia, his answer was almost in the tone of a rebuke.

"What nationalism asks is for life first and above all things life, life and still more life is the cry. Let us by every means get rid of the pall of death which stifled us, let us dispel first the passivity, quiescence, the unspeakable oppression of inertia which has so long been our curse; that is the first and imperative need."<sup>6</sup>

"Those who allow others to take possession of their body cannot long remain in possession of their soul.... Those who want initiation in spiritual secrets are first asked to take care of their physical health.... There cannot be a more mischievous delusion than to suppose that we can advance our soul by committing our bodies to the care of the foreigner."<sup>7</sup>

This still leaves open the question of keeping spirituality free from "mud". And here we touch the kernel of the whole matter. If India is to be the guru of the world in politics as in other matters, she must obviously evolve a pattern of politics that is miles apart from the familiar brand. And this was an aim particularly kept in view in the political agitation led by Sri Aurobindo.

Present-day political activity, he admitted in a private talk, is intensely rajasic and to reconcile it with Yoga is not easy. He hastened to add, "in our time, we did not go into politics in the rajasic way. We left everything to the higher Shakti."<sup>8</sup> Elsewhere, he has categorically stated that he took up politics not from any vitalistic motives of ambition or power but simply because he had the Divine Command and It had to be obeyed. Even in his political days, he was never anxious for fame: "I never committed the crime of propaganda in my life."<sup>9</sup> "And I was doing Yoga even during my political activity."<sup>10</sup> One may recall in this connection the motto of the *Karmayogin* boldly printed on its front page: *mamanusmara yuddhya ca*, the Gita's injunction, "remember me and fight." That is the crux of the Karmayoga and that was the spirit underlying Sri Aurobindo's political activity. Perhaps it is something like this to which he referred when he said to some disciples, way back in the twenties, "If in this Yoga the Truth which we want to achieve is attained, and India accepts it then it will give quite a new turn to Indian politics different from that of European

politics"<sup>11</sup> and cleanse the earth of that "disease and falsehood of modern political life.. in every country of the world" to which he makes pointed reference in his denunciation of the State idea.<sup>12</sup>

A spiritualised society, he was to write later, would in its politics "regard the peoples as group-souls, the Divinity concealed and to be self-discovered in its human collectivities."<sup>13</sup> This attempt at self-finding "and no other was the root-meaning of Swadeshism in Bengal".<sup>14</sup>

### Particular Objective

Implied in this basic aim of finding the nation-soul and helping it to its fulfilment in action, were certain definite objectives of which we must have a clear conception if we are to follow the lines of Sri Aurobindo's work.

First and foremost was the need to save India from impending death. India at the turn of the present century had reached a stage where a few more decades of the Pax Britannica would have drugged the nation into a sleep of self-forgetfulness from which it might be difficult for it to be reawakened. Self-disparagement and imitation of the foreigner had become a national habit; fear of the white man was endemic and the unquestioned acceptance of his superiority in practically every sphere with the possible exception of religion had remained the hall-mark of education.

The second immediate objective, really inseparable from the first, was to instil into the hearts of men, the men of education first and next among the common people, a burning desire for political freedom; for without freedom, regeneration was impossible. But the very word "freedom" was anathema; it was another name for sedition; and it was considered by almost all the political pundits as an absurdity, an impossible dream. A slow millennial advance "from precedent to precedent", they had read in the text-books on English constitutional history—and there was hardly any other history taught in the schools—this they asserted was the right way to move, particularly when their British masters told them so. Besides, how were we to keep our freedom once we had it, seeing that the country was so full of discordant elements, castes, creeds, linguistic groups, regional antipathies?

That made a third aim an absolute necessity, the call for a united India. There is no denying the fact that for some time past, indeed "for a long time", wrote Sri Aurobindo in 1909, "the idea of unity, the idea of strong national self-expression were merely sleeping and inoperative ideas held as sounding words rather than possibilities."<sup>15</sup> Why should it have been so? The crushing effect of the British steam-roller should have made the whole of India united in opposition to the foreign rule. But in our case, it had produced an opposite result. For, "If the foreign superiority is acquiesced in, the result is that the mind becomes taken up with the minor differences and instead of getting nearer to unity, disunion is exaggerated. This is precisely what has happened in India under British rule. The sentiment of unity has grown, but in practice we are both socially and politically far more disunited and disorganised than

before the British occupation.”<sup>16</sup>

As a first step to national unity, it was of the utmost importance that we must learn to act together and not merely “talk together” on the Congress platform at Christmas time each year, as had been the custom since the august body came into existence. And in order to enable the Congress to perform its true function, it must be converted into a truly national body and not remain the preserve of a close oligarchy. If it could not be immediately committed to the goal of independence, it must at least be so re-organised as to reflect the changing political views of the country, by not “denying a fair representation to those who hold advanced political views.”<sup>17</sup> It must provide for a broad-based democratic organisation and shut out autocracy from its top leadership. These were elementary conditions for any kind of political advance.

We have spoken of a democratic organisation for the Congress, but that implies a bridging of the gap between the classes and the masses, not indeed at the economic level to start with, for the levelling down of economic inequalities is a long and difficult process, but primarily in the matter of sentiment. Sri Aurobindo clearly saw that the destiny of the national movement was “to gather all the scattered energies in the land and draw them to one head.”<sup>18</sup> The villages and the peasants are the backbone of the national life and they must be made to feel a sense of “belonging” if we are to succeed in our effort. As with the villages and the poorer classes, so with the “backward” regions; they too must be awakened from the torpor of apathy and brought into the mainstream of political life.

If a nation is to live a full life, it cannot confine itself to politics alone. Here comes the immense importance of the ancient Indian ideal of *cāturvarṇya*, the plan of social living which allowed of the full flowering of the character types represented by the Brahmin, Kshatriya, Vaishya and Shudra. “The Brahmin stands for religion, science, scholarship and the higher morality; the Kshatriya for war, politics and administration; the Vaishya for the trades, professions and industries; the Shudra for labour and service. It is only when these four great departments of human activity are all in a robust and flourishing condition that the nation is sound and great.”<sup>19</sup> This, one may hasten to add, is not a plea for the perpetuation of the present system of caste, which has nothing whatever to do with the ancient typical order based on a profound truth of soul types and their corresponding functions. To get back to the ancient Indian typical order of society is neither possible, nor perhaps desirable. But to develop the national life on all the lines represented by the old order remains an imperative necessity.

Bound up with all these particular objectives was the capital need of awakening the race to the sense of mission, a sense of national honour, a religion of country. For “free India is no piece of wood or stone that can be carved into the likeness of a nation, but lived in the hearts of those who desire her and out of these she must be created.”<sup>20</sup> The desire to see her great, the pride in her achievements, the role she has to play in the future progress of the world must be based on sound knowledge. “We have to know ourselves, what we were, are and may be, what we did in the past and what

we are capable of doing in the future, our history and our mission."<sup>21</sup>

And we cannot fulfil our mission unless we become fully aware of the progress the world has made while we were asleep. We can hardly shut our eyes and imagine that we are great, greater perhaps than all the world. That may help us temporarily in recovering our self-respect. But we have "to know the outside world and its relation to us and how to deal with it. That is the problem which we find the most difficult and insistent, but its solution depends on the solution of the others."<sup>22</sup>

### Principles of Method

These then were the problems which Sri Aurobindo set out to solve, the problems of degeneration and impending death, of freedom and unity, of national organisation and self-help, of national honour and international relations. Problems so immense and complicated could not obviously be tackled by any simple formula, such as boycott or passive resistance or revolution. Nor could the means adopted or advocated be easily intelligible to the masses or even to the educated few, without a constant exposition of the underlying principles. Sri Aurobindo himself had occasion to note once, "the Nationalism we advocate is a thing difficult to grasp and follow, needing continual intellectual exposition to keep its hold on the mind, continual inspiration and encouragement to combat the impatience natural to humanity; its methods are comparatively new in politics and can only justify themselves to human conservatism by distinguished and sustained success."<sup>23</sup>

Before we come to a detailed consideration of the various methods he adopted and the seemingly tortuous lines of action followed, it would therefore be well to expound in broad outline the principles underlying them, so that we keep track of the ends in view; the measure of success attained can only be discussed at the end of the story.

The first thing that strikes the eye is the almost complete abandonment of the peculiarly English methods of political agitation to which the elder leaders had committed themselves. If we are to seek precedents in history, we have to turn to the Resorgimento of 19th century Italy, to the American Revolution of the late 18th century, even perhaps to the national movement in medieval France led by Jeanne d'Arc. Conditions in India presented closer parallels to these countries in those particular epochs, and had to be met by similar though not identical methods.

A second point to note is that nothing seems to have been pre-planned in advance; only the will to achieve was there, strong and ever vigilant. For it must not be forgotten that the country was in the throes of a revolution, and revolution knows no law; it comes like an avalanche, without pre-meditation and breaks to pieces man's mental construction. No one ever thought, not the race of rulers with its long experience of politics and government, nor the sanest political thinkers of modern India, that the country could be plunged almost overnight into the turmoil that Swadeshism portended.

And yet it came, because it was God's Will that it should come and India raised once more from the mud. This aspect of the movement was the hardest to grasp and had therefore to be emphasised over and over again with all the power of logic and an insistent appeal to the almost miraculous nature of the change that was coming on the Indian people, the sudden and unexpected turns the events were taking, making the "leaders" follow rather than guide the people and their acts.

This added a religious, almost a spiritual touch to the actual methods adopted. "Today it is a great religious movement disguised for the moment in a political and Western garb...and the weapons which it uses are the weapons of the spirit, the force which makes it formidable is a spiritual force."<sup>24</sup> Spiritually we are everything, materially nothing: this was the burden of Sri Aurobindo's speeches and writings. The Gita suddenly appeared in the hands of the revolutionary, became practically the Scripture of Revolution. This mixing up of religion with politics was something that completely baffled the adversary.

Was Sri Aurobindo a revolutionary? That is at least how his countrymen even now like to figure him. If by revolution is meant a complete and sudden reversal of methods hitherto followed, a bold and dramatic leap forward towards a seemingly impossible goal, then he certainly was one, the arch-revolutionary in all history. If by "revolutionary" is meant one whom it was dangerous to meet or to keep in an open space, that certainly was the impression the ruling race had of him. Aurobindo Ghose was "the most dangerous man in India" in the opinion of Nevinson, the British journalist who saw him, "the man who never laughs". Lord Minto said that he could not rest his head on the pillow until he had crushed Aurobindo Ghose. The legend persisted long after his retirement from active politics.<sup>25</sup>

Sri Aurobindo himself has made no secret of the fact that he had at one stage thought seriously of an armed revolt and a general plan of guerilla war, and that certainly is "revolution". And there is no gainsaying the fact that the terrorists of later days drew their inspiration from the doings of the young men caught in the Alipore Bomb case. And since they were all implicated in the charge of conspiracy along with Sri Aurobindo, it has been often assumed that Sri Aurobindo was their chief instigator. This is a point that we shall examine in more detail when we come to discuss the lines of his work. Here it may suffice to say that all the evidence points to the fact that although Sri Aurobindo never doubted the heroism and self-sacrifice of the terrorist groups, it would be difficult to prove that all their doings had his fullest approval,—not indeed on any grounds of "non-violence", but purely as a matter of expediency.

And this brings us to the crux of his method. In politics as in war, the ends must justify the means, and expediency must be the governing principle. "Resistance may be of many kinds,—armed revolt, or aggressive resistance whether passive or active; the circumstances of the country and the nature of the despotism from which it seeks to escape must determine what form of resistance is best justified and most likely to be effective at the time or finally successful."<sup>26</sup>

Expediency does not imply cowardice or the shirking of duty when the duty may involve suffering or even death. "The new politics is a serious doctrine and not, like the old, a thing of shows and political theatricals; it demands real sufferings from its adherents,—imprisonment, worldly ruin, death itself, before it can allow him to assume the rank of a martyr for his country... We do not want to develop a nation of women who know only how to suffer and not how to strike."<sup>27</sup>

This however does not mean that one should not take adequate measures to protect oneself against the misuse of the law by those in authority. "If the instruments of the executive choose to disperse our meeting by breaking the heads of those present, the right of self-defence entitles us not merely to defend our heads but to retaliate on those of the head-breakers. For the myrmidons of the law have ceased then to be guardians of the peace and become breakers of the peace, rioters and not instruments of authority."<sup>28</sup>

Take another instance. "The law relating to sedition and the law relating to the offence of causing racial enmity are so admirably vague in their terms that there is nothing which can escape from their capacious embrace."<sup>29</sup> Should that then debar a patriot from doing his duty to point out openly the injustices under which his countrymen suffer? If he does that duty without taking adequate care of his language, he will soon find himself in jail. He has therefore every right to protect himself by using language that serves the purpose without being dubbed "seditious" in a court of law. "In my paper, *Bande Mataram*, there was sedition in every line, but the Government could do nothing;"<sup>30</sup> He has not explained how he did it, but we shall have occasion to touch on this point.

Finally, a word as to the instruments that Sri Aurobindo used for his work, and we shall conclude this brief survey of principles.

He chose his instruments with care, but he laid his hands on anyone who he thought might advance the cause. While at Baroda, he spotted Tilak as the coming man and pushed him to the front leadership of the Nationalist party. Nivedita was the other important "find" of the Baroda period, and she remained throughout the Swadeshi movement an able and trusted lieutenant in the organisation of armed revolt. He gathered and inspired a band of able writers for his *Bande Mataram* and *Yugantar* papers, mostly young men hardly out of their teens; and he became a close associate of Bepin Chandra Pal, the veteran writer and political thinker and orator of Bengal. Even the Moderate leader Surendranath Banerji was brought into his circle and secretly supported his "revolutionary" activities. Of the lesser people like Sakharam Ganesh Deuskar who was asked to prepare the ground in the economic field by writing a popular book in Bengali to expose the nature of British exploitation, P. Mitter and Sarala Devi Chaudhurani who took a leading part in organising physical education among the youths of Bengal, Barin Ghose who became the head of the bomb-makers, we need not here speak. But there is one thing remarkable about the choice of instruments: they were almost all, with a few solitary exceptions, young men and women. Youth remained the mainstay of the movement, so that Sri

Aurobindo could write later in a prophetic vein, "the future belongs to the young."<sup>31</sup>

But he himself remained throughout the movement in the background. His name did not appear in the *Bande Mataram*; he never occupied the presidential chair in an important Conference. "It was my policy to remain behind the scenes."<sup>32</sup> But everybody knew who was the moving spirit. And the Adversary quaked in his shoes.

(To be continued)

SANAT K. BANERJI

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- 8 *Mother India*, October 1969, "Sri Aurobindo at Evening Talk".
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- 18 *Ibid.*, 19.3.08. "A New Weapon".
- 19 *Karmayogin*, 19.6.09. "Ourselves".
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- 29 *Ibid.*, "Its Obligations".
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## PASSION PLAY\*

BORN with clipped wings, ordained  
Not to fly high, save for a dream  
Here and now mercifully scattered  
To hold out hope for the longing in the dust,  
Life being what it may for the limited round,  
We lived as best we could  
Amidst Philistines and the like  
Waiting, always waiting ...  
Of pain there was much to be had,  
A symphony of pain. What a scale to play!  
Never loved, never one other who knew  
The fire, beauty, passion  
As I alone to secret altar brought  
My triune offering.  
Compromise? Never. Life is absolute.  
It had to be all,—always it had to be all,  
And no one knew why in the dark  
The fire burnt bright;  
There had to be light, splendour,  
Limitless flight.

All was promised before, now paid for,  
It is justly earned.  
Let me enter at last a vast round of flight,  
It has to be now.  
There is nothing else, nothing more to be had  
At all, at all.  
Yesterday's lived and all the tomorrows  
Can yield no honey I want.  
Dancing images, sham. So pale,—against  
That known right, nothing is alive.  
They died, all the pictures died,  
My actors went to sleep  
And I must keep awake until reality comes.

\* EDITOR'S NOTE: In the June *Mother India*, p. 251, by an inexplicable accident the whole last stanza of this poem got left out. An incomplete copy was included in the material sent for printing. We apologise to the poet for this shutting out of the *grand finale* of her *Passion Play*. To compensate for the mutilation and to give our readers the chance to enjoy the poem as a rounded whole we are reproducing the already published part as well as the part omitted.

Push the gate open,  
By my right it has to part.  
Wedged between fogworn dreams and being,  
Waiting for light...breathing  
Unknown birth bear me,  
Great womb give me life!  
Passion burning, waning...No,  
Back to the flames!  
Lit up, ashes scattered...done.  
I rise again flying,  
Burning rise.

GEORGETTE

# A GREAT PIONEER OF YOGIC POETRY

## AN APPRAISEMENT OF AE'S INSPIRATION

*(The thirty-seventh anniversary of the death of George Russell, known to the literary world as AE, fell on the 17th of this month. During the years since his passing, his reputation has steadily grown. He has come to be regarded as not only the most sanely universal man Great Britain has had after William Morris but also one of the choicest spirits of the age by virtue of his rare mystical experience. A large body of profound beautiful prose on various subjects stands to his credit. It is, however, as a poet of the mystical consciousness that he reached his peak of self-expression and will be most remembered, especially by India with whom he had deep inner affinities. The present occasion is opportune for Mother India to offer its readers an essay in the just evaluation of this great Irishman's poetic achievement.)*

It was in starlight that I heard of AE's death. I do not know if he died also under the stars, but there could have been no better time to hear of his passing. For often he must have shut his eyes in tranced forgetfulness of earth at this deep and passionless hour: he was one of those to whom meditation and self-communion was the truest life, and he has told us how those little gemlike songs of his early days came to him pure and perfect out of the profound hush into which he had plunged his mind. I remember my own joy on first realising what his poetry disclosed—a cool unpretentious flowering grace, yet laden with a glimmer of mystery rooted beyond our earth's transiencies. Tiny they were, his poems, but I felt that their smallness was an illusion produced by the great distance of soul-height from which their inspiration glowed upon us: they were small like the stars—immense worlds that were pin-points because of the farness of their flame.

AE's work is remarkable for the unique spiritual experience by which it is kindled: an experience of many colourful changes resolved by a certain underlying movement of mystical aspiration into a single-shining mood. The colour and change were not valuable to him for their own sake; they derived their intensity, their appeal, from something hidden and invisible, an essence of eternal beauty secretly one behind all its magic myriadness. And the presence of this sacred simplicity AE suggests not only by his words but also by a simple spontaneousness of metre; his rhythms, bare and whisperlike, seem to spring from a chaste unaltering calm. That is at once his merit and his defect. Defect because his technique is prone to be monotonous and his creation to lack vigour and wideness; if he had commanded a more flexible and conscious artistry he could have embodied with a finer verisimilitude many realisations which are now lost by his poems in a sort of enchanted emptiness. Still, at his best the

sense of a primal peace, a white tranquillity dreaming vaguely behind the veil of multi-hued vision and emotion gives his work a Spirit-touch found nowhere else. Blake may have a deep suggestiveness born of the simplest phrases but he has the clairvoyance of a wise child, not the remote, the ultimate, the transcendental gleam. Though Wordsworth catches a vastness as of the Spirit, the philosopher in him preponderates over the mystic. Even Shelley's wizard tunes float in an ether different from AE's. The world of AE is not the rarefied mental with its abstractions and idealities come to life under the stress of a lyrical feeling, but an occult atmosphere of mind out of reach for the normal poet and open only to those who follow a discipline of concentration, a yoga of insight such as the Orient has always prescribed. To a sensitive Celt like AE, in whom the old Druid race with its reveries was still alive, the practice of yogic concentration was bound to be fruitful. No doubt, he also lives in iridescence and not in the full Spirit-sun; but the shimmering haze of Shelley differs from his diffuse illumination in that Shelley sees hazily from an aching distance while AE sees diffusely from very near. And it is the satisfied nearness which imparts to his verse the Spirit-appeal peculiar to it. There is a more intimate more effulgent poetry possible, but this is the first expression in English literature of a close relationship with some sovereign Splendour through a poetic yoga transfiguring both thought and image.

Almost the whole mood of AE's mystical desire is summed up in his *Alter Ego*:

All the morn a spirit gay  
Breathes within my heart a rhyme,  
'Tis but hide and seek we play  
In and out the courts of time.

Fairy lover, when my feet  
Through the tangled woodlands go,  
'Tis thy sunny fingers fleet  
Fleck the fire-dews to and fro.

In the moonlight grows a smile  
Mid its rays of dusty pearl—  
'Tis but hide and seek the while  
As some frolic boy and girl.

When I fade into the deep  
Some mysterious radiance showers  
From the jewel-heart of sleep  
Through the veil of darkened hours.

Where the ring of twilight gleams  
Round the sanctuary wrought,

Whispers haunt me—in my dreams  
We are one yet know it not.

Some for beauty follow long  
Flying traces; some there be  
Seek thee only for a song:  
I to lose myself in thee.

Four psychological motifs are to be observed in these lines. AE seeks the Divine with love's happy instinctive heart; then, he wanders in search of this Divine through a various world of occult brilliances either suffusing earth-vistas or in their native cosmorama opening to the sealed eyes of trance; but the master-passion is not a wanderlust of the mere occult, it is an *amor dei* athirst for an all-absorbing contact. Not for any gift of vision or inspired voice does AE follow the Great Magician—he yearns for the Magician's being of beauty rather than for his many-coloured miracles. The divine display too is a valued experience; yet it is not the goal of desire. As a poet, AE cherishes the wealth of inspiration scattered from the Unknown, but his soul goes inward with hands that hunger to clasp the Supreme and not to beg of Him a boon of music or magnificence. For, the mainspring of the whole psychic process is an intuition that the lover is craving to gain consciously what he already holds somewhere in the buried places of the subliminal. As the penultimate stanza hints, he is at heart one with the Divine; only, he does not remember with an entire certainty this ecstatic fact. An obscure feeling is all that he has; but the feeling is pregnant with fate, and its sleeping seed determines the blossom which shall crown his life.

There is, without question, an earth-self in AE which takes interest in the passing phenomena of time; it is drawn by human faces, but in them also he is ever visionary enough to trace the hidden Beauty. Along the rays shot here in the mutable world he travels home to the centre of light in the inner heaven. Sometimes the inner meanings call so imperiously across the outer symbol and suggestion that he has no sooner loved than lost the mortal and the tangible. In that plunge into the deep, the human starting-point looks well-nigh an illusion:

What is the love of shadowy lips  
That know not what they seek or press,  
From whom the lure for ever slips  
And fails their phantom tenderness?

The mystery and light of eyes  
That near to mine grow dim and cold, •  
They move afar in ancient skies  
Mid flame and mystic darkness rolled.

O beauty, as thy heart o'erflows  
 In tender yielding unto me,  
 A vast desire awakes and grows  
 Unto forgetfulness of thee.

At other moments, there is a balance between the known and the unknown: the truth is seen without the appearance being destroyed—the phenomenon assumes a secondary place but is not robbed of its warmth and its right of response:

I did not deem it half so sweet  
 To feel thy gentle hand,  
 As in a dream thy soul to greet  
 Across wide leagues of land.

Untouched more near to draw to you  
 Where, amid radiant skies,  
 Glimmered thy plume of iris hue,  
 My Bird of Paradise.

Let me dream only with my heart,  
 Love first and after see;  
 Know thy diviner counterpart  
 Before I kneel to thee.

So in thy motions all expressed  
 Thy angel I may view:  
 I shall not on thy beauty rest,  
 But beauty's self in you.

There is also another phase of AE in answer to earthly contacts. It is an idealistic acceptance of the clay's caress; the human is given a reality, a justification to exist in its own nature just because that nature is regarded as an echo of some divine drama enacted on the higher planes. Beauty's self is here visioned as projecting its own glories below rather than absorbing those of the earth and drawing the poet's consciousness beyond:

We liken love to this and that; our thought  
 The echo of a deeper being seems;  
 We kiss because God once for beauty sought  
 Within a world of dreams.

We must not, however, commit the mistake that the echoes of a deeper being are

the flesh and bone of one brief life; these are the outmost vibration, so to speak, of the "mirrored majesties". The true correspondence is between some heavenly game of archetypes in the Eternal and the play of soul with soul down the ages. A believer in reincarnation, AE makes poetic use of the meeting again and again of souls in sympathy with one another; and the earthly love he praises at times is the flame leaping to flame across clouds that change with each rebirth. Perhaps the most attractive turn taken by this inner romance is in *Babylon*:

The blue dusk ran between the streets: my love was winged within my mind,  
 It left today and yesterday and thrice a thousand years behind.  
 Today was past and dead for me, for from today my feet had run  
 Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of ancient Babylon.  
 On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold flung back the rays  
 Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million days.  
 The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle now begins;  
 The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and the sins  
 Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy multitude of towers;  
 Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist in lily flowers;  
 The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens, and I hear  
 Familiar voices and the voice I love is whispering in my ear  
 Oh real as in dream all this; and then a hand on mine is laid;  
 The wave of phantom time withdraws; and the young Babylonian maid,

One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of that tide,  
 Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland by my side.  
 Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken wings,  
 While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal things.

In this poem we are struck with a richness and a variety of movement which are not so frequent in AE of the earlier years but which develop as he grows older. His art undergoes a change owing to a more alert mastery, though the seeds of that development were already there in his young days, as proved by pieces like that veritable quintessence of Vaishnava insight, the poem entitled *Krishna*. Artistically, *Krishna* and *Babylon* are the most opulent things he has done, opulent in the sense not only of jewelled phraseology but also rhythm-modulation, the technique of pause, stress and changing tone. The poet and the artist are fused: AE's inspiration had tended to be lyrical cries subdued in their rhythm, theirs was an intensity of feeling but not of art, an intuitive appeal was in them which almost made us forget that it came on word-wings, the language was like a breath of air laden with perfume and we got dreamy with the strange scent of the spirit and did not notice the medium by which it was conveyed. Surely such a transparent inspiration is precious; but it gives by constant recurrence an impression of tenuity no less than monotony, and the greatest

poets have, besides the direct touch of intuition, a life and strength of language, a palpable motion of the word-body as well as the soul's sign from afar. This means that not merely the subtle mind or the inner vision but at the same time the energy of the full waking consciousness is employed to catch inspiration. What is thus created acquires a certain impetuous diversity; and in AE the new movement comes when he begins to write with a more open-eyed intelligence. Formerly he used to draw upon trance-depths, now he listens with the same inward ear but without dissolving into trance. He does not shut his eyes, as it were, but watches the turn and thrill of his poetry, so that it grows clearer and stronger under his gaze, modulating itself sufficiently in order to satisfy the observing artist-conscience.

We can gauge the new alertness from the fact that he actually turned to blank verse where the grip on the medium must be most steady. Even a poet like Milton who was born with a blank-verse genius had to revise and polish in day-time what Urania had whispered to him in the still hours. With Shakespeare the art was immediate but because he was the most wide-awake, the most out-gazing and conscious of all poets, his nerves ever on the *qui vive* to respond to sense-stimuli. Yeats's blank verse can float in a half-light and seem a sudden birth from secret worlds—and yet is in fact the most deliberate perhaps of all recent poetry; for Yeats writes with an un-sleeping vigilance over words—to such a degree that, occultist though he is, he does not incline to accept AE's description of how his own songs were snatches heard *verbatim* from the recesses of his meditative mind. Of course, poetry composed with deliberate care is as much really heard from within; only, it is heard after effort of the consciousness to tune-in to the soul-ethers and it is received sound by sound instead of in a running strain. Blank verse especially is accompanied by a wakeful inspired intelligence, though its composition may be slow or rapid according to the poet's power to grasp the suggestion out of the subliminal. And AE's resort to this form of self-utterance shows the awakening word-artist in him and from that coming to grips with the language are evolved a force and a versatility absent before. Indeed many of his efforts are not wholly successful and the majority of his best work lies among the simple voices with which he began; nevertheless, the innovation is worth weighing because of a few astonishing triumphs.

Being contemporaneous with Lascelles Abercrombie and Gordon Bottomley, the two poets who have influenced modern blank verse most, he models his with rather a free and quick hand, pushing nervously the idea-vision into the language when he might achieve better result by teaching the language to respond organically to the creative glow. There is, in consequence, an unassimilated look about many of his lines even if they are metrically normal and not inlaid with truncated feet, trochees, anapaests, tribrachs and cretics. Poems like *The Dark Lady* are full of a metricised prose, rich and puissant though that may be; but the new will-to-power, when put in tune with older types of blank verse, brings forth fine rhythmic swings and expressive strokes. AE's most ambitious work in this line is *The House of the Titans*, where-in he sets to potent use a Celtic myth for embodying his conception of the worlds of



I am the tender voice calling away,  
 Whispering between the beatings of the heart,  
 And inaccessible in dewy eyes  
 I dwell, and all unkissed on lovely lips,  
 Lingering between white breasts inviolate,  
 And fleeting ever from the passionate touch,  
 I shine afar till men may not divine  
 Whether it is the stars or the beloved  
 They follow with rapt spirit. And I weave  
 My spells at evening, folding with dim caress,  
 Aerial arms and twilight-dropping hair  
 The lonely wanderer by wood or shore,  
 Till, filled with some vast tenderness, he yields,  
 Feeling in dreams for the dear mother heart  
 He knew ere he forsook the starry way,  
 And clings there pillowed far above the smoke  
 And the dim murmur from the duns of men.  
 I can enchant the rocks and trees, and fill  
 The dumb brown lips of earth with mystery,  
 Make them reveal or hide the god; myself  
 Mother of all, but without hands to heal,  
 Too vast and vague, they know me not, but yet  
 I am the heartbreak over fallen things,  
 The sudden gentleness that stays the blow,  
 And I am in the kiss that foemen give  
 Pausing in battle, and in the tears that fall  
 Over the vanquished foe. And in the highest  
 Among the Danaan gods I am the last  
 Council of pity in their hearts when they  
 Mete justice from a thousand starry thrones.  
 My heart shall be in thine when thine forgives.

AE had nothing more to learn in blank verse style when he burst into so exalted a cry; and it is very probable that had he lived he would have reached often this consummate eloquence. As it was, he could not keep the sustained mastery vouchsafed to him in this moment and though telling periods and unforgettable flashes of poetic vision are frequent he could not be said to have mobilised fully the fine energy and prophet-passion that was in him and that had not found deliverance in the intonations of his usual mood.

He will, therefore, take his place in the poetic pantheon as pioneer of yogic art mainly for his ability to cast brief exquisite Spirit-spells. A fair amount of his work will go to limbo owing to an ambiguous phantasy, a thinness of imaginative wash with

no clear articulate thrill. Nevertheless, what remains is destined to mark the beginning of a novel epoch in verse, an effort to clothe sense and sound with strange radiances or shadowy raptures drawn from an inner mystical life lived constantly by the poet unlike the fitful dips made on rare occasions into the unknown by former bards. There will be, ultimately, a tremendous outburst of spiritual fire, poems that bear the full frenzy of that "multitudinous meditation" which is the Soul; but before the un-earthly day breaks we shall have a constellation of singers whose voices float in a dim sky, the divine darkness heralding the divine dawn. Of such, AE is the leader, the evening star first plumbing the secret regions beyond the mere mind and the life-force. And among his achievements will rank side by side with his early poems the variations he played on that simple tone when the urge for diversity came to him. This urge took two channels—on the one side blank verse and on the other a freer handling than before of rhymed metres, a less repetitive form, a poignancy shaping itself with an innocent caprice and not falling into a rigidly regular pattern. Many failures are noticeable here, the inspiration is frequently lost in a too outward shifting of rhythm and word but essentially as excellent as the old uniform lilt or chant are the subtle changes rung on a simple movement and style as in *The Outcast*:

Sometimes when alone  
At the dark close of day,  
Men meet an outlawed majesty  
And hurry away.

They come to the lighted house;  
They talk to their dear;  
They crucify the mystery  
With words of good cheer.

When love and life are over-  
And flight's at an end,  
On the outcast majesty  
They lean as a friend.

The seeds of this modulated simplicity, like those of the variegated richness of other poems of AE's old age, were not absent in his period of youthful sowing, but they were less perceivable because the tendency then was towards transfiguring by sheer subtlety and depth of feeling a steady run of iambics or trochees, the modulations occurring chiefly with an anapaest touch now and again to obtain some particular effect. In *The Unknown God*, however, mere anapaests do not sway the metre: many deft unexpected modulations, of two and three and, if we count the feminine endings, even four syllables combine in a suggestion of lovely star-flicker as well as of ecstatic heart-beat:

Far up the dim twilight fluttered  
Moth-wings of vapour and flame:  
The lights danced over the mountains,  
Star after star they came.

The lights grew thicker unheeded,  
For silent and still were we;  
Our hearts were drunk with a beauty  
Our eyes could never see.

It is not easy to reward such a gem with adequate praise—the intuition is so perfectly kindled and with the most economical elegance. Indeed AE is always a wizard when he faces poetically his favourite hour of dusk: masterpiece on miniature masterpiece issues from his pen as one by one the planets flower into sight. and I believe that though men can no longer see the intense and far-visaged form that moved among them for a while, their hearts will be drunk to the end of time with the song-creative beauty of his soul.

K. D. SETHNA

# THE JUDGMENT-SEAT OF VIKRAMADITYA

## AN ANCIENT TALE TOLD TO THE CHILDREN OF INDIA

It was three o'clock on a very warm afternoon in a forest near Ujjain. Chandra stretched a long stretch and wiggled his toes. He looked around to see if his two companions were awake. Tapas had one eye almost open but Sunjay was fast asleep. A sullen breeze made an effort to tossle some dry grass and then went lazily across the clearing where the boys had herded their cows. The Indian summer had been so hot and dry that each day the three boys had driven their cows further afield in search of forage until today they reached a part of the forest Chandra had never seen before. He looked around sleepily and for the first time noticed the strangeness. There were uneven mounds of earth and broken stones juttod out of the dry grass. Towards the center of the clearing was a higher mound with a kind of saddle-like seat on top. As Chandra looked he thought it was like a high seat that might belong to a Maharaja or a judge, with all the smaller mounds around the edge its subjects or ...

"Ahyee! Ahyee!" Chandra's loud cry rang against the quiet. "Wake up. Wake up. Ahyee ... Ahyee!"

The two boys sat up with a start. Even the cows turned their heads and shook the bells that were fastened to the tips of their horns and waited to see what had brought on the sudden burst of noise. Chandra was the youngest and usually the quietest. When the cows decided it wasn't serious they stretched, swished their tails and went on with their late afternoon munchings.

Chandra was shocked with himself and felt foolish. He didn't know what to do next, and somehow he couldn't keep his eyes off the high mound of earth.

Sunjay looked wildly around to see where the danger was. Finding nothing, he clenched his fist at Chandra, "What's the matter with you? Don't you know you shouldn't frighten a man when he's sleeping?" Sunjay was the eldest and felt in charge of everything. He shouted again ... but Chandra wasn't listening. He was running across the clearing and up the high mound of earth. Just before he reached the chair-like saddle he stooped in front of it and stood very still. He wanted more than anything to sit on the seat but felt ... shy, almost afraid. He just stood and stared. He felt an irresistible pull from the chair and he thought he could hear a quiet hum that seemed to say, "Come ... come ... come...." Slowly he was drawn forward, then he made himself very tall, turned and sat down.

Sunjay and Tapas were watching him and muttering about his rude outburst. "He's gone dippy," said Tapas and laughed. He looked up into the now-stern face of Chandra. "You look the silly goat ... sitting up there staring at the trees after all the noise you ...." He didn't finish. There was something so different about Chandra, so quiet. He looked like an old, old man waiting to hear something very important.

"Why, he looks like an elder of the Panchayat," said Sunjay. The two boys laughed again but a bit uneasily. "Maybe he thinks himself a judge and can solve all

the problems of Malwa.”

The two boys stood staring into the face of their young friend. His eyes and expression worked a kind of spell over them. “Maybe he really can solve problems!” whispered Sunjay. “He might be able to end the quarrel between Ramdas and Suvrata.”

Everyone in the boys’ village knew about this dispute because it had raged for months. When the lawsuit was first brought before the Panchayat, a group of elders who act as judges for local problems in India, no solution could be found and as time passed the quarrel became deep and bitter. All the people began to gossip about it and take sides until the very peace of the village was threatened.

Sunjay and Tapas stood before the transformed Chandra and instead of laughing began to tell about the lawsuit. It was a very serious matter and the two boys presented the case as their own fathers might have before a great judge.

Chandra no longer stared into space but paid the closest attention, even stopping them at times to ask questions.

After the entire case had been clearly stated, young Sunjay and Tapas sat down at the base of the mound and waited for a decision from Chandra, the judge. It didn’t occur to them that it was strange nor did they feel they were playing a game. They just sat quietly as if this had always been their custom.

They waited a long time. The sun was dipping its face into the branches of the trees when Chandra, in a clear and commanding voice, called them to hear the verdict. He pronounced the decision in detail and repeated several points to make sure Sunjay and Tapas understood. He then stood and walked to the bottom of the mound.

The spell was broken. The boys looked at one another and burst into laughter. They gave a joyous shout and raced to collect their gentle cows and drive them to the safety of the village.

They reached home well after dark. Their families were anxious and at once asked for an explanation. The three boys told the story of the judgment-seat, that is, all except Chandra, he could not remember the game at all. He could only tell of the strange feeling he’d had. The parents were amazed when they heard the wise solution Chandra had given for the impossible lawsuit.

The next day the three boys told their story to the elders of the Panchayat and again explained in detail all the points Chandra had made for a settlement between Ramdas and Suvrata. The elders were astonished at Chandra and that both sides could be completely satisfied. They decided to go with the cowherds into the forest and watched with reverence as Chandra was transformed into an earnest and wise judge.

The events of that warm afternoon became well known through all the villages. Whenever a difficult problem or lawsuit arose the people went to the clearing in the forest and the boy-judge would sit on the high mound and pronounce wonderful words of truth and justice.

Eventually the King of Malwa was told about Chandra. He was deeply interested.

He knew he was not loved and respected for his wisdom and he was wise enough to know that as kings went he was not the best. He longed to be a good king and be revered by his subjects. He called several of his most trusted counselors for a conference and after a long discussion he told them to go into the forest and observe Chandra and to try to discover the source of his knowledge and great powers of truth and justice. The counselors were carried to the village in elaborate palanquins and spent several days examining Chandra. The thing that interested them most was the complete transformation that took place when he sat on the high mound of earth. At all other times he was *so* ordinary. He could neither read nor write and was quite content to spend his time with the cows or with his friends when he was not occupied with the business of being a judge. The counselors took copious notes and asked hundreds of questions. When they were satisfied there was nothing more to learn from the boy they returned to the king's palace. They held one final conference and decided that each one of them should research the problem independently for five days, compare their findings and then give a joint report to the king.

At the end of the five days something very interesting happened. All the counselors came to the same conclusion at the same time. This was unheard of!

Everything they had researched pointed to the same answer. The boy had found the Judgment-seat of Vikramaditya.

Vikramaditya had been one of the best loved kings of India and to this day his name is used to refer to one who is uncommonly just and wise. The Indian people believe his reign began in the year 57 B. C.

And so the counselors compared notes. Although it was believed that the ancient site of Vikramaditya's palace had been several kilometers south-east of Ujjain, the evidence in the forest, as well as some fragments from an old manuscript which partially described the site, made them certain that the ruined palace and the Judgment-seat of Vikramaditya were in the forest clearing of the cowherd boys.

The counselors prepared their report and presented it to the king. At first he was absolutely incredulous but after it was fully explained several times he began to see a possibility and a plan slowly took form in his mind. He would have the Seat for himself.

Within the week several huge elephants and dozens of workmen assaulted the forest clearing. They moved fallen trees and enormous stones and dug and dug until Chandra thought the whole forest would be buried under the rubble. He felt a little sad to see his Seat disturbed and the peace of the forest shattered but the feeling quickly dissipated in the excitement of watching the elephants and listening to the workmen talk and shout orders.

At last, after many days, something large and smooth was discovered. All the shouting stopped and everyone watched as a thick slab of marble was unearthed. The slab was carefully raised. It was a black marble bench supported by twenty-five beautifully carved Devas.

The king was delighted and at once made plans to have it installed in his great Hall of Justice. When all the work was completed a national holiday was declared to be

followed by three days of prayer and fasting.

The king stayed in his private chambers and prayed for the wisdom of Vikramaditya to descend on him and make him a wise and wonderful king.

After the three-day fast the king was blessed by the priests and with great ceremony knelt before the Judgment-seat. All the wise men and nobles of Malwa were present and hundreds of judges with their lawsuits to be heard *after* the descent of Vikramaditya's Wisdom.

The king finished his prayer and was about to rise when one of the beautifully carved Devas spoke:

"Dost thou think thyself worthy to sit on the Judgment-seat of Vikramaditya?"

The voice was clear and sweet and it pierced the king's mind and heart with a tiny sliver of light.

The voice continued:

"Hast thou never desired to rule over kingdoms that are not thine own?"

The king felt a sharp pain in his heart and as he bowed his head he saw an array of ugly wishes taking forms and dancing before him. He knew himself to be their creator.

The vision melted away and he was again looking into the face of the Deva. "No, I am not worthy," said the king...

"Fast then another three days," said the Deva, "that thou mayest purify thy will and be worthy of the Seat." With these words he sprang into the air and flew away.

And so the king retired to his chambers to fast and pray for another three days. On the fourth day he again accepted the blessings of the priests and took his place before the Judgment-seat. As soon as he knelt down he heard the sweet voice of another Deva.

"Hast thou never," it said, "coveted the riches of another?"

There was the same piercing light and pain. The visions danced again. The king bowed his head and after sometime said, "Yes, I've done this thing. I am not worthy."

"Fast yet another three days and pray for purity of heart," said the Deva. And he flew away just as the first Deva had done.

Each time the king stood before the Judgment-seat he was found unworthy until at last four times twenty four days had passed in fasting and in searching his conscience. It was now the hundredth day and the king approached the last Deva with a joy of surety that today he would be allowed to take this Seat. The great hall was hushed as the king drew near and the last Deva looked into his eyes and asked, "Art thou then perfectly pure in heart, O King, as a little child? If so thou art indeed worthy to sit on this Seat."

"No," said the king, and at last he understood. "No, I am not worthy."

At these words the Deva flew into the air bearing the marble slab on his head and it has never been seen upon earth again.

# THE MAGICAL CAROUSEL

## A ZODIACAL ODYSSEY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

*(Continued from the issue of June, 1972)*

*(This is the story of a being in manifestation. The children represent two complementary poles within the individual. It is also a treatment of astrology, each image evoked being a key to the deeper meaning of the signs.)*

### CHAPTER V

#### *The Masculine Principle*

As the Crab gently pulls them through the night Val and Pom-pom wonder where they are going and what further adventures are in store for them. Then without being aware of how it happens or when, the children realise the boat is no longer being pulled and the Crab has disappeared. They lazily float along in the darkness, carried here and there by the currents. There is nothing to do and, weary from all their experiences, they roll up in the bottom of the boat and are lulled to sleep by the motion of the water.

After a while light shining on their faces awakens them. The change from the nights of darkness causes them to blink their eyes several times before they can get used to the brightness. They realise the boat is no longer rocking and in a flash Val and Pom-pom rise to look at the water and see what it is like in daylight.

To their surprise there is no water. The boat is stuck in the sand, obviously caught there as the tide receded.

They leave the boat, anxious to explore this new place, and find the sand warm under them, as is the air, heavy and warm. There is so much light it is possible to see far and wide. The vegetation in this land is not too full, with trees and shrubs here and there. There are hills and hillocks which break the flatness and the principal colours are orange, ochre and gold that glimmer as if under the rays of a resplendent Sun.

Val and Pom-pom are puzzled. They don't know where to go and seem fixed to the spot, unable to decide what to do. Then out of nowhere comes a terrific, frightening roar, a roar so loud that they jump into the air with a start and take flight, as fast as their little feet will carry them. On and on they run going as fast as possible until they fall to the ground exhausted, sure that now they are far enough away from whatever was roaring.

"Do you think it was a lion, Val?" asks Pom-pom.

“Well, it certainly wasn’t a mouse!” she responds, “Let’s hope we’re safe now....” And before she finishes speaking the children are startled by the same terrific roar even closer than the last time. Up again and off they dash, on and on until once more they stop to rest and once more, this time practically on top of them, the roar bellows out and urges them...to who knows where. They imagine a ferocious lion following, ready to eat then if he could just catch them. But they are determined not to give him a chance, even though it is such an effort to run in this land of heavy air.

Suddenly as they round a hillock, they come upon an amazing sight. A huge majestic castle, with flags and banners flying, rises in the bright sky. It is encircled by a high wall and—what is very strange—a great ring of fire protects the whole castle, making it impossible to reach the gate. They can go neither backwards nor forwards!

“What are we going to do?”

ROOAAARR!

“Help!”

ROOOOOAAAAARRRR!

“Oh me!”

ROOOOOOOOAAAAAAARRRRRRR!

“Quick, through the fire,” and both Val and Pom-pom take a big leap, hand in hand, through the blaze. So great is their fear that they fly through the air as if they had wings.

They land flat on their backs on the other side of the fire, but at least in one piece and safe from the roaring lion. After they collect their wits a bit they then notice a gate in the huge wall of the castle and going to it they find it bears the symbol  $\Omega$  and the number 5. Val inserts the key, they shove and push and enter the castle.

What a magnificent place! Never have they seen such splendour, such lavish decorations and gay colours! And before they can catch their breath the gate they have closed behind them is flung wide open and in comes a very jolly parade of gnomes and pixies, playing tambourines and bells, jumping up and down and dancing merrily around a carriage they are pulling. And there to the children’s great surprise sits a most ridiculous Lion, all decorated with bows and bells and a funny little crown on top of his beautiful mane. Other gnomes and pixies who were busy decorating the castle rush to the gate at the sight of the party, all clapping and having a grand time, dancing around the Lion’s carriage. Before the children can even begin to explain who they are and why they are there, the gnomes pick them up and place them in the carriage next to the Lion, who every now and then lets out one of his terrific roars!

“Please let us down,” they shout, “he’ll eat us. Please, listen!”

But to no avail. No one has time to hear Val and Pom-pom and promptly the whole merry party moves into the courtyard and then through the entrance of the castle itself. Meanwhile the Lion sits on his hind legs, apparently enjoying all the fuss made over him; he seems quite used to such royal treatment. Val and Pom-pom

try not to come close to him but the carriage is small and with the gnomes jerking and pulling, they end up practically in his mouth!

“Ho-ho,” he laughs.

What a ridiculous animal, the children think.

“You needn’t be frightened of me,” he speaks, “I have better things to do than to eat you. There’s a grand celebration in Leoland for it is July 23rd and in the court of the King of Day the food on the table will be much tastier than you! Ho-Ho, RRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAARRR!”

The KING OF DAY? They have come to the court of the King of Day! The Queen of Night certainly was right when she said that people would come from far for the great celebration. They have never seen such a display and after going through the many chambers of the castle they enter a grand dining room.

The gnomes and pixies deposit them in the middle of the hall with the Lion. A lavish banquet table surrounds them at which the whole court of the King of Day is seated. They are very mad-looking people, the likes of which Val and Pom-pom have never seen, dressed in the oddest fashions and each completely different from the other, typical of the strange lands they come from. They are having a wonderful time singing while a group of gnomes play lively instruments in a far corner of the hall.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

All the guests stand and lift their goblets shouting:

“Long live the King! Long live the King of Day!” And in he comes, a roundish, twinkly-eyed, resplendent king, and a most amazing thing about him is his crown from which flames leap, illuminating all and everything around. The Lion roars, the King motions, all take their places and the merry feast begins.

All those who have had the good fortune to be guests at this yearly banquet can never forget the occasion. Never has such entertainment been prepared with such grace, elegance and generosity, and after the enormous banquet the special amusements prepared by the King of Day himself begins. Court jesters, acrobats, mimes and minstrels all take part. The celebration seems endless and the King always knows what to do when there is a lull so as to keep the party at the proper degree of gaiety.

Now it is time for the most special treat. All move to the adjoining chamber where the King has organised a theatre for his guests, and actors will put on a play written for the occasion by the King himself. The crowd stirs with expectancy as the King claps his hands for the show to begin.

The audience becomes completely silent.

He claps his hands once more.

Again silence as tension rises.

CLAP-CLAP! ... CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP! And then at a glare from the King the Lion emits a tremendous roar.

Nothing.

Finally a little gnome’s head appears between the curtains on stage, shaking with fear and making the whole curtain tremble with him.

“My Play!” the King blasts at him, “what has happened to my Play?” and without even giving the poor little creature a chance to explain what has probably been a most unfortunate and unpredictable occurrence, the King begins ranting and raving like a child who has lost his toy. As temperamental as a prima donna, he works himself up into such a fury that the fire in his crown almost reaches the ceiling, and then he breaks out into heart-rending sobs.

The King’s guests are really upset. They have travelled such a distance for what? How shameful and disappointing! They rise in indignation and prepare to leave the King—whose pride is wounded almost to an irreparable point. He sinks back into his throne, hugging the Lion who consoles the glorious, but disgraced, King of Day.

Val and Pom-pom are distressed by the scene and remembering the Queen of Night’s fine words in praise of the King, they impulsively jump on the stage and begin putting on a show for the guests to keep them from leaving. Pom-pom does a silly little dance. Val sings and in all the excitement manages to go completely off key, delighting the audience who little by little begins to take interest in the children’s antics. They improvise as they go along, doing a host of tricks to keep the people amused, until finally they collapse from exhaustion under the bright lights as the court bursts into lively applause.

The King is delighted, overjoyed. He claps his hands like a little child, forgetting his former rage entirely, as though it never occurred. He calls them to him and asks who they are and why they have come to Leoland, since only by special invitation is one allowed to enter the palace.

Val nudges Pom-pom: “Show him the letter, go on.”

Pom-pom steps forth and hands over the letter from the Queen of Night. Reading the words of the Queen the King bursts into a resounding laugh and exclaims with great joy:

“An heir! I have an heir. This is my boy! Ah, what a day, what a wonderful occasion! Let the feast continue even grander than before for now there is a much better motive to celebrate!”

All the party rejoices. A special ceremony is held—very pompous for little Pom-pom—and a crown is placed on his head as he is officially proclaimed heir to the throne. And once more all the feasting and entertainment begins. Val and Pom-pom are a bit tired of all this for they are only children and are not used to such activities. Also they are sure it is time to leave because outside the light of the Sun is lessening and so surely time is almost up.

The King, meanwhile, is relating his whole life story, enthralling his guests, shining forth in all his splendour, a light unto all.

“...she was a fine, lovely woman, a bit looney but that amused me all the more. Always putting on shows for me. What a joy! Only there were so many girls, always girls,—what a responsibility to provide for all those women! Just imagine, planting seeds for trees and receiving always roses! I tell you, it was trying on my patience!...

But now all of Leoland can rejoice for our grand festivities have come to an end today and the long preparations shall begin for next year's celebration... and this time I'll have my boy to help me organise..."

Val and Pom-pom turn white.

"...an even better feast for you all!"

The party cheers and applauds. The children are desperate: what are they going to do? How are they going to get away from this zany castle and all these mad people?

The fun begins to die down now and everybody is becoming drowsy; one by one they fall off to sleep. Then Val has a brilliant idea:

"Pom-pom," she whispers, "let's just sneak away. No one will see us since they're all going to sleep anyway."

Pom-pom agrees and slowly with great care lest they should awaken someone, they slip off toward the door. Out in the corridor they are trying to decide which way to go when they hear that same fierce, terrific

ROOOOOOAAAAAARRRRRR!... and then

"My boy!"

"Good gracious! The Lion's waking everybody up!"

CRASH! BANG!

"My boy! Where's my boy?" the King's voice bellows out.

There is a tremendous uproar inside the banquet hall. Tables are overturned, goblets and plates smash to the ground and then there are sounds of running feet....

"They're coming after us!"

"Quick, this way!" says Val, and the children take off down the corridor.

Zooming out of the door comes first the Lion, then the King, then—one by one—all his guests and after them jesters, acrobats, minstrels, mimes, gnomes and pixies, all chasing after Val and Pom-pom. In and out doors they go, down long corridors, the whole company running in the funniest file ever, for the King and gentlemen of the court are not very quick and nimble on their feet, and the gnomes and pixies have tiny legs. They often end up in heaps on the floor and, because of these minor accidents and just plain fatigue, as the chase continues the line gradually diminishes—one by one. By the time Val and Pom-pom end up on the roof of the castle, only the Lion and King are after them.

What to do? Where to go? There are no more doors, no more corridors, no gate to lead them out of Leoland and time is almost up.

The Lion and King still chasing them, Val and Pom-pom find a chimney stack around which they race to keep out of reach. Round and round they all go and the Lion almost has them when he lets out the final and most resounding of all

RRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRSSSS!

which so frightens Val and Pom-pom that they jump into the stack and go plunging down the black tube. Down and down they go in a chute that seems unending, that seems to carry them to the very bowels of the Earth.

*Leo is a Fire sign, it is masculine and of Fixed Energy Quality. The same element which in Aries represented the Divine Spark is here the creative force of Spirit. Leo is that which sustains the Play, the active centre of light illuminating all; it is ruled by the Sun. As a sign of Fixed Energy flow we see how an accumulation of force is needed at this point, but only until this produces the seed which is to quicken the waters of Cancer, to wed the soul and bring about the next step on the spiral. The sign's hieroglyphic symbol is an image of a single male sperm.*

*The King of Day has given out his seed to make the play of the Queen of Night possible; his light is made brighter by the very darkness which precedes it. He pursues the children and his urgency and fiery temperament hasten them to plunge into the tube that carries them "to the very bowels of the Earth". (In fact, the next sign is an Earth sign and it rules—among other things—the bowels!) The children's passage through the land provokes, in turn, the necessary shock for the seed to spread and the play to continue, this time centering upon Pom-pom, the masculine element. The tendency here is expansion, while in the previous sign it was contraction.*

*The King of Day is the Individual, the fixed centre of an ever-changing Power, the central pillar, the witness to the varied display of the Queen of Night (Personality), the cause behind even the most obscure of forms. Without him she is not fecundated; without her his seed remains sterile. He is the Purusha, one with Prakriti and because of this marriage—which forms the root of Manifestation—the Divine blossoms forth from the very core of creation.*

(To be continued)

PATRIZIA

# **“LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL”**

*(Continued from the issue of June, 1972)*

## **GOD AND LIFE**

### **SRI AUROBINDO INTERNATIONAL CENTRE OF EDUCATION**

IN January 1972, five young men from Meerut and five from Kanpur came here under a Youth Camp project initiated by “Sri Aurobindo’s Action”. I happened to meet three of them. Two were college students and one a teacher.

When I asked if there was anything that appealed to them here, one of the students was quick to reply: “The freedom enjoyed by the students here, that is the first thing that impressed me the most”, and he added: “When there is no compulsion the mind does not resort to mischief.”

“I too hold the same view,” observed the other student. “The atmosphere here is so quiet.”

The role of a teacher in this system is not that of an educator, but a consultant, a living example, a guide, ever ready to lend a helping hand, to offer useful suggestions, new ideas, striking words to develop the child’s line of activities, his own style of writing, especially for those engaged in creative intellectual work in the Higher Course. It is easy to make a child read and write but much more difficult to make him think independently, think fruitfully.

The teacher has to evolve a programme of education for each student in accordance with his propensities — a programme that awakens his creative faculties, helps him to taste the joy of his own creation and arouses in him a confidence in his own capacity to shine.

The more the teacher is resourceful, the greater the help he gives to his pupil to realise the dreams of the world he wants to make, the greater he will win his respect.

The Mother draws attention to the fact:

“There is genius within oneself and one does not know it. It is there asleep, it asks nothing better than manifesting itself, you must open the door.”

Only an able teacher can show how to open the door.

The following will prove to be a revealing story of what part a qualified teacher plays in the life of an earnest student.

“In my earlier days,” says V, “I was not a very good student. My teachers discovered me, rather helped me to discover myself. They gave me a key which opened the doors of unknown possibilities in my life. It was Sunil and J.V. Joshi who fired me to grow up an ambitious and determined youth. Even abroad I have not met such a wonderful teacher as Sunil. Whatever the subject he teaches, it goes home. I had resolved to stay at the top but for six marks I could not get first class in Matric.

“My first visit to the Ashram was when I was four years old. Sri Aurobindo sent

me *The Bram of India*. I could not then understand why he had sent that book; Sri Aurobindo sent the remarks “He will understand later on”.

V joined the Ashram when he was seven in 1946. At that time the Ashram school was in its infancy. He wanted to sit for Matric at the age of twelve but no university in Madras allowed anyone below fourteen to appear. Someone suggested he might try in Andra Pradesh. He stayed with Dayakar for one year and passed Matric when he was thirteen. He wanted to join Annamalai University but they would not allow him as he was not yet fourteen. So he joined the Higher Course at our Centre.

A year passed. Now he was fourteen; he could go to Annamalai, so he sought the Mother’s advice. That was the period when the Mother was seeing a number of boys individually every day at noon; he was one of them. In reply to his question the Mother said that after a child had reached the age of twelve she would not give any more advice and that he must choose for himself.

Then he decided to continue his studies in the Ashram. After finishing the Higher Course he took the specialised course in Mathematics under Sunil and Joshi.

After that his father asked him to join his business. He worked with him for two years, but he was not cut out for business life. His father gave him the liberty to choose his own career. There is an institution in Madras which advises students going abroad about the selection of a university and where to apply. They wished him to apply to St. Andrew’s University, Scotland. It was said to be as good as Oxford and he was admitted simply on application.

He came first in St. Andrew’s University with First Class Honours in Physics.

He had an audience with the Queen of England and her family at the garden party organised by the British Council in appreciation of the services rendered to it by him from time to time.

At the time he left the Ashram the Mother told him, “Write to me about everything you do”, and he says that he has felt the Mother’s help and support always.

We must not congratulate ourselves with this much achievement however gratifying it might be.

The role of a true teacher is much more difficult: Children carry heaven in their hearts. How to make that indwelling secret a living experience? How to help them breathe that heavenly air in earthly life? Is this a day-dream? It was not a day-dream in ancient India. Can India hope to see that glory again?

Let us continue our search. According to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Indore there are in India nearly a 100 universities (including agricultural universities) 8,300 colleges and 30 lakhs of students. It might be difficult to find out in them 3000 or even 300 who cherish a desire for the higher life. If at least five in a hundred are found in our temple of learning, in whom there is a burning desire to live the ideal set by Sri Aurobindo, will they not prove to be the *tapata-tanu* (baked-red) vessels of the Vedic symbology?

(To be continued)

# *Students' Section*

## **THE TIME HAS COME**

*One can know the love play of God, but He will not come where mortals make merry; He is a demanding Lover who refuses what is touched by lesser hands.*

*Would you prefer to be the plaything of mortals, or the delight of God?*

ALWAYS in this creation the lower and higher movements proceed together simultaneously, in evolution toward the oneness that is and must become manifest. So in existence we are constantly faced with this possibility of a divine or mortal life on Earth. At this moment the plan of God is openly manifest, as perhaps never before. We are faced with the beauty of His plan,—before our eyes He unfolds His mysterious design and invites us to a conscious participation in the drama of His Play.

It is, therefore, a moment when the individual is made to walk either in the light of divinity or remain in the dimness of mortal's mould, yet it must be remembered that both are of the Lord, and He will fulfil Himself. It is the youth of today who especially hold the key to this dual possibility. To them God holds up the mirror of His being and offers the glorious future promised since the first prophet began recording the echoes of His secret dream.

The time has come for the world to comprehend the true meaning of all the ancient prophecies that at this moment begin to fulfil themselves. In today's youth they will take shape and produce the moulds from which the divine race will be cast, and to the young these words are especially written, that they may touch the depths of their being, His being, and bring forth the secrecies of the soul.

The question is that a portion of humanity must be the conscious instruments for the manifestation, the portion that will carry the rest of creation to a divine embodiment in spite of themselves, for it is God's secret will that *all* creation should be His consciousness manifest and not only a portion. This is the present goal of evolution, but only to carry us to the doors of a further opening, into realms yet unknown, beyond portals that even His chosen few have yet to fathom. He has given the preview of this goal to some, and they are to execute His design. A race is needed to show humanity the truths of His prophecies, and by realising in Matter the glory of His being, it will hurry the pace of all men toward the summit that awaits.

It is therefore imperative that among the youth of today an understanding be awakened, it is imperative that they realise it is they who hold the key and through them the Lord fulfils Himself. Through the souls of the chosen few He calls to the young ones, that they may understand His plan and hasten His urgent thrust.

What is His call and what are His demands?

He says to the young: "Are you satisfied with the fate of your forefathers? Do you not see that theirs was only a preparation for a yet more rounded manifestation? To you I give the possibility of becoming the vessels of my divinity, but it is a play of the One in Two and as such you are to come to me out of the consciousness I have implanted in you from the beginning of time. In this consciousness you will find me, but the search is your part of the game and I await the moment when we shall meet on the borderline of a transcended realm. Together we will reveal the mystery of Nature and show even the most sceptical that I am the All and you are but fragments of me. The time has come to reveal myself through you and show the reality of what Is."

... And His demands?

It is for the young to now understand that they are the chosen of the Lord; they must comprehend the depth of this statement and the seriousness of its import, for to be the chosen of the Lord means to leave behind the fetters of a dated mortality.

He demands a total, absolute purity in each one and refuses to come when the consciousness is yet obscured by the allurements of a corrupt and decadent society, the allurements of drugs, of sex, of commercialism in every sector of life, be it art, religion, education. He refuses the youth who allows his consciousness to be violated by unnatural stimuli, for He must remind you that it is not through a fragmentary vision of a moment or by a freak break-through of the barriers that He is known. God is to be realised in a constant and progressive evolution, based on the solid foundation of a disciplined life and total dedication. It is not in the illusion of induced "experiences" that He builds His empire, but in the slow, powerful, contained march of a conscious unfoldment. And when the young choose the ways of violence and impatience, He retires into the quietudes of His being and sends His appeal through other means at His disposal.

He has shown the chosen few that His Love is not to be found in momentary pleasure, the tool of our forefathers. This was the means to arrive at a much vaster satisfaction. The Lord, now openly manifest, does not revel any longer in the play of mortals, but shies away from such practices and awaits the time when the young will understand the futility of a moment's satisfaction compared to the unending joy of being. Here too the double movement is in force: the individual can either be the pure vessel of divine love or he can remain a plaything in the hands of fickle and sporadic Pleasure. The new race will not fulfil itself through the lower movement but it will concentrate its power in those who have understood that to be a vessel of God's Love manifest means to place oneself only in His hands, to place not only one's soul but also and in particular one's body, for the time has come to show humanity that the Lord is a lover more artful and more satisfying than any of His fragments. One can know the joys of the Divine Love Play, as one would the mortal,—but to know these joys one must relinquish the one for the other. This is God's demand.

But His secret is this: there is no denial, there is no selection, there is no choice or renunciation. To be His vessel means to know the fullness of Bliss in Matter. In

itself it contains all the possibilities offered and yet to come. By consciously giving ourselves to the movement of light, we can know both the mortal and the divine, for they are in essence one. We shall know the mortal in its totality and then realise that that which we embraced in a fragmentary capacity was, in effect, God preparing the way for a divine wedlock. Would you settle for a lesser betrothal?

He smiles at those who remain content with mortal's play. But to you who are to form the new race He reminds you that maturity lies not in what you may learn from your elders, or from books or the scriptures of holy men. It lies in the understanding that you are of God, His and only His to hold, shape and thrust forth in whatever manner He wishes, but always His and His alone. Maturity is understanding the lesser and higher movements, and the choice of the latter is God's wisdom in action.

There is an ancient revelation, the birth of which is lost in the nights of Time. In this sacred design God has given the pattern of evolution. One has seen in it the root of manifestation, the "fall" into obscurity and the rise to a higher possibility through awareness of the Origin, and the means leading to Oneness being Divine Love, the movement sustaining all manifestation. In it one is shown that sex as a means of procreation is not the ultimate but only a temporary manner, and not the definite one, by which form is created. It also shows the fragmentary ecstasy of love play to be only a taste of divine play, and to have been given to man so that he might not forget his real essence while immersed in the night of being.

The time has come for a part of humanity to understand this revelation and to manifest it fully in order that creation may continue its upward spiral, now through light and out of darkness. The new race has it in its power to show humanity that within each being, male or female, the unity of both can take place,—not a fictitious or illusory unity but one in which all the joys and ecstasies of love can be known, contained in one vessel. Energies are then accumulated in Matter and not dispersed, love play becomes a divine frolic, and the way of procreation, a willfull reception of the breath of God.

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