

MOTHER INDIA

JULY, 1967

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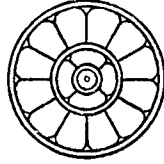
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Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute.

A new light breaks upon the earth,

A new world is born.

The things that were promised are fulfilled.



MOTHER INDIA

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"Great is Truth and it shall prevail"

CONTENTS

| | <i>Pages</i> |
|-------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1967 AND INDIA : | |
| A LETTER OF THE MOTHER | ... 359 |
| LES JUIFS ET LES ARABES : | |
| QUELQUES RÉPONSES DE LA MÈRE | ... 360 |
| THE JEWS AND THE ARABS : | |
| SOME ANSWERS BY THE MOTHER | ... 361 |
| TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO | ... 362 |
| TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO | <i>Nirodbaran</i> ... 364 |
| IN THE PETAL SAILS (A Poem) | <i>Stanley Cowie</i> ... 367 |
| SALUTATIONS | <i>Huta</i> ... 368 |
| IS PHILANTHROPY ENOUGH ?—A LETTER OF 1947 | <i>K. D. Sethna</i> ... 370 |
| LIFE IN SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM : | |
| THE ART OF WRITING AND YOGA | <i>Narayan Prasad</i> ... 374 |
| HIMALAYAS (Poems) | <i>Naresh</i> ... 380 |
| THE TIME OF RETURN (A Prose-poem) | <i>Anurakta (Tony Scott)</i> ... 383 |
| MAITHILISHARAN GUPTA | <i>Anu Purani</i> ... 386 |
| WHEN THE ROSE OPENS (A Poem) | <i>K. D. Sethna</i> ... 392 |
| THE PROBLEM OF A COMMON LANGUAGE : | |
| XVII. THE NATIONAL EDUCATION MOVEMENT | <i>Sanat K. Banerji</i> ... 393 |
| BOOKS IN THE BALANCE | |
| TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO by Nirodbaran | |
| | <i>Review by Manoj Das</i> ... 396 |

CONTENTS

SRI AUROBINDO CIRCLE ANNUAL : TWENTY-
THIRD NUMBER, 1967 *Review by Manoj Das* ... 397

Students' Section

THE NEW AGE ASSOCIATION : TENTH SEMINAR,
19th FEBRUARY : "WHY IS THE CHOICE IM-
PERATIVE ?"—Speeches by Srijit and Swadesh
and Words of the Mother *Compiled by Kishor Gandhi* 399

EYE EDUCATION AND MENTAL RELAXATION :
A TALK *R. S. Agarwal* ... 403

A BIT OF MY LIFE-STORY *Vishwajit Talukdar* ... 408

SRI AUROBINDO INTERNATIONAL CENTRE OF
EDUCATION : DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION
AND RESEARCH : NEWSLETTER *Norman C. Dowsett* ... 410

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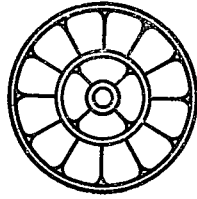
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1967 AND INDIA
A LETTER OF THE MOTHER

(Mother, I have heard that in 1967 India will become "The spiritual leader of the world...")

But how ? When we consider the present conditions...)

India **ought to be** the spiritual leader of the world. Inside she has the capacity, but outside.... for the moment there is still much to do for her to become actually the spiritual leader of the world.

There is such a wonderful opportunity just now ! but.....

8-6-67

LES JUIFS ET LES ARABES

QUELQUES RÉPONSES DE LA MÈRE

Comment pourrait-on expliquer cette inimitié millénaire entre Juifs et Arabes (ayant pourtant un ancêtre commun) se haïssent l'un l'autre de génération en génération jusqu'à l'impasse que nous vivons depuis quelques jours ?

LA MÈRE : Peut-être l'inimitié n'existe-t-elle que parce qu'ils sont voisins !...
La violence et l'inimitié... lorsque les frères se haïssent, ils se haïssent beaucoup plus que les autres. Sri Aurobindo disait : "La haine est l'indication de la possibilité d'un amour beaucoup plus grand."

Faut-il penser que ces deux grands peuples en conflit représentent les forces symboliques appelées à décider du sort de notre civilisation ?

LA MÈRE : Ce n'est pas ce conflit qui décidera de l'avenir de notre civilisation.
Les Musulmans et les Israélites représentent les deux religions où la foi en Dieu est la plus extrême. Seulement, la foi des Israélites est une foi en un Dieu impersonnel et la foi des Musulmans est une foi en un Dieu personnel.

Les Arabes sont des natures passionnées. Ils vivent presque exclusivement dans le vital, avec ses passions, ses désirs, tandis que les Israélites vivent surtout dans le mental avec un grand pouvoir d'organisation et de réalisation tout à fait exceptionnel. Les Israélites sont des intellectuels avec une volonté exceptionnelle. Ils ne sont pas sentimentaux, c'est à dire qu'ils n'aiment pas la faiblesse.

Les Musulmans sont impulsifs, les Israélites sont raisonnables.

THE JEWS AND THE ARABS

SOME ANSWERS BY THE MOTHER

How is one to explain this age-old enmity between the Jews and the Arabs (although having a common ancestor) hating each other, generation on generation up to the impasse in which we have been living from some days back ?

THE MOTHER : Perhaps the enmity exists only because they are neighbours !... Violence and enmity... when brothers hate, they hate much more than others. Sri Aurobindo has said : "Hate is the indication of the possibility of a much greater love."

Could we think that these two great peoples in conflict represent the symbolic Forces called to decide the fate of our civilisation ?

THE MOTHER : It is not this conflict that will decide the future of our civilisation.

The Mussulmans and the Israelites represent the two religions where the faith in God is the most extreme. Only, the faith of the Israelites is a faith in an impersonal God and the faith of the Mussulmans is a faith in a personal God.

The Arabs are passionate natures. They live almost exclusively in the vital, with its passions, its desires, while the Israelites live chiefly in the mind with a great power of organisation and of realisation, which is quite exceptional. The Israelites are intellectuals with a remarkable will. They are not sentimental, that is to say they do not like weakness.

The Mussulmans are impulsive, the Israelites are rational.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO

(1)

THE mind is always in activity, but we do not observe fully what it is doing, but allow ourselves to be carried away in the stream of continual thinking. When we try to concentrate, this stream of self-made mechanical thinking becomes prominent to our observation. It is the first normal obstacle (the other is sleep during meditation) to the effort for Yoga.

The best thing to do is to realise that the thought-flow is not yourself, it is not you who are thinking, but thought that is going on in the mind. It is Prakriti with its thought-energy that is raising all this whirl of thought in you, imposing it on the Purusha. You as the Purusha must stand back as the witness observing the action, but refusing to identify yourself with it. The next thing is to exercise a control and reject the thoughts—though sometimes by the very act of detachment the thought-habit falls away or diminishes during the meditation and there is a sufficient silence or at any rate a quietude which makes it easy to reject the thoughts that come and fix oneself on the object of meditation. If one becomes aware of the thoughts as coming from outside, from the universal Nature, then one can throw them out before they reach the mind; in that way the mind finally falls silent. If neither of these things happens, a persistent practice of rejection becomes necessary—there should be no struggle or wrestling with the thought, but only a quiet self-separation and refusal. Success does not come at first, but if consent is constantly withheld, the mechanical whirl eventually ceases and begins to die away and one can then have at will an inner quietude or silence.

It should be noted that the result of the Yogic processes is not, except in rare cases, immediate and one must apply the will-patience till they give a result which is sometimes long in coming if there is much resistance in the outer nature.

How can you fix the mind on the higher Self so long as you have no consciousness or experience of it? You can only concentrate on the idea of the Self or else one can concentrate on the idea of the Divine or the Divine Mother or on an image or on the feeling of devotion calling the presence in the heart or the Force to work in the mind and heart and body and liberate the consciousness and give the self-realisation. If you concentrate on the idea of the Self, it must be with the conception of the Self as something different from mind and its thoughts, the vital and its feelings, the body and its actions—something standing back from all these, something that you can come to feel concretely as an Existence-Consciousness, separate from all that yet freely pervading all without being involved in these things.

2.11.1938

(2)

Your experience is the beginning of the fundamental and decisive realisation which carries the consciousness out of the limited mental into the true spiritual vision and experience in which all is one and all is the Divine. It is this constant and living experience that is the true foundation of spiritual life. There can be no doubt about its truth and value, for it is evidently something living and dynamic and goes beyond a mental realisation. It may add to itself in future different aspects, but the essential fundamental realisation you now have. When this is permanent, one can be said to have passed out of the twilight of the mind into the light of the Spirit.

What you have now to do is to allow the realisation to grow and develop. The necessary movement will probably come of themselves as these have come—provided you keep your will single and faithful towards this Light and Truth. Already it has brought you the guidance towards the next step, cessation of the flow of thought, the inner mind's silence. Once that is won, there is likely to come a settled peace, liberation, wideness. The sense of the need of simplicity and transparency is also a true movement and comes from the same inner guidance. That is necessary for the deepest inmost divine element within behind the mind, life and body to come forward fully in you—when it does you will be able to become aware of the inner guide within you and of a Force working for the full spiritual change. This simplicity comes by a separation from the manifold devious mental and vital movements which lead one in all directions—a quiet, a detachment in the heart which turns one singly towards the one Truth and the one Light till it takes up the whole being and the whole life.

Put your trust in the grace of the One and Divine which has already touched you and opened its door and rely on it for all that is to come.

24.2.1937

TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO

(These talks are from the Note-books of Dr. Nirodbaran who used to record most of the conversations which Sri Aurobindo had with his attendants and a few others, after the accident to his right leg in November 1938. Besides the recorder, the attendants were: Dr. Manilal, Dr. Becherlal, Purani, Champaklal, Dr. Satyendra and Mulshanker. As the notes were not seen by Sri Aurobindo himself, 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.)

FEBRUARY 24, 1940

AFTER the sponging, C gave Sri Aurobindo some pictures to look at.

C : Pictures of Krishnalal's brother.

SRI AUROBINDO : Krishna's brother ? (*Laughter*)

(This brother of Krishnalal's had come here. His brain got a little deranged and he had to go back. Some time later we heard he had died of burns.)

SRI AUROBINDO (*after looking at the pictures*) : He is better as a sculptor than as a painter. His paintings are weak and poor imitations, but the sculptures have power and individuality. (*Seeing a photograph of him in which the head was bandaged as a result of a lathi charge during the non-cooperation movement*) He looks as if he were suffering. (*Returning the book*) He was predestined to die as he did.

N : Why such a destiny ?

SRI AUROBINDO : His past Karma required some such experience.

M : But Karma...

SRI AUROBINDO : Not Karma in the ordinary sense. It is his psychic being, his soul, that had to pass through such an experience in order to exhaust some Karma left over.

P (*after some time*) : I have consulted Shivji. He says the Jains believe that the world is Svayambhu. So from the beginning all species have been the same and the Tirthankara is a nimitta-karana. (instrumental cause). The whole secret of liberation consists in bringing together nimitta and upadana. Upadana is the inherent capacity. Every soul is essentially free and its freedom can be realised with the help of nimitta and kala, time. It is like a seed with all potentialities in it but it must have the time, environment and other circumstances for its fruition. Tirthankara is only nimitta. Everything has to be done by upadana from within. It is like being a lion in a group of lambs. When a lion sees another lion, he becomes conscious and free. The other lion actually does nothing.

SRI AUROBINDO : How does he become free then ? Is there any influence that goes out from a Tirthankara. Does anything help ?

P : No. Nothing helps.

M : It is like this, Sir : you have a house, with a garden...

SRI AUROBINDO : All that is metaphor. My question is whether a Tirthankara exerts any influence.

M : The Acharyas by their teachings...

SRI AUROBINDO : That is a mental influence. I don't want to know about mental and philosophical influence. I want to know if any psychological influence is exerted. The Shishya (disciple) of course may or may not benefit, according to his capacity, openness, etc. : that is granted. But a Guru does give something direct from himself to the disciple. I want to know whether such a kind of influence is given by a Tirthankara.

P : No.

M : It is said that wherever a Tirthankara is, within a radius of four yojanas,¹ all creatures, animals, human beings, etc., live in peace and lose their enmity.

P : Yes, Dharamchand also was telling me of a vision he had had about a Tirthankara sitting on a central throne and all species listening to him.

SRI AUROBINDO : You wanted to be one of the species ? (*Laughter*)

S : If what M says is true, then some influence is there emanating from the Tirthankara.

SRI AUROBINDO : That is due to his aura.

P (*addressing M*) : Are there no instances in the life of Mahavira explaining this ?

M : I don't know. I have to make a research. (*To Sri Aurobindo*) You have also an aura, Sir—all around Pondicherry, it is said.

SRI AUROBINDO : You mean to say that there is no fighting in Pondicherry ? (*Laughter*)

N : Not that ; but there should be less trouble, disharmony, suffering.

SRI AUROBINDO : Make a research. (*Laughter*)

C : When the Mother's car met with an accident a long time ago, it was said that it could happen only because the car had gone beyond your aura.

SRI AUROBINDO : Which accident ? When the chauffeur was injured ?

C : Yes.

N : We have heard that there is a protective aura up to a certain limit. Beyond that one is not always safe.

S : Does it mean that people living in Bombay or Calcutta don't get help ?

SRI AUROBINDO : It is not like that. An aura is something that projects out from the vital and physical being : those who are open can feel it and be influenced by it.

¹ A yojana is varying measure, commonly equal to about 8 miles but in ancient times $4\frac{1}{2}$ or even $2\frac{1}{2}$. (Editor)

M : When I come for the Mother's interview or even stay here, I feel something everywhere, while at Baroda I don't get that peace and calm. Why ?

SRI AUROBINDO : Surely there ought to be a difference between Baroda and here ? There is no Vallabhbai here, no office work and no family affairs.

P : About Nigodha, not Jiva, they say there are many micro-organisms inhabiting our body and several other things. A potato, for instance, is compact with these Jivas.

S : That is why the Jains don't eat potatoes.

P : All vegetables that grow underground have these Jivas.

SRI AUROBINDO : And the vegetables that grow above ground have less Jivas : for example, in dal or flour there will be less ?

P : Yes. To return to Jainism : each soul, according to it, is free but has chosen to be bound and so is bound.

SRI AUROBINDO : Oh, it is bound because it has chosen not to be free ?

P : And the creation, as we said, is Svayambhu : all species and all forms have been the same from eternity and will be so.

SRI AUROBINDO : All forms, too ? What about the dinosaur then—and other prehistoric animals ? Where are they ?

M : They must be somewhere. (*Laughter*) It is as in chemistry : in some form they exist somewhere. According to science, nothing can be lost.

SRI AUROBINDO : Does it also mean that you, Manilal, have been just the same Manilal from the very beginning of creation ? (*Laughter*)

M : Maybe, Sir.

C (*to M*) : When are you going ?

M : Tomorrow.

SRI AUROBINDO : Tomorrow ?

M : Yes, Sir.

C : You don't want to see the result of your treatment ?

M : Sri Aurobindo doesn't want to try.

N : But you didn't prove its effectiveness on P, as Sri Aurobindo suggested.

S : If you try that rice and dal treatment for the head, let us know the result.

SRI AUROBINDO : Dinner to the head ?

N (*to M*) : When are you coming again ?

M : August.

SRI AUROBINDO : Or April ?

(There had been a talk that Sri Aurobindo might give darshan in April.)

N (*to M*) : But next time you may find the door locked.

M : Send me a wire.

SRI AUROBINDO : What is that ?

C : N says that no more service may be required by you and so all will be driven out of your room. He may be right.

M (*to C*) : Why do you expect this ?

S : It is not his expectation but his fear.

SRI AUROBINDO : Expectation on Champaklal's part in the sense of the French *espérer*, which means both hope and expectation of what is to come !

M : I always feel inspired by an image of Buddha or a photo of Christ.

SRI AUROBINDO : Photo ? There was no photography at that time.

M : I mean picture. I feel peace within whenever I see it.

SRI AUROBINDO : You may have been a Christian, then, in a past life.

M : But Shankara does not give me any peace.

(To be continued)

NIRODBARAN

IN THE PETAL SAILS

As one a-flowing on the pale blue light
 In the petal sails of evening flowers
 The swoon a rushing silence of the night
 An orchard's peace of long and golden hours

An inscape played with slender paths of beauty
 A towering silence that presses back the walls
 Of room, of self, of every small confining
 A haunt of fear that from our presence falls

Into the patient earth, the black and wide receiving—
 The press of knowing in the doubting cell
 The light of Presence in the prisoning habit growing
 The width of sunlight in the dark wish-haunted well.

STANLEY COWIE

SALUTATIONS

(Continued from the June issue)

*This is how
all sincere aspirations
are fulfilled
With blessings*

1-9-63

3

Bombay
I-2-54

Dearest Mother,

I came to You running and panting and prostrated myself at Your feet, because I was tired of the turmoil of the ordinary world. Even if that world seemed to be true, I was still loath to remain in it any more.

I had surmounted various obstacles one by one by Your Grace, and lastly I bowed at Your feet.

And You lifted me up and held me close to Your heart with Love. I had a first glance at Your luminous divine eyes and I cried, "O Mother !" And I embraced You. Once more I raised my eyes to You—You were smiling sweetly.

The rays of nectar, the Light of Your sparkling eyes, filled my eyes. I smiled back to You.

Once more I embraced You and Your hand caressed my head and You spoke to me, "Dear little child, I am yours."

4

Bombay

I-29-54

Compassionate Mother,

I prayed to You over and over again but you have granted none of my prayers so far. Each was simply that I might come to You soon. But You did not accept any.

As a matter of fact, You wanted to show me the drama of the ordinary world—You wanted me to learn to keep patient, to be brave, humble and tranquil.

You wanted me to climb every step of life scrupulously, and finally You wanted me to have the Supreme Truth and Love. And that is why You admitted me into the world-school where You were the Teacher Yourself !

I had to learn each and every subject, I had to accept many responsibilities as well.

Whenever I committed mistakes, I had to bear Your cane. But at the same time I could feel and see Your compassionate loving face which encouraged me in every way. You said that there was nothing to be sorry about. And again I marched forward. Truly Your Strength, Grace and Inspiration made me do so.

5

Bombay

I-2-54

O Gracious Mother,

I struggled hard to seek for the Truth. Where to get it ? From here—from there ? What am I to do ? Do this or that ?

I travelled a lot, I saw a lot, had many experiences, had many severe blows. I lost everything for the sake of leading the Divine Life. But alas ! I failed desperately and lost the true consciousness...

Meanwhile, in the depths of my heart I heard a sweet voice, "I am here, I am with you in your heart. Call !"

And I was startled. I cried, "Mother." But that cry penetrated my heart and touched the divinity within.

Now my eyes did not look outward. Disappointment and struggle were overcome by the inner sight.

The Divine Light lit me up !

(To be continued)

HUTA

IS PHILANTHROPY ENOUGH ?

(A LETTER OF 1947)

(At the request of some readers we are publishing the letter which provoked the criticisms of Professor K to which the article published in the Mother India of May under the title Misunderstandings of Mysticism was the surrejoinder. The present letter, by providing the original context of the controversy, will perhaps help to set the points at issue in a clearer light.)

I HAVE no doubt you are sincere in your desire to bring sunshine into other people's lives. This desire arises from something deep in our nature, but the form it usually takes is not true to the arch-image within. To outgrow our narrow personality and our self-absorbed consciousness is indeed a great aim ; but we have to do this with the purpose of expressing no longer the mere human ego but the supreme Divine : we have to manifest in the world the ultimate Being instead of the lower limited "I". Now, the ordinary form this high intention dwelling in the recesses of our soul assumes is philanthropy—the extension of the consciousness not upward and then outward but only outward—a going beyond the ego yet not above it. Philanthropy is not a bad discipline provided love of fame does not motivate it ; it can, however, stand in the way of a light that is larger still. I am sure you are not fame-hungry and so it is bound to broaden your range of consciousness ; you must, nevertheless, fight clear of the fallacy that it is itself the largest light

For one thing, where is the certainty that what we conceive to be good for the world is really so ? The Grand Inquisitors roasted Jews and Protestants in the sincere belief that they were benefiting not only the world but even the souls of their poor victims ! As Bernard Shaw has been at pains to explain, even Joan of Arc was burned with the most pious and society-preserving motives ! Perhaps you will say I am choosing extreme instances. I have taken them to emphasise the fact that mere belief constitutes no guarantee of real good. Oscar Wilde has somewhere a prose-poem in which he describes how a man on being cured of blindness by a philanthropist ran immediately after a woman of the streets ! One may act according to one's conscience or one's principles, but is there a definite proof, an incontrovertible assurance, that one is conferring true benefit on mankind ?

How to define benefit ? According to several modern sociologists, easy access to divorce and spread of birth-control are mighty boons ; the Roman Catholics deem these boons the devil's own stepping-stones to an earthly hell. For an English-minded Indian, charity on Poppy-day was always a beautiful act ; for a nationalist it used to be, for many years after the First World War, treachery to the motherland, since till a little before the second Armageddon the collection was made to

help only English soldiers—that is, members of the dominating race—and not one pice went to the poor Indians who had fought to save both India and England. We are in such a welter of conflicting consciences and principles that to apotheosise one's personal idea of philanthropy is sheer illogic, whatever be the comfortable sensation one may get of doing one's duty.

What, then, is the way out of the welter ? Only a divine consciousness can know what is truly good for the world : it possesses the inalienable truth of things, it keeps the secret certainties of the universe. So the sole endeavour of all true philanthropy should be to rise into that divine consciousness and become, by a perfect self-consecration and self-transformation, a clear channel for its work in the world. Then you begin to be a centre of real light, irradiating an influence around you which is filled with the divine initiative, the truth-conscious impulsion. Then your actions are bent automatically towards the certain good which God alone can know : whether the result of your actions be beneficial in any conventional sense or not, you have the firm assurance that in being a pure instrument of the super-human knowledge you are carrying out the highest ideal, the truest conception of Good. There can be no room for error, no room for doubt, because you are manifesting an infallible Benevolence.

You will be tempted to retort that a yogi may be mistaking his own notions of Good for the supreme command. Yes, there is a palpable danger in being a half-baked yogi : many are deluded—but that is precisely why it is necessary not to plunge into the world-melée in a half-baked condition : one must keep a little apart until the full illumination has possessed one and there is no risk of spoiling the authentic Spirit-force. So if you feel, as you do, that you have received an imperative call to a Higher Life which you interpret as a call to serve mankind genuinely, I should advise you to be Indian enough to do yoga first—and what better place for such practice of perfection than the Ashram of Sri Aurobindo ?

We are all sick souls, and even as sick bodies require a partial aloofness under medical care to get cured, so also our inner selves need a partial detachment under a guru to be able to recover their true health. This is just what is supplied by the Ashram-life. A curb is put on indiscriminate contacts, but that is no escapism. The Ashramites are not hiding in a jungle or in caves ; they live in the midst of the world as really as the people in Pondicherry who do not embrace yoga. They move about in the same streets, eat sufficient and well-cooked though not sumptuous food, wear normal clothes and have decent lodgings : there is no external flying from the world in any extreme sense. They undergo no strenuous austerities, shoot up in no prolonged trances : while entering, with the Master's and the Mother's help, more and more into a vast inner light and joy beyond the human and the morta, they live serious busy lives, do their daily work in the Ashram as if they were earning their own livelihood or else educating themselves, and have sufficient commerce with their fellowmen to keep them aware of earth-realities. In what way are they "suspended," as you put it in your reference to them, "out

of the world" ? Well, they do not throw cocktail parties, they do not attend the Stock Exchange, they take no part in deceptive politics—and they do not indulge their sexual appetites. And they do not intend to do so even when they feel that the sickness in the soul is cured ; for, though more extended world-activity must come, to fall back upon the old unhealthy habits would mean courting disease once more.

Is that an irrational precaution ? Are the things they avoid so valuable that for abandoning them they should be accused of flying from the world ? If living in the world means liking its slush and slime, they are world-forsakers ; but who does not strive to keep as much as possible out of such contaminations ? If they have no taste for sense-excitements, are they to be regarded as "selfish" ? If they control their passions instead of letting them be gratified, are they practising "artificiality" ? You have expressed your doubt whether they live as God meant human beings to live, you think they are tending to be unnatural. But what is "natural" and what is God's ordinance for us ? If the Creator whom you imagine to be arranging out things with finality put a man in a filthy slum, is that man not to try his best to get into a less hoggish way of existence ? Would you call him "artificial" because he goes against "his Creator's will" that he should be born and bred in dirt and squalor and misery ? If the Creator made a man a physical wreck because his father happened to have a foul disease, would you call him artificial if he endeavours to get rid, medically, of his Creator's gift to him of the rot in his bones and the canker in his brain ? Why on earth should we do anything to improve ourselves or our fellow-creatures when the Creator has made us what we are ?

Or perhaps it is your conviction that the manner in which most people have lived down the ages is the manner their Creator intended for them for ever and ever. But you must not confuse what has been with what ought to be. Every act of progress, every step of evolution is a going against the routine of the has-been : it is an outgrowing of old habits, a changing of Nature. New organs are developed, new faculties are formed by a refusal to accept the status reached and to acquiesce in what has seemed "natural". Truly speaking, the most unnatural thing is to remain what we are instead of falling into line with Nature's universal movement of changing from a lower level to a higher, giving up accustomed responses and reflexes, modifying both the physical and psychological organisation of life from time to time. Indeed, Nature is not to be wholly rejected, but we need not complacently keep to the path we have been treading : we must blaze other trails and attempt to contact the original hidden starting-point in the Divine for discovering what route is the right one and where lies our goal.

The fact is—we know very little of the Creator's wish and will ; and that is what I have been hammering at in the first part of my letter. It is, however, extremely important that we should know His mind, for not otherwise can we act rightly and be His genuine instruments in the world. And do you think that remaining in the crude rut of normal desire tends to a deeper union with the Spirit's light ? It is only in their

striking out of this rut that the Aurobindonians may be said to live "out of the world". In every other respect they are radically in the world and what they are trying to do—with unselfish labours undreamable by the mere philanthropist—is to bring down some ray of truth which would really solve the terrible problem of life.

Of course, if you feel very strongly that you will brim the void in your present mode of being by doing social service, you may give social service a trial. I am positive the soul in you will not be placated by it. Whatever my own faltering in the practice of the Higher Life, I have never lost the vision of the ideal and I have always subscribed to St. Augustine's declaration: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee." Only, I should like you to understand properly the resting spoken of and not carry away the idea that God is mere repose. He is immense illumined activity but that activity is, as Sri Aurobindo puts it,

Force one with unimaginable rest.

The Augustinian release from restlessness is in such force. And the force-aspect of the Divine is at its finest and intensest in the Ashram towards which I have pointed you, for the work of the Master there is to make the human race take the next step forward in evolution of consciousness and to divinise the ways of earth and not fly for good to remote summits beyond. The divinisation of all our parts through an integral yoga is a stupendous job, and maybe as a final shot you will fling at me the argument that to be fully illumined and to channel a deific dynamism are impracticable—but I must reply that the effort is worth making and even if the whole journey be not accomplished there will be gained enough in the passage to justify the endeavour. And unless one endeavours how is one to get anything? And if this is the completest ideal and the most logical path towards truth, surely it is worth following through years and years. Something transcendental is bound to get manifested—and is not that more precious, more authentic, more reliable than all things weakly and gropingly human put together?

K. D. SETHNA

LIFE IN SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM

(Continued from the June issue)

THE ART OF WRITING AND YOGA

“ART is a means, not an end, it is a means of expression. The personality of an artist counts no longer ; he is an agent, a channel, his art a means of expressing his relations with the Divine. If you consider in this light, art is not very different from yoga.”

“...If they are true artists...and use their art for the expression of the inner world they grow in consciousness by their concentration on the subject.”

THE MOTHER

For the sadhak as author, writing is no mere display of art, it is not meant to show off the power of the pen. It is a dedication to the Divine, an approach to Him—an offering of the capacity received from the Divine back to the Divine. What flows from the pen may be a way of worship, a stream flowing from the heart to pour on the head of Shiva. The purer the heart, the purer the stream.

The benediction it earns from Shiva is no less elevating than what is received in meditation. Here it takes the form of the joy of revelation, the joy of recreation.

When J obtained the Mother’s sanction to present Sri Aurobindo’s thought on the Veda in simple Sanskrit, he felt the work entrusted to him was not for intellectual enjoyment but as an act of offering. The feeling of offering grew more intense when his pen ran with ease and the work was not a laboured and strenuous process. Whenever there was a snag, he would resort to concentration and some help or hint came which gave the work a fresh start.

When a child, J used to dream that he would write a commentary on the Veda. Who knew that this dream would one day begin to fulfil itself in such an auspicious way ?

He used always to stand first in every subject and was an ideal student. He took a vow of celibacy in his student life and has maintained it all through.

To be a real artist, says the Mother, “needs hard labour for years together.”

But “it is possible... there may be an opening of new capacities of mental creation...by the miraculous touch of the Yoga-Shakti. Aesthetic feeling, the power of artistic creation in one field or many fields together, any power of eye or ear or hand or mind-power may awaken where none was apparent before. The Divine within may throw these latent riches out from the depths in which they were hidden or a Force from above may pour down its energies to equip the instrumental nature for the activity or the creation of which it is meant to be a channel...”¹

¹ *The Synthesis of Yoga*, I (1940) p. 131.

What capacity is developing in whom in the Ashram, only the Mother can say. The marvel of her working is perhaps more visible on the surface in children than in grown-ups. There are various aspects of this development. One of these is the New Age Association. For its every quarterly seminar the subject chosen by the Mother is generally linked with the practical aspect of the sadhana. How easy and spontaneous appear the answers of those who have had the privilege of being in the Ashram atmosphere from their very childhood ! Looking at some of them one is led to believe that the seeds of inner strength that were scattered in their life have not fallen on desert sands. A number of boys and girls are writing interesting poems.

In the words of the Master, "...they who are predestined receive the help of the inner guide. At the right moment they come across the book they should read or the person who can give them the right indication..."

To give an illustration :

A student of our Centre of Education in the most critical period of his life needed help with techniques for art and guidance in the use of colours and materials. A German artist happened to visit the Ashram. Not only did he give him all the guidance he needed but also all his personal equipment. Several artists have commented on the excellence of his work.

So many students have flowered into good artists in the course of two or three years.

We are enjoined :

"All should be done quietly from within—working, speaking, reading, writing as part of the real consciousness—not from the ordinary consciousness."

These lines appeared to X intensely revealing and he put his whole heart and mind into applying them to life-works. But besides intense thinking he could do nothing. However he tried, he could not keep the mind concentrated at the time of writing. A few days after, even the lines slipped away from the memory and not even a trace of them could be retained.

One question again and again rose to his mind :

The power of concentration may help one to remain withdrawn while at work but how could it be possible in brain work—how can the mind remain concentrated when it has to take active part in thinking, observing, discussing and remain engrossed in hundreds of activities ? If the memory is not retentive how to profit by reading ?

The secret of secrets in Yoga is to know how to make the higher Forces work instead of "doing all by the mind's effort".

The ordinary method is ninety-eight per cent perspiration, two per cent inspiration. Almost the same was the method of D. Before embarking on a venture he would read a thousand pages.

A Sadhika took up writing because it afforded her an opportunity to make an offering of her capacity, her tapasya at the feet of the Mother.

S would lay open his heart in prayer, "May every word that might flow from the pen be a flower of worship ! May I feel Thy touch in all I do."

N would concentrate and concentrate till the pen made a move. On this point one recalls another saying of the Master :

“If the power of concentration and attention is continuously cultivated, the active external consciousness will allow only those thoughts that are needed and then they become all the more dynamic and effective. And if, in the intensity of concentration, it is necessary not to think at all, all mental vibration can be stopped and an utmost total silence secured. In this silence one can open gradually to the higher mental regions and learn to record the inspiration that comes from there.

“The art of giving rest to one’s mind is a thing to be acquired. Changing mental activity is a way of rest; but the greatest possible rest lies in silence.”

Experience confirms that making the mind thoughtless when one waits in a “sort of listening expectancy” as one awaits the visit of a dear guest, quiet, very quiet, not a ripple of thought, then some idea, a certain new thought or a line comes floating before the eyes or shoots forth from within. In making a note of it, it has been found the pen moves effortlessly, without one’s thinking, without one’s knowing what the next word would be. Of course such instances are very rare. All this relates to the preliminary stage; still there is the danger of taking the voice of the mind for the voice of the Divine. Hence we are asked to be ever “Watchful”.

When nothing comes one must wait in patience and remember :

“If the Force wants to express anything through you hereafter or not, is a thing you should leave to the Divine Will; once you give yourself into its hands in the true consciousness, it will know what to do or not to do through you and will make full use of whatever instrumentation you can put at its disposal.”¹

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P, a young Swiss, has been translating *Savitri* into German. He has already done two-thirds of the epic. It is an immense help, he says, that his mind is thus always concentrated in higher thoughts and influences by mantric vibrations. Even when out of his house he keeps thinking over one or two difficult lines.

Sometimes he broods for hours and hours over one single line; sometimes pages flow almost without effort into translation, the latter case often following the former.

Whatever is beautiful and natural in turn and rhythm he feels to be given by Sri Aurobindo’s and the Mother’s Grace.

He has tried out many extreme possibilities of his language and is now nearer to a natural mastery. His ideal is to become absolutely open, without any thought in the mind, to the inspiration of *Savitri*, which is above the human tongue and can to a certain extent be drawn into any language—English of course having been the most rich and plastic at hand and brought by Sri Aurobindo’s master-touch to a blossoming which seems to be the highest culmination possible to the human tongue. One may put this super-poetic phenomenon in words adapted from *Savitri* itself thus :

¹ *On Yoga*, II, Tome I, p.682.

Tuning his lips to earthly sound he spoke...¹
 [Yet] sang Infinity's names and deathless powers
 In metres that reflect the moving worlds,
 Sight's sound-waves breaking from the soul's great deeps.²

The translator says :

"My family is an indispensable help to my work, as I am not being alienated from the German language here. My wife who is from Germany has an infallible feeling for her mother-tongue and often finds in one moment the *mot juste* I have been seeking for hours.

"But without a friend I have found here I could never do this work. He with his acute as well as refined and widely-cultured mind, his generosity and sweetness of heart, is always ready to throw light on my hundreds of great or small questions, grasping the point at once."

Born in 1938, the child of a teacher who wanted to shape him into his own image, going to a school which tried also to stereotype him, P had to live and think against the current at all times and places. He liked philosophy and religion only when they negated, as did Zen Buddhism. But he had always a great love for literature, especially those authors who lived what they said and were also "seekers". He finally came across *The Man Without Qualities* by R. Musil, "in which the highest possibilities of the modern thought-mind are displayed to catch something of the Truth". His other "Bible" proved to be *The River Without Shores* by H. H. Jahnn "who tries by plumbing the depths of Life to find the Great Harmony behind".

Thus influenced, P left the University to "seek what is true and live what is essential". He was a tramp for 2 years, because nothing seemed to him worth possessing or doing. He loved the various nations he came to know, their languages and literatures. During one of his wanderings he stopped at Hamburg to visit the grave of Jahnn. This poet's widow introduced him to a woman-artist, R, who had the same ideas and burning questions as P. Soon after, in 1963, they found a pocket-book collection *The Integral Yoga* in German with a short Appendix "The Ashram".

In it P found "That" for whose sake he had had to negate and suffer, because he had to find "That". A positive approach is common in India, but in the West the other one may be for many the shortest to the goal—at least to put them on the way.

R too met her destiny in that book. She had not only been as ardent in her search for a New Life but also had even known exactly, much in advance—as regards form, nationality, age, character—the one who brought her and the two daughters across the seas to the Ashram.

¹ P. 501 (One-volume edition).

² P. 435.

How naturally the truths of the Spirit came home to R and P—"agnostics" both of them by conviction ! P's sole apparent sign of "spirituality", apart from his bent for Zen Buddhism, had been his ability, ever since his kindergarten-days, to sit cross-legged !

The Mother allowed them to come to Pondicherry—not so the authorities concerned. To the question why the Visa had been refused, the Consul answered : "We have enough people in India who don't do anything but look at the stars". And further : "You are young, full of life, what do you want in India ? It is poor, dirty !"

By the Mother's Grace, however, they got the Visa after 18 months. In the meantime, when R was working, P was reading, among other books by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, *The Human Cycle*, *The Synthesis of Yoga*, *Prières et Méditations*, *The Life Divine*, at least 12 hours daily and telling R what he had read. They felt everything entirely changed and new and wonderful except the outward life of the town and its dead faces which now looked like a nightmare.

Their marriage removed the last obstacles, as one had tried to keep the children back from their "uncertain fate."

When after *The Life Divine* P thought he would no more read any book, all questions having been answered, he started translating *Savitri*. It was while he was waiting for the Visa. At that time he could hardly read this epic and he took up the translator's role in order to come to grips with the uncommon poetry and be able to understand it. But he never thought of continuing the work in the Ashram and was ready to carry out anything the Mother would give him. She gave him as his first work here the translating of this very epic. Of course, he will soon complete the undertaking and then he would gladly accept whatever the Mother wants him to do : anything given by her will be as great and welcome an adventure.

One minute after receiving the Visa, P went straight to book the passage, without having the money to pay for it. But this difficulty was as marvellously solved by the Mother as everything else.

P says : "We feel that we have been guided by the Divine who had prepared us and brought us together at the right moment and cut through all apparent impossibilities, inner and outer. We are entirely happy in the Ashram, and what a joy it is to see how the children are growing up and learning to find the truth of their own being. I feel an inner Beauty and Truth everywhere here and it is evident that the Day is approaching when there will be nothing but Harmony, even outwardly. We are infinitely grateful to the Mother and Sri Aurobindo."

P says that he is not P, as he feels his personality realised so far to be foreign to him just as much as his name. The Mother, however, has promised him : "Je te donnerai ton nouveau nom plus tard" ("I shall give you your new name later"). So he waits, and in the meantime he hopes that into his work of translating *Savitri* may flow something of what he really is and, by the Grace, will one day become even in the most external being.

All the facts of his life are, if at all, of importance to him inasmuch only as they finally brought him "to this most blessed spot on the earth".

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When D expressed his desire to stop writing poetry, the Master wrote in a persuasive vein :

"It is a mistake to do so out of asceticism or with the idea of tapasysa. One can stop these things when they drop themselves, because one is full of experience and so interested in one's inner life that one has no energy to spare for the rest. Even then, there is no rule for giving up ; for there is no reason why poetry etc. should not be part of sadhana...

"It (the vital) has the joy of creation and there is nothing spiritually wrong in creative action."¹

To write anything great, "...One has to have the passage clear between the outer mind and something in the inner being"²...

Now we come to the most difficult part of the theme. What is meant by art of living ? And has it anything to do with Yoga ?

(To be continued)

NARAYAN PRASAD

¹ *On Yoga*, II, Tome Two, p 402

² Dilp Kumar Roy, *Sri Aurobindo Came to Me*, p.219.

HIMALAYAS

FROM TAPOGIRI, A HIMALAYAN CENTRE OF SRI AUROBINDO
ASHRAM, PONDICHERRY

1. THESE HILL-TOPS

Uprearing evergreens, downleaping foams,
Swift cloud-incenses curling over the slopes—
How can they sate, being born of loveliness ?
A sacrificial urge of veiled delight—
The inherent cosmic pulse—informs their breath.
Each hill-top in this bracing paradise
Where ages passed unnoticed silently
Appears cut out for a god's presiding vigil
Whose ultimate shimmered in the ancients' mind
On the giddy summit of India's destiny
Crowned with a victor smile of ecstasy
And the arm of trident shelter that is Shiva.

2. NATURE'S SHRINE

Hotbeds of hectic noises left below,
Cold-belts of solid silence sealed above,
To the inner climb towards illumined peace
These mid-heights are ministering sanctuaries.
Some potent sap from white trance-haloed peaks
Pours all this vibrant beauty that is green—
Lush leafy silhouettes, rock on wooded rock,
Where each articulate sound is a virgin thrill
Of sweet creative spell that does not die.
In this vast shrine of Nature ever chimes
The warm elemental symphony of life,
A fragrant buoyancy breathes everywhere,
The law of gravitation peakward pulls,
Silence communes with silence, Soul with soul,
And body, brain and sense disturb no more.

3. IN DARK NIGHT

These shaggy-humped monstrosities
 On gurgling water-brinks
 That breathe cool breaths of lulling murmur-beats
 Have been asleep
 Through a deep aeonic night.
 Perhaps there was some broad aeonic day
 When they would ramp,
 The mammoth's huge forbears
 In the plains and forests of Infinity
 Before the coming of man—
 Since then become
 Brooding sepulchres of antiquity,
 Or fossilled fortresses
 With sentinel doors lamp-eyed that blink upon
 Rock-vastitudes and rock-profundities,
 Matter's substantial mass impregnable,
 Against which stands
 Man's pride of probe
 Mere mockery of itself !

4. IN MOONLIT NIGHT

Nature's high heaven of temple-hills is here—
 Lane over criss-cross lane of gorgeous green
 Upon whose terraced winding flight of steps
 Dotted with huts a-squat alone there hangs
 A strange white hush of holiness: it sends
 A pilgrim soul dipping in the placid pool
 Of consciousness ingathered at the base,
 Or soaring apeak beyond all stepping-stones.
 Let the languishing will-to-worship born in flesh
 Be nurtured by a reverence granite-toned,
 O godly puissance of the heights serene,
 Symbol and prototype and inner norm
 Of all that lifts the earth-low life of man !

5. THE HIMALAYAN LAP

O ancient refuge-summit of razor-edge paths,
 How oft the elusive Unknown was at bay
 In thy sure caves ! or, screened by them, the flame
 Of God-zeal burned unflickering night and day.

How oft deep mystic heart-caves in travail
 Delivered boons overflowing human gain :
 Bloom-bursts of Love or Beauty, Truth or Self
 Must have each time suffused thy elements' grain—

Tense soul-vibrations, settled spirit-hues
 Hallowing thy native peace for centuries :
 From those packed potencies perchance derive
 Their strange appeal thy woods and streams and breeze

And sounds and smells ; so swayed I came to thee,
 My quietist craze dug in for a lasting lease,
 When a contradiction rushed through, rapture-shot,
 And stirred my sleepy blood to a quick release.

For the dormant energies new channels gleamed,
 Each movement of desire and thought took on
 A throbbing flair for consecrated work,
 All staring odds as smiling victories shone.

Meseemed I heard thy heart of silence utter :
 "My peaks' sun-intimate poise feeds secretly
 The breathless joy-dash of my rivulet-nerve"
 A vivid accent of identity

I marked—thy message was Hers ; Her will and word
 Unheeded, still She heeds¹ : Ah, thus to grow
 Wise in the Himalayan lap of Mother-Love
 Beyond which there's no bliss for me to know !

NARESH

¹ The Mother's warning to me in an interview—"No, the days of the Himalayan caves and forests are over now ; you know Sri Aurobindo's Yoga has no place for them"—at my keenness to be released from an 'assignment' for a plunge in solitude. I took a chance later when I got the above experience.

THE TIME OF RETURN

(The author has accompanied his composition with the note : "I wrote this about 5 years ago and I have always felt it conveys something very real. As Mother India is read in Africa—Mother Africa—it seems fitting somehow.")

IT was dark when we came to her.

The scarlet crystal that would be the dawn-sun was not yet seen above the low hills of her country.

The land and all that came out of the land was still and expectant.

The place in which she lived was like our own place. Her room was sweet and cool, the fires being as yet unlit.

There were no men living by her way, for she was a woman of long silences and the earth that is Africa was the only companion of her soul and no man had ever possessed her.

She came from a recess of her room and sat before us and we were aware of her. We perceived that her body was large and her flesh magnificent. The movement of her hands had the full-sensed expectancy of primitive motherhood and it seemed to us that our own bodies already had an intimate knowledge of those hands.

Her big lips were calm in her dark and tranquil face. In the depths of her eyes we saw the colours of the forests and the mists of the low valleys and in her passivity and in the coiled strength of her body we knew Africa—our Mother.

After we had placed our heads in reverence at her feet she offered us to drink, for we had come from a great distance and across many hills.

We began to explain the purpose of our coming but it was not necessary. As the tree knows of the rain that will surely come on the next day, so had she also known of our coming.

For in us were represented the sons of her existence—sons who were now seeing the bright glow of free thought and new opportunity shining above the misery of many years.

Symbolised in our coming were the new nations of Africa—nations so new that their souls were still unborn from her womb. Our people were realising and striving for width and vision in their society, but in the inner heart of their endeavour they knew a hollowness and a vacuum, for their religion and their faith which should be the spring for the soul's action and renewal, was a borrowed faith and the religion was becoming different to them and strange to the idealism of their young men.

Yet the faith of their ancestors was now dim, and dark in its superstition.

And so we had come to her and, understanding, she spoke to us...

Her voice came to us as from a mountain and the music of it was as the rushing of the waters from the high, white snow.

“Know me, know your mother who is Africa. In knowing me you will come to know yourselves, for you are from me and part of me.

And in knowing yourselves, all that has been, all that will be and all that is will then become known to you.

But you must know me and love me—must first place your hearts before me in worship and in this surrendered sacrifice to your Mother—Africa—you will bring reason and peace to the raging of her troubled mind, for as the mother needs the love of her sons to bring warmth to her years, so do I need your love.

As you will love me so shall I give to you all of your dreaming and all of your deepest desiring.

But how shall you see me and in what manner shall you worship me ?

As the morning approaches you must stand in silence on my hills or gaze across my plains for then you will see me lying naked before you and I shall be very beautiful.

I shall caress you with the movement of the wind or embrace you with the lashing of the storms. Your bodies will thrill and tremble as I touch you and as you look with desire into the distance you will look into your own souls. And I shall be waiting for you.

You will image me in your art and in your poetry and my rhythms shall be heard in your music ; you must search for my form within you and you must express me and the love that you feel for me.

As the feet of the dancers throb on the hard earth so shall my heart throb with my love for you.

Your strong laughter, your joy of life, your fullness of colour and gaiety shall all be but a part of your praise of me.

And while you cultivate, or while you teach, while you labour in strange industry or while you govern, you will surely dream of me and sing of me and many will marvel at your joy. For you will be constantly enraptured as you caress or make beautiful the flesh of my body, which is Africa.

Because you love me, because you worship me, therefore will you labour for me.

And as the days end and you are gathered one with the other there will come strange silences among you. Those of you with vision, those of you with poetry and music in their hearts will speak with me and you will be told stories of my past and you shall hear of the wonder that must be the future.

And the strangers that have come to you...receive them for they too have loved me.

There are those who remained alien to you but they will soon depart and there will be pleasure at their going.

But there have been many who came in friendship and who understood you. They have given you ideas and helped you to develop your richness. They have

given you forms for your governing and your association and they have given you new language for your tongues.

Some of them have been my instruments in my care for you and as you welcome your children who come back to their village after an absence in a far city so also will you welcome the strangers that they may bring with them.

For many tides have washed my shores and they have been pleasurable to me but they have taken nothing from me—I am as I have always been.

There must be understanding among you, for in conflict you will trample upon my body and I shall bleed with sorrow.

Comprehend the whole harmony of the forest: do not be troubled by the apparent antagonism or decay of a part of it.

For though some among your brethren may be stumbling in ignorance and in their blindness may be seeking to offend me, I love them and I understand them for are they not the seed of my body? In this way too will you understand and in understanding will you come to know me more intimately.

You must also understand the needs, the hopes and the dreams and the lives of your daughters for they are still suffering the burdens of many centuries. It is only by your care of them that your sons will be worthy of you and of your love for me.

Understand the misfits among you, the few who are always in opposition to the many, the unbalanced and the sick in mind—they all have great need of me and in caring for them you will accord me worship.

And I would that you have nobility and a pride in your bearing for there are none like you.

Realise that in you are the qualities of my soul—qualities that others are needful of. Develop them and give them to all men.”

She paused, and then she said, “And many shall know me as Mother and many shall know me as their Beloved, according to the passion of their hearts.”

She ceased speaking and rose to her feet. As she looked down on us a slow smile came to her lips. And it was as if our souls were being held in the deep, soft palms of her hands.

We then saw that the sun was high and that the world had much motion. It was the time of return.

ANURAKTA
(TONY SCOTT)

MAITHILISHARAN GUPTA

(Continued from the June issue)

ANOTHER work of Maithilisharan Gupta, in which he introduces a fresh approach to the ever-green subject of Krishna, is *Dwapar*. Here all the main characters speak for themselves.

Ugrasena, father of Kansa, is portrayed as a clear-eyed man who can see the evil of his son's deeds and feels torn between filial love and his royal duty. When Kansa's mother expresses a desire that he should have died at birth, Ugrasena replies :

"Oh no, let him live, give him a chance. He is wonderfully strong and strongly adventurous. Never was one like him born. Though a sinner, let him not die. Oh, where will he go after death?...My queen, you are angry but I feel sad. If one could rule and win through tyranny why would it be necessary for men to be gentle and discreet ?

"Don't you see him burning away ? Don't you see he will soon be a heap of ashes? If a sadhu would take these ashes and smear them on his body, I should feel fulfilled. ...Oh my power-crazy son, open your eyes even now. Let go your dream of empire and see the truth. See now coming towards you the horror you perpetrated. Be prepared to break if you can't bend and submit."

The poet speaks of his own time through Balarama's speech :

"Is it true the time is not with us ? Are these not the same sun, moon and seasons as in time long past ? Beware ! Let us not take the fall of ourselves as the spirit of the age. It is not action that is wrong, but our fall that makes it so. If the time of our ancestors was great, why talk about it ? We have to live in our time, in the present."

Devakee talks of Vasudev with insight and great tenderness :

"You have passed through many sufferings because of me. You have been shut into this dark dungeon only for my sake, yet are you cheerful. Though a king, you are a prisoner today, a living prisoner cut off from the vast life outside. My fiery-spirited beloved is forced to live a still, stony, inert existence."

Kansa's character comes out vividly in the following passage :

"People offer coconuts, I offer baby-heads in my Yoga. I am the son-in-law of emperor Jarasandh. What are sin and virtue ? Only you, virility, valour and effort, count. Let poets call me inhuman. Are they not unmanly if I am inhuman ? If you trust someone, why should he not betray you ? I, Kansa, am strong, let others call me cruel. Yes, I killed those babies and I hope they will not come back....Hark, what is it ? The stars are falling, the winds are howling like mad men, the flame has gone out, it is dark.... What a horror ! I tremble.... Come what may, here am, I, a ghost in the darkness.... Go, children, wander into infinity. That is where you belong. Let me see the one who escaped.... For shame, why should I shudder so ?

...They say he performs miracles. ...I am impatient to die at his hands...I feel a different stream flowing into my veins.... What was that? Lightning of a naked sword?"

The words of a gopi are a testimony of love in its final culmination. Talking to Uddhava she says :

"Take Radha's greeting from me. Losing all consciousness here each cell is in meditation She neither speaks nor hears, no one knows what is going on in her heart. If she could speak I am sure she would exclaim, "Friend, have you returned from Gokula? How is my Radha? Alas! Radha has become Krishna, but Krishna..."

Gupta's best poem is on Kubja, the hunchback. She says :

"As I was going with flowers and sandal paste to Kansa, Krishna approached me and asked, 'For whom are you taking this plate? I am the son of Nanda.' Saying so he smiled, I do not know how. The sun and moon seemed to have stopped in their courses. The earth was blessed, for she bore his weight." Describing his beauty she says, "Looking at his chin my enslaved heart bent down to kiss his feet. Radha, those two lips of his were not his mouth but your torn heart.... Those black eyes had a bright look.... A god had at last come to me even when I had wasted my life worshipping a demon.... I could not stand straight yet with trembling hands I tried to worship him. Touching my chin he smiled an enigmatic smile. A new, rhythm broke into my heart. My body was transformed. He said, 'I will see you again.' As he stepped further away, he came closer, deeper into my heart."

The poet has a wide range and much variety. He has enriched Hindi in many ways. When he began to write, Hindi was struggling hard to get away from the old-school Vraj-Bhasha. Deprived of Vraj-Bhasha's sweetness it had become dry. This poet brought many metres, experimented with new forms. During the beginning of his career, India was seething with political unrest. No sensitive person escaped its magic call. Gupta wrote *Bharat-Bharati* and he became famous overnight.

One of his poems expresses his feeling for India :

"Arise, O great, vast, immense !

O limitless one, arise and take your rightful place.

Sacrifice thousands if need be.

In the dawn of life your holy rites perfumed the earth.

O beautiful, noble one ! To your treaties Indra and Varuna used to be the witnesses. Your mantras are still ringing in heaven, earth and the nether world.

While Greece and Rome ruined themselves dreaming of world-conquest, you sang the sweet songs of friendship and compassion. You were the leader then, look once more at your past.

The message of the future is waiting for your voice, but your voice is strangled, O my land. Alas what an insult it is to be a slave, what a great calamity ! Let thy soul-force wake up and bring out thy passion."

Gupta will be long remembered for his *Yashodhara*, a masterpiece in

many ways. He has combined drama with sonnets and lyrics. He starts with Siddhartha, who has seen old age for the first time. He is still a passionate young man deeply in love with his wife. He thinks :

“I saw old age today. Will even my Yashodhara be like it ? Will her golden hue turn to dust and dirt ? Shall I see all freshness robbed from my lovely garden ?”

From that lover emerges the thinker :

“Oh my sweet motherland, is it this that all existence means ? To eat, drink, to live and die again and again ? Oh dwellers under the calm Himalaya, is it not shameful to be turning away with different passions ?”

Yashodhara speaks to her friend after he has left the palace. She speaks a truth most women experience. She tells her :

“My lord has left me for an ideal. I am proud of him, but that he left me by stealth is a humiliation difficult to bear. I wish he had told me and gone. Could I ever be a hindrance to him ? Yes, he loved me deeply but did he understand his wife ? Don't we dress our husbands for the battlefield, don't we send them smiling to their death ? I wish he had told me. I was not lucky enough to send him thus. ...Oh what sorrow it is to be rejected by him who had accepted me once ! I wish he had told me...These eyes would have been full of tears, he could not have borne the sight...Yes, he went away out of pity for me...I don't want my sorrow to disturb him. I want him to attain his goal happily. How can I reproach him ?...My lord, go, but you will surely return. Can you leave me, innocent of any fault ? Will you not accept me when you have accepted the whole world ? Whatever you attain, your wife will have a share in it.”

Again she succumbs to wounded pride :

“When your father and mother will ask me about you, what shall I say ? Your proud Gopa¹ will have to be silent in humiliation.”

Mahaprajavati, Siddhartha's step-mother, grieves with the anxiety of a mother who sees only her small baby, not the full-grown man:

“God knows where he will wander. Surely he will get lost in the huge forest. Thorns will prick him. He is still such a child ! ...Tell my child, how shall I bear this blow ?...Even death will not help, for, then your mother will ask me about you. What shall I tell her ? ...I have grown old in a minute. My little one, come to give me a stick so that I may totter about.”

His father Suddhodhana feels frustrated and elated by turns :

“He has at last gone away. He could not be deceived. He deceived us all and ran away. I tried to pull him back like the arrow string yet he shot out like the arrow itself. This palace is like a healthy body from which its soul has gone out. This shower of tears is useless...Woe to this throne, palace and wealth ! Blessed is his high aim. How shall I yet say it is well he is gone ?”

There is a touching conversation between Gopa (Yashodhara) and Suddhodhana.”

¹ Siddhartha called Yashodhara by that name.

SUDDHODHANA : You are patient, Yashodhara. How shall I be patient ? Tell me what shall I do for him ?

YASHODHARA : Dear father, pray for his success so that he may soon return.

SUDDHODHANA : If you wish, child, I shall send our men to look for him and bring him back.

YASHODHARA : No, father.

SUDDHODHANA : Is it right to be so proud ?

YASHODHARA : Father, this is the only way to act.

SUDDHODHANA : How is it you are more hard-hearted than even I, a man ?

YASHODHARA : My Dharma makes me so.

There is an interesting passage describing the condition of the city after Sid-dhartha has left it.

Citizens are talking :

“Brothers, we are haunted by misfortune, Even the good turns to evil. He left his kingdom and left us forlorn. Look at the fort. How can it stand while he has left it ? ...Our lovely land is ruined by his absence. Truly we are unlucky... Lo there comes Chhandaka ; alas, he comes alone !”

Yashodhara in grief wants to forget much. She says :

“Friend, let me cut off these long tresses. I have nursed long snakes, not lovely tresses. See how they bite me with a thousand fangs... Let not the gold and the diamonds keep me a prisoner. I have an adorable son like Rahule. What else can beautify me more ? Yes, this life too Yashodhara must see. Friend, even death avoids me.”

She goes into a reverie and sees the past in a vivid flash :

“My lord has given his test, now it is my turn. For me, he competed with many warriors, he rode the wild, difficult horse Nagdutt. Didn't the people clap and hail him ? Out of all those lovely girls, he chose me. All envied my beauty, none knew the secret, He was looking for the right person for this day... If woman is a hindrance to your path, can you ever achieve your goal ? Am I, the woman, not the other half of this vast universe ? Can you ignore it ? I am the sharer of your spiritual travail. Go, my lord, bring nectar. I can stand all this and much more. Let not the Apsaras take my form to disturb you.”

Her mother-aspect is full of tenderness and pathos. She talks to the infant Rahule :

“Quiet, my child. Why do you weep ? There is none to hear you. Could he ever leave me and go while I slept ? Now it is useless. Had you cried then, it would have been different. We lost him while we slept.

“My little one, yes, laugh. Let me see those pearl-white teeth, your faltering steps, your stumbling walk ; oh it is sheer delight to watch you ! Catch my finger or shall I catch yours ?

“My darling, why do you say ‘mother’ ? Say ‘father’. This home is lonely without him. Call him, my son, I dare not call him.”

Child Rahule is enchanting. He says :

“O mother, as I was walking in the sun someone kept following me closely ; the minute I came to the verandah he ran away and has hidden himself, I don't know where.”

She says : “Fear not, it was your shadow.” He asks her : “What is fear ?”

There is great sweetness between mother and son. He teases her :

“Mother, you are defeated. I have been following you. Did you not look everywhere and yet could not find me ? You know, father's image stood between you and me and you forgot all about me. This time you must hide very well and don't sigh so much or you will be caught at once.”

The poet has brought prose too into this dramatic work. Yashodhara's friend says : “It was heartless of him to leave you.” She at once retorts : “How can you say such an unkind thing ? He was so kind, he could not bear to see the suffering of an insect even.”

Rahule wants his mother to taste the sweet he is eating. She refuses, saying : “Son, I am on a fast. Only fruits and milk should be taken.”

RAHULE : I must tell grandfather. You have fasted.

YASHODHARA : No, don't tell him. He will be unhappy.

RAHULE : Then why do you fast ?

YASHODHARA : That is my Dharma.

Rahule sees his father in a painting.

RAHULE : Oh what a difference ! Yet not much of it. Here he stands in his royal robes and there a Sannyasi's. I would say his face has the same gentleness in both.

A SERVANT : How does he look to you ?

RAHULE : He looks like me. Once grandmother was startled on seeing me and exclaimed : ‘I almost thought he had come back.’ So then I went and saw my face in the mirror.

YASHODHARA : You are right. Oh, something has gone in my eyes.

RAHULE : Did you take it out, mother ? Why, your face is wet ! Look, who is this girl beside father. He is giving her a necklace of emeralds. Who is she ?

Yashodhara, from this grief and separation, comes out purer, rises above herself and in that state her whole being is united in a real sense to Buddha. Sitting far away from him she shares his trials and travails.

She says : “Oh, what a dream it was ! Tonight I saw him in his travail. The hue had gone from his golden body. It was a pale, thin and sickly body. His stomach touched his back, it was so hungry. My tears fell fast. A rill was flowing past but he was too weak to go to it. Suddenly the soul of his departed mother took the form of a sister and brought sweet water, and yet I sobbed. What a dream it was !”

In the same way, she feels his victory : “Why do I feel this is an important, auspicious day ? My heart says a wonderful event has occurred. I feel nature is in a happy mood.”

Rahule, though young, understands his mother. Through him we see the change of attitude in her. He says : "Mother, thinking of father, you have lost yourself. You go on searching for him and losing yourself. You say he is a god, but will he ever turn this way to look at you ? You sing for me, weep for him, between the two of us you are quite insane."

The news of Buddha's arrival spreads in the palace. Yashodhara's father-in-law and mother-in-law went to take her to Buddha with them. To their surprise she refuses to go. She says : "Father, how can I leave this home without his permission ?" Maha-prajavati asks : "Alas, daughter, do you still wait for his order ?" Siddhodana questions : "Don't we have any right to tell you ?" Yashodhara replies : "I don't have a father : I am talking of ill-fated Gopa. He left me, now if he wants me, he will call me. Yes, I wish to go, yet I cannot. If I could, would I be sitting here ? There is an ocean of happiness in front of me, but I can't go, can't go. Was there ever a being as ill-fated as Gopa ?"

When she is by herself her soul wakes up. She says : "What should I give you to keep ? You liberate the earth and shall I imprison you ? Shall I weep to get you, you who have become Narayana ? The godhead emerges from you and I have met that godhead."

Her son comes to persuade her to go and meet Buddha. She says : "Son, you are ignorant yet, only with gods can one play at self-respect. Don't be angry. I am what I am, an unhappy woman, but one who is firm in her Dharma."

RAHULE : What is this Dharma ? Did my father forbid you to go ? You refuse it yourself.

GOPA : Rahule, don't ask me. Some day your wife will tell you.

RAHULE : Again my wife ! No matter how stupid, in your eyes she is the incarnation : of wisdom. You are a riddle to me, mother.

Her royal nature revolts and suffers. Talking by herself she gives vent to her indignation : "This is the last straw. The king of Kapila¹ comes begging ! My lord, were you so hungry that you lost all patience ? Here am I sitting and waiting for ages, but you.... Have you come to teach this to Rahule ?"

Buddha at last comes to her. She is moved to adoration.

"My dreams are fulfilled. All reproaches have fled. I am lost. Welcome, my god of many births. The moment you looked at me, all darkness of fear and doubt fled. It is indeed the dawn.... You glorify me, a mere woman, by taking me."

BUDDHA : Be not so timid and dejected, Gopa. Woman is not weak or mean. She is the very image of compassion. It was a woman who saved me in the forest. You were here in body but when Mara sent his Apsaras to defeat me, it was your memory that fought him. Lastly came an Aspsara in your guise but she soon vanished, ashamed of herself.

YASHODHARA : I am blessed, for I know. I have a part in your struggle. Rahule, come and ask your share of your father's fortune.

Rahule finishes by praying to his father that prayer of all India past and

present : "Lead me from darkness to Light, from falsehood to Truth, from death to Immortality."

Yashodhara is a wonderful unfolding of a woman's character, its growth and sublimation. No wonder poet Gupta has such an important place in Hindi literature.

(Concluded)

ANU PURANI

WHEN THE ROSE OPENS

WHEN the rose opens
 Who can hear
 The explosion of its beauty ?
 Still unclear,
 In all that redness breaking,
 The real rose.
 Deeper in the outshining cup
 A silence grows...

For ever the search, the secret,
 Till we have furled
 Back into bud within us
 Our wide-awake world
 And, free from the mind's flutter,
 In spelled repose,
 Over some core of being
 Eye-petals close.

K. D. SETHNA

THE PROBLEM OF A COMMON LANGUAGE

(Continued from the June issue)

XVII

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION MOVEMENT (4)

THE National Council of Education acquired a tremendous prestige because Sri Aurobindo had consented to associate himself closely with its work. Its work and the prestige waned soon after he left charge of the Bengal National College in August 1907 owing to the first sedition case brought against him by the Government. He did rejoin the staff (as Lecturer in History and Politics) early in 1908 and served in that capacity until his arrest in the Alipore bomb case in May of that year. But there was almost a whole year spent in jail and, by the time he came out, national education, like all the other phases of the Swadeshi movement, was showing signs of fatigue. By the end of 1910, the death knell of national education had sounded in Bengal.

We may pause a little here and try to assess the work done and the reasons for the failure.

The high aims with which the national education movement had begun were clearly stated by Sri Aurobindo in the course of a short speech delivered at the Pabna (Provincial) Conference held in February 1908. "The National Schools will train and send out workers who will devote themselves completely to the service of the country and raise her once more to the old position of glory which she once occupied in the scale of nations." This implied that the students of these schools were to be given a thorough grounding in the nation's past, trained to be patriots who would forget self in the service of the motherland, and be sufficiently equipped to prepare the countrymen for a glorious future. A question arises : how were they actually prepared for this kind of work, at the national schools where they studied ?

We have no means to judge except through the curricula prescribed. The National Council of Education held two public examinations, one at the Matriculation and the other at the Intermediate level. For the first examination the only specifically "national" items in the syllabus were the classical languages (Sanskrit, Persian and Arabic) with an allied vernacular, which were made compulsory; English was reduced to the position of a "second language" though on a compulsory basis ; a little more attention was paid to the study of Indian history; and the education was imparted through the medium of the vernacular. At the Intermediate level, there seems to have been a certain amount of specialisation. One had to take an oriental classic, Sanskrit, Arabic or Persian ; in addition there was a choice of subjects from any one of three groups. One group included History and Economics, another covered Psychology and

Ethics, and the third consisted of Pali, Hindi and Marathi. We do not quite know whether the medium continued to be the vernacular ; perhaps not, for there were not yet any adequate textbooks in the vernaculars at that level. The general impression we gather is that the standards and the type of instruction given at the National School and College were not very different from those at the ordinary institutions.

But there was a certain difference. The first and most important was the spirit in which the teachers worked. Many of them were good scholars, young men just come out of the University with a fine record and imbued with the idea of doing something new. At the head of the College was Sri Aurobindo himself, whose influence was all-pervading. Many of the young teachers devoted themselves to research into the less well-known aspects of India's past and present. Ancient Indian history received particular attention, as did Indian Economics, a subject which had just begun to grow. Some textbooks incorporating the results of research were also brought out for the use of students, especially at the school level. This was undoubtedly pioneering work. Its results were to appear soon afterwards, in the remodelling of the Calcutta University curricula under Sri Ashutosh Mukerjee, as we shall presently note.

Another important result was the sudden change in the mood of leading Congressmen in and outside Bengal. The Congress in those days was dominated by men, known as Moderates, who shrank from any drastic changes either in the governmental system or in any other aspect of national life. Now, under the impact of the "Swadeshi" ideas propounded by the so-called Extremists—Sri Aurobindo and Balgangadhar Tilak were among the first to earn that title—many of the old Moderates found themselves compelled to pay at least a formal homage to the movement for national education. The result was that the idea of national education received the formal approval of the Indian National Congress in a resolution adopted by it at the Calcutta session of 1906.

This, together with the reputation already acquired by the National Council of Education, led to its informal recognition as a parallel university. By February, 1908, there were about twenty-five secondary schools in various parts of Bengal, outside Calcutta, "at work under the direction of the National Council". In addition there were some three hundred primary National Schools, "all seeking the aid of the Council". It is also gratifying to note that there were at least two schools, one in Maharashtra, another in Andhra Pradesh, which worked on the lines of the Bengal national schools, and looked to the National Council for guidance. In other words, the Council was well on the way to be a national university.

But there were several handicaps. And these led to the sudden collapse of the movement by the end of 1910.

Any scheme of education, however novel or beneficial to the country, needs money for its support. The money had been forthcoming in this case at the beginning and for a little while afterwards. But there were no fixed sources of income on which the Council could rely. The teachers, including the Principal, worked on

a bare pittance, and this could not obviously continue for ever. Many of the bright young men who had joined the staff in a flush of enthusiasm soon realised that they could find better jobs elsewhere, and by 1910 most of them left the Council's work.

The parents and guardians too, who had to think of the future of their wards, found by experience that whatever might have been the merits of the education imparted under the guidance of the Council, it did not help procure suitable jobs. The Government would not recognise the National Council's certificates, and the British mercantile firms too would not like to offend the bureaucracy by giving jobs to boys passed out of the Council's schools. The result was a growing diminution in the number of students at the national schools and colleges.

The Council itself practically committed suicide when it decided, in 1908, to dissociate itself completely from the Swadeshi movement. It issued circulars to the national schools in Bengal suggesting that they should not associate themselves with "non-literary bodies", obviously of a political character; they were not even to participate in the annual celebrations of the Bengal Partition Day. These circulars could hardly be distinguished in their spirit from those earlier ones, glorified under the names of Carlyle and Emerson, to fight against which the Council had been brought to birth. It now forfeited its right to exist.

The fundamental difficulty was of course the attitude of the British rulers of India. They were determined to crush the Swadeshi movement out of existence, by all the tremendous powers of arbitrary action at their disposal. And they used these powers to the utmost. The nation was cowed down to submission, and national education, like the other items of Swadeshi, came to a halt. The Minto-Morley reforms of 1909 rallied the Moderates to the side of Government, and the annulment of the Partition of Bengal in 1911 removed all possible doubts about the good faith of the Englishman. Swadeshi had to wait for another decade before it got a fresh chance.

Meanwhile, the work of national education went on, under other auspices and other names.

(To be continued)

SANAT K. BANERJI

BOOKS IN THE BALANCE

Talks with Sri Aurobindo, by *Nirodbaran*; Silver Jubilee Publication of Sri Aurobindo Pathmandir, 15 Bankim Chatterjee Street, Calcutta-12. Price : Rs. 8.00

“Time’s accidents are steps in its vast scheme.”

Sri Aurobindo (*Savitri*, VI, 2)

“O, ’tis an accident that heaven provides.”

Shakespeare (*Measure for Measure*)

THUS, what happened at 2 a.m. in a night of 1938 was both. Sri Aurobindo had an accident ; whatever be the physical circumstance causing it, it must have—on a different plane, in his vast scheme of things—a sublime significance. To Nirodbaran and his few confrères, however, it was heaven’s providing (perhaps an indelicate designation for an accident but was not the Master all compassion ?), and hats off to Nirodbaran—he now shares with us his jealous collection of the harvest of a *yuga*—twelve years’ of conversation with Sri Aurobindo.

And here is bounty ! “There was not a subject that was not touched, not a mystery that he did not illumine, not a phenomenon that passed unnoticed, humorous or serious, superficial or profound, mundane or mystic. Reminiscences, stories, talks on art and culture, on world-problems [and much more—Sadhana which included things † from the action of Supermind to the phenomenon of levitation, Personalities which included Caesar and Shaw, Occultism extending from the Mother’s powers to hypnotism—and so on and so forth—*Reviewer*] poured down in an abundant stream from an otherwise silent and reticent vastitude of knowledge and love and bliss,” to quote from Nirodbaran’s preface.

If the great works of Sri Aurobindo can be described as “Hills peep over hills, and Alps on Alps arise” (Pope), here are his incidental utterances which float around the peaks like clouds, not obscuring but diversifying the grand manifestation. Nevertheless, sharp lightnings are often revealed; we are dazed, startled at times as stark truths strike, only to recover enlightened the next moment.

From the disciples and admirers of Sri Aurobindo, of the present and of the resurgent future, to Nirodbaran is assured a continuous premium of gratefulness, for his two volumes of Correspondence and the present volume of Talks with Sri Aurobindo.

MANOJ DAS

Sri Aurobindo Circle, Twenty-third Number, 1967. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry.

The Twenty-third Number of the Sri Aurobindo Circle is yet another successful addition to this series of refinedly assorted anthologies, this time with a few of the Mother's current messages and answers, extracts from Sri Aurobindo and his hitherto unpublished letters, the English rendering of one of his few Bengali essays, and five elegant dissertations on themes spiritual, literary and sociological by well-known scholars.

The fresh bunch of a full dozen of Sri Aurobindo's letters, the first stressing the relation and the difference between his message and those of the Gita, the Upanishads etc., the second interpreting the attitude of the ancient mystics to the secret truths in their possession, the third explaining the nature of Chaitanya's experiences, the fourth determining the two necessary conditions for Yoga, the fifth being an interesting document of Sri Aurobindo's ministrations to a seeker of a different path, the next five interpreting the various experiences of his disciples, and the last one emphasising the condition which can give spiritual effectivity to our work—the whole collection is to be hailed as a happy annexation to the realm of Aurobindonian lore, along with *The Aryan Ideal and the Three Gunas* (translated from Sri Aurobindo's original Bengali by Arindam Basu), which acquaints us with the Master's insight into the play of *Gunas—Sattwa, Rajas and Tamas*—in various characters as well as in events like the French Revolution.

Jugal Kishore Mukherjee presents the first part (*Sight, More Sight...*) of a projected work of his, where, with his characteristic novel approach he traces "the cycle of the involution of the Sight of Sachchidananda (the *nimilan* or the 'closing in' of the eyes of Lord Shiva according to Indian Puranic mysticism) down to the abysmal Sleep of Matter, followed in its turn by the 'slow evolutionary ascension of sight and light from Matter to the half-lit and half-blind mind of man (the *unmilan* or the 'opening out' of the eyes of Shiva)". He notes that "we are only half way through this ascending march and our climb has to continue till we reach the Solar Supermind and embody its effulgence and power of sight, even in this material world of ours, even in this very earthly body".

The Viziers of Bassora : A Study by Prema Nandakumar is a candid discourse on one of Sri Aurobindo's sweet and significant early literary works, and this is followed by the concluding chapter of Sisir Kumar Ghose's book on Sri Aurobindo's Poetry where his able steerage leads us to see how Sri Aurobindo

Lent a vibrant cry to the unuttered vasts,
And through great shoreless, voiceless, starless breadths
Bore earthward fragments of revealing thought
Hewn from the silence of the Ineffable. (*Savitri*)

We come then to the best tribute to Milton in 1967—which should be a significant year in Miltonian studies, being the third Centenary year of the publication

of *Paradise Lost*—in K.D. Sethna's exploration of *The Inspiration of Paradise Lost*. Here is an excellent unravelling of a divine romance—the Muse's wondrous frequentations of a poet whose poetry, to quote Macaulay, "acts like an incantation" and whose "merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power".

K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar's reference (in his article "*World Views*"—the last one in the anthology) to George Santayana's anxious wish for "some genius to appear to reconstitute the shattered picture," reminds one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's immortal story *The Great Stone Face*. Like the poet in the story who finally discovered the deliverer whose advent was predicted in an age-old legend, Iyengar recognises the genius of Santayana's dream in Sri Aurobindo.

All this, and two graceful art-leaves carrying two pictures of the Mother too !

MANOJ DAS

Students' Section

THE NEW AGE ASSOCIATION

TENTH SEMINAR

19TH FEBRUARY 1967

(Continued from the June issue)

WHY IS THE CHOICE IMPERATIVE ?

II

I WOULD not like to deliver a scholarly lecture with a complex philosophical exposition but to give a straightforward presentation of a few ideas that sail through my mind as I contemplate over the subject which the Mother has chosen for our Seminar.

It is evident that the Mother's New Year message this time, "Men, countries, continents ! The choice is imperative : Truth or the abyss," is not specifically meant either for the Ashramites or for the seekers of Truth alone, but for the world at large. Thus every individual, irrespective of his colour, creed or country is involved in this simple, direct but heart-penetrating message of the Mother. We have now reached such a culminating stage of human development that we are compelled to make a sure and definite decision, which will ultimately be responsible for determining our destiny. In fact, this Truth of which the Mother speaks, manifested upon earth over a decade ago and has now started working upon humanity in a very direct way. That is why the Mother in Her New Year message for 1965 told us to salute the advent of the Truth, and last year She advised us to serve the Truth. But the egoistic mind of modern man has failed completely to appreciate its power, its value and its unceasing triumphant action, and is consequently driving towards a transient material happiness to suit his immediate purpose. Man has now become so egoistic that till the last moment of his life he never does a single thing save one, that is, to satisfy his own desires and passions. And in every field of life, in religion, politics, science, etc., this sense of ego-centricity prevails. That is why Truth, even after its manifestation upon earth, remains in the catacombs of oblivion.

Mankind, to-day, is so much swayed by the superficial glamour of material achievements that this manifested Truth seems to it like a shimmering marsh-light falling upon some vague tract of which it hardly takes any cognisance. The major-

rity of men believe that Truth is something like a shadowy phantom which can never take any form and reality in life and which wanders always in the limbo of the soul. But as this manifested Truth, which is nothing but the dynamic power of the Supreme Reality, has now started acting on the earth rapidly and firmly in order to fulfil its inevitable mission, man will have either to side with its action or to enter into the dark abyss. The reign of Truth upon earth is predestined by the Supreme, and its activities will be the governing principle which man will have to accept. At the present moment he is urgently called upon to accept it by his conscious choice. But if in his blindness he turns his back upon it and does not make the needed choice then his destiny will be harsh and cruel, for he will sink into the abyss. It is impossible indeed not to be serious under the pressure of this demand of this destiny.

As long as we move on the surface of life it remains a smiling and a commonplace affair, but when we enter into the depths below and grapple with fundamental issues, like the destiny of the soul, the secret of life and death, of truth and falsehood, everything becomes austere and terrible, and we become grave, and we are compelled to ponder deeply over these issues and to make radical decisions. At the present moment we are required to make such a radical decision and that is why the choice has become imperative.

As the abyss at its heart is eternal darkness and ignorance, so Truth in its essence is the Love Divine, unique, invincible—it is the straight gateway to heaven. In this crucial moment let us once and for all bid farewell to our' egoism, ignorance, insincerity, inertia, and scepticism, and accept the working of the Truth upon earth which will alter completely our life, making it at every stage of its progress more luminous, more creative and more divine.

SRIJIT

III

Dear friends,

I tell you frankly that I find it very difficult to answer this question. I find that it is beyond my scope to give a definite answer. One needs a spiritual insight, which I do not vouch to possess, in order to see the real necessity of the choice. But merely finding something difficult is no reason for not making an attempt; also let us note that Sri Aurobindo and the Mother take no objection to our attempts to grasp things spiritual even mentally.

In this year's message, the Mother addresses the men, the countries and the continents. Today nations are so very much self-centred that they are formidably enwrapped in their own monstrous ego. Sri Aurobindo says in reference to India, "Mother India is not a piece of earth; she is a power, a Godhead, for all nations have such a Devi supporting their separate existence and keeping it in being."¹ But at present it is not this Devi, the truth of being of each nation, that governs its

¹ *On Yoga II*, Tome One, p. 431.

actions. A Rakshasik ego has clouded the souls of the nations, with the result that what is manifest today is only selfishness, narrowness and strife. Sri Aurobindo affirms, "The community is a formation of the Reality, a manifestation of the spirit of man, and there is a truth, a self, a power of the collective being."¹ Hence I believe, for the nation the choice of the Truth is identical with the choice of being an instrument of its soul, not of its ego. This choice is a necessity for the very survival of our civilisation.

But what is more important is that man the individual and humanity as a whole should aspire for the Truth. Humanity today stands at the cross-roads. Two roads lie wide open before it. Like the young traveller in the Mother's story, "Le sentier de tout-à-l'heure"² ("The Path of Later On"), man has to make his choice between the road leading to the Truth and that leading to the darkest abyss. This year's message of the Mother comes as the timely voice as if saying, "Take heed, there is yet time." It is left to man either to repeat the story of the unfortunate traveller or to march on the road of Truth none has ever trod.

At this stage of evolution a choice becomes imperative because the mode of evolution is about to undergo a radical change. So long evolutionary Nature has pushed man forward. Sri Aurobindo has told us that the evolution in the supramental age will be a conscious one. Man will himself have to direct the evolutionary movement. If this be true we can easily see that the choice the Mother puts before man is only the first among a number of others that will follow. But this choice between the Truth and the abyss assumes the greatest importance for it will determine man's goal and the direction of his future evolution.

There is a last and most essential reason for the imperativeness of the choice. In 1958 the Mother said, "If things continue to move at this speed, it is more than possible, it is almost evident that what Sri Aurobindo wrote in a letter would be a prophetic announcement: 'The supramental consciousness will enter into a phase of realising power in 1967.'³ Indeed things have moved well in the spiritual domains. The Supramental Light has entered the very core of inconscience "for transmutation of the base and the dark into the luminous and the true, for transmutation of the ugly and the wrong into the beautiful and the right."⁴ After her experience of November 5, 1958 the Mother said, "At the very bottom of the inconscience most hard and rigid and narrow and stifling I struck upon an almighty spring that cast me up forthwith into a formless limitless Vast vibrating with the seeds of a new world."

In the modern man there has occurred a sharp bifurcation between his spiritual self and his material self. The time-spirit demands of man an immediate spiritual awakening. If man cannot respond to this urgent call then his cherished material

¹ *The Life Divine* (Am. Ed.), p. 929.

² *La Mère, Paroles d'autrefois*.

³ *Bulletin of physical Education*, August 1958.

⁴ Sri Aurobindo, *The Hour of God*, p. 5.

civilisation will be shattered like a thing without consistence. For let us not forget the action of Mahakali :

“...her wrath is immediate and dire against treachery and falsehood and malignity, ill-will is smitten at once by her scourge. Indifference, negligence and sloth in the divine work she cannot bear and she smites at once with sharp pain, if need be, the untimely slumberer and the loiterer.”¹

Yet let us not get too discouraged. It is true that one wonders: how can the supramental transformation be effected in the very age when human and national conflicts are at their acme ? But let us not forget that this is such a time when even a turning towards Truth will change man's destiny, for now is precisely the moment “when the Spirit moves among men and the breath of the Lord is abroad upon the waters of our being ;...When even a little effort produces great results and changes destiny...”²

SWADESH

After all the speeches were over Kishor Gandhi read out the following writing of the Mother to which he had referred in his introductory speech :

“You can be sure that the best possible will happen and that the whole world is going as quick as possible towards its golden transformation”. 8-I-1966.

(*White Roses*, Part Two, p.43)

At the end of the seminar, on behalf of the New Age Association, he thanked all those who had come to attend it and also all those who had participated in it.

Compiled by KISHOR GANDHI

¹ Sri Aurobindo, *The Mother*.

² Sri Aurobindo, *The Hour of God*, p.3.

EYE EDUCATION AND MENTAL RELAXATION *

Friends,

I feel very happy to meet you today. Unexpected incidents and experiences are happening in my life. It was in 1955, when I was at the summit of my practice, that suddenly I heard the call to close the chapter of Delhi and concentrate on Yoga. For ten years I kept myself in spiritual seclusion. I was lost to the world and the world was lost to me. I had no idea that I would ever resume the work of eye clinic. Then it was in the month of December 1966 that suddenly the call came to resume this work. Fortunately the Divine Mother has given me a plastic nature, I could easily take up the work again and on a sounder basis—with greater vigour and greater enlightenment. When I restarted, the mind was greatly surprised. Why? The understanding of the subject and the power of healing had considerably increased.

All along it has been my experience that mental relaxation is the key of success in life. Under the present civilized conditions man's mind is under a severe strain. The eye and mind are closely connected. Most of the teachers and students suffer from defective vision and mental strain. Even young students have not been free from the disagreeable symptoms of mental strain. For example, many children of Krishna Kumari's class. What the situation was and how it was tackled will be seen from the following report. After this report there is the dialogue through which, on the 3rd April, I conveyed my thoughts to the students before the scheme of eye education and mental relaxation was started in the class.

REPORT ON EYESIGHT OF SCHOOL CHILDREN,¹ KRISHNA KUMARI'S CLASS, OF SRI AUROBINDO INTERNATIONAL CENTRE OF EDUCATION

Many children of Krishna Kumari's class were complaining of headache, strain in the eyes and defective vision. The teacher did not believe that the use of spectacles could solve this problem, so she called in my help.

First the eyesight of the students was tested by Dr. Thadani. Out of 25 students there were only 7 who were quite normal; all the rest, 18, had some complaint

* A talk delivered to the students and teachers of Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education.

¹ Copy of this report has been sent to the Mother.

or defective vision. One boy, Profulla, was almost blind in the right eye, a condition known as Amblyopia in medical terms. He could neither read nor see well at a distance.

Then according to my advice an eye chart was placed on the wall of the class and the children began to read it silently from their seats with the help of PALMING. This practice did not disturb the routine work of the class. It was a surprise to the class teacher when almost all the children became all right in about two weeks' time. I took personal care of the amblyopic child; he too now can read fine print and can see well at a distance.

One thing is very important to note. It is difficult to help the children of other classes in which the scheme of eye education is not yet started. Children hardly find time to practise at home.

CARE OF EYES : A DIALOGUE

SARLA is an intelligent girl. Her eyes are beautiful. She is fond of music and knows the art of sewing. She is on a visit to Sri Aurobindo Ashram and enjoys the peaceful atmosphere. Her brother Ramesh is a young man of 25, his marriage is near. Sarla wants to stitch a suit for her brother. She has bought a piece of silk from the Auro Silk House.

Every morning after her prayers in Sri Aurobindo Mandir she sits in the verandah to stitch the suit. After a few days she begins to feel a strain in her eyes and a pain in her head. One day she has intense headache and the pain in her eyes is so bad that she puts herself to bed. Her mother enters :—

Mother— My darling, my darling,
 How are you ?
 My little one, my little one,
 What pains you ?

Sarla— Ma, pain in the head,
 Pain in the eyes
 Has put me to bed,
 Forbids me to rise.

The mother directs Sarla to go to Dr. Mitra. The doctor examines Sarla's eyes carefully but finds nothing wrong, yet he has prescribed glasses of plus 0.5.

Sarla now stitches the cloth with her glasses but after a few days the headache and pain increase, her mother is greatly worried, she requests her husband to take Sarala to Dr. Agarwal.

Seth Ratanji is Sarla's father. He has arranged an appointment with the doctor

and brings the daughter to his eye clinic. The nurse receives them. The doctor writes down her name and age and address and her complaint of pain and headache. Sarla sits on the eye testing chair facing the eye chart which is at 20 feet distance from her eyes.

Doctor—Read that chart with the right eye.

Sarla (*closing the left eye with the fingers*)—Very well.

Doctor—Not this way, cover the eye with the palm without any pressure on the eyeball.

Sarla (*now covering the left eye with the palm*)—Yes, I can read up to 2 Q C O G D E C quite clearly.

Doctor (*writing 20/20,*)—Your right eye is normal. Now read with the left eye.

Sarla—Yes, 2 Q C line is quite clear.

The doctor then examines her eyes in the dark room and finds no defect.

He and Sarla are now in the palming room. He puts her some questions.

Doctor—Can you tell me, Sarla, how you get strain and pain in your eyes ?

Sarla—For some days I was stitching a cloth ; it is at that time that the strain developed.

Doctor—Can you do stitching in my presence ? Here are the needle and thread.

Sarla (*after a little stitching*)—Doctor, my eyes and head have become heavy.

Doctor—Leave it. I understand your trouble. Now make yourself relaxed. Close your eyes and cover them with the palms of your hands. Look, how I do it.

Sarla (*smiling*)—This is palming.

Doctor—How do you know ?

Sarla—Our teacher, Mr. Joshi, told us in the class to do palming for a few minutes every day. His eyes have been greatly benefited by palming, he no more uses glasses.

Doctor—You will also become all right by palming. Do you know music ?

Sarla—A little.

Doctor—Can you sing while palming ?

Sarla—Listen :—

I am a child,
A flower sweet
At the Lotus Feet.

She is my heart,
My soul, my love,
I call her Divine Mother,
She is my light,
She is my power,
I pray to none other.

Sarla sings this song for five minutes, she feels greatly relaxed. What a charm in her music ! The doctor is greatly moved. There is a silent prayer in his heart to get Sarla cured soon. Really when the doctor is not greedy and has good wishes for the patient, a great healing power develops in his hands.

Sarla (*after palming*)—Doctor, please, make me all right soon, I have to stitch a suit for my brother.

Doctor—You will find yourself quite all right tomorrow.

Sarla—Can you tell me, doctor, what is wrong with my eyes ?

Doctor—Nothing wrong with your eyes except this that somehow you have developed a wrong habit of sewing. You don't blink, you don't move your sight with the movement of the needle. Just see, I am showing you the right method of sewing.

Sarla—This is very easy, I can also do sewing like that.

(*Sarla now does sewing in the right way, her sight moves with the movement of the needle.*)

Doctor—One thing very important I'll tell you.

Sarla—What ?

Doctor—Fine stitching and fine print reading are very beneficial to the eyes.

Sarla—But, doctor, my teacher tells us that fine print reading is harmful.

Doctor—What is the age of your teacher ?

Sarla—About 40 years.

Doctor—Usually at this age one feels a strain in reading fine print. That is why she says so. But if one can make it a habit to read the same fine print daily, fine print reading will prove extremely beneficial.

Sarla—Is there any book of fine print ?

Doctor—Here is fine print; can you read it ?

Sarla—I can read it very well. Now please tell me something practical for the good of the school children.

Doctor—What is this in my hand ?

Sarla—Eye testing chart.

Doctor—Put the eye chart on the wall of each class room and let the children read it silently from their seats with both eyes and with each eye separately, covering the other with the palm of the hand. Also children should be educated to do palming. This is enough to keep their eyes all right.

Sarla—This is quite practical, it will need hardly 5 minutes. I will tell this fact to Mr. Joshi.

Doctor—Those who have bad eyesight, they may read it four or five times a day after palming.

Sarla—You said something about blinking. What is blinking ?

Doctor—The upper lid makes a short and gentle movement; look at my eyes, see how I blink.

Sarla—I understand. Look at my blinking.

Doctor—This is winking, not blinking. Again see how I blink.

Sarla's father is greatly impressed by the doctor's knowledge and kind talk. He puts a big note in an envelope and presents it to the doctor along with the invitation to his son's marriage. Both Sarla and Seth Ratanji express their gratitude to the doctor and take leave.

Doctor Agarwal opens the envelope and finds a three figure note in it. He feels very happy and sends this hundred rupee note to the Divine Mother for Ashram expenses. He knows that it is the Divine Grace that does miracles for his patients and that he is simply an instrument to give benefit to suffering humanity.

It is a fact that most of the eye troubles and other discomforts of the head are due to wrong use of the eyes and lack of relaxation. Mental relaxation is the key of success in life. If the students are taught how to read and write, how to see the cinema and do sewing, how to palm and read the chart, they will be free from mental strain and eye troubles, and show better progress all round.

Sarla now does sewing in the right way. She feels no strain. Often she calls the children of the house and teaches them the art of seeing and palming. She attracts them by her music.

My children, my children,
Listen to me,
I give you the teaching
On how to see.

Here is the needle,
Here is the thread ;
In sewing shift your sight,
By the needle led.

Read the chart from your seat
With one eye, with the other,
Then with both together,
Then palm and rest them,
Then see the chart bright
And blink to have normal sight.

R. S. AGARWAL

A BIT OF MY LIFE-STORY

FROM where have we come ? This is a problem that racks many people's brains. I, for one, have never cared about it.

I was born at Pondicherry. All eyes were on me, specially of little children. Whenever they had a chance they would shake me by the head or pull me by one limb or another. At times it caused me pain but, unable to express it, I had to bear it in silence.

One fine morning, all to my surprise, I was snatched away by sheer force. What happened afterwards I don't know because for a few days I remained in an unconscious state. When my senses returned I found myself in a big house. People there took great care of me and looked to my free and easy growth. But the place in which I was allowed to stay was somewhat damp and dark and little frequented by men. I felt ill at ease for there were no little children, none of their cries and laughers. The few people that were there would hardly talk even among themselves. At times, however, I enjoyed my aloofness from the tyrannies of the little ones.

In the course of ten years I grew up well enough. The people of this house made special arrangements for me. All the same, I could not make out why they had brought me here. They know quite well that wherever our species is introduced it gets in like a needle and gets out like a plough-share. That's why we have become a byword for iniquity. Our habitat is a jungle or a roadside. We cannot stand man's care of us. I prayed to God to scorch me by the heat of the sun or blow me off by gale, but, alas, to no purpose.

One day I found out that whatever the inmates of this house do they do with the permission of a lady. However, I had to pass through a spell of hard times. During the Second World War they put around me a wall of sand bags. Some time after, they cleared the spot. It is a pity that people here cannot at all understand me. But I can understand them all. One morning I saw that a beautiful figure came up to the window and stood there. At her very sight my head bent low. I offered her my pranam. She gazed at me for a while, seemed to read my thoughts and gave me an ineffable sweet smile. It moved me to my depths. So long I had been alone. Now there was someone who understood me. Now I had one to whom I could open my heart. She came to the window every day and I silently poured out my heart to her.

One day the people of the house gathered together and built a pavement around me. Did they think that I might escape ? Next morning I communicated everything to the kind lady. Her smile conveyed to me, "You may have something great to do."

As the days rolled on, changes came over the house. More and more people started flocking in. Once a year I take on a beautiful form and my consciousness shoots up towards the light. This my beauty becomes everybody's joy. Formerly

the house used to be silent, now it is all activity. I am attended to from morning to evening. Now I have gained a considerable stature, I not only know the members of the house but also see and know a lot of the town. I am in no mood any more for a shift elsewhere.

As a consequence of the Second World War, the character of the house has undergone a change. Little children have filled the house. They are, however, no more a terror to me as they were when I was quite young. I have now to be on the look-out for many things and in case of an emergency I have to make a report to the great lady. Oh, I could not do without seeing her. She gave me her grace and darshan twice every day. Naturally for me, that was my great delight. The children liked me much, they would come to me, tell me stories, sing me songs. The house then was a sea constantly vibrating with waves of joy. As for myself, could I keep away from such a sea ?

This sunny life of more and more refreshing dawns and unending bliss was suddenly overcast as if with a midnight gloom. One early morning I was shocked by the startling news that the head of the house, whom I had never seen or known, had left his body and passed into another world, quite close to us. Here and there people were seen sobbing or quietly shedding tears. To ascertain the truth I waited for the lady. But for the last three or four days she had not been coming to the window. I was very much shaken and perplexed. Five days later the lady came to the window and said, "Today just below you the head of the house will be laid at rest in samadhi, and you will be serving him." An infinite vastness of luck opened before me when I came to know that He is the Lord of our world. My being part of this house had justified itself. I seemed to know why I had been brought here, to serve whom. That afternoon the golden person of the Lord was given his samadhi. And I took full charge of him. I gave my pledge to the lady that all my life I would go on serving the Lord. I let the members of the house know that there was no reason for grief, the Lord being in everyone of them and I asked them to see how I had kept his holy person in my care. I came to learn, moreover, that the lady is the World Mother, the Mother of the universe. Since that day She has been my mother and I call Her so.

From morning to night people from far and wide came in numbers to offer their hearts' obeisance at the feet of the Lord. So heavy was the load, of human misery thrown upon my shoulders that it has bent my head downwards. The Lord has said, "The Supramental Truth has descended upon earth. Be ready, all of you." I am awaiting the great hour of its fuller manifestation.

Everybody knows me. I am friends with all. Many are in my shelter. I am known to the world as *Peltophorum Ferrugineum*. The Mother has given me the name "Service Tree." This name of mine has become a favourite of all. I am here to serve the Lord. Can anybody claim a greater luck than mine ?

VISHWAJIT TALUKDAR

**SRI AUROBINDO INTERNATIONAL CENTRE OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION AND RESEARCH**

NEWSLETTER

No. 7

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THE METHOD OF THE SYNTHESIS

I

ONE very important factor that has for some time been insistent for recognition is *the level of awareness in the modern child*. As educators we cannot avoid this issue any longer. At first some were puzzled, others put it down to a mere precociousness, while still others thought it must be the general impetus of human consciousness. The last is certainly a factor to be included but it is only a part of the general reading of our progressive evolution.

Children today are far more aware of themselves as individuals, inquiring more into the aim of life, more curious to know the purpose of life and the truth of their own existence. So intellectually advanced is this awareness that if the teachers do not do something about it there will come about as a result an enormous boredom which inevitably will end in revolt and some form of youth-delinquency, impossible to arrest or discipline.

Of what, exactly, does this heightened awareness consist? If we look for it in ordinary psychological terms we might easily persuade ourselves of a knowledge as yet unborn, for it will not be found in any knowledge initiated of the past.

I believe there is only one source of enlightenment on the subject: namely, the various writings of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, and the picture which emerges is so vast a synthesis with endless possibilities that the future appears as the bright Dawn of a possible Golden Era about to be born.

The reader should appreciate that I have been *living* through educational experiment in the Ashram of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother for the past twenty-two years and the children that have been and are a part of that experiment are, although a cross-section of all India and much of the world, most probably not at all ordinary individuals. Nevertheless, they do constitute as international a group as would be found anywhere in the world. Of what does this heightened awareness consist? I believe it is a leap in evolutionary consciousness which is to enable man to transcend his animal nature and climb to the next step in his evolutionary ascent towards his innate divinity. The nature and function of this awareness is intuitional—and intuition is the active manifestation of an inner synthesis which has its seat in the psychic being. The character of the psychic being is more easily perceived in

little children before the mind has made its formations of authority. It is only concerned with the frank and open heart and the direct path to Truth. It loves all things beautiful and pure. It is interested in all things that lead to knowledge and truth. It gives itself with abandoned energy to the Mother in Nature and in life. It is the central being of the individual, the soul that evolves from birth to birth and, as such, it is the central Power in the being that synthetises all other parts of the being to one dynamic whole, linking the physical, vital and mental with the higher reaches of consciousness and the Universal.

We might say that more and more children are being born today who are more aware of their psychic being than ever before, or that a Power has descended from the higher realms of Consciousness which has entered into the children—the innocence of earth life—and is growing in this manifesting soil of awareness—until it blooms into a heightened stage of human consciousness.

What was at the root of all student unrest throughout the countries of the world ? Was it not the disgust the young ones felt with the antiquated methods of a teacher-dominated class when, more often than not, the said teacher was inadequate for the job of stimulating the will to learn or even passing on any up-to-date information ? The communication media of modern life, its numerous channels through books, magazines, newspapers, films, radio and TV, are such that the active mind of the student is so often far ahead in idea-projection and thought-formation that the teacher is left gasping for pabulum, because he is living at an easier tempo and cannot see the need to step outside his own narrow field of specialisation.

But this is the age of synthesis ; this is the era of integration and man's swiftly shrinking world demands that he move towards the ideal of human unity.

II

As in the field of modern technology the engine—whether because of attrition or the need of more up-to-date modifications—must always be constantly under scrutiny of change and renewal, so too the teacher needs to be constantly aware of the necessity to change methods and materials, even laws and concepts. But this usually is not the character of the average teacher mainly because, first, he is generally an academic type who would rather lose himself in scholarship than think up new methods of interesting his students ; and, secondly, because he is hardly paid enough for it to be worth his while to make any extra effort beyond what he has to do. There are, of course, those dedicated teachers who actually constitute the backbone of any form of education that any country can boast of, but they are unfortunately in a very rare minority.

Any method of synthesis has to take into account the three main divisions of the being—*viz.* physical, vital (emotional) and mental. That these three parts of the individual should progress and grow, in evolutionary terms, towards the higher spiritual part of the being is an ideal to be always considered because it is in harmony

with man's will to live, his growth in the scheme of evolutionary nature, and the expanding awareness of the unfolding divinity within him.

The psychic being, so often found "awake" in very young children, is the key to the synthesis.

We have to return to the innocence of discovery, the pure drama of emotion and the dawn of intelligence. We have to recapture the experiences of childhood and youth where the soul cries at the break of every day : "Oh how wonderful, how glorious is this day ! Today I shall seek new worlds of adventure, fresh fields of beauty, greater heights of knowledge !"

Enthusiasm to learn and sincerity of purpose must somehow be communicated or allowed and recognised by the teacher. This is a fundamental requirement of all teaching and without it teaching becomes a simulacrum of the real thing.

An outline of the essentials of the three terms of growth would be :

Physical

a) Sensorial, all the senses should be employed whenever possible so that the more integral impact on the memory is made. If one takes the example of learning to ride a cycle, here all or most of the physical activities are brought into play, so it is a knowledge once acquired that can never be forgotten. Similarly with learning to swim ; all the muscles are here brought into action and, once swimming is learnt, it is impossible to forget.

b) Through exercises and experiences the child should be made aware of passing from past to present and from present to future—aware of time in relation to things and the body.

c) The child at a very early age should be introduced to the dramatic uses of mimicry, memory and mime.

Vital

a) Linking with the last of the physical elements the child should be given every opportunity to communicate emotionally through plays and all dramatic and art forms—love, anger, sympathy, greed, wit, foolishness, kindness, cunning and delight, etc.

b) Nervous energy should be disciplined and channelled through all forms of play, gymnastics and athletics.

c) There should be a very real effort to make the best of schoolrooms and playgrounds so that their atmosphere has a definite beneficial impact on the student's vital appreciation.

d) Through the vital, every effort should be made to bring about incidents and experiences leading to discovery and creativity.

Mental

a) Experiences should be initiated that would lead to thought-expression, concentration and thought-control over the physical and vital.

- b) Thought patterns should be introduced to bring about idea implementation.
- c) Induction to thought formation leading to thought projection.
- d) When formation and projection of thought are achieved, the possibility of thought travel can be considered.

Mental education is an endless endeavour which may begin sometime in school life but which reaches out to higher fields of infinite possibility throughout life. The chief aim and responsibility of the teacher is to make an effort to guide it towards universality and plasticity so that it produces a mind ever open to new ideas that would lead to higher, wider and purer aspects of the truth.

Thought of the Month

All Yoga done through the mind alone or through the heart or the will or the vital force or the body ends in some one aspect of the infinite and eternal Existence and rests satisfied there, as the mind imagines for ever. Not through these alone shall thy Yoga move, but through all these at once and, supremely, through that which is beyond them. And the end of thy Yoga shall be the integrality of thy entrance not into one aspect, but into all the Infinite, all the Eternal, all the Divine in all its aspects indivisibly unified together.

SRI AUROBINDO, "*The Supramental Yoga*,"
The Hour of God (p.51)

NORMAN C. DOWSETT