

MOTHER INDIA

October 1968

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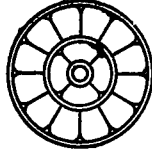
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Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute.

A new light breaks upon the earth,

A new world is born.

The things that were promised are fulfilled.



MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

Vol. XX

No. 9

"Great is Truth and it shall prevail"

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
TWO UNPUBLISHED SONNETS OF SRI AUROBINDO: THE LITTLE EGO "I"	... 683
WORDS OF THE MOTHER: AUROVILLE THE FAMILY OF NEW MAN THE PUSH TOWARDS THE FUTURE	... 684
A REPORT OF THE MOTHER'S COMMENTS ON LSD	... 685
IN THE DEPTHS (Poem) <i>Naresh</i>	... 687
THE MOTHER'S FORCE AND THE PHYSICAL: LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO <i>From Nagin Doshi</i>	... 688
TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO <i>Nirodbaran</i>	... 691
THE SONG THAT I CAME TO SING (Poem) <i>Vasant V. Merchant</i>	... 695
SALUTATIONS <i>Huta</i>	... 696
TO A BULBUL (Poem) <i>Kamalakanto</i>	... 698
THE BRAZIER OF LOVE <i>Shyam Sundar</i>	... 699
THE MYSTERY OF THE SENSES: 1. THE FIVE SENSES 2. THE FIVE ELEMENTS <i>Nolini Kanta Gupta</i>	... 701 ... 704
A CONTROVERSY ON SRI AUROBINDO'S POETRY: A LETTER FROM P. LAL A REPLY BY K.D. SETHNA	... 707 ... 709

CONTENTS

KAVI CHAKRAVARTI KAMBAN:			
CAUSERIES ON TAMIL NAD'S GREATEST POET	<i>S. Maharajan</i>	...	712
FLAMINGO (Poem)	<i>Jesse Roarke</i>	...	720
YOUTH-POWER (Poem)			
(TRANSLATED BY SISIR KUMAR GHOSE FROM THE BENGALI)		<i>Pranab Kumar Bhattacharya</i>	... 722
A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA	<i>Anna Lacheta</i>	...	723
GIFTS OF GRACE: THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF MY ASHRAM LIFE		<i>A Disciple</i>	... 724
BEFORE COLUMBUS OR THE VIKINGS	<i>From Time, May 24 1968</i>	...	727
THY NIGHT (Poem)	<i>Romen</i>	...	728
THE CONQUEST OF DEATH: THE VISION AND THE REALISATION IN SRI AUROBINDO'S YOGA		<i>Jugal Kishore Mukherji</i>	... 729
BOOKS IN THE BALANCE:			
M. P. PANDIT 50TH BIRTHDAY COMMEMORATION VOLUME		<i>Review by Manoj Das</i>	... 732

STUDENTS' SECTION

THE NEW AGE ASSOCIATION:			
FOURTEENTH SEMINAR: 25TH FEBRUARY 1968: "WHAT WE EXPECT FROM THE MOTHER"— SPEECHES BY MITA AND SHOBHA MITRA		<i>Compiled by Kishor Gandhi</i>	... 733
EYE EDUCATION: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	<i>Dr. R. S. Agarwal</i>	...	737
SRI AUROBINDO INTERNATIONAL CENTRE OF EDUCATION: DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION & RESEARCH: NEWSLETTER		<i>Norman C. Dowsett</i>	... 738

NOTE

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TWO UNPUBLISHED SONNETS OF SRI AUROBINDO

THE LITTLE EGO

THIS puppet ego the World-Mother made,
This little profiteer of Nature's works,
Her trust in his life-tenancy betrayed,
Makes claim on claim, all debt to her he shirks.

Each movement of our life our ego fills;
Inwoven in each thread of being's weft,
When most we vaunt our selflessness it steals
A sordid part; no corner void is left.

One way lies free our heart and soul to give,
Our body and mind to Thee and every cell,
And steeped in Thy world-infinity to live.
Then lost in light, shall fade the ignoble spell.

Nature, of her rebellion quit, shall be
A breath of the Spirit's vast serenity.

September 26.29.

"I"

This strutting "I" of human self and pride
Is a puppet built by Nature for her use,
And dances as her strong compulsions bid,
Forcefully feeble, brilliantly obtuse.

Our thinking is her leap of fluttering mind,
We hear and see by her constructed sense:
Our force is hers; her colours have combined
Our fly-upon-the-wheel magnificence.

He sits within who turns on her machine
These beings, portions of his mystery,
Many dwarf beams of his great calm sunshine,
A reflex of his sole infinity.

One mighty Self of cosmic act and thought
Employs this figure of a unit nought.

October 15
November 5

WORDS OF THE MOTHER

AUROVILLE

Q. How dependent is the building of Auroville upon man's acceptance of spirituality?

THE opposition between spirituality and material life, the division between the two has no sense for me as, in truth, life and the spirit are one and it is in and by the physical work that the highest spirit must be manifested.

April 19, 1968

Any sincere attempt to bring peace and unity among men, is welcome at Auroville.

20-7-1968

No big creation is possible without discipline
Individual discipline
Group discipline
Discipline towards the Divine.

16-7-1968

THE FAMILY OF NEW MAN

You should be very careful about outside influences and ordinary habits. You must not allow them to shape your feelings and ways of life. Whatever comes from outside and a foreign atmosphere should not be permitted to jump into you; all that is mediocre and ignorant.

If you wish to belong to the family of new man, do not imitate pitifully the children of today and yesterday. Be firm and strong and full of faith, fight in order to win the great victory.

July, 1968

THE PUSH TOWARDS THE FUTURE

The push towards the future is to be ready to give up all gains, moral and material, in order to acquire what the future can give us.

Very few are like that; there are many who would like to have what the Future is bringing, but they are not ready to give up what they have in order to acquire the new wealth.

5-8-1968

A REPORT OF THE MOTHER'S COMMENTS ON LSD

(A disciple of the Mother, who was interested in learning whether LSD has value for promoting the growth of human consciousness, prepared a study of the subject from all data available and submitted the treatise to the Mother for her comments. A heavy workload prevented her from reading the lengthy piece for some time, but as the days passed she would remind herself, "I must look into this thing." Then she had an unexpected experience, apropos of which she made a series of comments, partly in English and partly in French, on more than one occasion. The following English version is a free report of them, with an attempt to link them up. It is free as regards the language in a number of places, but it scrupulously tries to preserve the original sense.)

EARLY one morning I felt something so heavy in my head and a weight in the chest...bizarre. I had never felt this before. All sensation became a kind of violence. I closed my eyes and—along came an avalanche, a cavalcade of forms, of sounds, of colours, even odours, imposing themselves with such reality, such intensity!

Looking at all this, I said to myself, "This is a fine way to go mad!" And I began to take steps to stop it, but it didn't want to stop, it wanted to go on. Then I told myself, "Evidently this has come for a reason. Since it imposes itself this way, there must be a reason for me to see it through." I watched, studied, observed. I saw the faculty of sensation magnified, inordinately enlarged, *because* the equilibrium of all the faculties of the being had been ruptured. The natural equilibrium which ensures that things are balanced, are harmonised, are spontaneously organised in order that one makes a coherent whole, in order that there may be a conscious existence, was demolished—demolished in favour of the faculty of sensation. And of course this faculty of sensation was multiplied, aggravated terribly! It imposed itself in an almost brutal fashion. I saw that it was something that had upset the equilibrium, something that had the power to upset the equilibrium of the being, stressing one point to the detriment of all the others.

The experience over, I thought no more about it, dismissing it as some sort of extravagance, but then when I read the study on LSD, the description given there (by Dr. Albert Hofman), it was an account of just what had happened to me. So I had had the experience without taking the drug simply because the consciousness was turning about it!

But now I understood. And these people imagine that this is a means to develop the human consciousness and open it to unknown horizons—whereas the effect (I am absolutely sure of it now) is the dislocation of balance in the being. For me, this imbalance was something very sensibly perceived because the equilibrium is very conscious, very highly organised, willed, and naturally that makes a considerable

difference; for others, it is “fantastic”—something that can enable humanity to make a great progress! “This,” they are convinced, “will make man conscious of a whole domain that he knows nothing of.” ...However, this just creates one more falsehood in the consciousness, for the perception of *one* aspect only of the reality to the detriment of all the others is a fearful falsehood. As I said, the impression made on me was: “This is a good way to go mad.”

For others—they take the drug telling themselves, “When I stop taking the drug, the effect will no longer be there,” but this is not true, for it can produce a *habit* of disorder in the being, a persisting imbalance.

One might wonder whether it is necessary for humanity to fall into a general disequilibrium in order to discover a superior equilibrium. Yet it is clear that one does not need drugs to have “experience”. But the belief circulates that this gives them a certainty which is not imagination or, for the more rational, that there are many more things existing than they know anything of or are capable of imagining. But all this—one can come to it without drug-inducement.

LSD could be made the object of scientific study, but then one must pursue it as such, as a discipline and done under the surveillance of those who know. It would have to be undertaken then as an educational investigation with all due precautions and controls.... It would have to be handled scientifically, in a disciplined spirit, almost a spirit of consecration.

It is the same thing here as with all the rest (other methods of development of consciousness): this way proceeds from the lower end. The true way proceeds from above—it is more difficult, it is less spectacular, and it takes longer.

Otherwise one is running a risk. If someone who is conscious, who is armed with sufficient knowledge, with self-mastery, who has control over his reactions, takes this up as a research inquiry, it might be very interesting. But to give this to any poor fellow who knows nothing and is precipitated into the thing by curiosity, can be disastrous.

There is a description (by Timothy Leary) of cellular activity at the “cellular level” which is very exact...it is exactly what happens there now, but precisely so, it is the consciousness reduced to the dimension of the infinitely small. And it is a reproduction of what happens in the other dimensions. But after all this study of cells that he had made during several years, his description gave me the effect of the same thing seen through an illusion. And the illusion is created by the disequilibrium: the illusion of an absolute reality. Yet this reality is quite relative. It is the difference between seeing something with the sense of its relativity to a whole immensity of other things, and of seeing it all alone as an exclusive and unique reality. It is the sense of the harmony and the equilibrium of the Whole which has departed. This then becomes formidable, as he says. And it is just because it lacks this equilibrium. It is the same thing, on a small scale, in a personality: this vision of the ensemble which gives proportion to each event and importance to each event and thing, changes completely when one has the sense of the Whole and, precisely, that which appeared frightful

or catastrophic or marvellous, once again becomes only a part of the Whole. It is the sense of equilibrium which has departed.

It may be necessary, in certain cases, to break this equilibrium in order to enter into rapport with something new, but it is always dangerous. Infinitely superior is the method of consecration and surrender—it is a little more difficult than taking a drug, but it is infinitely superior. One might call these drug-methods “Occultism made quick and easy for the masses”!—but it is not without danger.

April, 1967

IN THE DEPTHS

It plunged unseen with the swiftness of a stab
 Rousing the inner drowse to a flare and flush
 That fell back wakened into a deeper hush;
 Mist-like dissolved the dreary and the drab.

From the glare they left the eyelids shrank and closed,
 All tense flesh-weariness was drained away,
 And on the loosened limbs serene there lay
 The soothing palm of Peace, whose heart reposed

Within, I felt, beating so close to mine
 That even tissue and cell could cry: it's Love—
 And the world-heart cooing in the yonder dove
 Exultantly echoed: all is Love divine!

Empty, forlorn, I dive and bring above
 Deep-lying pearls of peace and light and love.

NARESH

THE MOTHER'S FORCE AND THE PHYSICAL

LETTERS OF SRI AUROBINDO

Sri Aurobindo: It is evidently an inertia that has fallen on the physical. That often happens when one is dealing with the physical consciousness. Remain quiet and undisturbed and have the will for the passing of the inertia. 17-2-1934

Self: Would you kindly tell me in what way I am "dealing with the physical consciousness"?

SRI AUROBINDO: When the Force is to act on the physical consciousness, there is this kind of resistance. The word "one" is purely general and the whole phrase has a general meaning. I did not say that you were purposely doing something particular and peculiar with the physical consciousness. 24-2-1934

Self: Is not this long tamasic condition due to the vital?

SRI AUROBINDO: When there is a prolonged tamas, it is more usually due to the physical inertia. 22-5-1934

Self: During the present extrovert state when I try to concentrate for a silent receptivity it creates a pain in the forehead and particularly between the eyebrows. Why so?

SRI AUROBINDO: Resistance in the physical stuff to the activity of the inner will and vision centre. 22-5-1934

Doubt and questioning are part of the physical obstruction. 5-5-1934

Self: I could not understand this—"peace we must have, but not the peace of a devastated nature or a mutilated capacity incapable of unrest because it is incapable of intensity."

SRI AUROBINDO: Not tamasic peace which is at rest because it does not aspire after anything, is too tired by suffering and misfortune etc. to care for anything. 24-7-1934

Self: Almost for the whole day, yesterday's experience of mind's liberation has been going on. It was there during the physical activities though not so vivid as during exclusive concentration. But I fail to understand how even my flesh feels the experience since it is only the mental liberation.

SRI AUROBINDO: The flesh has a consciousness as well as the mind—all the consciousness is connected together, so if the mind is freed, there is no reason why there should not be an effect on the physical also. 17-8-1935

Self: After seeing the Mother, my flesh began to feel different kinds of experiences. I do not know how to express them.

Even the teeth, the most inconscient part of the body, have entered into the field of experience!

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, these things are felt when the Force is working.

24-8-1934

Self: But I wonder why the action of the Mother's Force is confined so much. All is limited up to the parts of my neck only!

SRI AUROBINDO: It always begins like that.

24-8-1934

Self: You said yesterday: "These things are felt when the Force is working." Our human mind would like to argue about this point: how is it the Force begins to act on the inconscient substance like teeth before it has acted sufficiently on the conscious parts like the vital and physical?

SRI AUROBINDO: With many these experiences are the first they get. 25-8-1934

Self: Is it not the mind's doubt that begins to argue with your answers?

SRI AUROBINDO: It is not doubt, I suppose, but the mental ignorance making unnecessary and meaningless difficulties by its gratuitous constructions. E.g. about the inconscient substance. The body is not inconscient.

25-8-1934

The physical does not get tired of the blankness. It may feel tamasic because of its own tendency to inertia, but it does not usually object to voidness. Of course it may be the vital physical—you have only to reject it as a remnant of the old movements.

7-9-1935

Self: The fire around the body continues. It has enveloped the being like an armour. But what is its effect in the body?—a fiery intensity in the cells and the pores. Can this be true? The mind refuses to believe it.

SRI AUROBINDO: It can very well be true.

11-9-1934

Self: It is not only from the teeth that the nectar-juice (Amrita) flows. It springs from any part of the body.

During such a condition, sometimes the consciousness feels as if there does not exist a mouth or any part inside the mouth—only there is Amrita and Amrita!

SRI AUROBINDO: That kind of non-existence of the body or of some part of it is a frequent experience in sadhana.

15-9-1934

Self: Today's special working seems to be focused on the eyes. I feel a strong pressure working on them.

SRI AUROBINDO: That is when the Force is preparing the body.

17-9-1934

Self: Just at the end of the general Meditation the submind (subconscious or mechanical mind) became very active. I fail to understand the reason of its sudden coming up like that at such a time. Usually after the Meditation most of the being is either taken up into the absolute silence of the Self or the Higher fills it up with its static pure existence. This keeps the submind strongly intoxicated till I fall asleep.

SRI AUROBINDO: It is probably the physical that could not keep up with the concentration, so started the submind business. 10-12-1934

Self: My lower vital seems to have hindered the free opening of the psychic being. That is why I don't feel any soul-movement like love, bhakti or joy in my heart and inner vital.

I think this is the worst possible phase of the sadhana.

SRI AUROBINDO: The uprising of the inertia and the persistence of the vital have to be fought out by constant rejection until there is the descent of the Force in such a way as to make one with the peace and silence—these being so strong that nothing will be able to touch or cover the inner being. 25-12-1934

Self: What makes the subminds (subconscious and mechanical minds) so enormously active at present?

SRI AUROBINDO: Their resistance comes up always until they are changed—i.e., until the higher consciousness has occupied all the being. 25-12-1934

The nature takes a long time to be able to keep the higher condition without a break. 27-12-1934

From NAGIN DOSHI

TALKS WITH SRI AUROBINDO

(Continued from the September issue)

(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. Becharlal, Puram, 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.)

MARCH 13, 1940

EVENING

SRI AUROBINDO (*addressing P*): Are the Russo-Finnish peace-terms confirmed?

P: Yes.

SRI AUROBINDO: Why did the Finns fight then?

P: They perhaps expected that the Western Powers would help them.

N: The Allies say there was no official approach from the Finns.

P: That is nonsense. According to the League Covenant, they are obliged to help.

SRI AUROBINDO: If Norway and Sweden object to the passage of troops across their territory, then nothing can be done.

P: The Finns had plenty of ammunition and arms. There was a dearth of men.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, both England and France have supplied them with plenty of ammunition.

N: By this treaty the Russians will be at an advantage.

SRI AUROBINDO: Of course, what will happen next is the question. Perhaps Russia will now turn south against Rumania and Turkey. And that will be World War. For the Allies have guaranteed Rumania, and already Turkey is allied to them. Then India too will have to fight Russia.

N: What about Hungary?

SRI AUROBINDO: Hungary depends on Italy.

N: Perhaps Norway and Sweden have been threatened by Germany?

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, it is a frightened self-interest that has overtaken these people. Each of them thinks that he will be safe, whereas actually each will be swallowed up in turn. It seems the Allies will have to fight single-handed, if there is World

War, against Russia and Germany—a formidable combination! As Hore-Belisha has pointed out, the blockade can't be successful. There are so many neutral countries on the German border and the resources of Russia will be available to Germany.

N: Will Germany tolerate a Russian attack on Rumania? Germany herself is in need of Rumanian oil.

SRI AUROBINDO: They are both working in agreement. What Russia wants is Bessarabia, control in the Black Sea, and in the Balkans, over Turkey. In exchange for that she can agree to let Germany have Rumanian oil. Russia has plenty of oil for herself. So she doesn't need it.

N: What about Italy? She doesn't want Russian influence in the Balkans.

SRI AUROBINDO: If the Allies are clever enough, they can win over Italy. If Italy gets Yugoslavia and Greece, she will come round. If Russia is clever enough, she may attack Rumania first. Turkey has reserved the right of peace with Russia. But if she does keep peaceful she will be swallowed up next.

N: Russia will meet with a stiffer resistance there in the south.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, both Rumania and Turkey are prepared.

P: But if Turkey remains neutral, then the Allies can't help Rumania. They have to pass through Turkey.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes. The same condition will arise as with Norway and Sweden in connection with Finland.

N: What will India do if Russia attacks? India has an army.

SRI AUROBINDO (*after raising both his hands*): Of course it will take time, England will have to shift ammunition and army to India and give training little by little. There will be recruitment in India.

S: Recruitment may not be very successful in the face of Britain's present attitude.

SRI AUROBINDO: But Britain will be more accomodating.

N: Russia will have to attack through Afghanistan.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, of course it will be difficult.

P: Afghanistan, Gabriel says, is afraid of Russia.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, she has always been afraid of a Russian attack. There is no chance for the world unless something happens in Germany or else Hitler and Stalin quarrel. But there is no such likelihood at present.

N: No. That may be at the end. Hitler thinks perhaps that he can handle Stalin easily afterwards.

SRI AUROBINDO: And Stalin thinks he can deal with Hitler.

N: German soldiers are better fighters than the Russians.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, but Russia has tremendous resources and immense manpower.

P: Somebody said that the Allies have a chance if they fight Russia in the north.

SRI AUROBINDO: Of course. As has been shown, the Russian forces are inefficient. Even the Finns gave them a good resistance. The Allies would have some chance

of success—unless they went to attack Moscow, which would be difficult.

P: Norway and Sweden made it all impossible. Of course the Allies couldn't help through Latvia.

SRI AUROBINDO: Oh no. That would have been sheer madness. By the combined forces of Germany and Russian submarines, fleet, etc., they would have been crushed.

P: Did you read Hitler's speech? He seems to have given a sermon.

SRI AUROBINDO: I don't read his speeches. They will be the same thing repeated.

P: He seems to see God's hand in everything.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, but would he do it if he were knocked down? That would be the test. So far it is the hand of Hitler's God that is in everything.

MARCH 14, 1940

N: Pothan Joseph, editor of the *Indian Express*, has written his impressions of the Darshan of February 21.

P: I didn't know he is the brother of George Joseph. George is said to have read all your works.

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes. But I can't understand this editor's position. He says he is an impenitent rationalist and yet calls Jesus the only Avatar!

P: And he is an agnostic too!

S: He doesn't know himself what he is.

P: A lady of an aristocratic family in Broach has written to you for help. She is the wife of an England-returned man, squanders all her money, doesn't give any religious freedom. She is a devotee of Krishna and sees him in visions. Once Krishna asked her: "What do you want?" She replied: "I want to have darshan of Goloka." Krishna answered: "That is very difficult." And from that time her difficulties in family-life increased. She hears voices also. Now she asks you to help her to see the integral Being of Krishna.

SRI AUROBINDO: If she hears voices and has guidance, she can ask Krishna himself. (*Laughter*) Do these family-difficulties trouble her mind?

P: I should think so.

SRI AUROBINDO: That is why she finds it difficult to have darshan of Goloka.

S: Somehow I distrust these voices.

SRI AUROBINDO: Because it reminds you of "specially favoured people"? There is a true voice that comes, but it is not so common as people make it out to be. Gandhi hears voices only during crises.

P: In times of conflict when he can't decide himself the pros and cons.

N:X has written, asking for some advice. It seems some Muslim fakir gave him a mantra—OM HRING—twenty years ago. He has been repeating it since then and sometimes 20,000 times a day.

P & S: A Muslim fakir gave him such a mantra!

SRI AUROBINDO: I must say the result has been catastrophic.

N: Now he wants to know whether he should repeat it any more. He meditates on the Mother in the heart and goes on repeating the mantra.

SRI AUROBINDO: What is the use of repeating a mantra if he remains what he is? He can't have any realisation if he goes on like that.

N: Shall I write like that?

SRI AUROBINDO: No, I don't want him to stop the mantra if he has been using it for a long time. You may write that there is no need to stop it but he must not forget the other parts of Yoga.

N: To the mantra he himself added "Salutations to the Guru."

SRI AUROBINDO: Dovetailed it with the mantra? (*Laughter*)

S: He will spoil both.

N: Anilbaran has asked to clear some English constructions in *The Life Divine* which he couldn't understand.

P: Olaf also doesn't understand *The Life Divine*. He was telling Amrita: "'or rather; or rather'—what does all that mean?"

SRI AUROBINDO: He doesn't know English, and what he writes is Swedish English. He says reading *The Life Divine* is all sadhana. Sadhana of hunger and incapacity. (*Laughter*)

P: He says it should be like the Bible: "O ye!"

SRI AUROBINDO: "Suffer the little children to come unto me"?

P: Yes.

EVENING

N: O'Dwyer has been shot dead in an East London Hall by a Punjabi, and Zetland and others also have been hit.

SRI AUROBINDO: The Punjab seems to have a predilection for shooting in London. The previous time it was Dhingra.

P: Yes. But this has no political significance, it seems.

SRI AUROBINDO: The right man has been shot but at the wrong time.

N: All the same, it is good in a way.

SRI AUROBINDO: How?

N: He has paid for his crime.

S: Moral retribution?

P: It is too late now,

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, he should have been shot after the Jallianwalla incident.

N: Perhaps there was no opportunity.

SRI AUROBINDO: Why? There was plenty of opportunity in London.

P: But he was guarded all the time.

SRI AUROBINDO: He would not have been guarded by detectives during lectures.

If Zetland had died, there would have been a sensation. And if the Punjabi could have had all three in the bag, that would have been something—Ex-Governors, Ex-Secretaries of State!

P: O'Dwyer used to write in the *Times* against Congress and Reforms, saying, "I told you so," etc.

SRI AUROBINDO: If after being shot he could say "I told you so," it would be quite appropriate. (*Laughter*)

NIRODBARAN

THE SONG THAT I CAME TO SING

In the depth of my soul
 There is a song—a song unsung
 A song no word can express
 A song no tune can roll
 A song no chime can capture
 But I only feel its rapture
 And know that it is there.

The song that I came to sing
 Still remains unsung and untuned
 And aches my idly dreaming heart
 Hankering after a tune that's above time's ring,
 Enduring a wound that is beyond healing—
 A song that no mortal can sing
 Until the Immortal can be its king.

O Master of Harmony, how long
 Shall I wait to find the true flame-tongue?

VASANT V. MERCHANT

SALUTATIONS

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

1-9-63

55

Miwani (Africa), 26-9-1954

Dear Mother,

Yesterday I felt very disappointed.

Up to now I have groped to live the life of Truth—the divine Life. And I have neither seen nor experienced the thing I want.

What shall I do? Never in my life so far have I known real love, peace, happiness and contentment. My soul is now struggling for breath. You are my first and last refuge. The final throw remains of the dice of my life. And that is all for coming to You, for solace and Love Divine. If I cannot get this, my life will no longer be life but death itself—without any consciousness, enthusiasm, hope—all a ruin.

696

Will You be able to bear it? Will You stand the anguished cry of my heart? If You are all Truth, then Your great Will is all Power; if You are the Lover of Truth, then unfailingly You will listen to my cry. And surely You will give me the Divine Life I crave for and You will implant new enthusiasm and new consciousness in my life.

Will my hope of leading the full Divine Life come true? If it will, then I shall spend many years upon this earth and fulfil Your great expectation of my soul.

56

Miwani (Africa) 27-9-1954

Adored Beloved Mother,

Salutations to Your lotus Feet.

Today—yes, today—I am writing with the tears of my heart and I am praying to you.

Yesterday, my soul was so restless that I seemed to see the dangerous signs of coming moments. Still I forgot them all. But those of certain moments remained with me; what I heard from my people was really unbearable for me.

No doubt, all that You do for me is for my utmost good. Mother, am I not Yours?

Yes, that night too I spent in shedding tears. At that time, a great and terrible fight was going on within me. It was the fight between gods and demons. Sighing my heart out I at last fell asleep. But what sweet consolation You gave me in my sleep!

“Dear child, once You are wrapped up in Me, you will be free from all miseries.”

You showed me face to face in my dream that I have plunged deep into the ocean of my soul. And when I felt there †Your constant Presence, then I cried out: “O Mother!”

But alas! again the same gloom and grief. You teach me wonderful lessons that I may no longer get entangled in any worldly things.

Now there is no place on earth where I can take refuge with a free heart and laugh with happiness. I request You: do listen to the call of my wounded heart. You will not disappoint me, will You?

Compassionate Mother, bring a marvellous transformation to my life so that I may forget my past, forget everyone. And fill this life of mine with Divine Love and Truth. I am waiting for that auspicious day...

Mother, will You be gracious now? I have been wandering and groping in the desert of time. Be my Oasis!

You have given me a woman's form on the earth; I have seen the whole play of the world. You have shown me the various colours of life and made me read their meanings.

Do You not know now my present way of living? I hardly know what to tell and what not to tell. But You know everything. And now at last I pray to You: “O Mother, make me forget the past, calm the adverse forces. Give wisdom to people and

lead them all to the Divine alone. May Your great Will for all the races of the earth be fulfilled. May Your mighty Power be victorious.”

Mother, for all hope, joy, courage, enthusiasm, protection, Grace, Presence, blessings and Love, I come to You. Accept me—and give me salvation.

(Concluded)

HUTA

TO A BULBUL

O Bulbul, sing, sing,
 And then fly, fly,
 On your grey wing,
 To God's sapphire high!
 O silver-throated bird,
 Do you love this earth,
 Where love is unheard,
 In this land of your birth?

When trembling lights sigh
 On the orange west,
 And Evening's amethyst
 Clouds gayly swirl,
 You sing and soar,
 When light and shade twirl
 Round Night's door.
 Teach me, like you to sing,
 Blue heaven's joys here to bring!
 And to my brief days lend
 A melody that has no end.

KAMALAKANTO

THE BRAZIER OF LOVE

THE Mother has been a brazier of divine love, assuaging the sorrow of man.

“O Lord, I would be a love so living that it can fill every sorrow.

“O Lord, I cry to Thee: make me a burning brazier which consumes all suffering and transforms it into a glad light pouring its rays into the hearts of all!...

“Grant my prayer: Transform me into a brazier of pure love and limitless compassion.” (*February 2, 1914*)

To those who weep, to those who suffer, to those who are bruised, she advises an infallible means to regain calm and peace.

“In the depths of our being shines a light whose purity is equal to its brilliance, a light that is a living and conscious portion of a universal divinity giving life, warmth and illumination to matter, a powerful and infallible guide to those who are willing to listen to his law, a helper full of solace and tender indulgence to all who aspire to see, hear and obey him. No sincere and lasting aspiration towards him can be in vain, no strong and respectful confidence in him can be disappointed, no expectation ever frustrated.”

For, “...behold! There is no night without daybreak, when darkness is thickest dawn is ready; there is no fog that the Sun does not dissipate, no cloud that it does not gild, no tear that it does not one day dry, no storm after which its bow of triumph does not lift up its rays, no snow that it does not melt, no winter that it does not change into radiant spring.”

“Suffering is not at all obligatory, nor is it even desirable, but when it comes to us, how helpful it can be!

“Every time one feels his heart breaking, a door opens in oneself and discloses new horizons, ever richer in hidden treasures which come with their golden influx to give again a new and more intense life to the organism on the point of annihilation.

“And when, by these successive descents, one reaches the veil which in its lifting reveals thee, O Lord, who can express the intensity of the Life that penetrates the entire being, the glory of the Light that floods it, the sublimity of the Love that transforms it for ever!”

But, “Only those who have suffered can understand the suffering of others, can share the suffering and relieve it.”

And the Mother did suffer.

“My heart has suffered and cried, on the point of breaking under the weight of a too heavy sorrow, sinking under a pain too strong .. But I have called to Thee, Divine Consoler, I have prayed ardently and the splendour of Thy dazzling light has appeared and reanimated me.

“With the rays of thy glory penetrating and illumining all my being, I have clearly

perceived the road to follow, the use that can be made of suffering; I have understood how pale a reflection the sorrow that wrung me was of the sorrow of the earth, abyss of pain and anguish."

The endeavour of man to get over this abyss of pain and anguish is as old indeed as the abyss itself. But the abyss has deepened and widened. For, only the Divine Love, the Divine Grace, the Divine Mother can and will transform it.

In a Kohinoor of an experience the Mother says:

"Each time that a heart leaps at the touch of Thy divine breath, a little more beauty seems to be born upon the earth, the air is embalmed with a sweet perfume, all becomes more friendly.

"How great is Thy power, O lord of all existences, that an atom of Thy Joy is sufficient to efface so much darkness, so many sorrows, and a single ray of Thy glory can light up thus the dullest pebble, illumine the blackest consciousness!

"Thou hast heaped Thy favours upon me, Thou hast unveiled to me many secrets, Thou hast made me taste many unexpected and un hoped-for joys, but no grace of Thine can be equal to this Thou grantest to me when a heart leaps at the touch of Thy divine breath.

"At these blessed hours all earth sings a hymn of gladness, the grasses shudder with pleasure, the air is vibrant with light, the trees lift towards heaven their most ardent prayer, the chant of the birds becomes a canticle, the waves of the sea billow with love, the smile of children tells of the infinite and the souls of men appear in their eyes.

"Tell me, wilt Thou grant me the marvellous power to give birth to this dawn in expectant hearts, to awaken the consciousness of men to Thy sublime Presence, and in this bare and sorrowful world awaken a little of Thy true Paradise? What happiness, what riches, what terrestrial powers can equal this wonderful gift?

"O Lord, never have I implored Thee in vain, for that which speaks to Thee is Thyself in me.

"Drop by drop Thou allowest to fall in a fertilising rain the living and redeeming flame of Thy almighty love. When these drops of eternal light descend softly on our world of obscure ignorance, one would say a rain upon earth of golden stars one by one from a sombre firmament,

"All kneels in mute devotion before this ever renewed miracle."

(March 13, 1917)

SHYAM SUNDAR

THE MYSTERY OF THE SENSES

I

THE FIVE SENSES

THE senses are the doors opening out on the external world for the consciousness to act and travel abroad. That is the usual outward movement which is generally so much condemned by spiritual seekers. The doors and windows of the senses, whatever they are, all openings should be closed, shut up, hermetically sealed. One should then return within away from them, if one is to come into contact with the true consciousness, the true reality. Even the Gita says, the conscious being is seated in tranquillity within, closing all the nine gates of the city, himself doing nothing nor causing anything to be done.

Well, that is one way of procedure in dealing with the senses. When you consider that the senses always pull you out, they always entice you to run after the sweet perishable goods of the world, invite you to the enjoyment of pleasure and pain, to all the dualities of a life of ignorance normally lived upon earth, then indeed the senses become terribly suspect. But this need not be so. The senses instead of being tempters leading you out into the ignorance may verily be inspirers calling you, guiding you inward. Instead of opening out on the world of maya they may open out on the world of light and truth.

How can that happen? The clue is given in one of the Upanishads. The Kena Upanishad says: This eye does not really see, there is an eye behind that sees, and so on with the other senses. Even this mind does not know, there is a mind of the mind that knows. That is the crucial point. With the eye of the eye one must see, with the hearing of an inner ear one must hear, and one must know by the mind of the mind. Instead of opening these windows and doors outward they should be opened inward, turned round about as it were like the flare of a lighthouse. Then instead of being instruments of illusory knowledge or maya as now, they become instruments of real knowledge, receptacles or transmitters of the truth and reality behind and above.

Indeed we say habitually, when speaking of spiritual realisation, that one *sees* the truth, one has to *see* the truth: to know the truth, to know the reality is taken to mean to see the truth, to see the reality, and what does this signify? It signifies what one sees is the light, the light that emanates from truth, the form that the Truth takes, the radiant substance that is the Truth. This then is the special character or gift of this organ, the organ of sight, the eye. One sees the physical light, of course, but one sees also the supraphysical light. It is, as the Upanishad says, the eye of the eye, the third eye in the language of the occultists. What we say about the eye may be equally said in respect of the other sense-organs. Take hearing, for example. By the ear we hear the

noises of the world, its deafening cries and no doubt at times also some earthly music. But when the ear is turned inward, we listen to unearthly things. Indeed we know stone-deaf Beethoven heard some of those harmonies of supreme beauty that are now the cherished possessions of humanity. This inner ear is able to take you by a process of regression to the very source of all sound and utterance, from where springs the *anāhata vāk*, the *undictated* voice, the *nāda*-brahman, the original sound-seed, the primary vibration. So the ear gives that hearing which reveals to you a special aspect of the Divine: the vibratory rhythm of the being, that matrix of all utterance, of all speech that mark the material expression of consciousness. Next we come to the third sense, that of smell. Well, the nose is not a despicable organ, in any way; it is as important as any other more aristocratic sense-organ, as the eye or the ear. It is the gate to the perfumed atmosphere of the reality. Even like a flower, as a lotus for example, the truth is colourful, beautiful, shapely, radiant to the eye; to the nostrils it is exhilarating perfume, it distils all around a divine scent that sanctifies, elevates the whole being. After the third sense we come to the fourth, the tongue. The mouth gives you the taste of the truth and you find that the Truth is sweetness, the delicious nectar of the gods: for the truth is also soma, the supreme rasa, amrita, immortality itself. Here is Aswapathy's experience of the thing in *Savitri*:

In the nostrils quivered celestial fragrances,
On the tongue lingered the honey of paradise.

Finally we come to the sense of touch. It is the last. But in another way, it is the first and the foremost—psychologically and chronologically—it is the most primary and primitive among the senses, as the eye comes last as the final stage in the course of the sensory evolution. The eye is the manifestation of a developed consciousness; perfectly developed eyes as in man represent a perfectly developed consciousness. But touch is the organ with which an organism starts its life-course. It is the only organ a living cell is given when it begins its forward journey. Plants are endowed with that organ and faculty and that only. It is the most generalised, the least specific, and the most sensitive of the organs. Touch gives a closer, more intimate, even more direct perception of the object, it is contact, it means identification, it means becoming and being. And it is through the touch, the sublimated and most intense physical contact, that you have the direct contact with the substance of the Supreme, his very body. For what is Sat up there is Annam here, both are the same identical thing in a dual aspect.

Continuing farther, if we go beyond the five senses, we have still another sense, it is mind, the sixth sense as the orthodox Indian view states. In this field too the same law we have been expounding holds good. Mind here is the chief instrument of knowledge: it is in and through the mind that man has knowledge; it is in and through the mind that the other five senses distil their perceptions allowing a coordinated picture of the sense-experiences. Now, to attain, to realise, to possess the Truth means,

first of all, to know the Truth: for, knowing as we know, is the function of the mind. It is said, however, that the mind knows only the outward form of things, its knowledge is the knowledge of an outside world, elements of which are supplied by the senses. It is a knowledge of or in Ignorance. The true knowledge is not attained by the mind or through the mind. For the true knowledge, it is declared, the mind is to be expunged altogether or silenced at least. One must get away, one must withdraw from that play of activity and be far from it. True knowledge comes through revelations. It descends from above, it does not enter by a level side-door and it comes only when the mind is not there. But this also, as in the other cases, as in respect of the other senses, is an extreme view. Like the other senses the mind too can be turned inward or upward, made a receptive organ or instrument. When turned round, when it is the Mind of the mind, then there begins to appear the true knowledge. Then even this physical mind remains no more ignorant or obscure, it becomes transparent and luminous: it is able to bring its own gift, it can serve with its own contribution to the real knowledge; for it is the mind that gives a form and shape, a local habitation and a name to the higher truth, to the real light, to the true knowledge. It is the *surūpa* (beautiful and perfect form) chanted by the Vedic Rishis that the purified mind models for the Gods to inhabit—it is what the poets and prophets always aspire for in their creative consciousness.

But these separate senses with their separate qualities are not really separate. In the final account of things, the account held in the Supreme Consciousness, at the highest height, these diverse elements or movements are diverse but not exclusive of one another. When they find themselves in the supreme consciousness, they do not, like the rivers of which the Upanishads speak, move and merge into the sea giving up their separate individual name and function. These senses do maintain their identity, each its own, even when they together are all of them part and parcel of the Supreme Universal Consciousness. Only, they become supple and malleable, they intertwine, mix together, even one doing another's work. Also, as things exist at present, modern knowledge has found out that a blind man can see, literally see, through some part of his body; the sense of hearing is capable of bringing to you the vision of colours. And the olfactory organ can reveal to you the taste of things. Indeed it has been found that not only at the sight of good food, but in contemplating an extraordinarily beautiful scenery or while listening to an exquisite piece of music, the mouth waters. It is curious to note that Indra, the Lord of the gods, the Vedic lord of the mind and the senses, is said to have transformed the pores of his skin into so many eyes, so that he could see all things around at once, globally: it is why he was called Sahasralochana or Sahasraksha, one with a thousand eyes. The truth is that all the different senses are only extensions of one unitary sensibility and the variation depends on a particular mode of stress on the generalised sensibility.

This is what the Rishis meant when they named and represented even the senses as gods. The gods are many, each has his own attribute and function, but they form one indivisible unity.

sound and touch—it is tactile, and it is sonorous. The third one, fire, has the quality of possessing a form; it has visibility in addition to the two qualities of the two previous elements, which it takes up: Thus fire is visible, it can be touched—yes, it may burn also and it gives out sound. The fourth element, water, adds a fourth quality which is its own, namely, taste. Water has taste, very delightful taste to mortals. A Greek poet says water has the best taste, *hudor men ariston*. So you can taste water, you can see its form, you can touch it, you can hear it gurgle. Coming to the last, earth has all these qualities: in addition what it has is, curious to say, smell. So you can hear earth's vibrations, you can touch it, see it, taste it—for some earth has a very savoury taste—but its own special quality is smell: it is odorous, it is sweet-scented. Kalidasa speaks with ecstasy of the strange scent that the earth emits when the fresh rains fall upon it.

So, the five senses open out to the five elements, each sense linked to its own element, each sense presenting a particular aspect of the material universe. Thus ether, the subtlest element, is present to the ear, the organ of hearing, air to the skin (*tvak*) the organ of touch, the fire-element (radiant energy) to the eye, the liquid to the organ of taste, and earth is given over to smell. Earth is linked with smell, perhaps because it is the perfume of creation, the dense aroma of God's material energy. Also earth is the summation of all the elements and all the qualities of matter. It is the epitome of the material creation. The physical beauty of earth is well-known, the landscape and seascape, its rich variegated coloration, we all admire standing upon its bosom, but up in the air, in the wide open spaces earth appears with even a more magical beauty to which cosmonauts have given glowing tribute. But even this visible beauty pales, I suppose, before the perfume it emits which is its celestial quality, that can only be described indeed as the sweet-scented body of the Divine Substance.

The five elements are thus the five orders of material existence viewed as correlates to the five senses of man. But they are also realities in their own right. They represent the fundamental principles underlying or characterising the nature of matter. Science speaks of the three states of matter—solid, liquid and gaseous. The five elements enumerate five states instead. Thus earth=solid, water=liquid, fire=gaseous or radiant, air=fluid, ether or space=*etheric*. A distinction is made between gaseous and fluid, fluid being still more dispersive and tenuous. We might take air as representing the ether spoken of in science and what we have been equating with ether may be termed *the field*—the gravitational field, for example, of our days.

The last two may, however, be represented somewhat differently. The Maruts may symbolise the region of the subtler or supra-electromagnetic forces—what are now called cosmic rays: they are waves or particles of such infinitesimal magnitude that some of them at least have only a mathematical substance or reality, a probability-point, although of calculable or incalculable energy! Vayu then would represent the fundamental field where these forces play—perhaps something like the Einsteinian field with its “corrugated” surface; or it is like the “Pradhana” of Sankhya, the original Prakriti or basic Nature before it burst out in its creative activity.

Again, the five elements are not merely substances or states and qualities of substance, but they are also forces and energies, material forces and energies—since we have confined ourselves to matter and the material world. Science (we are always referring to Science, we have to do so since we are dealing with and speaking from the standpoint of matter and material existence), Science has familiarised us with the various forms and types of forces and energies. They are, starting from the most patent and gross, going up to more and more subtle energies, first of all mechanical energy, then (2) chemical energy, (3) electrical energy, (4) gravitational energy, and finally (5) the field energy; the last two are perhaps not very clearly differentiated and distinguished, but still one may make the distinction. And this mounting ladder of energy with its various steps, with its five steps corresponds exactly to the old Indian quintet—earth, water, fire, air, space.

This is not to say that the ancients exactly knew the mysteries of modern scientific exploration. This only means that there is a parallelism between the ancient and the modern knowledge. The scale or hierarchy, from the most concrete substance through the subtler ones, to the subtlest, representing the constitution of the material world as conceived by the ancient seers finds a close and curious echo in the picture that modern science has drawn of material existence.

It must be noted, however, that parallelism means similarity but also difference. The manner of approach to the reality, the way of expressing it is different in the east and in the west. The ancients express a truth or a fact symbolically, the moderns express it in a straightforward matter-of-fact way. The ancients used symbols; for they wanted a multiple way of expression, that is to say, a symbol embodying a movement refers at the same time to many forms of the same movement on different levels, along different lines, in diverse applications. It is like the multiple meanings of a verbal root in Sanskrit. The scientific terms, on the other hand, are very specific; they connote only one thing at a time. Each term with its specific sense is unilateral in its movement.

Now furthermore, the Great Five need not be restricted to the domain of matter alone as being its divisions and levels and functions, but they may be extended to represent the whole existence, the cosmos as a whole. Indeed they are often taken to symbolise the stair of existence as a whole, the different levels of cosmic being and consciousness. Thus at the lowest rung of the ladder as always is the earth representing precisely matter and material existence; next, water represents life and the vital movement; then, fire represents the heart centre from where wells up all impulse and drive for progression. It holds the evolutionary urge: we call it the Divine Agni, the Flame of the Inner Heart, the radiant Energy of Aspiration. The fourth status or level of creation is mind or the mental world, represented by air, the Vedic Marut; finally, Vyom or space represents all that is beyond the mind, the Infinite Existence and Consciousness. The five then give the chart, as it were, of nature's constitution, they mark also the steps of her evolutionary journey through unfolding time.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

A CONTROVERSY ON SRI AUROBINDO'S POETRY

(From an old correspondence-file of the Editor these two letters have been pulled out of the obscurity in which they had accidentally lain. Their background is the appearance, 17 years ago, of an article in the *Sunday Standard of Bombay*, which in the course of its proposed charter for Indian poets writing in English fell foul of Sri Aurobindo's *Savitri*. A detailed refutation was published by *Mother India*, then a fortnightly, in its issue of November 10, 1951. This refutation, along with a reply to some criticisms of *Savitri* and other works of Sri Aurobindo's by C.R.M., the Editor of the *Illustrated Weekly of India* at the time, was subsequently included in a collection of articles by K. D. Sethna from *Mother India*, entitled *The Indian Spirit and the World's Future* and published in 1953.)

I

102/G Russa Road: Calcutta 26: 22 November 1951

Dear Mr. Sethna:

Thank you for sending me your rejoinder to my article on modern Indo-Anglian poets in the *Sunday Standard*. There was a time when *Mother India* used to be sold here regularly, but now I fail to find it on the news-stands; and if you hadn't forwarded me a copy I might very well have missed your interesting objections and counter-arguments.

I am flattered that you should think my remarks worth two lengthy pages of reply. To speak the truth, I brought in the poetry of Sri Aurobindo chiefly as a side-light; my main purpose was to set a system of rules and method which I hoped would be helpful in encouraging the present efflorescence in our poetry and giving it a sense of direction and sureness.

I think I made it fairly clear from the very beginning that whatever I said was in no way an assertion of dogmatic belief; I divided poetry-appreciating people into two sorts, those who could derive what they thought was "poetic" satisfaction from the poetry of Sri Aurobindo and those who, for various reasons, the chief perhaps being an imperfect training in the enjoyment of spiritual poetry, could not. In spite of your many cogent arguments and very level-headed attempt to puncture my thesis, I am still a member of the group which cannot find pleasure in Sri Aurobindo. If this were taken to mean that I condemn people who do, my ignorance would be shamefully evident. Nowhere in my article did I try to determine or standardize taste; I was advocating a policy for our poets which might help them to crystallize their productions into a poetic school, which I thought was urgently needed if the Indo-Anglian

revival was to remain a revival and not fizzle out in a diffuse display of eccentric sparks.

This kind of argument could carry on for ever, and justification is always a somewhat hateful process anyway. I hope nevertheless that you will permit me a few words, if not to justify my remarks (if they are worth anything, time will justify them; if they aren't, I wouldn't like to play hypocrite), at least to clear up a few points that have arisen in the course of your rejoinder.

It is quite possible that I may have "a blind spot on my critical retina" when I chastise Sri Aurobindo, but this should in no way invalidate my argument that the job of all good poetry is to communicate an emotion to the reader even when he has no emotional and only the faintest intellectual idea of what that emotion is. That was the way I was educated to many kinds and strata of emotion not available in our humdrum petit-bourgeois family; and my experience (and those of my friends) is where I start from. You protest that the reader must have some point of contact for the poet to touch. But of course. The reader is a passive radio set on which many wavelengths are contacted and received, but you do not understand Bangkok or Teheran. The wavelength's job is to be communicable; if I find I cannot make head or tail of Sri Aurobindo or Wallace Stevens, I think I am within my rights to push on to a greener pasture. Perhaps if I spent time on Sri Aurobindo, I might pick up something. But you cannot compel that from me.

I am afraid it is not quite right to say that "a master of spiritual experience, with a consummate knowledge of the English language (Sri Aurobindo was educated from his seventh to his twenty-first year in England), is not likely to pen feverishly feeble inanities and pass them off as mysticism." Spiritual experience means nothing (like all other experience) unless it can be precisely communicated to a person not acquainted with it. To imply that fourteen years in England are likely to give a person a mastery of the English language, would seem to ignore the fact that there are Englishmen who have spent lifetimes in England without being able to improve their grammar to the extent of writing a letter to the Editor of *Picture Post*. Consummate knowledge of a language may be a very dangerous thing sometimes, especially for a poet. If knowledge were all, every leader-writer would be a poet. The essential thing is to get to *feel* a language in a kind of disciplined debauch. Finally, you imply that I condemn Sri Aurobindo for deliberately palming off poetic hypocrisy. This is absurd. Though I have no gauge to judge the genuineness of Sri Aurobindo's mysticism, I think it is fair and reasonable to say that he was a sincere mystic, perhaps a profound mystic. But that does not *ipso facto* turn him into a correspondingly profound poet.

Thank you for your stimulating criticism. I hope our differences on poetic matters do not stand in the way of a cordial personal relationship.

You may publish this letter if you like.

Very sincerely,
P. LAL.

Hamilton Villa, Nepean Sea Road, Bombay, 20-12-1951

Dear Mr. Lal,

I received your letter on the eve of my departure to Pondicherry. Once there, I did not feel like entering into any correspondence. Now I am back and, with part of the work on *Mother India* disposed of, I turn to your criticism of my rejoinder. I am sorry you have had to wait three weeks or more.

Your letter is, to my mind, a much more dignified and genuine document than your article, though even in my counter-attack I have not refused to grant that you had some pointed and pertinent things to say on poetry in general and Indo-Anglian poetry in particular. If what you say now had been all your thesis, I don't think I would have plunged into a defence of Sri Aurobindo. The one impression I carried away from your article was precisely that you were making an assertion of dogmatic belief. At the start you record just your own violent reaction against *Savitri*; but a little later you say something which is exactly the opposite of your present statement that people who do not derive poetic satisfaction from Sri Aurobindo's epic fail chiefly because of an imperfect training in the enjoyment of spiritual poetry. You actually try to prove that you are quite competent to pass judgment on spiritual poetry: you list your qualifications by commenting favourably on Dante, Eliot, St. John of the Cross, Kabir and Chandidas. The suggestion is unmistakable: Sri Aurobindo is a poetic failure and not merely a poet to whom you are allergic. It is this suggestion that drew my fire.

I do not for a moment deny what you write about poetic communication. It is indeed the job of the poet to convey his experience or vision with effective art. But just because you cannot kindle up to a certain kind of poetry you have no right to vilify it. You have only the right to set it aside (if you are not inclined to make an effort to be catholic). You may push on to what is for you a greener pasture, with a shrug of your shoulders signifying that the stuff you are leaving behind may be very good yet is barren land to you. You cannot talk of merely different tastes and in the same breath pontificate as if from an absolute standard.

Even with regard to "tastes" your division of readers into two classes is rather dogmatic. There are hundreds who can appreciate all that moves you and at the same time relish Sri Aurobindo. Take me, for instance. I can read with pleasure the type of poetry you favour, without losing one bit of my intense delight in *Savitri*. You represent a rather small class which has allowed some obscure prejudice to colour its judgment. There seems almost to be some perversity at work, eager to run down somebody who, some instinct tells one, is truly great. C.R.M. seldom lets an opportunity go by of having a fling at Sri Aurobindo's poetry, whether earlier or later, without ever having taken the trouble to read him sufficiently. If you look at my rejoinder to a comment made apropos of my book on Sri Aurobindo's blank verse, hexameters and recent

mystical poems,¹ you will be surprised to see how ignorant as well as wrong-headed he was at every turn. Some time back Tambimuttu, to illustrate bad English by Indians, pronounced that there was a sentence of Sri Aurobindo's which simply screamed out for correction. He just couldn't help picking on a writer whose English even Englishmen had highly praised. As Tambi did not quote the sentence in question, I had no means of finding out whether he was making much of a printer's devil or of a slip such as is possible even to a great writer in a hurry or merely colliding with a usage beyond him. You, I am sure, have no more than a perfunctory acquaintance with *Savitri*—and yet you don't hesitate to be cleverly nasty about it. But I must say that you were not very clever when, on the strength of the supposed "loose emotion loosely expressed" of one short passage wrenched out of its context, you tried to insinuate that the nearly twenty-five thousand published lines of *Savitri* were a sickening staleness!

You are a man of considerable talent. I have read several poems of yours and they are not all of the flat quality of the two lines I have quoted at the end of my article to hoist you with your own petard of non-Aurobindonian poetic technique. If you really can't stand Sri Aurobindo after reading enough of him, one can't help you—much less compel you to like him. But I do regret the "blind spot". You would add much to your critical sensitivity if you could feel even a little of the gigantic inspiration that has given us this epic which can rank in value with creations like the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* on the one hand and on the other the Rigveda and the Upanishads.

What I regret more is that even in the present letter you do not quite rest with stating that Sri Aurobindo does not appeal to you. The tendency to summon arguments attempting to show that he is worthless is not absent. Just look at your line of thought about knowledge of English. Englishmen who spend lifetimes in their own country may still remain unable to improve their grammar to the extent of penning a letter to *Picture Post*. But Indians who spend in England fourteen of their most formative years in the direct study of English and pass through Cambridge with distinction and show an undeniably extraordinary capacity to master difficult languages like Greek and Latin are not liable to be in the same case. Your reasoning is patently twisted, if you'll forgive my being blunt. Secondly, I never said that consummate knowledge of English is by itself enough to make one a poet. You are arguing with a dummy of your own invention. If you will look again at the sentence of mine which you have quoted, you will mark that I am pointing out the unlikelihood of a vacuous pseudo-mysticism being palmed off as the genuine article by a Master of Yoga who brings to his self-expression an expert intimacy with the English language. This is something quite different and contains sound sense. I agree that the essential thing is, as you put it in a memorable phrase, to get to *feel* a language in a kind of disciplined debauch—but surely consummate knowledge of a tongue is not inapt to conduce to such a debauch. In fact, the knowledge cannot really be consummate without the feel

¹ *The Poetic Genus of Sri Aurobindo* (1947).

you have in mind. I wonder how you can speak of ordinary leader-writers being consummate in knowledge: they are no more than efficient at their best.

I had no intention to charge you with considering Sri Aurobindo a bogus mystic—though I shouldn't be amazed if you did consider him such, for you appear to have no idea of the wonderful spiritual personality that he was or of the perfect blend of illumination and intellect that his philosophical or other expositions are. If you had an idea, would you so easily miss seeing how that sentence of mine could imply only that Sri Aurobindo with his qualifications, both spiritual and literary, would naturally be a sufficient critic to himself and would know if by any chance he wrote anything misty instead of mystic.

I appreciate the courtesy of your letter. I like the way you have taken my criticism and the broadness of thought that makes you hope our differences on poetic matters may not stand against a cordial personal relationship.

Sincerely yours,
K. D. SETHNA.

3

102/G Russa Road: Calcutta 26: 24 December 1951

My dear Mr. Sethna,

Thank you for your letter of the 20th.

Arguments like ours can be prolonged interminably, and what we ultimately reach may be simply—and not very regrettably—an argeement to differ.

It is Christmas now and hatchets are best buried. May I extend to you my sincerest wishes for a Happy Christmas and New Year? I shall in 1952 read *Savitri* with greater care, in order to cultivate a more perfect sympathy for it.

Very Sincerely,
P. LAL.

KAVI CHAKRAVARTI KAMBAN

CAUSERIES ON TAMIL NAD'S GREATEST POET

(Continued from the September issue)

DOUBTS DISPELLED

SITA, who was in the palace, was unaware of the breaking of the bow by Rama. The figure of the unknown lad, who had smitten her with love, remained sharply engraved in her mind and what a vibrant figure it was!

In a verse, which is sonorously repetitive of the vibrations of Rama, Kamban skilfully works out an original pattern of rhythm, which infects the reader with the intoxications of love.

நாண்உ லாவு
வில்லி னேடு
பூண்உ லாவு
பாணி யும்
தூண்உ லாவு
தோளும், வாளி
யோடு லாவு
தூணி யும்
வாள்நி லாவின்
நூல்உ லாவு
மாலே மார்பும்
மீள வும்
காண லாகும்
ஆகின்,—ஆவி
காண லாகும்
ஆகு மே.

The word “உலாவு”(ulāvu) has been repeated five times in this stanza, and every time it occurs it swoons into a deeper infatuation.

To the curious reader, who does not know Tamil, the following English rendering may give a remote, unrhymical account of the thought-pattern of the original:

The hand, which vibrates with swinging anklets,
with a bow, which vibrates with string,
The shoulder, which vibrates like a massive column,
with a quiver, which vibrates with arrows,

The chest which vibrates with a sacred thread,
 peeled as if from the vibrant Moon;
 If I get at them again,
 and only
 if I get at them,
 will I get my soul back again.

Sita continues to yearn for the blue-complexioned lad. The soulful intensity of her lamentation can be best understood if we remember that in Hindu symbolatry the blue colour, which goes with the sky and the sea, is attributed to Infinity.

Says Sita:

He came like the cool blue cloud,
 with the face of the dazzling Moon,
 And dipping into my soul,
 sucked it wholly dry;
 That cloud sits there in my heart,
 Yes, it keeps sitting there,
 Oh! There!

To have had a glimpse of that lad was very Heaven but to have let him slip was the height of folly.

Like the fool that let slip
 the cup of immortal nectar,
 I let his strong shoulders slip me,
 without clasping them tight
 to my bosom.

While lonely Sita is lamenting thus, Neelamalai, her maid-in-waiting rushes head-long into her presence, with her diamond ear-drops glittering and making rainbow patterns in the Sun, with her loosened saree and dishevelled hair chasing her from behind. She is beside herself with joy and she shouts and sings and dances, without remembering even to salute Sita or passing on the good news.

Sita asks Neelamalai, "What joy fills your heart? Tell me the news." At once, the excited maid collects her faculties, salutes Sita and then tells her how a Prince by name Rama lifted the bow of Siva as if it were a tiny toy and broke it. She adds that he is the lotus-eyed son of Dasaratha, the King of Ayodhya, and that he has been accompanied by his brother and Rishi Visvamitra. The reference to Rama's two companions dispels Sita's doubts; she feels assured that the breaker of the bow is no other than the one who had stolen into her heart. This assurance produces a significant physical effect on Sita; that part of her body, which is girt by a golden waist-band,

heaves and swells, breaking the waist-band in twain. Kamban's seismographic needle thus registers with quivering sensitivity every secret tremor.

WEDDING INVITATION

Leaving Sita in this mood of sweet expectancy, Kamban takes us to Janaka, whose joy is greater than the explosive sound that accompanied the breaking of the bow. He asks Visvamitra if the wedding might be celebrated forthwith or after the arrival of King Dasaratha. At the bidding of the Saint, Janaka sends an invitation to Dasaratha. With great despatch his messengers reach the palace of Dasaratha, in whose courtyard crowns knock against crowns as Kings wade through a jostling crowd of Royalty eager to have a glimpse of Emperor Dasaratha. The messengers, who were admitted into the presence of the Emperor, hailed him and narrated to him all that had happened to his sons after they had left Ayodyha. The wedding invitation was then read out to Dasaratha, whose shoulders surged with pride at the feats of Rama.

In good humour Dasaratha says, "We heard a thunderous blast the other day at Ayodhya. Perhaps it was the report of the explosion of Siva's bow!" After presenting the messengers with gold jewels and costly cloths, Dasaratha causes a proclamation to be made by beat of drums from elephants' backs that his people should march at once to Mithila for the wedding.

The citizens, who heard the proclamation, became as excited as the wind-lashed sea with joy. Hearing the lads of Ayodhya discussing the tidings, the lasses of the city ran helter-skelter. They cared not that their perfumed hair had fallen into disarray or that their dropped necklaces were lying scattered on the ground.

TOWARDS MITHILA

Dasaratha and his people started on their journey to Mithila. They went in a festive mood through dense mountainous forests, plucking and scattering flowers and bathing in cascades and pools as they went.

As they reached the outskirts of Mithila, Janaka with his retinue received them and took them into the city.

In the palace of Janaka, Rama and Lakshmana met their father and prostrated themselves before him. Then a procession round the city was arranged for Rama, who decked himself with flowers and jewels and mounted a chariot which took him round Mithila.

The maids of Mithila throng the streets to watch the procession. They gambol like deer and sail around like peacocks, their eyes twinkling like stars and their slender waists quivering like lightning.

As Rama's chariot moves on, the girls rush through parks and flower-gardens to overtake the chariot. Kamban is struck with their agility and says that their spirited movement has the quality of water rushing animatedly down a deep depression. The

load of flowers on their heads gives them a momentum and their delicate waists feel the strain of the load. They run fast, as if in hot pursuit of their own minds which sped far ahead of them in search of Rama.

They come in time to see the enchanting figure of Rama seated in his chariot. They are utterly lost in his charms and Kamban perceives and suggests that their absorption has a mystical undertone.

Those, who gazed at his shoulders,
 kept gazing at his shoulders,
 Those, who gazed at his lotus feet,
 kept gazing at the feet,
 Those, who gazed at his mighty arms,
 did likewise;
 Which is the girl that could unhinge her gaze
 and drink in his total form?
 They were verily like the differing Faiths,
 each catching but a glimpse of His Form.

How true and modern is the verdict of Kamban on the limitations of the established Faiths!

The procession ends in front of the Wedding Hall in which the two sages, Vasishtha and Visvamisra are waiting. Rama enters the Hall and salutes both the Rishis by falling at their feet. He wears a garland of diamonds around his neck, which swings as he prostrates himself and throws off flashes of light upon his blue skin. The contrast of colours fascinates the Poet who says Rama is like a seasonal cloud gently settling down at the feet of the Rishis—a cloud which is coruscating with lightning.

By exploiting colour words and vivid imagery and the littlest of significant details, Kamban produces, not a still photograph, not a motion picture nor even a technicolour film, but a three-dimensional drama staged right in front of us. This is the result of what Sri Aurobindo would call the inspired style. According to Sri Aurobindo, there is something superior even to the inspired style and it is the style of supreme inevitability, which produces “pulsing palpable life itself, catching us up in multifarious incalculable patterns.” It is hoped that by the time this series of causeries is completed the reader will feel persuaded that Kamban at his heights touches the supremely inevitable and produces “convincingly perfect utterance.”

THE LOVERS MEET

At the bidding of the Rishis, Rama mounts and sits on a flower-decked seat, his three brothers standing like his shadows behind him and offering a background against which Rama shines with lustre. The Poet is moved by this spectacle to remark “Thus did he shine who took birth in Ayodhya to stand sentinel over VIRTUE.”

Now, Dasaratha enters the Hall, with a diadem of luminous pearls on his head and he is preceded by a number of Kings who wear golden crowns. This reminds Kamban of the night sky in which after the stars rush out, the Moon makes her *début*, flooding the firmament with its white radiance.

Dasaratha bows to the saints and then takes his seat majestically on a throne. Sweet-spoken maids fan him with *samarais* (fans made out of the bushy golden tails of yaks) and as the samarais wave, ascending, one above the other, they look like the ever-ascending, ever-sprouting tendrils of Dasaratha's fame.

After all the guests have taken their seats, Vasishtha suggests to Janaka that the bride might be fetched. At Janaka's bidding, the maids-in-waiting, who have clothed Sita in her best robes and bedecked her with scintillating jewels, usher her into the Hall.

As Sita walks in softly, her jewels cast polychromatic images moving on the ground; it seems as though Mother Earth, fearing that the ruggedness of the Earth might hurt Sita's tender feet, has rolled out a carpet of multicoloured petals on the floor.

In a few bold dramatic strokes Kamban brings out the personality of the principal guests by merely stating their reactions to the appearance of Sita.

The sea-hued Rama,
 who was still doubting,
 "Is this my girl or is she?"
 beamed with joy,
 as he encountered her, face to face;
 he rejoiced like Indra,
 who, after laboriously churning the Sea of Milk
 for nectar and waiting fervently,
 saw it rising bodily from the sea
 and rejoiced.

As for Visvamitra, he was a proud Kshatriya, who by his long and obdurate *tapas* had earned the title of Brahma Rishi and had even created a satellite Heaven for the delectation of one of his disciples. Visvamitra was proud of his protégé, Rama, and of his achievements. His reaction to the charms of Sita is in keeping with his character.

"Had my protégé known
 the prize for breaking the bow
 would be this beauty stinging eyes,
 would he not have broken
 the seven hills,
 let alone this bow?"

Sage Vasishtha was cast in a different mould. Despite his great feats of tapas, he was humble, gentle and full of devotion. He rejoiced and said:

“The one who has appeared on this Earth
under the name of Rama
is no other than Lord Vishnu himself—
the bearer of the conch and the discus,
that King of Kings.
Small wonder
Sita, the lotus-dwelling Goddess,
is come to consort with Rama.”

As for Dasaratha, he feels truly blessed as he looks at the lovely figure of his daughter-in-law. He says:

“Suzerainty over the seven worlds
I have always had,
Yet it is now and only now
I feel
I have come by real wealth.”

As the bride, who had the character of a sweet melody, drew nearer, all hands went up in salutation to her, except those of Rama and the Rishis. For, argues the Poet, all things, that had a mind, regarded Sita as divine and what the mind thought the body promptly carried out.

Saluting the saints
and then bowing at the feet of Dasaratha
with folded hands,
Sita sat on a seat
near her father,
whose eyes were misty with tears;
thus sat the damsel
who, growing sick of her lotus abode,
had come to dwell
in the golden castle of the King.

Though Neelamalai's description of Rama was sufficiently reassuring, there was still some lingering doubt in Sita's mind about his identity. It would be immodest for her to stare at him. Pretending to adjust her bangles, she casts a quick furtive glance at him through the corner of her eye; she is now convinced that the Rama she sees objectively tallies in every particular with the one she has been subjectively nourishing in her heart.

During the split second that she looks at him the blue charms of Rama flow like a river into the large eyes of Sita.

As the resplendent light
of the sea-hued Rama
flowed,
like a plentiful river,
into the ocean-eyes of Sita,
that Queen of Charms
surged with ecstasy
like one who has quaffed
in a sudden prodigious draught
all the milk of Paradise.

At this juncture, Visvamitra announces, at the instance of Dasaratha, that the wedding would take place the very next day.

Whereupon
Dasaratha rose,
the assembled kings saluting him,
his golden diadem blazing with a new-found lustre,
and walked to his mansion,
to the accompaniment
of good men's blessings and
the resounding music of conches
which were filigreed
with a single streak of diamonds.

The mood of auspicious joy is induced by a deft exploitation of such trivial details as "the diadem blazing with a *new-found* lustre" and "the conches filigreed with a single streak of diamonds."

SYNTHESIS OF BHOGA AND YOGA

With the departure of Dasaratha the Assembly disperses. The next morning Vasishtha is ready with all the materials needed for the wedding sacrament.

The bridegroom and the bride, both bedecked with flowers, take their seats on the bridal dais. As Rama and Sita sit, side by side, touching each other, Kamban whispers to us that they look like the grand synthesis of Bhoga and Yoga. The Poet believes that there is no inherent incompatibility between earthly joy and celestial bliss and that the two can be welded into a harmonious whole.

Janaka hands over Sita to Rama ceremoniously and blesses him. "May the inti-

macy between Sita and you be as enduring as that between Lakshmi and Wealth." The men of God bless them. The women chant, "Long live the couple!" The Kings make obeisance with crowned heads. The conches sound and resound like the benediction of the gods.

There is a shower of flowers from above; the Kings scatter golden coins; the others sprinkle white flowers which laugh the pearls to scorn. The Earth, littered thus, glows brighter than the sky which smiles with stars.

After going through the rituals the couple touch the feet of the saints with their heads and the feet of Dasaratha with folded hands and go into the palace.

As learned men chant hymns, Sita, whose mind is like the delirious sea of Desire, and Rama, who is the ocean of gratifying Grace, enter the nuptial chamber, where the bed is as white as their native ocean of milk.

With the wedding Visvamitra's task is done. His exit from the epic is celebrated by Kamban in a song which sings with orchestral fullness and exudes Visvamitra's sense of fulfilment and exaltation.

As the lordly groom
and Janaka's darling cuckoo
are dallying in the versatile fields of bliss,
Visvamitra, in the vedic mode,
blesses them
and sets forth on his journey northward,
towards his retreat
in the dizzy heights
of Meru, the Mount of gold.

With this close-up of Visvamitra, the Poet bids farewell to one who has brought about a union of momentous significance for the Epic.

(To be continued)

S. MAHARAJAN

FLAMINGO

NOBILITY is fiery in repose,
Reposeful in its ardent quickening
That through its pure heart sweeps and flows
A freshet from the spring
That feeds each lily and alike each rose,
Forever full and pouring free
Its high-wrought peace and harmony
That blends the worlds of men and gods, to bring
That summit to the sea
And raise the waters deep and wide
Till all enkindled in one victory
Silent in bliss abide.

All things and men divinely pulse and burn:
For of the gleed the hidden courses run
Of God, the glimmering return
In purpose dimly spun
In dampened souls that smoulder as they yearn,
And seek to know and cabin higher
The unconfined and liquid fire
That through their veins all brightened may the sun
Its kindred find, entire
In rhythmic blazing, clearly gold
Its bluelywhite intensity to sire
Heroes of deathless mould.

The spark was struck, the Mother bore it down
From godhead in Her bosom for the world,
And so forever, that the crown
Vortexively be swirled
Of timelessness in time where caught they drown
So many times, the devotees
Unknowing, who in plunge to please
Their barely wakened murky hearts are hurled
Around in forming seas
Of light obscured, and sink and die
And come again, until, their long disease
Quieted, swift birds fly.

But hawks and sparrows take the lowering field
 For lives and ages, dull desire and pain
 Of savagery and smallness yield
 But small and savage gain,
 As bent to earth where mouldering concealed
 The all-consuming freedom waits,
 They dig out failing spurts and spates
 And burn and parch while all too little rain
 The torturing abates,
 Relieving ashy barrenness;
 And so they feed upon themselves, the gates
 Closed, to their blind duress.

But sluices widen for the nobler birth
 At length that must succeed, and leaping glow
 Expands the scope of brightened earth,
 While turbulent below
 The waves are driving to a fuller girth,
 And glimpse of mastery is caught,
 More generous things are done and thought,
 And men would aid their fellows, and would know
 Some truth, some union, brought
 Through lesser love to greater yearning;
 More fervency and ample sweep is sought;
 Great is the need, the burning.

At length, at last, the heart is all afire,
 Lifted beyond the bounds of treacherous seeming;
 The wings are grown of no desire
 But of the godhead gleaming,
 Unseparative, blissful, clear, entire.
 Then holocaust the ocean sings
 Of all that is, and swelling rings
 The Paean of the full hold, treasure-teeming.
 Relinquishment that brings
 Perfection and completion made,
 All blood is light and true tongues, holy springs,
 Flowers that never fade.

JESSE ROARKE

YOUTH-POWER

VICTORY to Youth!
Nature's darling,
 of none is he afraid.
He only looks forward and ahead,
calls for love, affection, hope and light,
to give and to take, to break and to build,
 is he eager ever.

 The strong urge that his heart harbours
 seeks for an outlet,
Invincible its mad flight,
 it rushes here and there.

And if resistance it finds,
 the heart hardens,
taking that to be an injustice, it seeks
 for redress with all its might.

 If in some activity is expressed
 that inmost urge
then are sounded the drums of victory
 of love and sacrifice.

Without understanding, you call him a rebel,
 a rebel he is not,
to help the world's march has he taken birth.
 Victory to Youth!

PRANAB KUMAR BHATTACHARYA

(Translated by Sisir Kumar Ghosh from the original Bengali)

A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

MANY thanks for your letter of 6th October. You may be interested to know that I obtained *Savitri* plus other works, and have read it from cover to cover. It is the most meaningful and wonderful book from the Ashram that I have yet read.

Just felt like writing you a few lines to say how happy I am. Last night while reading *Words of the Mother* I felt I really loved her, something I've been trying to suppress ever since I was introduced to the Ashram. It was really the writings of Sri Aurobindo that attracted me to the Ashram in the first place, and when I arrived there and saw you all worshipping Mother, whom I merely considered a remarkably intelligent woman, I determined to be faithful to Sri Aurobindo alone. I took it all as your human weakness to worship the "Mother image," which seemed to me a trait peculiar to the Indian and Catholic mentality, of whom the latter, in my opinion, overexalted "Our Lady". Hence my reserve and perhaps even mistrust.

Since reading *Savitri*, I feel as if I've grown much closer to Mother and share in Sri Aurobindo's love for her and hers for him. With this has come the feeling that I am really beginning to live in the spirit of the Ashram, though miles away.

Looking back on the whole adventure, I still shake my head in wonder at the events which preceded and followed my arrival at the Ashram, taken both literally and figuratively.

Another thing amazes me. When I returned home to Australia, I brought with me many books from the Ashram, which I subsequently left behind on leaving for Switzerland. It appears my brother has been browsing through them, particularly *The Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo*. I quote him: "So far I am in full intuitional agreement with most of the basic axioms of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother's expressive of reality and that to me is an excellent start. No world system I have come across has clicked or even attuned to my wave length as much." He expressed the hope to be able to establish a Sri Aurobindo Centre in Canberra, after a few years' time of further study and preparation, and, of course, if it were the will of the Divine.

ANNA LACHETA

GIFTS OF GRACE

(Continued from the September issue)

THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF MY ASHRAM LIFE

I

“All that is done in me by Nature I offer
to Thee, Oh Mother, for transformation.”

TRANSFORMATION is the key-word of Sri Aurobindo's Yoga. And the above mantra was given to me by the Master in the very first year of my stay in the Ashram (in reply to my query about how to make an offering of my works).

And the first lesson of the Mother to me was about Sincerity when I had the first privilege of sitting at Her Feet whose very remembrance brings peace.

Later I received this in writing from the Master:

“The Mother has already answered you, before reading your letter, when she said to you, ‘Make yourself entirely sincere and you will be ready.’ ”

It was no mere lesson, it was an assurance. But in my ignorance, I could not comprehend the scope and gravity of its implications. My ego-centric mind wondered: I have been calling upon the Divine so earnestly even from a child, yet I am not sincere! It took me years and years to realise how difficult it was to be utterly sincere.

Once when I was lying senseless, almost on my death-bed, after two decades of sadhana and struggle for Light, the whole scene of my past life passed before my eyes like a cinema show. Then I remembered what the Mother had said in my first interview with her and how far I was yet from being sincere.

Since then I have been daily praying, “O Mother, make my sincerity and surrender more and more genuine, more and more perfect!”

Sincerity opens the door of the heart and enables the Divine to come in. When the Mother started taking the children's class, the one subject to which she reverted again and again was “sincerity”. Upon this quality depends what one is and what he is to be.

Sincerity demands candour; without which how can we profit by the Mother's invisible guidance and protection?

But I needed more than two decades to have the deep and far-reaching significance of sincerity come home to me. It happened when I came across the Mother's exposition in the *Bulletin of Physical Education*, February, 1957:

“...So long as the ego is there, you cannot be perfectly sincere even if you try to be so. You must go beyond ego, give yourself entirely to the Divine Will, give yourself without reserve or calculation. Then only can you become perfectly sincere, not before.”

But are we to wait and wait, looking at the sky till the ego disappears? Has anyone achieved anything that way?

Sensing our mind, the Mother Herself answers:

“However, this does not mean that you should not make an effort to become more sincere than you are, saying: I will wait till my ego disappears to become sincere. For one can turn the phrase round and say that if you do not exert yourself sincerely, your ego will not disappear.

“Sincerity is the basis of all true realisation. It is the means, it is the way and it is also the goal. Without sincerity, you may be sure of taking false steps without number and having to repair constantly the harm you would do to yourself and to others.

“Besides, there is a wonderful joy in being sincere; every act of sincerity carries in itself its own reward; the feeling of purification, uplifting and liberation that one feels when one rejects even if it be a particle of falsehood. Sincerity is safety, protection, guide; ultimately it is the transforming power.”

These words were an epitome of all that I needed to do the sadhana shown by the Mother.

“Immortal are her words for us mortal beings.”

The Mother's writings are packed with so much light and power that whenever one reads them they create a vibration stimulating the inner urge to live them out. But occasions are not rare when there is no reaction at all, nothing goes in, nothing touches the heart. So is also the case with her inner working in us.

Hence we ourselves are responsible for the amount of light and force that we gather. Much depends upon our ability to receive and assimilate. The period of development also depends upon the degree of earnestness of our call and the inner urge to advance.

Along with the Mantra of transformation the inner road to the goal was pointed out to me right from the beginning, but the soil was not ready, so the seed could not sprout. When it was watered by the Mother's further writings, the seed showed new signs of life.

There came a time when a prayer rose from the heart: ‘May I be truly true to Thee from the very core of my being! O grant that! May the very cells be true to Thee! Let there be nothing which does not want to submit to Thy rule, to Thy reign over me! Mother, I offer myself to Thee as I am. Take me up and make me

so pure and so open that there may be nothing that resists, nothing that refuses to welcome Thee and Thy working in me! I offer especially those parts that still refuse to submit, to surrender. Let me be true to Thee in thought and action, in waking state and in sleep, in life here and in life after life. Teach me, Mother! give me the strength to live for Thee and Thee alone!

Wherefrom arise such calls now? Why has it taken so many long years for any result? I chanced upon the answer in one of Sri Aurobindo's letters:

"It (the psychic) is calling for a complete sincerity, but sincerity is used here in the sense of opening to nothing but the divine influences and impulses."¹

In the same letter he speaks of psychic fragrance, an experience which many must be having.

"The beautiful scent that you get is subtle or psychic fragrance, just as the vision of the lotus is a subtle or psychic sight."

He says in another letter:

"The perfumes you felt were true perfumes but not of the physical world... It was from deep within there that the perfumes came, perfumes of purity, of love and surrender (rose) etc."²

Sometimes one gets overwhelmed. Sri Aurobindo calls it "psychic sweetness flowing into the system."³ And he adds: "Let the sweetness and happy feeling increase, for they are the strongest sign of the soul..."⁴

Mine is yet a call, a prayer and not a happy realisation.

As for the delay, the reason could be nothing else than unconsciousness. There was no fire—"the fire of purifying Agni."⁵ The psychic, wrapped in obscurities, lay buried in aberrant consciousness.

"Agni in the form of an aspiration full of concentrated calm is the first thing to be lighted in the heart."⁶

But despite all efforts it could not be lighted in my heart. All that was there in me—was devotion, not psychic but emotional and I took it for a great thing.

All talk of soul's mastery is, mostly, a vain chimera. The Prakriti keeps the soul lulled into deep sleep. It dominates ruthlessly. One cannot easily escape from its snaky snares. Sri Aurobindo says that if the soul intends to assert itself and regain its mastery, it must do a lot of tapasya.

(To be continued)

A DISCIPLE

¹ *On Yoga*, Tome II, p. 234.

² *Ibid.*, Tome II, p. 236.

³ *Ibid.*, Tome II, p. 229.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Tome II, p. 236.

⁵ *Ibid.*, Tome II, p. 229.

⁶ *Ibid.*, Tome II, p. 231.

BEFORE COLUMBUS OR THE VIKINGS

CHISELED into a crude stone tablet in the language of the ancient Phoenicians, the mysterious inscription has tantalized scholars for nearly a century. "We are the Sons of Canaan from Sidon, the city of the king," runs the translation. "Commerce has cast us on this distant shore, a land of mountains." The tablet tells of ten Phoenician trading vessels that embarked from the ancient port of Ezion-geber (near the modern Israeli port of Elath) on the Gulf of Aqaba, possibly in the 7th century B.C. Presumably, they sailed through the Red Sea, rounded the tip of Africa, and were caught by a fierce ocean storm. Driven into the South Equatorial Current, one of the ships must have been swept across the Atlantic to the coast of Brazil. And there the hardy band of voyagers left their historic memoir.

Scholars have long considered the story a clever but far-fetched hoax. How could those Middle Eastern mariners in their small ships actually have made a landfall on the shores of the New World hundreds of years before Columbus or the Vikings or the half-dozen other claimants of the discovery of the Americas? Now, a respected authority on Semitic languages, Professor Cyrus H. Gordon of Brabdeis University, has discovered additional evidence that may moderate the scholarly scepticism.

The Phoenician text has a pedigree almost as strange as the tale it tells. In 1872, a slave belonging to a landowner named Joaquim Alves de Costa supposedly found the inscription on a broken stone tablet on his sprawling estate in the tropical rain forests of Brazil's Paraiba state. Costa's son, a draftsman, made a copy of the baffling markings and sent it to the Brazilian Emperor's Council of State. Subsequently, Ladislau Netto, director of the national museum, worked out a crude translation. Though Netto was convinced of the inscription's authenticity, he never located the original stones, and his contemporaries generally scoffed at the story as a fairy tale. Translations of the inscription that circulated among scholars of the day were so garbled that they justified the scoffing.

For many years, few experts took the story seriously. Then, at a Providence, R.I., rummage sale two years ago, Dr. Jules Piccus, professor of Romance languages at the University of Massachusetts, paid a few cents for a tattered and yellow scrapbook that once belonged to Wilberforce Eames, a turn-of-the-century American bibliographer. Piccus discovered that the old scrapbook contained a letter written by Netto in 1874. The Rio museum director included not only his translation of the Phoenician text but also a tracing of the original copy he had received from the plantation owner's son.

Piccus called in his old friend Gordon, a language detective famous for his identification of an ancient Cretan script known as Linear A. Long a proponent of the theory that ancient civilizations of South America were somehow influenced by Mid-

dle Eastern culture, Gordon carefully compared the Paraiba inscription with the latest work on Phoenician writing. He found that it contained nuances and quirks of Phoenician style that could not have been known to a 19th century forger. "The alternatives are either that the inscription is genuine," said Gordon, "or that the guy was a great prophet."

(With acknowledgments to Time, May 24, 1968, "Archaeo logy", p. 29, cols. 1-2.)

THY NIGHT

Thy night is herē, huge, star-magnificent,
Descending with the mantle of loneliness,
Enshrouding me from the stark consuming glare
And passion's laugh, the cry of naked day.
Now I am alone in thy clasp of solitude,
Immense embrace of vast and hidden light
With thy all-gathering kiss of jewelled gloom,
To feel thy love like a cascading fire
Upon my secret heart and waiting earth,
Thy night of glory pregnant, ineffable,
The sacred womb bearing the seed of a greater noon!

ROMEN

THE CONQUEST OF DEATH

THE VISION AND THE REALISATION IN SRI AUROBINDO'S YOGA

(Continued from the issue of August 15)

CHAPTER VIII

THE VISION OF THE DIVINE BODY

The Light now distant shall grow native here,
The Strength that visits us our comrade power;
The Ineffable shall find a secret voice,
The Imperishable burn through Matter's screen
Making this mortal body godhead's robe.

Sri Aurobindo, *Savitri*, Book II, Canto II.

Past and gone are three mortal generations: the fourth and last into the Sun
will enter. *Rig Veda*, VIII. 102. 14.

If the transformation of the body is complete, that means no subjection to death
—it does not mean that one will be bound to keep the same body for all time.
One creates a new body for oneself when one wants to change...

Sri Aurobindo, *On Yoga II*, Tome One, p. 14.

THE Integral Yoga of Self-Transformation as revealed to man by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother has for its aim, in contradistinction to the attempts mentioned in the foregoing chapter, the creation of a divine body, here in the conditions of earth and matter. It does not want to be contented with a *cinmaya deha*, or transcendental body, as in the case of the Vaishnavas, nor with the possession of a post-mortem 'pneumatic' body of Pauline conception.

For, this yoga aims not at a release from embodied existence (as even the Tantra and Vaishnavism do at the end), at a departure out of the world into some supra-terrestrial world of bliss and spiritual enjoyment, but at a change of earthly life and existence, at a divine fulfilment of life here upon earth, and that too "not as something subordinate or incidental but as a distinct and central object".¹ Also, "the object sought after [in this yoga] is not an individual achievement of divine realisation for the sake of the individual, but something to be gained for the earth-consciousness here."²

Now, in this goal of a divine fulfilment of terrestrial life, the importance of the body is indeed obvious. For, as Sri Aurobindo himself has declared:

"A total perfection is the ultimate aim which we set before us, for our ideal is the Divine Life which we wish to create here, the life of the Spirit fulfilled on earth,

¹ *Sri Aurobindo on Himself and on The Mother* p. 166.

² *Ibid.*, p. 167.

life accomplishing its own spiritual transformation even here on earth in the conditions of the material universe. That cannot be unless the body too undergoes a transformation, unless its action and functioning attain to a supreme capacity"¹ and "the physical consciousness, and physical being, the body itself... be suffused with a light and beauty and bliss from the Beyond and the life divine assume a body divine."²

Elsewhere Sri Aurobindo sounds a note of warning: "It is because he has developed or been given a body and brain capable of receiving and serving a progressive mental illumination that man has risen above the animal. Equally, it can only be by developing a body or at least a functioning of the physical instrument capable of receiving and serving a still higher illumination that he will rise above himself and realise, not merely in thought and in his internal being but in life, a perfectly divine manhood. Otherwise either the promise of Life is cancelled, its meaning annulled and earthly being can only realise Sachchidananda by abolishing itself, by shedding from it mind, life and body and returning to the pure Infinite, or else man is not the divine instrument, there is a destined limit to the consciously progressive power which distinguishes him from all other terrestrial existences and as he has replaced them in the front of things, so another must eventually replace him and assume his heritage."³

But fortunately for earth-life and for man neither of these alternatives need be envisaged. For man has convincingly shown by his past achievement that he is capable in all parts of his being, of exceeding *ad infinitum* the bounds of his actuality. Thus there is no inevitability of logic why he himself should not arrive at the glorious prospect of divine manhood, by opening all his members—his mentality, his life, and, the last but not the least, his body itself—to the unveiled action of the Supermind and allowing them to be integrally moulded and transfigured by that 'greater term of the Spirit manifesting in Nature.'

For, it should be clearly borne in mind that the divine body thus envisaged can come into existence and its physical immortality be achieved and assured, not through the paltry efforts made by science, nor through the occult-spiritual influences that seek to act upon Matter through the sole agency of the powers of consciousness so far organised in earth-nature, but through the action of the Supramental Power, the power of "the full Truth-Consciousness of the Divine Nature".⁴ This Truth-Consciousness, *rita-cit*, the Supermind as Sri Aurobindo terms it, is "a dynamic and not only a static Power, not only a Knowledge, but a Will according to Knowledge,"⁵ that can "manifest direct its world of Light and Truth in which all is luminously based on the harmony and unity of the One, not disturbed by a veil of Ignorance".⁶

¹ *The Supramental Manifestation upon Earth*, pp. 8-9.

² *Ibid.*, p. 11.

³ *The Life Divine*, p. 213.

⁴ *On Yoga I*, Tome I, p. 280.

^{5, 6} *Ibid.*, p. 264.

Also, when this Supramental Power overtly intervenes in the field of body and Matter, its working will be “not an influence on the physical giving it abnormal faculties, but an entrance and penetration changing it wholly into a supramentalised physical”.¹

Now, as regards the nature and character of this supramentalised physical making possible the appearance, here upon earth itself, of a wholly transfigured divine body, Sri Aurobindo has written in great detail in the penultimate chapter of *The Life Divine* and, more exhaustively, in his last work *The Supramental Manifestation upon Earth*.

The limited span of the present essay does not permit us to discuss in full the nature of this apotheosis of the material body of man, as envisaged in the Yoga-Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, nor can we indicate how far and in what way the insistent problems of food and sleep, fatigue and inertia, disease and decay, unregenerated impulse and appetite are going to be solved in the transformed divine body to appear in time. We content ourselves with picking up one theme, *the* theme, we might as well say, of the sphinx-like problem of death and dissolution of the individual's body.

For, we have been assured by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother that as a crowning achievement of the Supramental Manifestation upon Earth, there will come about ‘the physical conquest of death, an earthly immortality’,²—“in the sense not of attachment or of restriction to our present corporeal frame but an exceeding of the law of the physical body.”³ For, “from the divine Bliss, the original Delight of existence, the Lord of Immortality comes pouring the wine of that Bliss, the mystic Soma, into these jars of mentalised living matter; eternal and beautiful, he enters into these sheaths of substance for the integral transformation of the being and nature”.⁴

And thus will be realised for man his age-old yearning, “the consummation of a triple immortality,—immortality of the nature completing the essential immortality of the Spirit and the psychic survival of death,”⁵—which will be “the crown of rebirth and a momentous indication of the conquest of the material inconscience and Ignorance even in the very foundation of the reign of Matter,...a temporal sign of the spirit's victory here over Death and Matter”.⁶

But before this vision of the conquest of Death, here at its very base, can be realised in the life of man, the metaphysical necessity for its existence and sway so far has to be adequately met and abrogated.

So our task now is to proceed to the study of the metaphysics of death and indicate the conditions necessary for the attainment of a physical immortality.

(To be continued)

JUGAL KISHORE MUKHERJI

¹ Sri Aurobindo on Himself and on the Mother, p. 172.

^{2,3,4} *The Life Divine*, p. 240.

^{5,6} *Ibid.*, p. 733.

BOOKS IN THE BALANCE

M. P. Pandit 50th Birthday Commemoration Volume, Edited by Prof. A. V. Sastri, Published by Keshavmurti, Secretary of the Commemoration Committee, Pondicherry. Price: Rs. 15/-

“OUR lives are God’s messengers beneath the stars” (*Savitri*), and the volume under review registers half a century’s denouement of such a messenger—a most sentient messenger—in whom, as the editor of the volume observes, “Aspiration and Grace have met in fruitful conjunction.”

While a scholar from California conveys her gratefulness to Sri Pandit for all the help she has received from the latter in her studies of the Vedas, while an editor from Ceylon sees in Sri Pandit a natural fusion of the message he upholds and the life he lives, while the members of Sri Aurobindo Ashram and the devotees who visit the Ashram know him as an able and intimate brother, a friend, philosopher and guide, and while still more people know him as a remarkable exponent of many a mystic lore, Sri Pandit, left to himself, is a “servant of those who serve God”—God whom he has found in the Mother. And “to realise Her fully is my one aim”, says he.

Eleven pieces of tributes from scholarly admirers of Sri Pandit constitute Section One of the volume, and Prof. Sastri rightly observes, “a thousand other friends and admirers scattered over the country would echo these tributes.” These treatises not only throw light on various aspects of the Godward life of Sri Pandit, but also introduce us to his works—more than forty in all—from literary reviews to expositions of Tantra, from causeries on several social problems to theses on the Yoga of Sri Aurobindo.

Section Two of the volume contains articles on the Mother, Section Three on Sri Aurobindo and Section Four on various themes with a unity of motif. The contributors include distinguished authors and authorities and almost each contribution merits commendation.

The decently made, precious volume—a gift of M. P. Pandit 50th Birthday Commemoration Committee with Sri R. R. Diwakar as President and Sri Keshavmurti as Secretary—shows that against a time when our eyes are dazzled by the fireworks of publicity often raised around scapegraces, there are people who know how to recognise the silent travellers on the razor-edged path—the path of India’s destiny.

MANOJ DAS

Students' Section

THE NEW AGE ASSOCIATION

FOURTEENTH SEMINAR

25th February 1968

WHAT WE EXPECT FROM THE MOTHER

(Continued from the September issue)

III

A FEW girls were sight-seeing in a new place. All of a sudden they found themselves separated from their escorts and attacked by a band of ruffians. One of them prayed to the Mother for Her help; and then, almost miraculously even in the midst of trouble-makers, the necessary succour came.

The girl in the narrative had prayed to the Mother for help to save her and her friends from the danger. In this way ordinary human beings like us ask the Mother for help and protection in all physical, vital and mental dangers.

Not only protection in danger, we also ask for constant guidance. We refer our dreams and wishes to Her and expect Her to make the choice for us.

This apparently is in contradiction to what Sri Aurobindo says. He says, from the Mother "desire nothing but the purity, force, light, wideness, calm, ananda of the divine consciousness and its insistence to transform and perfect your mind, life and body. Ask for nothing but the divine, spiritual and supramental Truth, its realisation on earth and in you and in all who are called and chosen and the conditions needed for its creation and its victory over all opposing forces."¹

It is true deep down within us, in our true self, we want nothing but truth and light of the divine consciousness. But in our confusion created by ignorance and ego we lose contact with this inner self and are unable to see through clearly.

In this ignorance it is the Mother alone who can help us. She with Her Supreme Knowledge is the best guide and leader. So when we lay our wish before Her, we do not want that She should act according to our will; we expect that She will do whatever She wants to do. She, being Omniscient and Omnipotent, is the best judge of all our needs. It may be a denial or a sanction; whatever it is, it is for our good, it is that which will help us to progress.

¹ *The Mother* (1946), p. 17.

We are Her children and Her instruments—children who have to be constantly steered, instruments that have to be kept properly tuned. And so we constantly expect the Mother's protection, guidance and blessings. If this expectation is a sign of childish inconsideration and insistence, She in Her love for us forgives us and answers our prayer in a manner that works for our greatest good.

MITA

IV

We are constantly fluctuating, as Sri Aurobindo says, between our ignorant lower and our luminous higher nature. So there are moments when our surface consciousness gets clouded and we expect the Mother to fulfil our fragmentary ideas based on insufficient knowledge, our ignorant vital desires and passions, and our blind physical cravings. If she acts otherwise we feel disappointed, we revolt against her with the idea that she does not love us, she does not care for us. But we in our ignorance forget that she has not come to satisfy our purblind mental ideas, not for the gratification of our senseless vital cravings and passions, nor for a life easily gliding through physical comforts, but for the transmutation of the base and the dark into the luminous and the true, and of the ugly and the wrong into the beautiful and the right. She has come to fulfil our highest aspirations which are, as Sri Aurobindo says, "to know, possess and be the divine being in an animal and egoistic consciousness, to convert our twilight or obscure physical mentality into the plenary supramental illumination, to build peace and a self-existent bliss where there is only a stress of transitory satisfactions besieged by physical pain and emotional suffering, to establish an infinite freedom in a world which presents itself as a group of mechanical necessities, to discover and realise the immortal life in a body subjected to death and constant mutation."¹ This being her mission, can we expect her to satisfy our petty human egoistic vital cravings?

But there are other moments too in our life when the inner lamps are lit, when we ask ourselves if we should expect anything at all from the Mother. Are we in the state to know even what should be our true expectation? Is she not the omnipotent, the omniscient Mother Divine whom Sri Aurobindo has described thus? —

She is the golden bridge, the wonderful fire.
The luminous heart of the Unknown is She,
A power of silence in the depths of God;
She is the Force, the inevitable Word,
The magnet of our difficult ascent,
The Sun from which we kindle all our suns,
The Light that leans from the unrealised Vasts,
The joy that beckons from the impossible,
The Might of all that never yet came down.²

¹ *The Life Divine* (American Edition), p. 4.

² *Savitri* (1950), Book III, Canto II, p. 286.

It is she who is kindling the fire in our heart to strive towards God, Light, Freedom, Immortality, and it is she who sustains us with her love, compassion and motherly solicitude through the narrow, rugged and precipitous path that leads us to the eternal Truth. She knows too well our true needs because she is our Mother, our dear divine Mother, our friend in need, our helper on the way, our saviour in danger, our only solace in distress. She will do all for us whether we expect it or not.

So, instead of expecting anything from the Mother, let this be our sole and predominant occupation in our present state of consciousness—to open ourselves more and more to her light, to her knowledge, to her love. To try to be her true instruments for the work of transformation for which she has come down, so that a day may come when with a spotless unperturbed heart we may say to her:

Bride of the Fire, clasp me now close,—
 Bride of the Fire!
 I have shed the bloom of the earthly rose,
 I have slain desire.¹

Or in other words of Sri Aurobindo:

I have given my mind to be dug Thy channel mind,
 I have offered up my will to be Thy will:
 Let nothing of myself be left behind
 In our union mystic and unutterable.

My heart shall throb with the world-beats of Thy love;
 My body become Thy engine for earth-use;
 In my nerves and veins Thy rapture's streams shall move;
 My thought shall be hounds of Light for Thy power to loose.

Keep only my soul to adore eternally
 And meet Thee in each form and soul of Thee.²

SHOBHA MITRA

(To be continued)

¹ Sri Aurobindo, *Poems—Past and Present*, p. 3.

² Sri Aurobindo, *Last Poems*, p. 23.

THE NEW AGE ASSOCIATION

FIFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

The Fifth Annual Conference of the New Age Association was held on the 16th August 1968. At the beginning of the programme some poems on Sri Aurobindo and some passages from Sri Aurobindo's writings were read. Then nine members of the Association delivered speeches on the following subjects:

- Henning — How to know and express the Truth.
- Karuna — The Importance of Dreams.
- Mounnou — The Evolutionary Purpose of Pain and Suffering.
- Nanda — Relations with the Divine.
- Prema — The Value of Prayer.
- Romen — Art and Yoga.
- Rose — Fate and Free-Will.
- Srijit — The Reconciliation of Science and Spirituality.
- Tarun Vishnu — The True Meaning of Karma.

These speeches will be published in the ensuing numbers of *Mother India*.

EYE EDUCATION

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q: I told a doctor friend about your good treatment for defective vision and blindness but he simply ridiculed the whole thing. Why?

A: Many doctors have still not developed the true scientific attitude. They follow conventional authority like a religionist who sticks to some particular dogmas. A true scientist is always willing to make new experiments and accept new truths.

Q: What was the trouble with Rajesh whose right eye was almost blind due to an injury from a tennis-ball?

A: The eye in appearance was all right but had lost its proper functioning, so by relaxation of the eye and mind through some exercises the eye began to function and now he can read the smallest type.

Q: What is the cause of defective eyesight?

A: All defective vision is due to strain in some form, and strain is relieved by relaxation.

You can demonstrate to your satisfaction that strain lowers the vision. When you stare, you strain. Look fixedly at one object for five seconds or longer. What happens? The object blurs and finally disappears. Also, your eyes are made uncomfortable by this experiment. When you rest your eyes for a few moments the vision is improved and the discomfort relieved.

Q: I am forty-five. My eyesight for distance is quite good but my reading sight is failing. What should I do?

A: Concentrate on a candle flame for a few minutes, then do palming and read some small type at any convenient distance and gradually bring the print nearer to the eyes.

Dr. R. S. AGARWAL

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

NEWSLETTER

No. 10.

OCTOBER 1968

GUIDANCE OF YOUNG TEACHERS

METHODS of education are falling all around us like leaves in Autumn. Young teachers about to embark on what might easily be a life adventure are beset with all kinds of advice, warnings, fears and doubts.

There is perhaps no greater vocation in life than that of a teacher. There is also no greater responsibility in life than that of teaching. It should not then be a surprise to those embarking upon this honoured profession that there is no short cut to becoming a teacher. It is a dedicated occupation requiring the giving of oneself without reservation. The satisfaction one derives from such a life is, however, endless—especially if one maintains the ‘spirit of learning’ in oneself, communicating this same spirit of seeking for truth through knowledge and experience to those for whom one is responsible.

Perhaps the most important faculty to be communicated to young people is creativity. Creativity is usually considered a young person’s gift but it is a talent when found in the adult and is the key to the spirit of youth so necessary in the teacher.

It is this faculty above all else which must be educed from the young teacher. Every would-be teacher must have something of himself or herself to contribute. It is this attitude of giving of oneself which educes what lies latent in the being, what can be found to be an individual factor, perfect to the individual and to him alone.

When that factor emerges, creativity becomes possible in teaching—because one has to give oneself through the subject if one is to stimulate interest to the extent of communicating inner values to another human being.

We have come to a point in the evolution of education where the inner values of the being have to be expressed in terms which can be dealt with by the faculties of mind and the refined or purified senses. Concentration has always been recognised as a fundamental faculty for learning but concentration is only the beginning of a more specific faculty—that of morphological thinking. Concentration must be taught as a means to create thought formations. It is these thought formations which are to be communicated to the student so that whatever subject is taken from experience or books is restated in terms of the teacher’s inner values which are his individual contribution to creativity, his personal gift to life—and the manifestation of human consciousness.

It is indubitably a fact that the strength of any inner value is made manifest

through the ordered organisation of form. The tendency towards form is evident throughout the inorganic world, whether it be in the genesis of spiral nebulae, the solar system, crystals or the atoms within a molecule.

Great thinkers of the past have cogitated over this tendency. Kepler called it the *facultas formatrix*, Goethe gave it the name *Gestaltung*, and the biologists speak of it in their own terminology as *morphogenesis*.

Here is an extensive field of phenomena, some of which physics and biophysics have only begun to study seriously in the last twenty years or so.

Thought formation and the projection of the formation has been known for a thousand years as one of the highest powers inherent in man. But it was known only in esoteric circles and among the 'few' elite—or the adepts, initiates. This knowledge is no longer secret, it has become a part of our educational and cultural heritage. In fact for the teacher of the future it has become an indispensable part of his mental equipment.

There is a precise discipline which can be used as a basis for training. There are exercises which stimulate creative thought. And there is a method of working whereby a climate of creative energy can be released.

There was a period, probably at the time of Galileo, when the world consciousness was more integral. From then up till now it has become more and more fragmented, separated, discrete. I believe we are coming to the end of this discreteness and the period ahead will be more global, more integral than ever before. Man is becoming more associated with the totality, because as an evolutionary creature and a transitional being he must progress towards the ideal of human unity. This integration must first be found within man himself. He must first unify himself around his central being in order to reach the true fulfilment of his individuality. The integrated individual alone can be the teacher of the future.

The first step necessary is organised thinking, controlled emotion, disciplined senses and physical co-ordination.

There should be initiated a method of working where not only subjects will be integrated into a synthesis of knowledge but physical, vital and intellectual education will find a true understanding and harmony. The fragmentation, the discreteness of consciousness comes about because of the mixture of these three parts of the being, each of which has its own mind faculty. A method should be utilised to educate first the physical mind to deal with motor, muscle, nerve and respiration—disciplining and controlling the senses so that they are made perfect for the vital mind to deal with the sense emotional reactions, so highly important a factor of growth throughout the whole period of childhood and adolescence.

This then prepares a confident and assured foundation for the intellectual education which needs a clearly defined background against which to evolve. It is precisely the lack of a clear-cut vital and physioemotional and sense background which is the cause of most of the confusion and anxiety in the school life of a lot of children.

It is often here where lies the cause of psychological and neurological impairments in the brain recently confirmed by one of the foremost pediatric neurologists, Dr. R.M.N. Crosby of the American Board of Neurosurgeons. Perhaps over thirty percent of children suffer either from *dyslexia*—a neurological condition rendering the student incapable of reading, or *dysgraphia*—inability to write, or *dyscalculia*—inability to do arithmetic. Medical science today considers these impairments untreatable. It has yet to discover that the cause probably lies in the mixture and confusion of the *three-minds* growing at different rates of progress without first establishing a foundation of confidence, freedom and clear assurance in the early stages of education. It is highly probable that when a child fails to get satisfaction from those fundamental areas like love, recognition, security, freedom, so needed in the formative years, certain areas of the brain cells close down, refuse to function or delay their maturation.

The teacher of the future must have, as part of his training, a knowledge of these factors. It is with a fuller understanding of the student's problems, hopes, desires, aspirations and ambitions that a teacher can find in himself the love and sympathy, the patience and dedication for a vocation which calls him to the high office of dedicated teaching.

We are perhaps on the verge of finding a theory of biological co-ordination applicable to man; and our scientific progress is only one indication that man still desperately aspires for Truth, Beauty and a higher existence. But we can also see that as man presses to know the universe in which he lives he must constantly refer to the universe within himself, for the inner manifests the outer, and it is here where lies the key to any successful education of the future.

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH:

"Never forget the purpose and the goal of your life. The will for the great discovery should be always there soaring over you, above what you do and what you are, like a huge bird of light dominating all the movements of your being.

"Before the untiring persistence of your effort, an inner door will open suddenly and you will come out into a dazzling splendour that will bring to you the certitude of immortality, the concrete experience that you have lived always and always shall live, that the external forms alone perish and that these forms are, in relation to what you are in reality, like clothes that are thrown away when worn out. Then you will stand erect freed from all chains and instead of advancing with difficulty under the load of circumstances imposed upon you by nature, borne and suffered by you, you can, if you do not want to be crushed under them, walk on straight and firm, conscious of your destiny, master of your life."

The Mother, *On Education*, pp. 74-75

NORMAN C. DOWSETT