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.
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"Great is Truth and it shall prevail."

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INTO THE DEPTHS

A REVELATION

EARLY in the morning of the 12th May 1974 I had a very powerful dream. I saw a column of white light descending from above. The white light was fringed on both sides by a line of golden light.

The column went down into a pit which had a round opening. The white light gave the impression of an intensity which was at the same time sweet, calm and soothing. The descent continued for a minute. When it was over, the pit was filled and there hung over it a bright haze which was very beautiful.

The dream left an extremely vivid and concrete impression.

HUTA

A Comment by Nolinida

It is a true and very beautiful experience.
Naturally, it is Mother’s Presence and the living action of Her Force.
WORDS OF THE MOTHER

There is nothing in this world which is not submitted to a direct action beyond Nature — but most of the men are unaware of it.

18-9-1967

People believe that the Grace means making everything smooth for all your life. It is not true.

The Grace works for the realisation of your aspiration and everything is arranged to gain the most prompt, the quickest realisation.

26-5-1967

To a Group of Seekers in Paris

At the present moment when all rush towards money as the means of satisfying their innumerable greeds, he who stands indifferent to wealth and acts not for the sake of any gain but solely in order to follow a disinterested ideal sets without doubt an example which is the most useful.

26-6-1912
SRI AUROBINDO ON JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

A LETTER WRITTEN ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1936

I have not read Jawaharlal's book and know nothing of his life except what is public; now of course I have no time for reading. But he bears on himself the stamp of a very fine character, a nature of the highest sattvic kind, full of rectitude and a high sense of honour; a man of the finest Brahmin type with what is best in European education added — that is the impression he gives. I must say that Mother was struck by his photograph when she first saw it in the papers, singling it out from the mass of ordinary eminent people.

But peace? Peace is never easy to get in the life of the world and never constant, unless one lives deep within and bears the external activities as only a surface front of our being. And the work he has to do is the least peaceful of all. If Buddha had to lead the Indian National Congress, well! For the spiritual life there is perhaps no immediate possibility; his mind stands in between, for it has seized strongly the Socialist dream of social perfection by outward change as the thing to be strive for and has made that a sort of religion. The best possible on earth has been made by his mind its credo: the something beyond he does not believe in, the something more here would seem to him a dream without basis, I suppose. But pray for him, of course. He is a man with a strong psychic element and in this life or another that must go beyond the mind to find its source.¹

¹ EDITORS NOTE: After the merger of Pondicherry with Independent India in 1954 Jawaharlal Nehru twice visited the Ashram and had interviews with the Mother. On the final occasion he even asked her to give him Peace.
AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF SRI AUROBINDO

(This letter was written to Bhupal Bose, Sri Aurobindo’s father-in-law, during his stay at Pondicherry for a short time.)

There is indeed something preparing to descend and the dream was probably a suggestion to you to stay so as to receive its touch after which your sadhana could proceed at home without difficulty, as there would be Something else within you doing the sadhana with your constant assent as the one necessity. The only difficulty in the way of health is a certain obscurity in the body consciousness itself which makes it consent readily to habitual touches of the force that makes for illness; otherwise if the body consciousness as well as the mind and vital were open, any illness that came would immediately be dissipated. Keep a quiet and steady will for the opening of the consciousness and the union and do not allow depression or any idea of frustration. Keep also a concentrated call in the heart. With those two things, the result is sure.

18-9-1934

THE DIVINE AND HIS WORK

A LETTER OF SRI AUROBINDO

The Divine is there, but He does not ignore the conditions, the laws, the circumstances of Nature; it is under these conditions that He does all His work, His work in the world and in man and consequently also in the sadhak, the aspirant, even in the God-knower and God-lover; even the saint and the sage continue to have difficulties and to be limited by their human nature. A complete liberation and a complete perfection or the complete possession of the Divine and possession by the Divine is possible, but it does not usually happen by an easy miracle or a series of miracles. The miracle can and does happen but only when there is the full call and complete self-giving of the soul and the entire widest opening of the nature.¹

TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO

(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. Manulal, Dr. Becherlal, Puram, 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.)

JULY 3, 1940

S: People here have become panicky about the currency. I hear that many people are coming to the Ashram to have their British notes changed into French money.

SRI AUROBINDO (laughing): Yes, but there is not yet any official order. The Post Office is still giving British money.

S: Shopkeepers refuse to give any change ... Chamberlain has said that England would rather go down than make peace with Hitler.

SRI AUROBINDO: No more appeasement?

S: No. He says England is fighting for the liberty of the world's peoples.

N: The trouble is that the British people's own liberty is so endangered that no one will believe him.

SRI AUROBINDO: But what he says is true. Why did the British fight for Poland?

N: Hore-Belisha is supporting India's case.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes and also working for an understanding with Ireland. They say that Germany may try to occupy Ireland, from where it will be easier to attack England.

Ireland has a long coast which is quite undefended. An army can land anywhere. And the British will have to prepare the defence of the whole west coast of England.

S: They have only an army 30,000 strong.

N: But how will the Germans land there?

SRI AUROBINDO: Why can't they? The British Navy is not always keeping watch over all that area.

N: If Ireland doesn't want to join the British, they have no chance.

SRI AUROBINDO: The Irish people are strongly against joining the British because of the Ulster question.

N: Craigayon has said to De Valera that he won't make common cause with
him unless he takes sides with the British.

SRI AUROBINDO: De Valera can’t do that because the Irish people are strongly against it unless the Ulster question is solved.

N: But it is the Ulster people who want to keep separate like our Muslim brothers.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes.

S: They want their Pakistan.

N: Ireland has as difficult a problem as India. But don’t they realise the danger of invasion?

SRI AUROBINDO: They are like the Americans.

N: But Ireland’s danger is more imminent and the Americans may not believe in any invasion of their land, at least at a near date.

SRI AUROBINDO: No, everybody now is realising the danger.

P: The next step of Hitler after England will be America.

SRI AUROBINDO: Not quite the next; because he may have to square with Russia first.

N: Burma has given unconditional help to Britain while the response to it is that England “will be very willing to discuss . . .”

SRI AUROBINDO: Burma’s policy is comprehensible while I don’t understand the Congress position at all. They are neither helping nor going to offer resistance so long as Britain is at war. If they started some movement for their objective, it could be understood. But now they lose both the advantages of help and those of resistance.

EVENING

SRI AUROBINDO (to N suddenly): Do you know Savitri Devi? She is a Greek married to a Bengali.

N: I seem to have read about her in the papers.

S: Yes, there was some mention of her.

SRI AUROBINDO: She is a militant Hindu-Sabhaite.

S: Converts are sometimes more enthusiastic. But she may have become Hindu out of genuine regard.

P: The Viceroy’s proposals seem to fall far short of a National Government.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, it is a short extension of his Executive Council. How many Congress members did the Viceroy propose last time?

P: Two perhaps.

SRI AUROBINDO: Now he may make it four and, if they refuse, he may take in the League, the Liberals and probably Savarkar and Ambedkar.

P: The Working Committee is giving counter-proposals, it appears.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, many are in favour of the National Government. So C.R.1 prevails.

1 C Rajagopalachariar
TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO

P: If the Executive Council with its defence powers etc. were handed over to the Indians....

SRI AUROBINDO: The Viceroy is not likely to agree. The British won't like to abdicate leaving all defence measures in inexperienced hands.

P: Chamberlain is being attacked by Lloyd George and asked to go.

SRI AUROBINDO: That can't be done. It will create a dissension by offending the Conservative Party.

JULY 4, 1940

N: Today is the day of the expiry of the Armistice terms.

SRI AUROBINDO: No, two days more.

N: The Governor of Pondicherry seems to be backing out from his previous stand.

SRI AUROBINDO: It looks like it; the stand is becoming the "seat" now!

S: He made a diplomatic statement ending with "Long live Britain and France" and saying that he would line himself with the British, but not repudiating the Pétain Government.

N: Why is he backing out now?

SRI AUROBINDO: Frightened, I suppose. The British Government made an exception about British currency notes. If he backs out, they will withdraw their notes. Except for Jibouti and Caledonia, both tiny places, all other colonies are undecided.

N: Perhaps the British will capture Pondicherry?

SRI AUROBINDO: For that they will have to have an excuse: for example, Nazi agitation here.

S: Even the British Government is hesitating about the Pétain Government.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, if they had formed an alternative Government, then it would have been different.

S: All the leaders seem to have been unable to leave France.

SRI AUROBINDO: Except Blum; he should have brought away some more with him.

S: Gandhi has offered his help, through the Viceroy, to the British Government and asked the British to lay down their arms and practise non-violence. While asking them to lay down their arms, he wants them to keep up their spirit.

SRI AUROBINDO: And be subjected in body! His message is incomplete. He should have asked them to wear the loin cloth and spin the charkha. The British people wearing loin cloths will be a pretty sight!

P: Yes, shivering in the cold!

N: The French papers are being governed by Goebbels, it seems, and Le Matin has already started a campaign against the British.

SRI AUROBINDO: Le Matin is an aided paper. Most of the French papers are
aided. During the Abyssinian campaign, Italy bought up almost all the papers in her favour.

S: After a long time the judgment in the Bombay Prohibition Case has come out.
SRÍ AUROBINDO: Yes, the Judges seem to be fond of drinks. They are going by the amendment of the Abkari Law. Now it is clear that if the Congress Government comes back it will have no control over the import of foreign liquor.

P: No, because export and import will become a reserve subject.

EVENING

Radio news: Most of the French fleet has fallen to the British. Only in Oran in North Africa, the French fleet resisted and the naval fight is going on between the British and the French.

SRÍ AUROBINDO: This is what is called un coup d'étonner.
S: The British move is quite in logical persuance of their blockade. They said that all the French ports were under blockade.

P: The French could have surrendered to the British, simply saying they had been overpowered.

N: What is meant by “French fleet” in Oran?
P: Some units.
SRÍ AUROBINDO: Oran is a big port in North Africa.

N: Now the colonies may buck up.

S: Yes.
SRÍ AUROBINDO: The Pondy Governor is sliding towards the Pétain Government. But the British have now shown they won't stand any nonsense.

N: Perhaps now the French soldiers will be used against the British because of the naval fight between France and Britain.

S: What can be done?
SRÍ AUROBINDO: But will the French really fight for Germany?
S: They have to, sooner or later.
SRÍ AUROBINDO: Later? There won't be any later, as they will be already in German hands.

P: Moreover, after demilitarisation it has to be seen how much vim is left in them.
SRÍ AUROBINDO: Why is this fleet trying to go to France to be demobilised instead of letting England do the demobilising?

P: Perhaps they are Fascists.
S: No reply to Gandhi's offer? (laughter)
SRÍ AUROBINDO: The British can lay down their arms and go home. But they are now demobilising the French fleet.

P: Grazziani is now sent to Libya.
SRÍ AUROBINDO: Yes. It was he who established peace in Libya by killing all the people who resisted. Do you know about the will?
P: What will?
SRI AUROBINDO: The will that has been found in Balbao’s plane. People are asking how the will could remain intact when everything was burnt, and why Balbao should have carried a will with him? If it is a suicide, why should he have committed it with ten people?

(To be continued)

NIRODBARAN

A PART OF KATHA UPANISHAD RETOLD

1. Thou sayest that thou hast given all, but what hast thou given? Things without sap and savour, things without delight thou hast given, and to the worlds without sap and savour, to the worlds without delight thou shalt go.

2. When one gives the objects one loves, then one gives.

3. When one gives without the sense of giving, then one gives.

4. When one gives to the Self in others, then one gives.

5. In anger, O my father, thou givest me to Death, but from the Lord of Death some good will come to me. Yea, with aspiration for Knowledge I go to the house of Death, the Lord of Death who is the Lord of Law.

6. To the house of Death I shall go as a guest with the flame of my Truth-seeking.

7. To the house of Death I shall go to seek the secret of Life.

SHYAM SUNDER JHUNJHUNWALA
PROSPECTS OF THE PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION

SOME CLARIFICATIONS OF THE PROBLEM

Wide-eyed amazement, dim-eyed despondence, cold-eyed scepticism, sharp-eyed opposition as well as calm-eyed acceptance have met our reasoned presentation\(^1\) of Nolini's brief pronouncement that the physical transformation, though not cancelled, has been postponed because of the Mother's giving up her body.

We argued that this transformation in the sense intended by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother — a transformation supramentalising the body, turning the body totally divine — could be achieved only if either an Avatar of the Supermind was physically present amongst us or else the Supramental Consciousness which manifested on a universal scale on February 29, 1956, and the Superman Consciousness which came at the end of 1969, became the ruling power in the earth's evolutionary history, a natural force towards supramentalisation.

The use of the word "postponed" has been debated. The common meaning is: "to put off for a future time, to defer, to delay, to subordinate."\(^2\) The connotations which caused all those various eye-expressions other than that of acceptance were the first and the second. The more appropriate meaning is: "delay." For, this term has a twofold shade, and the conditions we have to consider are also twofold.

The physical transformation can be considered either as a process or as an end-product. The end-product, the accomplishment of the body's supramentalisation, may legitimately be taken as delayed in the sense of being put off for a future time or being deferred. The process cannot be so regarded: the Mother, whether physically present or not, is constantly at work on her followers as well as, in a lesser degree, on the rest of mankind, and the new Power that has become a factor in evolution is also pressing on to produce an effect in the world's surface-life. The process is postponed only in the sense of being retarded, slowed down. Our previous article should have explicitly distinguished the complete achievement from the movement towards it. The circumstances mentioned there could never rule out the continuation of the movement. They counteract only the coming of the fullness of physical supramentalisation in the present time or in the very near future.

Sri Aurobindo said that if the supramentalisation was not done first in him it could not be done in others. The Mother declared that he had given her the work of completing their Yoga of Supramental Descent and Transformation and that her body was to be the first experiment in the difficult process of supramentalisation so as to make the task easier for others by her success. The physical absence of the Gurus is bound to postpone the success of the disciples in this particular part of the

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\(^1\) *Mother India*, June-July 1974, pp 438-9

\(^2\) *Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary* (Bombay, 1971), p. 854, col 1
Integral Yoga — the postponement will end not before one of the Gurus reappears in some fashion or the manifested Supermind and the Superman Consciousness start operating directly in the forefront of universal evolution.

In the meanwhile the Mother’s new creation, already a multiform splendour in the subtle-physical, is trying to break forth into the gross-material, with her own body of glory in the van of the fight outward. By withdrawing from her earthly sheath she has not abandoned her mission nor has she withdrawn merely because her children proved unworthy. Unworthy in many respects we all certainly have been, but the Divine Love is not offended by the unworthiness of its objects: it knows very well the nature of the stuff it deals with and it gives itself ceaselessly and will carry out what it has set its heart upon. The Mother left her body for occult reasons which determined that the immediate present period was not the one in which her undertaking could best be fulfilled for the good of her followers. A fresh turn of spiritual strategy was called for by the Supreme Will — the Will of the Mother’s own highest Self — and the Mother in her incarnate role responded.

There have been unexpected turns in the past of the Integral Yoga. After the descent of the Overmind into the body on November 24, 1926, the Mother tried to bring down divine beings from the highest spiritual level to work in the human instruments and she could manifest even in her physical form something of her four goddess personalities and powers: Maheshwari, Mahakali, Mahalakshmi, Mahasaraswati. A kind of miraculous sadhana went on. If it had been successfully carried through, the Supermind would soon have taken direct charge. But the method of action from above could not sweep to its conclusion. Certain conditions of earth-nature, particularly as represented in the circle around the Mother, stood in the way. To follow the apparently swift method would have meant a series of brilliant sallies in all directions without striking on the central road. So a different mode of operation was adopted.

The Gurus came down to the level of the physical mind and worked from there, calling the descent of the Supramental Consciousness into that level. At the same time they started digging the Subconscient and the Inconscient. And, all the while, they insisted that the inmost soul, the true Psyche, should lead the Yogic evolution. The new turn was to all appearances a slow process, but it hit upon the main path and, in doing so, avoided the impressively swift-moving yet ultimately time-wasting sidetracks. Its slowness was, in the long run, speed disguised.

A second change of strategy came with the passing of Sri Aurobindo. A break-through which would have taken long if he had remained within his body was achieved at one drastic stroke by his leaving it. The Mind of Light, the physical mind receiving the Supramental Light, was established in the Mother the moment Sri Aurobindo made his stupendous self-sacrifice. Sri Aurobindo’s physical absence created indeed a gap in our Yogic lives and the fact that the Mother alone, instead of him and her together, had to deploy the Avatar-energy towards the goal brought a tremendous pressure upon her physical instrument. The break-through which Sri
Aurobindo had accomplished worked wonders and the Mother brought about two victories on a universal scale and prepared a future course of Supramental Evolution. But her own body had to pass through crisis after crisis at certain intervals of time. No crisis, of course, could ever spell defeat. Yet desperate-looking situations could arise and her radiant form bore wound after wound. Warrior to the end, she saw that the sacrifice of this form was demanded in the larger interests of the Aurobindonian travail of total transformation. Postponement of bodily supramentalisation was the result, for no other body had reached anywhere near her own aspiring light-touched cell-consciousness. When such a vehicle of the Divine was abandoned for a novel attack on the problem of divinising the earth, the perfection of the individual body could not but be deferred and the process towards it slowed down.

However, by analogy with the past strategic shifts, here is an occasion for hope rather than despair. What might have been done quicker for one special body under stress-conditions — stress-conditions because of a considerable lag between that body and those striving to follow its steps — might have proved too burning a burden, so to speak, for the unprepared, and created unbearable consequences for them by an extreme contrast. The unprepared might have felt internally confused and externally rejected. A more gradual achievement of the goal by means other than the ones adopted after Sri Aurobindo’s passing may be envisaged as more advantageous for them. Hence the deferment of the full physical supramentalisation and the slowing-down of the movement in its direction would be the Mother’s secret blessing to her disciples.

Our journey may seem long, our passage may at times even be as though

Across a whole Thibet of broken stones
That lie, fang-up.

But if the difficulty is increased, it must be understood as a challenge to us to double our aspiration, our effort at self-surrender. Obstacles may rise before us, but only to raise our will to the highest pitch. Were a lengthy plodding period to become our lot, it should summon from our depths a tremendous power of patience, an unflinching fidelity to the Light, an ever-keener concentration to answer the Infinite Mother with the Eternal Child in us. For, unless we kindle within ourselves this intensity, we could never pass through; but we just have to do so and therefore just have to live at our most eternally child-like, evoking from our inmost the wise innocence and the smiling endurance that are characteristic of the true soul in man.

How long the journey might last nobody could tell as yet. But it would be a journey meant to prepare the way of the Mother’s return by a supramental materialisation and to make the superficies of life receptive to the push of the profundities where she has lodged forever the Supermind she had brought from the Beyond. The long-drawn-out journey, heroically and happily undergone, would set our faces towards the invisible Light and bring closer and closer the future to which the consummation of the body’s supramental change has been postponed. Yes, more and more close — for, the postponement, the putting-off to a time-to-come, is not some-
thing fatalistically fixed. The Divine is never Time's slave. He can move farther and nearer as He wills, within the domain of world-circumstances He has chosen. Certain general restrictions He observes as ruler of the līlā, but they are not cast-iron bonds. They can be tightened or loosened as He deems proper. So, although there is a postponement of the complete supramentalisation, the exact distance to it would be determined on the one side by the Divine's Will and on the other by the manner in which we traverse whatever cluttered foot-catching course there might be in store for us at present. If we gathered inner speed with the spur of the outer impediment, we could make the postponed perfection come sooner within sight. Thus all that we yearn for and dream about might take, if we chose, less long than we can compute with our logical minds.

Even the difficulties hypothesised as probable may not all occur. Sri Aurobindo has said that the universal evolution itself from the Inconscient, though bound to be a tardy progression, need not have been the blind and blundering and tormented labour it has happened to be. If the psychic being had come to the fore and assumed leadership, the unfoldment could have been as if the protracted yet beautiful and happy opening of a tightly shut flower. The Divine Grace may intervene, especially if our psychic beings press constantly into the outer consciousness. But, whether we have a hard or a smooth time, we may be sure that all is well and that, in the final reckoning, all has been for the best.

To show our gratitude we must keep the inner flame steadily climbing. However, we must guard against one mistake. Those who do not understand the reason for the postponement of physical transformation protest vehemently that they are having marvellous experiences and that when even science is on the track of lengthening life and keeping the force of death at bay it would be unreasonable to limit the present possibilities of the Aurobindonian Yoga. They forget the difference between the immortality founded in a Supramental Consciousness with its divine "causal body" and the immortality due to a medically induced suspension of degenerative processes in the gross body. The suspension could never be one-hundred-per-cent proof against the forces of degeneration; and the forces of accident, of "crass casualty", would still carry on their sport. Nor would the Godward-aspiring evolutionary soul be content to inhabit a body still working under an unillumined human consciousness. In any case, Sri Aurobindo and the Mother were not after such a suspension and not even after a divine immortality imposed on the body by a special siddha, a supernormal power exercised against the body's nature. What they wanted was to awaken the body's own latent dharma of being divine so that a divine immortality would prove to be its very nature. Our critics would also do well to have a proper view of their experiences. On the strength of diverse purificatory or expansive powers at play within them or even of supramental touches on their minds and life-beings, on the strength of a visioning of their own subtle sheaths that are luminous and can produce some effect on the outer sheath, they should not delude themselves into believing that the supramental perfection of this sheath has not been deferred.
They must be realistic and, though never despondent and always certain of the Mother's ultimate victory, go on doing the Yogically needful as her humble, hopeful, helpful, happy children instead of basing on the greatness of their parent any _folie de grandeur._

Provided we keep free from spiritual misapprehension, there is every cause for us not only to have a calm-eyed acceptance of the new situation but also to give it a luminous-eyed welcome.

K. D. Sethna
INDIA UTOPIA STRUGGLES WITH THE LIFE DIVINE

400 AUROBINDO DEVOTEES FROM MANY LANDS

Under these titles, in the Los Angeles Times of Wednesday, April 10, 1974, William J. Drummond, Times Staff Writer, published the following article. It created great interest and many calls, letters and visits were received by the East-West Cultural Center in that city presided over by Jyotipriya (Dr. Judith Tyberg).

AUROVILLE, India — At 3:30 each morning before the sun rises above the parched red sandstone of South India, Richard Frost begins stirring in his thatch-and-mud hut.

Twenty-six and a psychology graduate of Wisconsin State University at Stevens Point, Frost spends his first two waking hours reading the works of Sri Aurobindo, the late Bengali mystic for whom this settlement of 400 inhabitants was named.

It is unlike any other village in India, or indeed in the world.

The inhabitants, about evenly distributed between Americans, French, Germans and British, are devoting themselves to building a city based on the principles of yoga.

Frost is a former student at Cincinnati’s Methodist Seminary and a veteran of community involvement work there at a center for runaway children. He now finds himself a simple truck farmer. But he is content.

After a breakfast of yogurt, fruit, bread and peanuts, and dressed only in a pair of shorts, Frost goes to work on the seven acres of sesame, tomatoes and other vegetables which he has carefully tended during the 10 months he has lived here.

It is quite a change in life-style for a young man who once worked in Sen. George McGovern’s campaign for the U.S. Presidency and fancied himself a political activist.

“Just after the election I left the country. Yes, I’ve really changed a lot since I’ve been here,” said Frost.

“Even when I was at seminary, I was an atheist. I was attracted to religious work mainly because it was socially active but I was still antireligious.

“When I came here that changed completely without my being aware of it. It happened very suddenly. Now I feel that the divine is real, as real as I am.”

Richard Frost, as brown as leather — his chest-length blond hair streaked nearly white from days in the relentless sun — and his companions consider themselves refugees from Western-style materialism.

They are the vanguard of the projected population of 50,000 of this yoga utopia, taking shape on the desolate wind-blasted Deccan Plateau, about five miles north of Pondicherry.

The city-building effort has attracted international attention. The United Na-
tions' cultural arm, UNESCO, has endorsed the project, calling it "an international cultural township" that will fulfill "man's physical and spiritual needs."

The bulk of the money comes from donations to the Sri Aurobindo Society—100 chapters in India and 25 abroad. Three are in California. The Los Angeles chapter is at the East-West Cultural Center, 2865 West Ninth Street.

The Auroville planners say the city may cost $100 million and may take a century to complete.

Considering the bleakness of the surroundings, these awesome estimates seem incongruous.

The proposed international city is located in a backward area of India where local people earn an average 40 cents a day.

Frost and his six truck farm companions—a Mexican, three Frenchmen and two Germans—pay about $40 a month to live there.

The truck farm, named Utility, provides sesame and peanuts for the community. Other food items, including the staples of rice and lentils, must be purchased outside.

Aurovillians do engage themselves in a wide assortment of work activities.

There is a school for the 125 children who live here.

An orchard, a dairy, an apiary along with carpentry and blacksmith shops meet some of the settlement's requirements.

In addition a number of small-scale industries like paper-making, soap-making, a bakery and a printing press are operating. However, only the most visionary foresee the day when the settlement will be economically self-sufficient.

The motivating force behind the creation of Auroville was Sri Aurobindo's associate and fellow mystic, a woman reverently referred to as "The Mother."

Born Miriam Alfassa in Paris in 1878, she conceived the idea for the city reportedly during a vision she had in the 1930s. Her followers say the vision was so replete with detail that she was able to describe the craftsmanship of the windows of the various buildings.

Work began on the city in the late 1960s, during a period when growing numbers of Western youth were turning away from material pursuits and exploring the alternatives of Eastern philosophy.

Miriam Alfassa died last November at the age of 96, but her idea for a city of mystics has been carried on under a new collective leadership.

The role of spiritual guru is now exercised by another Bengali, Nolini Kanta Gupta, 85, a longtime associate of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother.1

The administrative decisions of the society's extensive activities are handled by Sri NavaJata, its general secretary.

Have pressures arisen internally since the Mother's death?

"I don't think there is any change," said Frost. "Since The Mother left her body,

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1 The name was not "Miriam" but "Mirra". Later the Mother signed only "Mira". (Editor)
2 There is no guru succeeding the Mother. Nolini Kanta Gupta is highly respected as the oldest disciple of Sri Aurobindo. (Editor)
there has been a strong coming together of Aurovillians."

The most serious obstacle to Auroville's future is natural.
The punishing dry winds make for a Santana-type condition six months of the
year, only to be followed by a cyclone season.
The native sandstone is like a natural, hard brick which is unfavorable to crops.
Water is much too scarce to support a large population, the scientists say.

Despite these problems, many people are rooting for Auroville
"After all, it represents a philosophy of hope," said Prof. F. Gros, director of
the École Français d'Extrême Orient in Pondicherry. "The Aurovillians have deeply
personal, idealistic motivations. Most are seeking personal guidance and a confessor.
You cannot question their sincerity. For that reason it is interesting."
FLOWERS

(After hearing a Talk by Dr. Judith Tyberg — Jyotipriya — at the East-West Cultural Center in Los Angeles on the spiritual meaning given to flowers by the Mother)

A seed was planted today
a seed of new understanding
For the beauty in nature
and for the essence of the flowers.

These special creatures of nature
are no longer to me just
God's adornments of the earth.

They now show forth
their divinity, their uniqueness,
Yes, even their souls.

Their endless variety of shapes
their boundless colors
all hold new meaning
never before envisioned.

They speak a very special language
but to be understood it must
first be heard.

And to hear we must listen,
listen not only with our ears,
but with our hearts.

For the messages they bring are many,
and what we hear in those messages
will be the voices of our souls
crying out for a union with their creator.

Yet their most important message
can be found in their unceasing
surge toward the light,
Setting for us the goal we should  
make our own,  
For it is in such seeking  
that we are to find the divine —

The divine that is everywhere  
in nature, in the flowers  
and most importantly  
within ourselves.

Yes, a seed was planted today,  
a seed that will be  
cared for, nurtured  
and cultivated

With love,  
devotion,  
and wisdom,

So that, hopefully, one day  
the essence of the flowers will also  
be found in my heart.

MARGIE ROWDEN
TWO POEMS BY JAMES DILLET FREEMAN

(The writer is the poet, one of whose compositions — "I am there" — was left on the Moon by Apollo XV Astronauts. That famous poem was published in Mother India some years back.)

THE FINEST FLOWERING

God is a kind of seed.
To grow He does not need
A sage, or saint, or priest,
But is one of the least,
Where there has been no sign
Of anything divine,
Without forewarning He
May of a sudden be!
The flower of God may start
In any human heart
And it will leave no room
For any other bloom.

LOVE'S PURPLE PATCHES

I think that God is love because
He makes things lovelier than laws
Call for. God slips into the batches
Of life's grey paint love's purple patches:
Sunsets, bluebirds, butterflies,
Rainbows in rain — God likes surprise.
Take lilacs — just the leaves would be
A heart-shaped miracle to see;
But God adds flowers in spring, a foam
Of purple bees on a honeycomb,
A violet swarm of stars that cling
In galaxies of glittering;
And lilacs are not leaf and bloom,
But utter attar, sheer perfume,
Fragrance! lilacs tell me love
Is what things are constructed of.
I note how God has wrapped this globe
In lilac air like a seamless robe.
And I sense, no less than lilacs, you
And I, at heart, are love's stuff, too.
OUR dining room food in the early thirties was not so well organised as it is now. In the beginning I maintained a very devoted attitude and relished the food quite well. But slowly my attitude got clouded, and I began to find the food less and less palatable. It was a fact that in those days none of the sadhaks took the initiative to cook, so, mostly the servants were in charge of cooking, and they often stole the essential elements, sometimes giving us half-cooked, sometimes over-cooked food. At times the Mother tasted the food in Pavitra’s room from his dish, and I heard Her remark that it was “un eatable”. Yet on the whole it could not be called bad, specially at noon and, on the two non-pranam days in the week, when there were two items of vegetables, it was almost a luxury. But the more the people began to increase, the more the dining room atmosphere began to get obscured. After some time, on particular days a few sadhaks volunteered to cook for the lunch hour. But their competitive attitude soon spoiled the nature of the work, and their well-intentioned movement failed. Some used up a whole week’s ration of oil and spices within half the week, and this was particularly responsible for the stopping of the service. S was the manager of our D.R. He requested the Mother to give the charge to ladies. But the Mother seems to have disapproved of the idea, saying that ladies in India had all along been in the kitchen and so they must be free from that job here. Thus there was no hope for some time, until about 1931 when a few devoted village ladies arrived from Gujarat and, seeing the pitiable condition of our D.R directly offered their service to the Mother, suggesting that they should take complete charge of the cooking and wash the vessels and not allow any servant inside the D.R. The Mother was pleased with their proposal — as She often is when somebody offers his service genuinely without any selfish condition — and granted Her permission. Thus cooking by servants ended, and naturally the quality of the food improved, even though critics were always there to find fault with provincial tastes.

But before this change-over came, a number of sadhaks began to protest against the bad quality of the food. They wrote to Sri Aurobindo for some remedy. Why should I lag behind them? To make a show of my boldness, I also took up my pen to write. But I could not directly address Sri Aurobindo, my courage failed there, because I was not accustomed to write to Him, except on rare occasions. My exchanges were with the Mother, and that also more orally than by
correspondence, except for the reports of the work, the answers to which were
written by Sri Aurobindo during the night, answers mostly dictated by the Mother.
It sounds humorous, but it is a real fact, because at times, in the margin of my notes
He wrote, "The Mother is not here now, when She comes I shall write...." Of course
I was sorely tempted to write to Sri Aurobindo for getting answers. But alas, I often
heard that the Mother was quite displeased with the invasion of correspondences,
and She once said in Pavitra's room how people were writing unnecessary questions,
sometimes idiotic, simply to make Sri Aurobindo write answers. Even He, She
remarked, asked Her at times why they went on putting the same questions over and
over again, when He had answered them all in detail in His books, and why they
did not take the trouble to read them. She always said that Sri Aurobindo was an
ocean of compassion and so He went on writing and writing answers at great length.
Now, after hearing the Mother pronounce thus, I could not very well venture to put
further idiotic questions to Sri Aurobindo to get illuminating answers so as to have
prestige, even in the very lowest rank, in our world of correspondence.

So my pen addressed the Mother, but nothing came out on my paper! What
should I write? I did not find really anything to complain about. But if I did
not write at all and could not show the reply on my letter the next day, I would lose
prestige in my group. So after some pondering I wrote that my quantity of food was
being decreased gradually, and I was feeling hungry. What a joke! And had this
anything to do with the complaint about the quality of food? Anyway, I put the letter
inside my notebook of work-reports. In those days I was taking food in my room, as
it was not convenient to go to the D.R. in time, after my work, and there was no
second turn serving as there is now. Our old D.R. was in the Ashram compound,
where now there is Prithwisingh's room. It was a tiled room.

Although Sri Aurobindo and the Mother allowed some concessions to a few
sadhaks making individual requests or prayers, now when they voiced their desire in
a mass, there was no chance, because the already distorted attitude went below all
spiritual mark. Our leader got a reply of disapproval from Sri Aurobindo. In those
days Sri Aurobindo's letters, if they were of general interest, were typed out and put
up on the Ashram Notice-Board without the name of the recipient, in the same veran­
dah where there is the Notice-Board now. So the next day (28-8-1930) we read:

"It is certainly not very yogic to be so much harassed by the importunity of the
palate. I notice that these petty desires, which plenty of people who are not yogis at
all nor aspirants for yoga know how to put in their proper place, seem to take an inor­
dinate importance in the consciousness of the sadhaks here, — not all, certainly, but
many. In this as in many other matters they do not seem to realise that, if you want to
do yoga, you must take more and more in all matters, small or great, the yogic attitude.
In our path that attitude is not one of forceful suppression, but of detachment and
equality with regard to the object of desire.... Each wave of desire as it comes must be
observed, as quietly and with as much unmoved detachment as you would observe
something going on outside you, and allowed to pass, rejected from the consciousness,
and the true movement, the true consciousness steadily put in its place.

“What if people were to remember that they were here for yoga, make that the Salt and Savour of their existence and acquire Samata of the palate! My experience is that if they did that, all the trouble would disappear and even the kitchen difficulties and the defects of the cooking would vanish.”

In this valuable letter, as in any other of Sri Aurobindo’s, specially dealing with daily life’s most ordinary things, one gets the help for everything, to correct the attitude and get into the proper line of sadhana. So we were very happy to read it, but a bit discouraged with His wholesale disapproval, even though He admitted our “kitchen difficulties and defects of the cooking”. We overlooked to a great extent that He had indicated clearly that we must remember we were here for yoga, and must acquire samata of the palate. That essential condition was obliterated almost from our consciousness at the time, and we only felt encouraged seeing there was a ray of hope that our food would improve. In fact it did improve.

But in reply to my letter, what I got was unexpectedly baffling, even frightening to me. When I opened my midday food-cover — there were no tiffin carriers those days, food was carried by servants in an enamelled dish covered with another dish — I found two big bowlfuls of rice. It was a shock and a surprise. I did not believe they could be for me; I thought, perhaps it was somebody else’s dish which had got exchanged with mine, as I used to take only half of an ordinary bowl, and this amounted to more than four times that. The next day, again the same thing! The whole dish filled with rice, with just the usual quantity of vegetable and curd and two bananas. It was as if the whole dish was mocking me. Not only that, I heard gossip leaping from mouth to mouth that so-and-so had complained of being less fed and therefore the Mother had ordered him to be served with two very big bowls of rice each day. How had people known? That was another shock. Anyway I had to write again with further complaints, that much rice was unnecessarily being wasted and so the D. R. might be requested to stop it as I did not take more than what I had been taking. Moreover, how could one consume so much rice with the little quantity of vegetable and curd? But no change, the same huge quantity of rice followed the next day; and in the “early morning post”, which Nolinida, the Divine’s Postman, daily brought to us, I got Sri Aurobindo’s reply, “If you are really hungry you should be able to eat that rice. It is the Mother who has arranged that quantity for you. So you have to take it.” I would have preferred to get from the Mother actual knocks on the head which would not really hurt me, rather than a psychological blow from Her like this, which was unbearable. So I had to change the tone of my wounded amour propre and write a prayer to Sri Aurobindo this time. I said it was indeed too much rice, I couldn’t take it, and all these days it was simply being wasted. So I begged that He tell the Mother to stop it. I explained that in fact I had not been hungry, but had been displeased with the bad cooking and was encouraged to write, due to my endorsement of the suggestion of general grievances and talks on the subject.
The next morning Sri Aurobindo's grace reached me. I had been anxiously expecting it. I opened my notebook and read His words, "Then be sincere and get back your true consciousness, and behave as the Mother expects you to do. You complain against the Dining Room food because you go to other places and eat there. That has spoilt your consciousness completely. Moreover, by all these sportings you lose more than you imagine. Stop all that, take what is given from the Ashram. It may not be very palatable. But considering the habits and tastes of the people of so many different provinces, something harmless, healthy and good has been arranged by the Mother. The food given from the Dining Room has the Mother's force behind it. It contains everything that is necessary to keep you in good health to do the sadhana. Keep that attitude and eat. Everything will go well."

Today after more than four decades I value that grace, and I take the Ashram food remembering His words, and realise what it truly contains. I admit of course that the quality of the food also has improved much since then. Yet when I fall short of the true attitude and forget that I am here for yoga, and indulge in the ordinary consciousness which eats with greed, I find the D R. food bad. I feel sick, I get a bad stomach, feel heavy and dull and I run to the doctor and take the necessary medicine. But I know for myself that it is not the food of the D R. but the perversion of my consciousness that is responsible for my illness — because what Sri Aurobindo wrote in 1930 holds true even today.

So far our long story has shown the spiritual light from the side of Sri Aurobindo. Let us call it the inner, the yogic method of healing the disease, which to us is not so easy, yet according to Him is the easiest. But my story is linked still more with the Mother whom I was daily seeing. Now, what happened during the days of which I have written?

Well, it was again a surprise, a divine Diplomacy, no doubt. On the morning after my letter, when I went up to Pavitra's room before the Mother's time to come there, Pavitra said, "Early this morning, Mother left half a tumbler of her orange juice for you. I have kept it in the refrigerator." I did not know what response to make. I wondered how I would face the Mother. But during the day, on all the occasions that I met Her, She never mentioned a single word about my tug-of-war in that letter. Rather, She was as kind as ever in Her dealings, in connection with my usual work. Moreover, She reminded me of some personal work of Her own that was urgent. When I busied myself with this work in Her room, I could see that it was not at all so very important or urgent, but that it was a chance She was giving me to come to Her room, where I could see Her more than ever.

The very next day, as the 'double ration' of rice continued in my dish from the D. R., the orange juice in the morning was now a big tumblerful! Pavitra told me, "Mother has left today Her whole tumbler for you. She said to give it all to you." I protested to him and said that I could not take so much, and he must share half of it with me. I was happy that he did. But I could not get over the shock. Why so much, and in Her own tumbler? So I told Her, this time orally, not in writing, that I felt
guilty drinking the orange juice everyday, and I earnestly prayed that it be stopped. With Her eternal joking tone, the Mother said, “Ah! the stomach is normal now? No more feeling hungry?” I felt more than ashamed and told Her that I felt sorry to have made all the drama. I prayed to be pardoned. She said, “This also is a drama. You are a born dramatist!... First, the Divine is not a school-master to punish you because you have made a mistake, and to reward you because you have done the opposite. And then, to be sorry orally, and just a bit sentimentally, is better than to be arrogant and incorrigible, but it is not what is needed. You have just to detect the vibrations all the time, and reject them. I do not say that this is easy.” (Here I was greatly surprised, almost overwhelmed with joy as it was for the first time in my life that I heard, and that from the Mother directly, that the stupid movements in us are not easy to reject from our nature!) “But,” the Mother continued, “each time there is the least vibration and you feel uneasy in your relation with me, you must at once tell me, so that I may see what to give you, how much and for how long. But, instead of doing that, you run here and there and get an easy appeasement, because you know you cannot have it so easily from me. And by that you lose my direct help ....”

Today I see that the great chance I had in life I missed, because I misused it. When I listened to Her I felt happy and uplifted. But in my daily life I continued to keep contact with the few — there were only a few in those days — who kept up their self-indulgence, which according to them and to me was quite innocent and harmless! And I did not tell the Mother about my adventures. As a result, although on the side of work Her contact increased, there was a gap in the inmost contact. This gradually became clear when She did not call me on some occasions when She called others. At times I found the situation unbearable; so when I asked Her about it, She told me very simply, “Yes, I don’t have confidence in you. I shall call you only when you have made a complete surrender.” I felt more wounded by Her exclusion of me than by my failure to realise the truth!

What I am stating is not just a humble confession, but my whole life’s realisation, in contact with the Mother, that She bestowed Her Grace and help continually all along, on one and all, in order to make them give up the old ways of living, to become plastic, accept the new life, discard the old habits, refer to Her all the time — because of Her assurance that She would bear the burden of everything, do all that had to be done. All that was required of us was to obey Her and stick to Her. For that all other interests were to be given up. Just this I failed to do. That is why towards the later period, as younger batches of sadhaks started to come and She concentrated on a new movement by picking up some of them for different groupings, all eyes began to fall on those who began to come closer to Her, and there was no dearth of criticism, not very openly perhaps, that She was giving extraordinary privileges to Her new favourites, who were not more but less than ordinary in their consciousness and way of life and yet were being given so many concessions of physical comforts and conveniences! Among Her old followers some behaved with specially bad reactions,
which created unusual difficulties for Her, and for years and years She managed all that burden with unimaginable patience and yet firmness. According to the Mother, during this period, She waged war with the subconscient. The jealousy was due to the rights She was giving to the new batch of people. Sri Aurobindo had to write quite a number of letters refuting the charges. They are now in print in his books of letters.

But, confining myself to my individual case, I understood from the beginning of the new movement that it was all a question of the soul's stage of development. Mine was evidently not high. That is why in the process of evolution towards something higher, the little soul in me could not influence the mind and the vital being to follow the Mother's directions. And for what else than following them was Sri Aurobindo's Ashram there?
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 August 15, 1974)


On a close analysis of the various elements constituting Teilhardism we have discovered his Christianity to be a fine superstructure rather than an inalienable part of the foundation, leave aside its being the sole and whole foundation. We have de-centred Teilhard’s Cosmic Christ from the historical Jesus so that the name “Christ” becomes merely an individual preference and, while finding the historical Jesus a medium of the former, we have seen no cause to consider this medium necessarily unique: it has the appearance of uniqueness simply because of Teilhard’s religious milieu and cultural limitation. A Pantheos who is also a Person, a Universal Godhead who is also a Transcendent Divinity, forms the basis of Teilhardism, and this many-sided Ultimate is inseverably linked with an evolutionary world-vision and reveals the true heart of the religious intuition striving to take shape in the modern consciousness that is charged with the scientific sense of a unitary developing cosmos. Teilhardism is best summed up in the multi-faceted concept of Omega, evolution’s Final Term which is really the Prime Mover ahead, drawing to a super-state of collective Unanimity His own aspect of a Spirit in physical evolution. The historical Jesus is an expression of Omega, but Omega exists independently of him and would suffice Teilhard, no matter how coloured with Jesus’ historicity Omega might seem at first glance. Teilhard speaks of the Mystical Body of Christ, but that is only the concrete omnipresence of a World-God, the subtle stuff in which this Soul of the World functions as a formative power in the midst of the gross substance which is its evolutionary emanation.

One shade, however, of the Teilhardian movement to relate the Cosmic Christ with the historical Jesus remains to be assessed. Teilhard argues that it is to the latter that we have to apply “the long series of Johannine — and still more Pauline — texts in which the physical supremacy of Christ over the universe is so magnificently ex-

1 Science and Christ (Collins, London, 1968), p 54
pressed"—texts answering to "the very definition of Omega". He continues: "I am well aware that there are two loopholes by which timid minds hope to escape the awesome realism of these repeated statements. They may maintain that the cosmic attributes of the Pauline Christ belong to the Godhead alone; or they may try to weaken the force of the texts by supposing that the ties of dependence that make the world subject to Christ are juridical and moral, the right exercised by a landowner, a father or the head of an association." Teilhard declares himself against the "juridicists," who "will always understand 'mystical' (in 'mystical body') by analogy with a somewhat stronger family association or association of friends". He puts himself among the "physicalists", for whom "the beauty of life consists in being organically structured" and who "will see in the word mystical the expression of a hyper-physical (super-substantial) relationship..." At the moment we are not concerned with Teilhard's physicalism. Our concern is with the first of what he has dubbed "two loopholes". He remarks: "As regards the first subterfuge, all I need to do is to refer to the context, which is categorical: even in Col. 1. 15 ff, St. Paul quite obviously has in mind the theandric Christ; it was in the incarnate Christ that the universe was pre-formed."

A further gloss on this subtlety occurs in a passage where Teilhard asserts the very exceeding of the Jesus-fact by the Christ-truth: "Even before the Incarnation became a fact, the whole history of the universe (in virtue of a pre-action of the humanity of Christ, mysterious, but yet known to us through revelation) is the history of the progressive information of the universe by Christ." The gloss comes in the phrase: "a pre-action of the humanity of Christ" and the central operative expression is "humanity". The human Christ, the Word Incarnate, the "theandric" or God-Man Jesus, is said to pre-exist in the eternal Second Person of the Holy Trinity and to pre-act within the universe. This puzzling notion derives, as Teilhard indicates, from St. Paul. Christopher Mooney refers to the Pauline origin thus: "Paul seems clearly to affirm a pre-existence for Christ, and apparently it is always the concrete, historical God-Man of whom he is thinking, never the Word independent of his humanity. How this is to be explained theologically is a question for which there is as yet no satisfactory answer."

Whether theology has a satisfactory answer or not, the doctrine—for one who adheres to it—stamps on the Cosmic Christ the personality of the historical Jesus. If Teilhard can convincingly put his contention across instead of repeating what St. Paul appears to have preached, our interpretation of him will suffer a setback. Does he do so?

Mooney reports, without any endorsement, Teilhard's attempt to render St. Paul intelligible: "Teilhard's own theory is that 'every cosmic particle, even the tini-

5 *The Prayer of the Universe* Selected from *Writings in Time of War* translated by René Hague (Collins, Fontana Books, 1973), p. 21
7 *Ibid.* The quotations from Teilhard are from *Comment je vois* (1948), 4, note 4, note 35.
est electron, is rigorously coextensive with the totality of space and time.’ Hence ‘the body of a living being, far from limiting it inside the universe, is simply the expression and gauge of its interiority and its “centrality.”’ But ‘in the case of Christ, this coextension of coexistence has become a coextension of domination,’ and the reason Christ’s Body has such a privileged position in the universe is to be traced to ‘the transforming effect of the Resurrection.’”

We are afraid there is here a slip into a serious bit of obscurum per obscurius. Surely the dark is rendered darker by the talk of the Resurrection bringing about the pre-existence of the human Jesus as a dominating World-Body. The explanation attributed to Teilhard can make the human Jesus bear such a World-Body after his death and resurrection but not before. The point at issue is pre-existence and not post-existence of domination. The rising of the body of Jesus from the dead can mark a particular moment of time dividing the past from the future: it cannot have a retroactive effect on all duration prior to it. Even the action on the future — as expressed in a citation Henri de Lubac¹ gives from Teilhard: “Christ in his theandric being gathers up all creation” — this “theandric” action itself hardly yields satisfactorily to theological essays at explanation. But it is a conceivable conclusion. The other, as Keats would have said, “dodges conception”. Teilhard has provided no shred of plausibility for the cosmic all-time supremacy Paul enigmatically ascribes to the historical Jesus. The “pre-action of the humanity of Christ” stays what Teilhard has designated it: “mysterious.” It is a dogma of “revelation” for which, as Mooney implies, he offers no rationale any more than professional theologians have done. It cannot be assimilated into basic Teilhardism, which rests systematically on Omega.

Nor does Teilhard himself always hold to it as if it were a vital component of his weltanschauung. Mooney has quoted from Comment je vois (1948), but even this document seems to show a different face to George A. Maloney² who says that here Teilhard distinguishes “between the pre-existing Word on the one hand and the historical, incarnate Man-Jesus on the other”. Maloney adds: “Between these two aspects, Teilhard distinguishes, as he did in Le Christique (1955), a sort of ‘third nature’, ... — that emerges. This is the aspect of Christ that St. Paul writes about, the full, total Christ whose activity consists precisely in ‘recapitulation’ or in bringing the universe to its ultimate centre through the transforming energies of his resurrection.” The “third nature” is, of course, the “cosmic”, which Teilhard also describes as the “Christic” in Comment je vois.

Perhaps the most clear-cut freedom from the idea of Jesus’ theandric pre-existence is seen in a letter written by Teilhard as early as February 2, 1918. In connection with the problem of other heavenly bodies than the earth being inhabited ones, he³ says: “It is astonishing that it is only two days back that I have been vividly struck

³ Lettres Intimes de Teilhard de Chardin a Auguste Valensin, Bruno de Solages, Henri de Lubac,
by the difficulty of reconciling my doctrine of the cosmic Christ with the plurality of worlds. Since the Cosmos is certainly indivisible, and Christianity is not smaller than the Cosmos, one must admit a certain ‘polymorphous’ manifestation of the cosmic Christ upon various worlds, according to the aptitude of these worlds for being integrated into the celestial Universe. The human Christ would then be but one aspect of the cosmic Christ. Otherwise, Christ (if he upheld only the earth) would be smaller than the World."

Here the suggestion goes beyond making Christ overflow the boundaries of a tiny earth and consummate the evolutionary process of other planets or stars. It goes so far as to make him deviate from such a form as he assumed upon earth. It asserts "a certain ‘polymorphous’ manifestation": this means that he could have many kinds of form and that we should not think of "Jesus" as the one and only form for him. Still further, the passage tells us that even the "human" incarnation proper to earth might be ruled out elsewhere: one aspect alone of the cosmic Christ is said to be the Christ who was human. The unique position of the historical Jesus is negated. There is no emphasis now on the theandric Incarnation: "a pre-action of the humanity of Christ" is not merely ignored, it is openly denied sole right and deprived of the privilege of exclusively characterising Christ's cosmic function.

Rationally, this is the unescapable position to take up once we have a Cosmic Christ anterior to the historical Jesus as well as passing through him and once we follow the far-flung thought of Alice Meynell’s *Christ in the Universe*:¹

> With this ambiguous earth
> His dealings have been told us. These abide:
> The signal to a maid, the human birth,
> The lesson, and the young Man crucified . . .

> But in the eternities
> Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
> A million alien Gospels, in what guise
> He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

> O, be prepared, my soul!
> To read the inconceivable, to scan

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The million forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

Our quotation from Teilhard is Meynellian through and through, though the "organic" and "physical" nature Teilhard’s Evolutionism would discern in Christ’s cosmi-city was beyond the imaginative ken of the Victorian poet.

A little clarification, however, of the two adjectives — "polymorphous" and "human" — is required. We get an appropriate pointer in a letter by Teilhard to Bruno de Solages on February 16, 1955: "In virtue of its whole bio-chemistry, the Universe is of 'poly-human' (poly-thinking) nature. Possible (?) that, because of the distances, contacts are never established between noospheres. Still, the probability of the existence of noospheres has become such that a religion excluding (or even not admitting positively) by structure the eventuality of a plurality of thinking focuses would no longer cover the dimensions of the world we know. That is, I insist, the reason why we shall sooner or later need a new Nicaea defining the cosmic aspect of the Incarnation."

Our "polymorphous" gets equated to "poly-human". And what "poly-human" connotes is indicated by Teilhard’s bracketed "poly-thinking". The precise connotation emerges in the footnote to a passage in his essay: A Sequel to the Problem of Human Origins: The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds. The passage is: "... considering what we now know about the number of 'worlds' and their internal evolution, the idea of a single hominized planet in the universe has already become in fact (without our generally realizing it) almost as inconceivable as that of a man who appeared with no genetic relationship to the rest of the earth's animal population." The footnote elucidates the epithet "hominized" as being "synonymous with 'psychically reflected life'", and adds: "We have, it is true, no idea either of the chemistry or the morphology peculiar to the various extra-terrestrial forms of life. However, there is every reason to believe that should material contact be effected between two 'hominized' planets, they would be able, at least through their noospheres, to understand one another, combine and be synthesized with one another."

"Polymorphous", then, stands for some development of life which, whether or not assuming a human form like ours, has a mentality akin to that of homo sapiens and is, in that respect, human or "hominized". So what Teilhard envisions, in contrast to the human Christ whom he classes as but one aspect of the Cosmic Christ, is simply a reflectively conscious Incarnation, hominized in a broad sense, elsewhere...
than on earth and therefore unlike the one in terrestrial history who is known to us as Jesus Christ.

But, truly speaking, it is not the chemistry or the morphology of the extra-terrestrial Incarnation that is important. What is important, in regard to Alice Meynell’s “million forms” and Teilhard’s “polymorphous’ manifestation”, is the existence of a non-Jesus Incarnate Word. The crucial question involved is: “If Jesus is not the single instance possible of the Incarnate Word and there must be others in the several inhabitable worlds modern astronomy feels bound to posit, why should we at all employ for that Word and for its cosmicity the name ‘Christ’ which is tied up with Jesus?” The name has an aptness only insofar as it denotes the Omega that is taken to have manifested in the figure we have called Jesus Christ, but the moment other figures are acceptable as Incarnations the name becomes irrelevant. And with its irrelevancy Christianity loses its claim to be the core of Teilhardism.

A suggestion similar to that in the letter about Christ’s polymorphousness meets us when Teilhard, in the essay from which we have quoted a passage and a footnote, scans the various modes of dealing, in terms of Christianity, with the new situation. In one alternative he envisions that a theologian “can assume that the Incarnation was effected only on earth, the other mankinds being, in addition, duly ‘informed’ of it in some way (!?).” Teilhard rejects this alternative as “ridiculous, particularly when one considers the enormous number of stars to be ‘informed’ (miraculously?) and their distance from one another in space and time”.

How exactly are we to construe Teilhard’s comment? Of course, as he says at the end while giving a general solution, we have to bring in a Christ who is centre of the universe and has not only a humano-divine nature but also a third nature which is cosmic, “enabling him”, as the editorial footnote puts it, “to centre all the lives which constitute a pleroma extended to the galaxies”. Yet, within the operation of this cosmic nature, more than one Incarnation to cover the plurality of inhabited worlds could be brought about. Does not the condemnatory word “ridiculous” apply to the phrase: “the incarnation was effected only on earth”? If it does, as it must since the condemnation applies to everything in the alternative supposed, it would confirm our thesis that the core of Teilhardism cannot be Christian.

We may add that as soon as we grant polymorphous Incarnations in other planets we bring up the general possibility of non-Jesus manifestations of Omega on this very earth as implicit in the Teilhardian concept of the Cosmic Christ.

All in all, this Godhead is Christ in no more than name. The features of Jesus cannot be seen indelibly marked on him and, in the absence of any valid ground for welding the two together, our reading of Teilhardism as Omegalic rather than Christian must be allowed, along with our reading of Omegalic Teilhardism as including, even while exceeding, the essence of that most un-Christian doctrine: Pantheism.

(To be continued)

K. D. Sethna

1 Ibid., p. 232. 2 Ibid., p. 235 3 Ibid., p. 236 4 Ibid., fn. 12
LIFE HAS ITS DESTINY

There must be a meaning to it all.
Do we run before we crawl?
Do we see before sight?
Are we enlightened before light?
Are we born before birth?
Is all predestined here on earth?

Questions, questions all around,
Answers sought but so few found.
Indeed there is a true way to go.
Many understand, but do they really know —
With the conditioned complexities of the mind
Creating difficulties and obstacles of every kind?

There’s a flash, ah! yes, I feel I know —
Then a thought: is it just my Ego?
Doubts and confusion we create constantly.
It is nature’s natural tendency —
We are but pawns in the living game,
Till conquest of our nature we can attain.

Our only way is to realise —
Each experience makes us more wise.
As long as we are conscious of what has transpired
We shall progress as much as is required.
For there is no quick or immediate solution,
It is all in the hands of God’s Evolution.

With our Lord we must collaborate,
Leaving no room to deviate.
His path may be narrow and very long,
Requiring deep sincerity and a will that is strong;
But if this path we follow, in the end we will see
That life after all has its True Destiny.

HENRY BELL
I was invited along with a friend by a fairly old man of Russian origin, who had, I have no idea under what circumstances, been to the U.S.S.R. We desired to see some ancient icons which had been presented to him by the patriarch of Moscow.

When we arrived, the fellow was already quite tipsy, and the small glasses of vodka he was about to empty in our company brought his excitement to a climax. We admired the icons which were indeed very beautiful; then we made it clear that we intended to take leave. Our host, who had taken a liking to us, exclaimed:

"Of course you can't go like this!"

As we insisted, he said to my friend in an entreating tone:

"Serge, do let me give Madame a present."

My friend assented evasively, not knowing what the old man was driving at. The latter knelt down in front of the icons, joined his hands and sank into deep meditation. Tears ran down his cheeks.

Serge and I began to wonder if we should leave when the Russian abruptly got up, caught hold of the most beautiful icon, looked at it, put it back in its place, took it up again, hesitated a long time, then, making up his mind, handed it to me with great respect, not for myself — I could see that — but for the sacred object.

"Madame," he said tearfully, "think of all those who have prayed in front of this image. Hereafter, when you contemplate it, please, Madame, pray ... you, too, pray ... if only once! And promise me you will never sell it!"

Astounded, I promised. After which the Russian showed us out.

Then Serge upbraided me soundly for having accepted such a gift. I admit I should have refused. Why had I acted in that way and so spontaneously too, I don't know!

"This icon," Serge grumbled, "must be of great value. Go back to that man's house immediately and return it to him."

"No", I retorted, "he should never have given it to me. If I was to refuse it, I should have done so straight away. It is now in my possession; I am keeping it and that's that!"

While fighting back fiercely, I was under the confused impression that because of me the old man had deprived himself of a precious possession in a moment of
drunkenness. But it seemed to me even more strongly that I MUST NOT return the sacred image.

On my return home, I sought for a place where the icon would be prominent. To my great surprise, I could find none. I tried putting it here and there, on my desk, on the console ... in vain. It was everywhere conspicuous but nowhere in its right place. Disheartened, I sat down, took it in my hands, and stared at it.

The impression that the Virgin with the Child in her arms made on me ... What can I say? Beauty ... Purity ... Tender and luminous Love ... Words are too poor to express the supernatural state of mind in which I was immersed by the contemplation of this image. In a negative manner, perhaps something can be said: there was no ugliness, no admixture, no egosm in this message. It was the Absolute!

Imperceptibly, this mood faded away, and I began to study the surface of the icon. I admired the smoothness of the painting, the fineness of the hues, the harmony of the forms. No affectation in that subtle touch! And the gilded metal, inlaid with silver, painstakingly wrought by the artist, the elegant arch of the openwork, shaped like a Russian dome, formed a case for the precious image. Out of whose hands had such a marvel sprung? Who was the illumined being that had laid in the heart of this object the fervour of his faith?

Respectfully, I placed the icon on a table, at the foot of my bed, and so, every evening, I was able to take its effulgence into my sleep. But, on waking, I had an uneasy feeling when I saw it there, beautiful and mysterious still. It was not in its right place in the home of so unworthy and poor a person as I, of whom a princess seemed to have requested shelter for the time being. What was then the fate of my strange protégé?

Many a time, I almost returned the icon to the Russian, so great was my growing discomfort. I even caught sight of the old man in the street one day .... He saw me, opened his mouth with an astounded look and ran away all of a sudden. I felt too guilty at that time to dare go back to his house and I finally gave up the idea of divesting myself of my property, ill-gotten, to all appearances.

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In the days when this story was taking place, the earth was undergoing a great upheaval. A new dimension had swooped down on the universe and an unknown world was coming forth. Oh! a very small world! No one was aware yet of the presence of so discreet an intruder, who, as if nothing had happened, was stirring up huge tidal waves and deadly earthquakes. At the most, some noticed that the seasons were getting freakish and that time went by at an ever faster pace. And a few good people—or so they thought—claimed that the world could not be beautiful when mankind was becoming so wicked. It is true that the newspapers were daily reporting dreadful things. Wars great and small were being waged without being officially declared, while politicians threatened to use arms capable of destroying the planet before mankind had time to shout!
However, while its advent disturbed the order — or rather the disorder! — of things, the new-born world could do nothing about it. It brought beauty and purity and truth, but it did not reveal these yet; the ancient world must first surrender to it, or dissolve. Now, at every touch of the new light, the earth would bristle up snorting, and men would hate one another more savagely still because they did not know that all the impurity of their heavens refused to give way to its power.

No, it was not responsible for all these horrors . . . The ancient world was to blame, unwilling as it was to understand. And the young world, as light as a will o' the wisp, wondered if this old man, wedded to his habits and ideas, did not require some harder — occult — kick.

So it heightened the intensity. It just had to grow. The malaise developed too. All seemed even more vain, cruel, meaningless. Truths, hidden for thousands of years, were withdrawn from their now desecrated sanctuaries and, for the use of mankind, industrialised. The arts were, if I may venture to say so, triturated, and yoked to technology. In the churches, contrary to the bygone ages, spiritual expression was enslaved to architecture. Ceremonies became hollow and religions quivered on the brink of the abyss .... Psychic sciences got confused. Destinies barely determined were no longer achieved! Everything was disconnected, unrelated; it seemed as if the universe was coming apart.

Nature, foreboding some immense danger, moved men to multiply, as if it wanted to lay in a stock of human material .... Nurseries were packed and houses taller than mountains were built in order to lodge every family. Little by little, towns ate up the countryside and one had to pay a high price to find a small place lost in the country, far from the noise and crowd.

The new-born world had been created by the supreme Force that science may end up by discovering one day and that the religions have always claimed to know exclusively. Now the Force had decreed that, in this new world, a new race was to see the light. It drew to the distant land of Bharat a young lady called Ma in whom it inspired the knowledge of the events I have just talked about. Ma gathered around her a few people in search of a better world, and taught them what she had learnt. Each one of them repeated the teaching to his friends and acquaintances, and soon it was widely known that Ma, in the land of Bharat, was the harbinger of a new world. People came from all quarters of the world, some to prostrate themselves at the young lady's feet, some to gaze deeply into her transparent eyes. Some even settled down to live close to her in order to hear her talk day after day.

I was myself quite young when I went on a pilgrimage to the land of Bharat. Ma was then advanced in years and, even though the number of her disciples had grown very high, she lived in retirement. I made several good friends there, and great was my good fortune when Sonia visited me one day, here, in Geneva. Sonia is one of Ma's most faithful disciples and my best friend. This is what I learnt from her:

"A few years ago, Ma announced that she wanted a town to be built where the children of those she was training would be the first citizens and the first link between
the present human race and the future race. Now, hardly were a few houses completed
when two children were born almost simultaneously in two families of Ma’s disciples.
And she has just named them ‘first citizens’ of the town.’

This news plunged me into strange thoughts: “So,” I mused, “the new element
that for so many years has made the world totter — which until its coming had been
limping along — this new and unknown element has begun to manifest ... to take
shape ... to mould matter — and, better still, living matter! ...”

You must appreciate what strange news I bring! ... Will you ever read a more
thrilling report? ... A new race will be born, and the first mutation has just taken
place, in the sight of everyone! ...

But Sonia explained:

“I have seen these children. What strikes one most are their heads, which are bigger
than the heads of normal healthy children. They are still too young for anything else to
be noticeable, but Ma is reported to have foretold that their intelligence will be superior
to ours. As a matter of fact, she added cheerfully, that this is not very difficult, on the
whole! After all, I mean that their sensitivity, their consciousness, if you prefer, will
be wider than the consciousness of old homo sapiens! They will have faculties that will
give them a perception, an understanding of things of which we have no idea. In
short, they will be, I suppose, as hermetic for us as we would be for a dog watching us.
If you had seen, for instance, on last New Year’s Eve, the bewilderment of my dog
Mara when, at midnight, the whole group of friends who were gathered there stood up
together to embrace and wish each other a happy New Year, laughing and talking at
the same time ... ‘There they are ... They are all crazy!’ was clearly the expression
in her look .... Well, that will probably be our attitude in the presence of these new
beings ...”

While Sonia was talking glibly and laughing at her own words, I mused and won-
dered. The icon shone steadily in the semi-darkness and its shimmering was so insis-
tent that my attention was finally aroused. An idea imposed itself on my mind:
“Sonia,” I thought, “is of far-off Slavonic origin .... Perhaps she would like to have
the icon?” And the more I looked at the image, the more I was convinced that I
MUST give it to my friend. Tears came to my eyes and a strange uneasiness took hold
of me. I listened no longer to Sonia’s chattering. I saw nothing but the icon. A
mysterious force seemed to give it life, and it was commanding. I obeyed: I took the
image, contemplated it, eyes blurred with tears, hesitated for a moment, then handed
it to Sonia, who, nonplussed, sat gaping midway through a sentence ...

“Here,” I said in a beseeching tone, ‘take it .... It is for you! It will certainly be
better in your house .... It is not in its right place here ...”

Sonia first refused, but I insisted and, seeing my nervousness, she finally accep-
ted.

“What a magnificent present you have given me!” she exclaimed. “Are you
really sure that you will not regret it later on?”

As I shook my head, she added:
“And an icon was just what I wanted!”

I delicately wrapped the icon in some tissue paper, enclosed it in a box and, as if all was settled, Sonia took it and went away. It seemed as if I had undergone a great test and I needed to be alone. I lay down. The icon was no longer there, on the table, at the foot of my bed.

“I have never prayed in front of it,” I told myself, “but at least I did not sell it!”

A warm solace surrounded me and I fell asleep.

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As Sonia had returned to the land of Bharat, it was not long before I received a letter from her. Here it is:

“Dearest,

Got back safely. Uneventful journey for once. Imagine that I no longer have the icon .... I can see your anger from here! But set your mind at rest, it is in good hands: Ma’s hands! This is what happened. Last night, I suddenly awoke. I turned the light on, and I saw the icon shining in my room where I had found a place for it .... All of a sudden I felt very uneasy when I saw it there, and the certitude came to me that I could not live with it in the same room. The icon that ever since my childhood I had dreamt of possessing one day! Now that I had it ... I felt, I don’t know why, I MUST give it away! As it happened, this morning I saw Ma and, among the many gifts I had brought from Geneva, there was the icon ... Ma looked at it for a long time, fondled it, and said:

“‘It really does contain something very beautiful.... How fortunate that it has been ‘saved’ and has come here .... How many such lost works of art there must be ... lost ... It is very good that this one is here. I shall take care of it myself just now and find the right place for it, here! I shall do it myself. It is a very beautiful thing and you have done well to give it to me!’

“What do you say to that? Are you satisfied now? The icon has found its place at last and, as for me, I shall be able to sleep tonight ... In my room, just where it was, I have put some flowers ...”

“I shall be glad to know what you think of this.

“Love,

Sonia.”

I think that only what is true in us will belong to the new world.


 Emil SAHADJA

(Translated from the original French)
THE RIDDLE OF THE RIDER

WHO WAS PRIVATE SILAS TOMKYN CUMBERBACK?

In 1793, France declared war on Great Britain. Slowly but confidently, England prepared to meet the challenge.

At Reading, on the training fields of a famous cavalry regiment, a veteran sergeant struggled valiantly to teach horsemanship to his recruits.

“How are they coming?” asked the captain. “Do you think that they will make the grade?”

“In a few months, sir,” answered the sergeant, “they’ll be fighting in France. Look, they’re going through their paces now!”

The troopers rode across the field in good order. They moved as a team until, suddenly, one private lost his stirrup. He pitched abruptly forward over his horse’s neck. The horse reared; the private struggled for a moment, then met the earth with a dull thud.

Discipline was shattered. The troopers guffawed as the luckless rider tottered to his feet. Limping, he led his mount towards the stable.

“Now there’s a real cavalryman for you!” exclaimed the captain, unable to hold back a smile. “Who is he?”

Mournfully the sergeant replied, “He’s Private Silas Tomkyn Cumberback, sir. He’s always on the ground, sir. He doesn’t get on like the other men.”

Though the sergeant despaired of Cumberback, his fellow troopers liked their clumsy comrade. He bore their jokes with steady good humour. He told them long stories, and wrote their love letters to sweethearts at home. In return, they tried to keep Cumberback and his gear in military order.

“Who owns this rusty scabbard?” thundered the inspecting officer one day.

“Please, sir, is it very rusty?” queried a small voice from the ranks.

“Very rusty!” barked the officer.

“Then it must be mine,” sighed the voice stepping forward to identify itself as that of Cumberback.

A legend began to grow about the awkward trooper. He could not ride, but he had strange talents for an enlisted man. His comrades had seen him chalk a Latin quotation on a wall. He had corrected an officer who misquoted Euripides.

Who was he? Where had he come from? Perhaps he had been crossed in love, or maybe he was fleeing some crime.

One morning in the village, a young lieutenant from another regiment accosted Cumberback. “What’s your name?” he snapped.

“Private Cumberback, sir,” answered the soldier.

“You can’t fool me,” said the officer. “I know who you really are, and I intend to report you.”
But Cumberback and the lieutenant never met again. The mystery was unsolved.

Finally, the captain transferred Cumberback from the hazards of the riding field to duty in sick bay, where for weeks he nursed a comrade sick with small-pox. One morning, when he was busy in the hospital, the captain entered. With him was a man in civilian clothes.

With a glance at Cumberback, the newcomer declared, "This is my youngest brother. He failed to win a scholarship at Cambridge, and skipped out. Someone told the college authorities he was here."

"Come on, Cumberback," said the captain. "You're discharged!"

That afternoon the runaway student walked out through the regiment's gates for the last time. He felt that he had failed in the Army, just as he had failed in school.

Yet, had Cumberback been allowed to go on with his military career, he might never have turned back to the world of imagination and books where he was to write such famous poems as "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" under his true name — Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
WHEN Silent Daughter returned to herself on the ledge of Mélisande’s and Unicorn’s mountain she found the Golden One lying asleep in a deep exhaustion, with his head on her lap. He was a man now, in the full bloom of his maturity with all of Shankaradev’s splendour and more — even in slumber. The Great One’s boon of wisdom hung about him like an ambrosial aura of indescribable sweetness and his face reposed in the bliss of a godly love and compassion.

Beside him lay Unicorn lost in a similar sleep of an overriding fatigue while here and there on its neck, its flank and its rump, long brown scars showed through the glistening white coat. Silent Daughter herself was startled to see the ugly marks and exclaimed under her breath, “The poor child — how he gave his very soul to the fight.” Then she reached out and touched the outstretched head so that her deific strength flowed through her fingers and into the prostrate equine form. Almost immediately the scars began to fade until finally none remained but a tiny spot on Unicorn’s chest where the last decisive spear had plunged into Vir Bahadur’s heart. Unicorn would bear this for many years to come, not without pride, for the mark would be its badge of honour to commemorate that earthly life in which it had lived so nobly as the war mount of a king descended from the sun.

Even now neither Unicorn nor the Golden One awakened, and presently Silent Daughter herself drifted off into a dream of a violet-skied repose.

Whether they slept for a day or an age of earth time none will ever know. All that can be said is that when the earth effort has been strenuous and exacting the spirit recovers but slowly afterwards and with no pressure of haste. Nor is there any danger during such rest, for the Divine One himself protects his creatures while they renew themselves, the period of renewal being observed as sacrosanct throughout the heavenly kingdoms.

At last slowly and intermittently like infants rousing themselves from the slumber of birth, the three awakened, and as they did so, Mélisande appeared at the mouth of the cave bearing her great Carolingian goblet. “Drink once again, dear friends,” she said, kneeling down beside them. “A second time I bring you the waters of life, as I see you have come from the battles of the lower worlds. I see also, Silent Sister, that the child you had in your arms when last I met you has grown into a great lord, beautiful as a god. I bow down before him for such have been the heroes of men in all ages.”
"If you knew me as a child, Mélisande, you should not be in awe of me now, whatever my form," the Golden One answered rising to a sitting position.

"No, awe there must be for you are a king even among the celestial ones, while I am nothing but a sprite of the enchanted forests of Gaul who has not yet found cause or place to return to the realms of earth for a new life or a new identity."

"Surely your time too will come," he said.

"Yes," she went on. "But I await it still, perhaps that I may return from my encounter clothed in honour as you have come. Till the present it seems that all is yet unprepared for the call and seeking of my being."

"It will come," he repeated as he drank his share from the goblet.

"And ours may come still sooner," Silent One added. "Dear Mélisande, we must move on, for further tasks await us. May all the Great One's bounty shower upon you for having sheltered us through a difficult time. I beg you only to look after our beloved Unicorn. Even while not being accustomed to earthly ways, it flung all its substance into the earthly fight as even no human has purity enough to do, and it will take it some time to recover its full force and form here."

"Fear nothing, my sister. I would cut out my heart for Unicorn if I had to." And she took his head in her hands and caressed it while he nickered softly. "Call us whenever you are in need and we shall fly to your side."

They bade each other a farewell of wordless glances in which the rivers of union flowed between them, and then Silent Daughter departed with the Golden One by her side.

Touching his arm lightly she spoke as they moved. "We shall go to a place that I know well, where no forms exist but all is unmarked space, and visions of earthly time and events may be called to play themselves out across the drifting emptiness. There, as we watch, we shall come soon to the living moment when before our argosy of remembrance, your infant being cried out and called me to its side. What brought it to that dire condition? Let us permit time to slip before us awhile and we shall know."

Once again they skirted the fragile, limpid realm where those about to enter the world awaited their moment of birth, then beyond it the often troubled and beleaguered land of those who had just parted from their bodies and trailed their earthly misfortunes behind them, until finally they arrived at the region Silent Daughter had described. Here nothing seemed to stir but the mists of an imperceptibly moving time that could only be felt and not seen. Nevertheless, it was a place of high expectation where the air was tinged a grey-white blushing to mauve, in which all existence seemed to arise, drift to its predetermined destination and pass away. Here, the two stopped and Silent Daughter spoke again:

"Let us concentrate together now and see what the passage of earth time has to tell us."

They seated themselves in the classical yogic pose of meditation, and the space before them for the first time sprang to visible life. The vision that came was not a vision as a man would see it, but as a god would, not partial or fragmented but
synthesized and entire, so that the earth's action appeared at once in its panoramic totality. Then if a detail was wanted, the viewer could single out any particular point of interest and focus upon it for closer study.

Thus, the earth and the human movement upon it emerged in all its multicoloured splendour at the point where in Europe the Middle Ages were shading off into the Renaissance, and where in the land of Shankaradev the Moghuls ruled, after having subjugated both Hindu and Turk decisively. Everywhere the earth blazed forth in its new and seemingly ever-enriching form. In Italy beauty descended into the hearts and hands of men till masters of brush and chisel created artistic marvels in a profusion never seen before. At the same time, on a world-wide scale kingship flourished with its concomitant pomp and grandeur, that brought in their wake a similar efflorescence of art and culture, but none that surpassed the inspiration and enduring value of the Italian counterpart. At this point, a spasm of recognition ran through the Golden One. Silent Daughter looked at him and smiled.

"Yes, you are there — do you see?"
"Of course, Florence. An artist's apprentice."
"They had even started to praise your work."

He smiled then too, wryly. "Yes. The inspiration was in the air — like the magical breath of a spring morning that lingered on year after year. It was difficult to do something badly at such a time. But do you see how depressed I was? How I walked with my eyes to the ground and my feet shuffling beneath me? How I so rarely laughed, and retained the look of a stripling though I was actually a grown man?"

"It was then that it began — the great irremediable decline. See the shadow of it as it entered into your body and took root as a fatal disease."

"I know — it was then that I began to forget everything, just as the world itself was beginning to forget and discard all its mystic past that had become mere cant over the dim centuries. It was the Dark One's triumph and he took charge of my spirit as well as my body — as he had promised to do when Hiranyamaya had first given himself up to him at the head of the stair, while the lion roared in vain from the distant mountains. So now at last there was nothing to live for and I thank the Fates — and the Divine One who set them in motion — for having contrived my early death. Now look how two days later none even remembered the so-called talented apprentice who was laid to rest in a small monastic cemetery of Florence."

"Indeed, such is the lot of those relegated to the Dark One's coffers where no light, joy or hope may ever penetrate — and see — at the same time for the world, it is the beginning of the greyness to come."

As they watched, sure enough the Renaissance passed, the brilliant colours faded, and a heretofore unheard-of monotone began to creep across the human scene. One by one the bright spots of light went out, the younger exuberance became stifled, and what appeared to the soul to be the new, faceless age, crept toward the all-encompassing moment that would mark the zenith of its development and supremacy. That would be the age when man's all-too-mortal mind would rule all things, mind — that
curious instrument which made homo sapiens so uniquely himself and that nevertheless, at the time of its fullest flowering, exposed him as the most death-bound and unillumined of living things. While the two continued to watch, the mind's influence blanketed the earth in the heavy grey substance and atmosphere created by its working. Within that thickening blanket the age of humanism passed into the age of reason, the age of reason into that of industry, science and the total envelopment of his environment by man, and thus into the twentieth century.

Here in large areas of the globe the individual had, in actuality, been reduced to a cipher among the billions of others, and man-created machines proceeded strangely and devastatingly to cast a mechanistic pall over the human consciousness that had so guilelessly brought them into being.

As might be expected, of all the gods the Dark Lord found himself to be the greatest beneficiary of the new state of affairs — for despite the little scientific miracles that kept him slightly longer from gathering in the newborn, the sick, and the aged — mass war, modern weaponry, and the philosophy of materialism had not only made his task easier than ever, but had brought his existence to the forefront of man's thoughts with a measure of power and notoriety he had not previously enjoyed. Meanwhile, the human soul cringed and drew into itself, for no opening in the dense grey covering of the new age could it find through which to beam out its fire, or to contact the infinity beyond. The only outlets that remained for those that sought their soul's freedom and release were the quiet corners of gardens where birds and squirrels still flitted, the vastnesses of plains where no cities stood, and the great spaces of the open sea where the elemental gods still reigned.

Yet even at the nadir, it was apparent that the Great One did not sleep. The soul of man shrank inward and slept only that it might awaken again with a new strength, and the mind of man played out the dangerous game of its own unfolding only that it might learn its true master and not usurp the throne, the orb, and the sceptre that did not belong to it. Like a sputtering candle-flame, the soul's new awareness sought to be born in the heart of the obscenity, and as that moment manifested in the space before Silent Daughter and the Golden One, she reached out and touched his hand.

"There," she whispered. "It has arrived at last. At this instant you called to me and I came. You are twenty-five years old and you have recovered from a long illness. The twentieth century is still fifteen years away, but in many spheres of life the stage has already been set for it — for its art, its music, its spirit of mass revolution and mass warfare, and for the all-pervading nature of its science."

"Yes," he replied with utter calm. "I have seen and learnt all I needed to know and I must return at once. But, beloved one, how am I to go without you?" He turned to her suddenly earnest and imploring. "The task is so different to any I have performed so far, the milieu so much more hostile, so much more foreign than any the earth has yet devised —"

"I will be with you, my love. I will be with you during every breathing moment. Take this that you may never forget my presence." As she spoke a great jewel of a
brilliance as overwhelming as that of some paradisial diamond materialized between her hands. Yet it was not a jewel at all but the coagulated essence of a divine luminosity. From its core shone a supernal perspicacity that upon being turned towards any endeavour or field of knowledge, would light the seeker’s way into its far distant vistas as no human vision could ever do. “Here, keep it,” she said, handing it to him, “and allow it to be the token of my existence in you.”

Slowly he folded his hands around it and felt its light shining through his fingers. Dropping his head forward and touching the “gem” to his forehead, he found tears starting from his eyes, as he realized Silent Daughter had given him a piece of her own substance, her own luminous heart. Immediately the clear, sparkling teardrops hardened and became of the same substance as the gem itself. She looked at him and smiled. “Yes, among other things, it is made of the pure tears of prayer and the heart’s aspiration. You will never be able to separate yours from it again.”

“As if I should ever want to.”

She continued to smile and all her soul came out to him through the love in her eyes. “Place it in your heart,” she went on. “And use it for the endeavour that lies before you. Meanwhile I shall visit you during your meditations and your sleep, often — very often. Remember too that the Divine One’s boons are always with you and that the white lion in particular will not fail you — ever.”

As she stopped speaking he placed the gem against his chest so that it sank into his immaterial body and buried itself in his heart centre. From there it cast forth its quietly dazzling light, and the uniquely scented sweetness of its purity. Looking at it within himself, the Golden One shook his head. “No, it is too beautiful a gift, beloved one. Surely men will kill me for it.”

She laughed. “You forget the reality of physical man, my love. His eyes are still stones within his head, and the flesh of your own physical body is the best armour for inner luminosity yet devised. Fear nothing — none will see it or know of it. I and heaven’s guardians shall be with you, always, everywhere. Go then, my dearest, most cherished one. Your map will unfold before you as you go.”

It was the first time in the recollection of all his lives that he went without joy, departing instead with only the pale spectre of an unknown duty that lay ahead of him guiding him forward.

(To be continued)
Yoga in action tries to endow man with new strength, new confidence to meet life's needs and daily vicissitudes.

Sri Aurobindo holds that the solution of problems will come by the awakening of consciousness. What do we understand by the awakening of consciousness? People say purity and prosperity cannot go together. They also hold that to carry on business on sound principles, while living in this world where harsh deception is the rule of life, is simply impossible. What remarkable changes take place in one's attitude by the awakening of consciousness one or two specific instances will illustrate.

B is a family man, a business man, one who has built a career for himself, almost single-handed with a very small beginning. From the very start he resolved not to do anything which a disciple of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother should not do. This one principle strictly adhered to saved him from many evils and made his life not only amazingly successful but peaceful and beautiful.

In 1949, when B was in the Ashram, the food Controller happened to visit his house with the intention of offering the agency of selling gram, but his father declined the offer.

A bit confounded, the Controller blurted out: "Hundreds run after me with all sorts of recommendations for the agency and you refuse it?"

"All right. I shall speak to my son when he returns," his father conceded.

Honesty does not bring rich dividends because to some honesty is merely a business policy. The moment they find dishonesty affords a golden opportunity, they never hesitate to put honesty on the shelf. But to a man of principle, honesty is not a matter of convenience but the result of the awakening of consciousness. It is this combination of idealism with tremendous business skill that sets B's career as an example worthy of emulation by others in their own field of action.

There was a great demand for his goods and daily the price rose to a higher level. But B refused to squeeze the customers and exact from them a higher rate than what was fixed by the Government. He was prompted by the thought: "As the Divine is giving me already more than I can conceive, why should I hanker for more?" This raised him at once in the estimation of all concerned.

The case was almost the same with the agency of cement. When the proposal was put before him, he objected, saying that as he had already one agency, he could not accept another.

"Never mind. I would like to give the agency to you in preference to another;"
he was told. He has never found any difficulty in disposing of five or ten wagons of cement whenever they are dispatched and at the controlled rate. Before his eyes people sold cement at Rs. 30 per bag instead of Rs. 12, the fixed rate, but he maintained his standard and checked the temptation to become a millionaire overnight.

Once an officer proposed to him that since the ruling rate of vegetable oil was Rs. 15 more than the fixed price he could avail himself of the opportunity to make an extra profit of Rs. 8 and reserve for him Rs. 7. To this his outright answer was: “I will never do that.”

Greatly offended, the officer cancelled his agency and B ran the risk of losing a deposit of Rs. 40,000 but he remained firm and had to resort to the court to realise the amount.

B is a man of diverse interests and has developed his business in different directions.

He has an oil mill. Once he found that the rate fixed by the Government would cause him a loss. So he closed the mill. Honesty gives the courage to fight misfortune with dignity.

He was called and threatened for creating a scarcity of oil in the market. He plainly told the officer: “Only two courses were open to me — either to mix cheap oil to make up the loss or close the mill. As I didn’t like to do anything dishonest there was no alternative left for me but to close the mill. You are free to take any action against me.” This straightforwardness and honesty has created for him a great prestige and he is often invited to various centres, especially in Asansole.

Asansole is the place where Sri Aurobindo has grown popular even among common men. Twice the Mother broke the usual rule and granted the privilege of special Darshan when a train-load of coal-miners visited the Ashram on their holiday in the month of December.

Gopika Ranjan of Asansole was twice elected to the Bengal Legislative Assembly. Ever since he has been in politics he has kept his slate clean. Every year he calls a conference of the Sri Aurobindo Society.

The Sri Aurobindo Society which is spread all over India and abroad often calls provincial conferences. Its functions are ever on the increase. If after each conference a college or even a school is left at the site where the conference was held, India will soon have educational centres based on the educational philosophy of Sri Aurobindo.

Back to B. Don’t we find in him the secret of happiness about which philosophers have long disputed? Is it not due to the awakening of consciousness that he solved the baffling problems so well?

Much impressed, I asked B how he could maintain his peace in the sea of business troubles. His quiet answer was: “Had I not come in touch with the Mother I too would have been like others.”

Without the Divine, man will ever remain helpless. With the Divine he can scale any heights. All depends on his ability to draw energy from that universal source.

The experience of a senior executive of a public undertaking might shed some
light on how the New World of Truth is manifesting slowly and steadily in the old — the New World of Sri Aurobindo's vision where Truth and the Divine Will would reign supreme.

By sheer force of character and honest dealing he has set a new pattern of relation between his staff and the authorities. The relation is one of love and goodwill and utmost confidence in the staff that the Head has a place in his consciousness for all of them — not because of the position he is occupying but by intrinsic qualities like transparent sincerity and steadfast holding to truth.

While addressing a meeting of the Sri Aurobindo Society he spoke about "Yoga in everyday life and what it meant to me". From what he spoke hundreds will feel inspired to follow his ways.

"In all our duties we must feel our primary loyalty only to the Divine, who has placed us in position, and we should endeavour to carry out His will rather, pray to Him to work out His will through us. If we keep the door of our consciousness open and have faith and sincerity, the necessary help and guidance will come in the nick of time. Let me tell you a small incident of my life:

"In Calcutta when I was gheraoed I could concretely feel the Mother's presence and protection and hence no element of fear could touch me. This gave me the inner strength to stand firmly on the truth and I refused to be cowed down into any forced decision."

Immediately there rose a challenging voice from the audience:

"Is your faith in the Mother due to your rapid rise in material life?"

To this his pointed answer was:

"So far as I am conscious I don't think so. But the final answer to this question will come when I leave the chair with the same smile as I have accepted it."

A relevant passage of the Mother here flashes into the mind:

"You must be able, if you are ready to follow the Divine order, to take up whatever work you are given . . and leave it the next day with the same quietness with which you took it up ...."

(To be continued)

NARAYAN PRASAD

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¹ To give a random instance

The Headmaster of a Government High School, just after his retirement, opened a Nursery in Una (Haryana) with five infants. Now there are more than 100 children within a year and a half. He is a member of the Society.
BOOKS IN THE BALANCE

Sri Aurobindo Darshan by Abhaya Chandra Bhattacharya, M.A. Ph.D.

DR. Abhaya Chandra Bhattacharya, Professor and Head of the Department of Philosophy, Kashi Naresh Rajakeeya Mahavidyalaya Jnanpur, Varanasi, has in the present volume made a good attempt to examine and assess Sri Aurobindo’s ‘thought’ against the background of the traditional philosophies and the current thinking on the subject. It is in fact an ambitious attempt. And Dr. Bhattacharya who himself has been an experienced teacher of philosophy is well equipped for the work he has undertaken.

The author seems to have taken good care to relate his study to the spiritual experiences underlying and supporting the various systems he refers to while studying Sri Aurobindo in relation to them. This saves his study from being a dry exercise and a useful text book only to those students of philosophy whose interest in the subject is limited to getting degrees. He starts with a running survey of Sri Aurobindo’s early life and training. He then proceeds to present him in his true stature, both as a mighty thinker and as the initiator of a world action with a sadhana of universal magnitude. Speaking of his own discovery of Sri Aurobindo he refers first to his sentimental approach in the beginning and then to a later return to him after he was deeply influenced by Vivekananda and Sri Ramakrishna. This lends the whole approach an emotional colour which too has its value.

Dr. Bhattacharya while examining Sri Aurobindo has divided his subject under suggestive heads like ‘The Concept of Evolution’; ‘Intuition as an Instrument of Knowledge’; ‘Experience of Truth’; ‘Sri Aurobindo’s Metaphysical Theory’; ‘Ignorance and Illusion’; ‘Philosophy based on Mystical Experiences’; ‘The Concept of Soul’; ‘The Ideal and the Aim of Human Life’; ‘Sri Aurobindo’s Integral Yoga’; ‘The Problem of Suffering and Evil’; ‘The Concept of the Superman or the Gnostic Being’, etc., etc. This shows a fairly large canvas and the author has taken pains to consider Sri Aurobindo as extensively as could possibly be done in a book of this size. The author has also looked around to search out relevant trends in modern life and relate them to Sri Aurobindo’s thought. He makes special reference to those thinkers of the West who come nearest to Sri Aurobindo and specially he presents Sri Aurobindo’s concept of Evolution with much clarity and convincingness.

While talking of the great tradition of knowledge in India Dr. Bhattacharya has related Sri Aurobindo to the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Gīta, and the Tantras. In fact Sri Aurobindo comes as a mighty conclusion which unifies and illumines the diverse trends of this ancient stream of knowledge. At the same time he represents a new attempt to find a key to the mystery of Human Nature and Life. This brings him into line with the ancient philosophers of India and her saints and sages whose central motive was to solve the mystery of life.
Dr. Bhattacharya has also referred to his own difficulties while trying to examine and understand the various issues of Sri Aurobindo's vast philosophy. His special difficulty is the 'Supermind' and the 'Superman'. He also refers to the idea of what he calls sarvamukti or mass liberation. He then says rather light-heartedly that God will have then no utility left and he will be as good as cancelled. The whole argument assumes an appearance which does not harmonise with the prevailing tone of the book. When the night is upon the universe, people want and wait for the sun. But does it mean that after daybreak the sun has no utility and that it is cancelled out of existence?

A word about the language of the book. Dr. Bhattacharya is a Bengali who has written his book in Hindi. It bears the mark of Bengali influence, which has ultimately been for the enrichment of the language adopted. Considering the haste with which the book was written and published in the Birth Centenary year of Sri Aurobindo, the occasional defects in printing may not be taken too seriously.

The author deserves our congratulations for having produced a really useful pioneering work.

C. N. SHARMA
Students' Section
THE NEW AGE ASSOCIATION
TWENTY-NINTH SEMINAR
24th February 1974
SCIENCE, REASON AND YOGA
(Continued from the issue of August 15, 1974)

IMPORTANT passages, selected from the writings of Sri Aurobindo, bearing upon the subject of the Seminar are given below:

(1)

"... the sharp division which practical experience and long habit of mind have created between Spirit and Matter has no longer any fundamental reality .... The two are one: Spirit is the soul and reality of that which we sense as Matter; Matter is a form and body of that which we realise as Spirit."

(2)

"Matter reveals itself to the realising thought and to the subtilised senses as the figure and body of Spirit,—Spirit in its self-formative extension. Spirit reveals itself through the same consenting agents as the soul, the truth, the essence of Matter. Both admit and confess each other as divine, real and essentially one."
(Ibid., p. 27.) SRI AUROBINDO

(3)

"Brahman is not only the cause and supporting power and indwelling principle of the universe, he is also its material and its sole material. Matter also is Brahman and it is nothing other than or different from Brahman. If indeed Matter were cut off from Spirit, this would not be so; but it is ... only a final form and objective aspect of the divine Existence with all of God ever present in it and behind it."
(Ibid., pp. 222-23.) SRI AUROBINDO
"This nescience of Matter is a veiled, an involved or somnambulist consciousness which contains all the latent powers of the Spirit. In every particle, atom, molecule, cell of Matter there lives hidden and works unknown all the omniscience of the Eternal and all the omnipotence of the Infinite."

(The Hour of God (1959), p. 69.)

"The affirmation of a divine life upon earth and an immortal sense in mortal existence can have no base unless we recognise not only eternal Spirit as the inhabitant of this bodily mansion, the wearer of this mutable robe, but accept Matter of which it is made, as a fit and noble material out of which He weaves constantly His garbs, builds recurrently the unending series of His mansions."


"Earth-life is the self-chosen habitation of a great Divinity and his aeonic will is to change it from a blind prison into his splendid mansion and high heaven-reaching temple."

(The Hour of God (1959), p. 73.)

"Matter is but a form of consciousness; nevertheless solve not the object entirely into its subjectivity. Reject not the body of God, O God lover, but keep it for thy joy; for His body too is delightful even as His spirit."

(The Hour of God (1959), p. 19.)

"If modern Materialism were simply an unintelligent acquiescence in the material life, the advance might be indefinitely delayed. But since its very soul is the search for Knowledge, it will be unable to cry a halt; as it reaches the barriers of sense-knowledge and of the reasoning from sense-knowledge, its very rush will carry it beyond and the rapidity and sureness with which it has embraced the visible universe is only an earnest of the energy and success which we may hope to see repeated in the conquest of what lies beyond, once the stride is taken that crosses the barrier. We see already that advance in its obscure beginnings."

"Science itself begins to dream of the physical conquest of death, expresses an insatiable thirst for knowledge, is working out something like a terrestrial omnipotence for humanity. Space and Time are contracting to the vanishing-point in its works, and it strives in a hundred ways to make man the master of circumstance and so lighten the fetters of causality. The idea of limit, of the impossible begins to grow a little shadowy and it appears instead that whatever man constantly wills, he must in the end be able to do; for the consciousness in the race eventually finds the means. It is not in the individual that this omnipotence expresses itself, but the collective Will of mankind that works out with the individual as a means. And yet when we look more deeply, it is not any conscious Will of the collectivity, but a superconscious Might that uses the individual as a centre and means, the collectivity as a condition and field. What is this but the God in man, the infinite Identity, the multitudinous Unity, the Omniscient, the Omnipotent, who having made man in His own image, with the ego as a centre of working, with the race, the collective Narayana,¹ the *sva vamānava* ² as the mould and circumscription, seeks to express in them some image of the unity, omniscience, omnipotence which are the self-conception of the Divine? "That which is immortal in mortals is a God and established inwardly as an energy working out in our divine powers."³ It is this vast cosmic impulse which the modern world, without quite knowing its own aim, yet serves in all its activities and labours subconsciously to fulfil."

(Ibid., p. 16.)

SRI A U R O B IN D O

"This preoccupation with life and matter is at the beginning right and necessary because the first step that man has to take is to know and possess this physical existence as well as he can by applying his thought and intelligence to such experience of it as his sense-mind can give to him; but this is only a preliminary step and, if we stop there, we have made no real progress: we are where we were and have gained only more physical elbow-room to move about in and more power for our mind to establish a relative knowledge and an insufficient and precarious mastery and for our life-desire to push things about and jostle and hustle around amid the throng of physical forces and existences. The utmost widening of a physical objective knowledge, even if it embrace the most distant solar system and the deepest layers of the earth and sea and the most subtle powers of material substance and energy, is not the essential gain for

¹ A name of Vishnu, who, as the God in man, lives constantly associated in a dual unity with Nara, the human being.
² The universal man.
³ *Rg Veda*, IV. 2.1.
us, not the one thing which it is most needful for us to acquire. That is why the gospel of materialism, in spite of the dazzling triumphs of physical Science, proves itself always in the end a vain and helpless creed, and that too is why physical Science itself with all its achievements, though it may accomplish comfort, can never achieve happiness and fullness of being for the human race. Our true happiness lies in the true growth of our whole being, in a victory throughout the total range of our existence, in mastery of the inner as well as and more than the outer, the hidden as well as the overt nature; our true completeness comes not by describing wider circles on the plane where we began, but by transcendence. It is for this reason that after the first necessary foundation in life and matter, we have to heighten our force of consciousness, deepen, widen, subtilise it; we must first liberate our mental selves and enter into a freer, finer and nobler play of our mental existence: for the mental is much more than the physical our true existence, because we are even in our instrumental or expressive nature predominantly mind and not matter, mental much rather than physical beings. That growth into the full mental being is the first transitional movement towards human perfection and freedom; it does not actually perfect, it does not liberate the soul, but it lifts us one step out of the material and vital absorption and prepares the loosening of the hold of the Ignorance."

(Ibid., p. 650.) SRI AURABINDO

(II)

"For mind itself is not enough; even its largest play of intelligence creates only a qualified half-light. A surface mental knowledge of the physical universe is a still more imperfect guide; for the thinking animal it might be enough, but not for a race of mental beings in labour of a spiritual evolution. Even the truth of physical things cannot be entirely known, nor can the right use of our material existence be discovered by physical Science and an outward knowledge alone or made possible by the mastery of physical and mechanical processes alone: to know, to use rightly we must go beyond the truth of physical phenomenon and process, we must know what is within and behind it. For we are not merely embodied minds; there is a spiritual being, a spiritual principle, a spiritual plane of Nature. Into that we have to heighten our force of consciousness, to widen by that still more largely, even universally and infinitely, our range of being and our field of action, to take up by that our lower life and use it for greater ends and on a larger plan, in the light of the spiritual truth of existence. Our labour of mind and struggle of life cannot come to any solution until we have gone beyond the obsessing lead of an inferior Nature, integralised our natural being in the being and consciousness, learned to utilise our natural instruments by the force and for the joy of the Spirit. Then only can the constitutional ignorance, the ignorance of the real build of our existence from which we suffer, change into a true and effective knowledge of our being and becoming. For what we are is spirit, — at present using mind predominantly, life and body subordinately, with matter for our original field but not
our only field of experience; but this is only at present. Our imperfect mental instrumentation is not the last word of our possibilities; for there are in us, dormant or invisibly and imperfectly active, other principles beyond mind and closer to the spiritual nature, there are more direct powers and luminous instruments, there is a higher status, there are greater ranges of dynamic action than those that belong to our present physical, vital and mental existence. These can become our own status, part of our being, they can be principles, powers and instruments of our own enlarged nature. But for that it is not enough to be satisfied with a vague or an ecstatic ascent into spirit or a formless exaltation through the touch of its infinites; their principle has to evolve, as life has evolved, as mind has evolved, and organise its own instrumentation, its own satisfaction. Then we shall possess the true constitution of our being and we shall have conquered the Ignorance.”

(Ibid., p. 652.)

SRI AUROBINDO

(12)

“An intellectual approach to the highest knowledge, the mind’s possession of it, is an indispensable aid to this movement of Nature in the human being. Ordinarily, on our surface, man’s chief instrument of thought and action is the reason, the observing, understanding and arranging intellect. In any total advance or evolution of the spirit, not only the intuition, insight, inner sense, the heart’s devotion, a deep and direct life-experience of the things of the spirit have to be developed, but the intellect also must be enlightened and satisfied; our thinking and reflecting mind must be helped to understand, to form a reasoned and systematised idea of the goal, the principles of this highest development and activity of our nature and the truth of all that lies behind it. Spiritual realisation and experience, an intuitive and direct knowledge, a growth of inner consciousness, a growth of the soul and of an intimate soul perception, soul vision and a soul sense, are indeed the proper means of this evolution: but the support of the reflective and critical reason is also of great importance; if many can dispense with it, because they have a vivid and direct contact with inner realities and are satisfied with experience and insight, yet in the whole movement it is indispensable. If the supreme truth is a spiritual Reality, then the intellect of man needs to know what is the nature of that original Truth and the principle of its relations to the rest of existence, to ourselves and the universe. The intellect is not capable by itself of bringing us into touch with the concrete spiritual reality, but it can help by a mental formulation of the truth of the Spirit which explains it to the mind and can be applied even in the more direct seeking: this help is of a capital importance.”

(Ibid., pp. 780-81.)

SRI AUROBINDO

Compiled by KISHOR GANDHI
How to Develop the Habit of Blinking

1. Take two pencils, one in each hand. Keep one six inches away and the other at arm’s length. Look at the tip of each pencil alternately. You will observe a short movement of the lid. This will teach you how much the lid should move in right blinking.

2. Place a mirror before you. Look at the right eye and blink. Look at the left eye and blink. It will keep you aware of correct or incorrect blinking.

3. Walk and blink at each step, observing that the ground appears to move backwards. This will give you the habit of frequent blinking.

4. Take some small print and shift the sight on to the white lines in between the lines of print and blink at each white line, in good light and candle light. This will improve your eyesight and will act as a strong preventive against all sorts of eye ailments. You will observe that the print becomes clearer while shifting the sight on to the white lines.

A boy somehow developed the habit of staring, he did not blink at all while reading or seeing distant objects. Often he made mistakes in reading as the letters and words either became double or disappeared. He was semi-blind. It was simply by blinking and frequent palming that normal eyesight was restored.

(Concluded)  

DR. R. S. AGARWAL

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