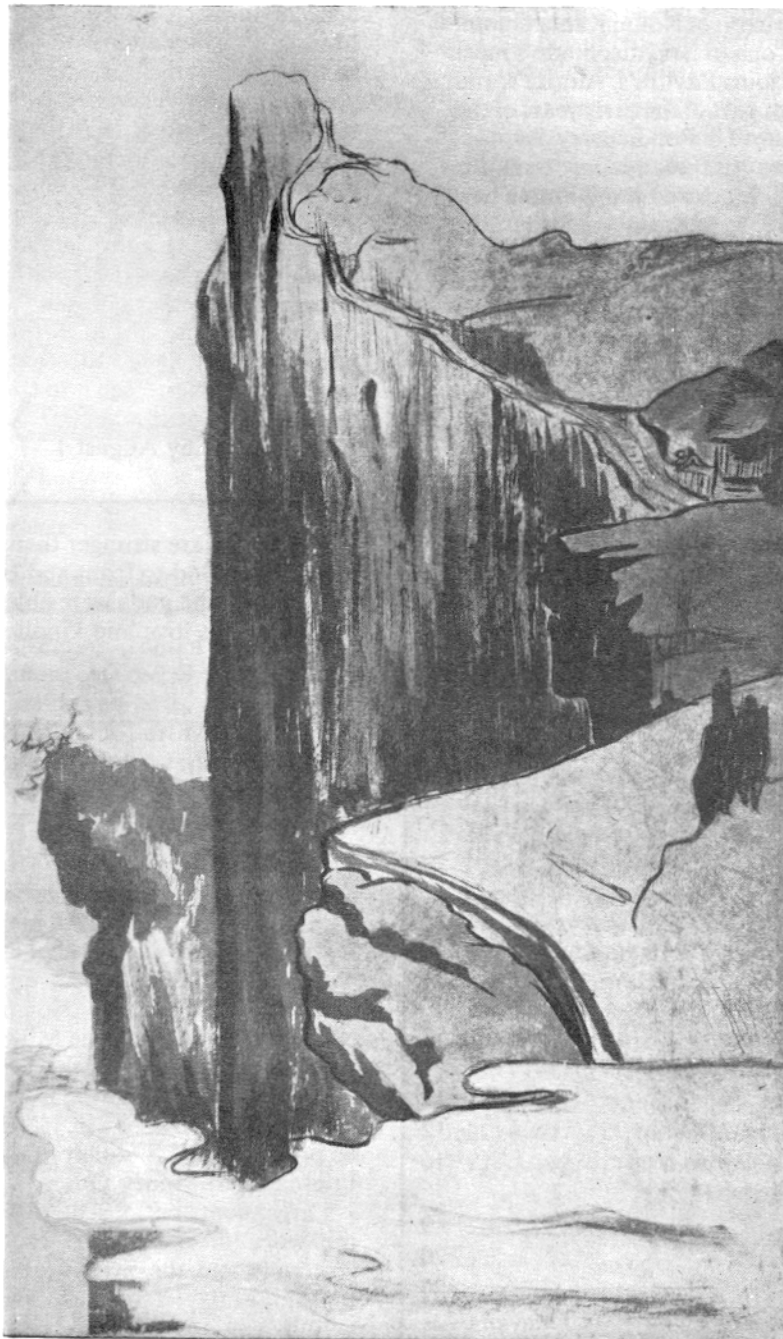


Collaboration

SPRING - SUMMER 1984

MT. TREMPER, N.Y. 12457, U.S.A.

VOL. X NO. 2



ascent to the Truth

Reproduction of Mother's painting
(Courtesy of Sri Aurobindo Ashram)

Painting by the Mother

Once again Spring comes grudgingly to New England and the Northern Hemisphere. The yellow daffodils and forsythia shine against the drabness of the ground and trees whose branches are just tipped with red buds. We begin to take off some of the layers of winter clothes and let our skin feel at home again in the world outside. We begin to look around, to expand, to feel some of the fresh joy of children who have seen the world revolve fewer times than we.

Yet, in this same springtime, we must bring our readers the news of the passing, in February, of Nolini **Kanta** Gupta, Secretary of the Ashram, and one of Sri Aurobindo's most prominent disciples. His body joins Pavitra's; **Amrita's**, and others, who were such a vibrant part of the early years of the Ashram, in the garden of Cazenove in Pondicherry. As, **one-by-one**, those pioneers leave us we realize that the responsibilities of the Yoga fall more and more onto a new generation, and although we have been told that the outcome does not depend on our frail efforts, we come to this springtime with a greater awareness of our place in the flux of evolution and a sense that we must search more sincerely for the parts we are meant to play in the next act of Their drama.

February also brought the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Supramental Descent. Since it is a leap year including the 29th day of that month (the actual date on which it happened), we have compiled some comments from Sri Aurobindo and the Mother on the nature of that force and its effects. We also include a description by Dick **Batstone** from his diary of the very first anniversary of the Supramental Manifestation in 1960.

Arya Maloney discusses some of the 20th century **theories** about and discoveries of the relationship between matter and energy by physicists such as Albert Einstein, Max **Planck**, and others that have made possible the gradual scientific confirmation of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother's statements on the Supramental and on the spiritual force in

matter. This is the **first** part of a paper on new modes of healing, and we will be serializing the rest in forthcoming issues. Arya sent it to us just before his departure for Auroville where he is now working on the Matrimandir, and we are certain, putting his words into action.

John Kelly takes us back to another February forty years ago in France when a boy from Brooklyn had his prayers answered in a way he was not expecting but must somehow have been inwardly prepared for. Many devotees have been drawn into the Yoga in just such a mysterious, if less spectacular manner. To help our readers get to know each other better, we would like to make your stories of how you became involved in the Yoga of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother a regular feature of **Collaboration**. In fact, this will be the theme of the next issue. We are not **expecting** **epics** of great miracles, just tales of the tiny threads that have intertwined our lives with Theirs.

It is also, admittedly, another attempt to get your collaboration with **Collaboration**. We have been very encouraged by the response to this magazine, but we want more. We have received very little news from centers for this issue. This has been disappointing because one of our goals is to gather together information and photos from the many different groups, spread out over this large country, who otherwise may have little contact with each other. If you don't want to write, tell it to a tape recorder and send us the cassette. Our next issue will be in September and we need your material by August 1.

The Titans are stronger than the gods because they have agreed with God to front and bear the burden of His wrath and enmity; the gods were able to accept only the pleasant burden of His love and kindlier rapture.

Sri Aurobindo

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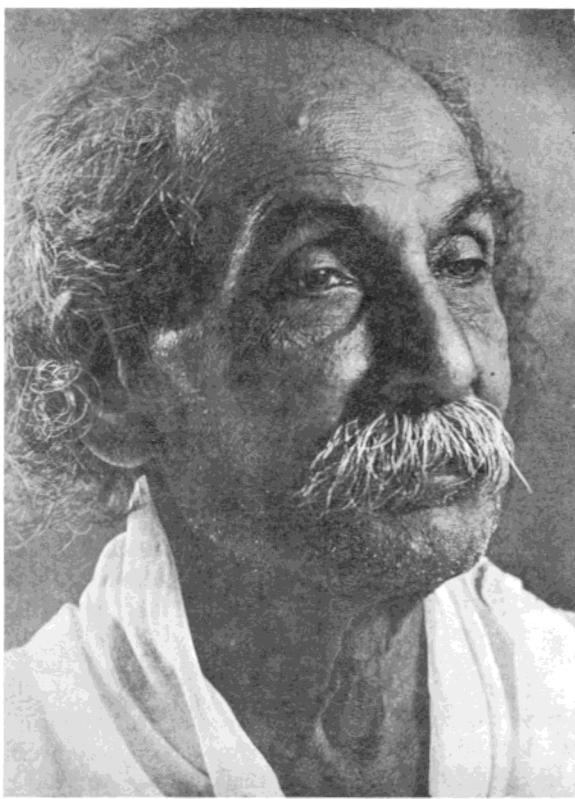
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Nolini **Kanta** Gupta
1889 - 1984

(Photo Courtesy of Sri Aurobindo Ashram)

On February 7, 1984 at 4:42 p.m. (Indian time) Nolini **Kanta** Gupta, general secretary of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, left his body. 'Nolinida, as he is affectionately known in the Ashram, was born in the north of Bengal and came of age during the **first** stirrings of the movement that would eventually give India its freedom. While he was a student at the elite Presidency College in Calcutta, besides excelling in scholarship and soccer, Nolini became an ardent patriot ready for the violent overthrow of British rule in India. This soon involved him with a man named Aurobindo Ghose and his brother **Barin** who were making bombs for that purpose. Eventually, in Muzaffarpur, there was an explosion which killed two European ladies.

Nolini and Sri Aurobindo were arrested and, during their year in jail, began their long, close relationship. After acquittal he started to work with Sri Aurobindo on the newspaper "Karmayogin" and eventually followed him to Pondicherry in 1910. There he lived in close contact with the man who had started to teach him Greek, Latin, Italian, and French by diving immediately into the classic literature of those languages. In those early years Nolini cooked and ate with Sri Aurobindo, **patrolled** the house at night, became involved in local espionage, captained a local soccer team, and shared in an austere life: Sleeping outside on a bare mat, no tables or chairs, and no electricity for some time.

After several years, the Mother came to Pondicherry. She was received **first** "... as a friend and companion, as one very close to ourselves ... because Sri Aurobindo himself received her like that ..." It was not long, however, before Nolini saw her as more than

"... a friend and companion, comrade almost, at the most an object of reverence and respect. I was now about to start on my annual trip to Bengal. Before leaving, I felt a desire to see the Mother. ... I said to him (Sri Aurobindo), 'I would like to see Her before I go.' - Her with a capital H, in place of the Mother, for we had not yet started using that name. Sri Aurobindo informed the Mother... The Mother came in from her room and stood near the door. I approached her and said, 'I am going.' and then lay prostrate at her feet. That was my first Pranam to the Mother. She said, 'Come back soon.' This 'Come back soon.' meant in the end 'come back for good'."

Thus began Nolini's lifetime of service to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. She:

"... installed Sri Aurobindo on his high pedestal of Master and Lord of Yoga. We had hitherto known him as a dear friend and close companion, and although in our mind and heart he had the position of a Guru, in our outward relation we seemed to behave as if he were just like one of ourselves. The Mother taught by her manner and speech, and showed us in actual practice, what was the meaning of disciple and master.²

Over the years, besides being Secretary of the Ashram, Nolini was a member of the Ashram Trust, editor of 'The Advent', editor of the 'Bulletin of Sri Aurobindo International Center of **Education**,' and Dean of the Faculty of Languages of the International Center of Education. He is considered a major writer in Bengali, has written poetry in French, and has published over fourteen books in English interpreting Sri Aurobindo's vision on matters ranging from mystic poetry to yoga to science. His **Reminiscences** give a lively picture of the early days of the Ashram.

More than these accomplishments Nolini has been a living example of the highest possibilities of Sri Aurobindo's yoga. In his late eighties he still took part in the activities of the Ashram's physical education department. He seldom spoke about himself or criticized others. Many came to him over the years for spiritual advice and the sweetness of his presence. His firm faith in the Mother's abiding presence did much to help disciples through the period after her passing.

It will seem strange not to see the figure of Nolini, with drooping moustache and deep eyes, making the rounds of the Ashram samadhi courtyard, like Lakshmana, sleeplessly guarding the abode of his gurus. Yet, as all could feel who reported the peace and serenity in the atmosphere of the Ashram as his body lay in the meditation room outside his office, he is with Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, at their feet.

'**Reminiscences**, Nolini **Kanta** Gupta, Pondicherry, 1969, p. 83

²**Ibid.**, p. 64



Nolini sitting on Sri Aurobindo's left
(Photo Courtesy of Sri Aurobindo Ashram)

EXCERPTS FROM NOLINI'S REMINISCENCES

In our country, it has not been at all a rare thing for an individual to arrive at a turning point in his life which makes him leave the comforts of home and go out in search of something higher; such an event may be counted among the familiar and commonplace. But a whole nation rushing away from its old moorings in search of the unknown—this was a rather extraordinary spectacle. Something like it had been seen during the French Revolution, in the storming of the Bastille, for example, but the Indian awakening had a different form and character.

I myself attended a number of meetings . . . after college hours. At one of those meetings in Panti's Math, I had a view of Rabindranath (Tagore, the Nobel Prize winning poet) as a leader and high-priest of nationalism, calm and handsome and sweet-tongued and self-possessed, but breathing words of fire charged with strength and enthusiasm. On another day I chanced to see, in the fading twilight of evening at a meeting in College Square, Sri Aurobindo. He was wrapped in a shawl from head to foot - perhaps he was slightly ill. He spoke in soft tones, but every word he uttered came out distinct and firm. The huge audience stood motionless under the evening sky listening with rapt attention in pindrop silence. I can now recall only these few words of his, it was a matter of shame and regret for him that he was unable to speak in his native tongue, his early training and environment had been such as compelled him to express himself in a foreign language; he was asking to be pardoned by his countrymen. And the other thing I remember was the sweet musical rhythm that graced the entire speech. This was the first time I saw him with my own eyes and heard him...

Out on tour, Sri Aurobindo used to address meetings, meet people when he was free and give them instructions and advice. Most of those who came to his meetings did not understand English, they were common village-folk. But they came in crowds all the same, men, women and children, just to hear him speak and have his darshan. When he stood up to address a gathering, a pin-drop silence prevailed. His audience must surely have felt a vibration of something behind the spoken word. It is not that he confined himself to political matters alone. There were many who knew that he was a Yogi and spiritual guide and they sought his help in these matters too. I have myself seen as I spent whole nights with him in the same room, at Jalsuka, how he would sit up practically the whole night and go to bed only for a short while in the early hours of the morning. . .

Sri Aurobindo had his own novel method of education. It did not proceed by the clock, nor according to a fixed routine or curriculum, that is, there was nothing of the school about it. It went simply and naturally along lines that seemed to do without rules. The student did not realise that he was being educated at all. Is there not something very similar about his Yoga? Of fixed rules and processes determined in advance there is none; it moves by different paths and along different lines, depending on the time and circumstances; its form and movement vary according to the individual seeker. Even the seeker hardly seems to realise that he is doing any sadhana. Does a fish living in water know that it has learnt to swim? . . .

Sri Aurobindo came to Pondicherry and took shelter here. We might say of course from another point of view that it was he who gave shelter to Pondicherry within his own consciousness. But why this city in particular? There is indeed the usual view that he retired into French territory to escape the wrath of the British bureaucracy. But, actually, all he wanted was to find a quiet spot where he might give himself to his own work undisturbed.

The place was so quiet that we can hardly imagine now what it was really like. It was not quiet. It was actually dead; they used to call it a dead city. There was hardly any traffic, particularly in the area where we lived, and after dusk there was not a soul stirring. It is no wonder they should say, "Sri Aurobindo has fixed upon a cemetery for his sadhana." . . .

Each of us possessed a mat, and this mat had to serve as our bedstead, mattress, coverlet and pillow; this was all our furniture. And mosquito curtains? That was a luxury we could not even dream of. If there were too many mosquitos, we would carry the mats out on to the terrace for a little air, assuming, that is, that there was any. Only for Sri Aurobindo, we had somehow managed a chair and a table and a camp cot . . . And lights? . . . In those days . . . we did not even have a decent kerosene lamp or lantern. All I can recall is a single candlestick, for the personal use of Sri Aurobindo. Whatever conversations or discussions we had after nightfall had to be in the dark; for the most part we practised silence. . .

The Mother had already arrived for the second time, this time for good . . . and I remember well how Sri Aurobindo used to call every Sunday and dine with her. We too would come along and had a share of the dinner. I need not add that the menu was arranged by the Mother herself and she supervised the cooking in person; she also prepared some of the dishes with her own hands. That is the reason why I say we were really lucky to have a share in those meals. At that time we could only appreciate the physical taste of the food we were served; today I realise what lay behind.

Well, during the Mother's stay in this house, there came a heavy storm and rain one day. The house was old and looked as if it was going to melt away. Sri Aurobindo said, "The Mother cannot be allowed to stay there any longer. She must move into our place." That is how the Mother came in our midst and stayed on for good, as our Mother. But she did not yet assume the name. It took us another six years; it was not till 1926 that we began to call her by that name. You can see now how that last spell of stormy weather came as a benediction. Nature did in fact become a collaborator of the Divine Purpose. . .

The Second World War broke out in 1939 . . . The Mother . . . made it known that this War was her war, and those who would be joining this War on the side of the allies would be fighting for her cause . . . It was in the course of this war that we saw from the Ashram so many aeroplanes flying directly overhead, by day and by night, although the enemy's missiles did not quite reach us. Trainloads of troops passed through Pondicherry and soldiers came in their batches to obtain the Mother's darshan and blessings. The Mother kept open door for the soldiers; they could come and have darshan almost at any time. . .

THE SUPRAMENTAL MANIFESTATION

On February 29th of this year, 1984, we celebrated the anniversary of the Mother's vision of the Supramental Manifestation. Sri Aurobindo and the Mother's writings and words are filled with descriptions and explanations of this new world which they strove to manifest in the material consciousness of the earth. Following are some extracts from Sri Aurobindo and the Mother on the sources and qualities of the Supramental Life. To begin with there is a Hymn to Agni which Sri Aurobindo translated and interpreted as that which "...hymns the Divine Force that knows all the successive births of the soul... fires the purity, the poser, the knowledge, the faculty of new formation and spiritual productiveness by which the mortal grows into immortality..."

I meditate on thee with a heart that does the Work and, mortal, I call to the immortal. O Will, O Knower of the Births, confirm victory in us; by the children of my works may I enjoy immortality.

O Knower of the Births, the man perfect in his works for whom thou createst that other blissful world, reaches a felicity that is peopled happily with his life's swiftness, his herds of Light, the children of his soul, the armies of his energy.¹

The supramental world has to be formed or created in us by the Divine Will as a result of a constant expansion and self-perfecting.²

The manifestation of a supramental truth-consciousness is therefore the capital reality that will make the divine life possible. It is when all the movements of thought, impulse and action are governed and directed by a self-existent and luminously automatic truth-consciousness and our whole nature comes to be constituted by it and made of its stuff that the life divine will be complete and absolute. Even as it is, in reality though not in the appearance of things, it is a secret self-existent knowledge and truth that is working to manifest itself in the creation here. The Divine is already there immanent within us, ourselves are that in our inmost reality and it is this reality that we have to manifest; it is that which constitutes the urge towards the divine living and makes necessary the creation of the life divine even in this material existence.³

A divine life on earth need not be a thing apart and exclusive having nothing to do with the common earthly existence; it will take up human being and human life, transform what can be transformed, spiritualise whatever can be spiritualised, cast its influence on the rest and effectuate either a radical or an uplifting change, bring about a deeper communion between the universal and the individual, invade the ideal with the spiritual truth of which it is a luminous shadow and help to uplift into or towards a greater and higher existence... It is obvious that if the Supermind is there and an order of supramental being is established as the leading principle in earth-nature, as mind is now the leading principle, but with a sureness, a complete government of the earthly existence, a capacity of

transformation of all upon their level and within their natural boundaries of which the mind in its imperfection was not capable, an immense change of human life, even if it did not extend to transformation would be inevitable.⁴

As Mind is established here on a basis of Ignorance seeking for Knowledge and growing into Knowledge, so Supermind must be established here on a basis of Knowledge growing into its own greater Light. But this cannot be so long as the spiritual-mental being has not risen fully to Supermind and brought down its powers into terrestrial existence. For the gulf between Mind and Supermind has to be bridged, the closed passages opened and roads of ascent and descent created where there is now a void and a silence. This can be done only by the triple transformation to which we have already made a passing reference: there must first be the psychic change, the conversion of our whole present nature into a soul-instrumentation; on that or along with that there must be the spiritual change, the descent of a higher Light, Knowledge, Power, Force, Bliss, Purity into the whole being, even into the lowest recesses of the life and body, even into the darkness of our subconsciousness; last, there must supervene the supramental transmutation, — there must take place as the crowning movement the ascent into the Supermind and the transforming descent of the Supramental Consciousness into our entire being and nature.⁵

The way of yoga followed here has a different purpose from others, - for its aim is not only to rise out of the ordinary ignorant world-consciousness into the divine consciousness, but to bring the supramental power of that divine consciousness down into the ignorance of mind, life and body, to transform them, to manifest the Divine here and create a divine life in Matter. This is an exceedingly difficult aim and difficult yoga; to many or most it will seem impossible. All the established forces of the ordinary ignorant world-consciousness are opposed to it and deny it and try to prevent it, and the sadhak will find his own mind, life and body full of the most obstinate impediments to its realisation. If you can accept the ideal whole-heartedly, face all the difficulties, leave the past and its ties behind you and are ready to give up everything and risk everything for this divine possibility, then only can you hope to discover by experience the Truth behind it.

The sadhana of this yoga does not proceed through any set mental teaching or prescribed forms of meditation, Mantras or others, but by aspiration, by a self-concentration inwards or upwards, by self-opening to an Influence, to the Divine Power above us and its workings, to the Divine Presence in the heart and by the rejection of all that is foreign to these things. It is only by faith, aspiration and surrender that this self-opening can come.⁶

1. [S.A.B.C.L., Vol. 10, *The Secret of the Vedas* (Pondicherry, S.A.A., 1971) p.p. 116-8.]

2. [*Ibid.*, p. 375.]

3. [S.A.B.C.L., Vol. 16, *The Supramental Manifestation*, (Pondicherry, S.A.A., 1971) p. 62.]

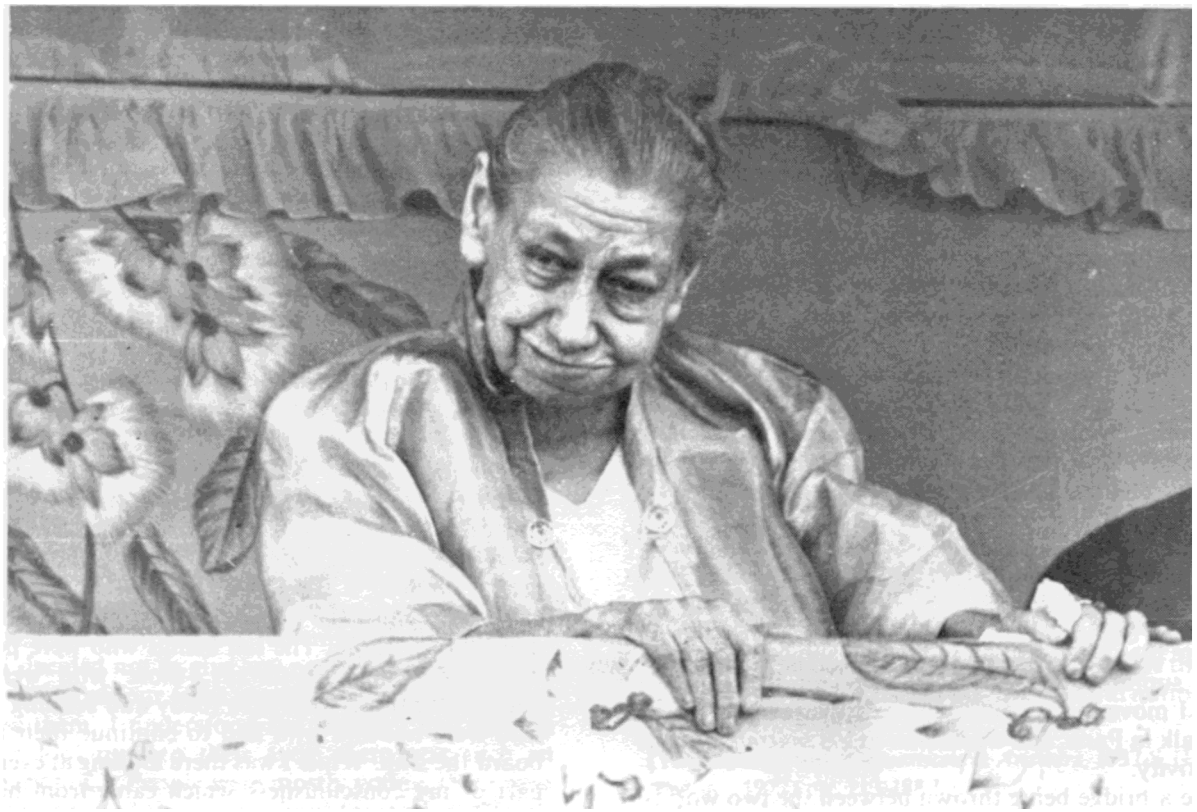
4. [*Ibid.*, p. 47-9.]

5. [S.A.B.C.L., Vol. 18-19, *The Life Divine*, (Pondicherry, S.A.A., 1971) pp. 890-1.]

6. [S.A.B.C.L., Vol. 22-24, *Letters on Yoga*, (Pondicherry, S.A.A., 1971) p. 455.]



Sri Aurobindo
(Photo Courtesy of Sri Aurobindo Ashram)



29. 2. 56

*During the common meditation
on Wednesday*

This evening the Divine Presence, concrete and material, was there present amongst you. I had a form of living gold, bigger than the universe, and I was facing a huge and massive golden door which separated the world from the Divine.

As I looked at the door, I knew and willed, in a single movement of consciousness, that “the time has come,” and lifting with both hands a mighty golden hammer I struck one blow, one single blow on the door and the door was shattered to pieces.

Then the supramental Light and Force and Consciousness rushed down upon earth in an uninterrupted flow.

— THE MOTHER

THE SUPRAMENTAL BOAT

[Mother's comments on her experience of 3 Feb. 1958]

Between the beings of the supramental world and men, almost the same separation exists as between men and animals. Some time ago I had the experience of identification with animal life; their consciousness is so constructed that we elude them almost entirely. And yet I have known pet animals - cats and dogs, but especially cats - that used to make an almost **yogic** effort of consciousness to reach us. But usually, when they see us as we live and act, they do not understand, **they do** not see us as we are and they suffer because of us. We are a constant enigma to them. Only a very tiny part of their consciousness has a link with us. And it is the same thing for us when we try to look at the supramental world. Only when the link of consciousness is established shall we see it -and even then only the part of our being which has undergone transformation in this way will be able to see it as it is - otherwise the two worlds would remain apart like the animal and human worlds.

The experience I had on the third of February is a proof of this. Before that I had had an individual subjective contact with the supramental world, whereas on the third of February I moved in it concretely, as concretely as I once used to walk in Paris, in a world *that exists in itself*; outside all subjectivity.

It is like a bridge being thrown between the two worlds. Here is the experience as I dictated it immediately afterwards:

Silence

The supramental world exists permanently and I am there permanently in a supramental body. I had the proof of this even today when my earth-consciousness went there and remained there consciously between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Now, I know that what is lacking for the two worlds to unite in a constant and conscious relation, is an intermediate zone between the physical world as it is and the supramental world as it is. This zone remains to be built, both in the individual consciousness and the objective world, and it is being built. When I used to speak of the new world which is being created, it was of this intermediary zone that I was speaking. And similarly, when I am on this side, that is, in the field of the physical consciousness, and I see the supramental power, the supramental light and substance constantly penetrating matter, it is the construction of this zone which I see and in which I participate.

I was on a huge boat which was a symbolic representation of the place where this work is going on. This boat, as large as a city, is fully organised, and it had certainly already **been** functioning for some time, for its organisation was complete. It is the place where people who are destined for the supramental life are trained. These people - or at least a part of their being - had already undergone a supramental transformation, for the boat itself and everything on board was neither material nor subtle-physical nor vital nor mental - it was a supramental substance. This substance was of the most material supramental, the supramental substance which is closest to the physical world, the first to manifest. The light was a mixture of gold and red, forming a uniform substance of a luminous orange. Everything was like that - the light was like that, the people were like that -everything

had that colour, although with various shades which made it possible to distinguish things from each other. The general impression was of a world without shadows; there were shades but no shadows. The atmosphere was full of joy, calm, order; everything went on regularly and in silence. And at the same time one could see all the details of an education, a training in **all** fields, by which the people on board were being prepared.

This immense ship had just reached the shore of the supramental world and a first group of people who were destined to become the future inhabitants of this supramental world were to disembark. Everything had been arranged for this first landing. At the wharf several very tall beings were posted. They were not human beings, they had never been men before. Nor were they the permanent inhabitants of the supramental world. They had been delegated from above and posted there to control and supervise the landing. I was in charge of the whole thing from the beginning and all the time. I had prepared all the groups myself. I stood on the boat at the head of the gangway, calling the groups one by one and sending them down to the shore. The tall beings who were posted there were inspecting, so to say, those who **were** landing, authorising those who were ready and sending back those who were not and who had to continue their training on board the ship. While I was there looking at everybody, the part of my consciousness which came from here became extremely interested; it wanted to see and **recognise** all the people, **see** how they had changed and check which ones were taken immediately and which ones had to remain to continue their training. After a while, as I stood there observing, I began to feel that I was being pulled back so that my body might wake up - a consciousness or a person here - and in my consciousness I protested, "No, no not yet, not yet! I want to see the people!" I was seeing and noting everything with intense interest. Things continued in this way until suddenly the clock here began to strike three, and this brought me back violently. There was a sensation of suddenly falling into my body. I came back with a shock because I had been called back very suddenly, but with all my memory. I remained quiet, without moving, until I could recollect the whole experience and keep it.

On the boat the nature of objects was not the one we know on earth; for instance, clothes were not made of cloth and what looked like cloth was not manufactured: it formed a part of the body, it was made of the same substance which took different forms. It had a kind of plasticity. When a change had to be made, it took place, not by any artificial and external means but by an inner operation, an operation of consciousness which gave form or appearance to the substance. Life created its own forms. There was **one single** substance in everything; it changed the quality of its vibration according to need and use.

Those who were sent back for fresh training were not of a uniform colour, it was as if their body had greyish, opaque patches of a substance resembling earthly substance; they were dull, as if they had not been entirely permeated with light, not transformed. They were not like that everywhere, only in places.

The tall beings on the shore were not of the same colour, at least they did not have that orange tint; they were paler, more transparent. Except for one part of their body, one

could only see the outline of their form. They were very tall, they seemed not to have any bones and could take any form according to their need. Only from the waist down had they a permanent density, which was not perceptible in the rest of their body. Their colour was much lighter, with very little red, it was more golden or even white. The parts of whitish light were translucent; they were not positively transparent but less dense, more subtle than the orange substance.

When I was called back and while I was saying "Not yet", each time I had a brief glimpse of myself, that is, of my form in the supramental world. I was a mixture of the tall beings and the beings aboard the ship. My upper part, particularly the head, was only a silhouette whose contents were white with an orange fringe. Going down towards the feet, the colour became more like that of the people on the boat, that is, orange; going upwards, it was more translucent and white and the red grew less. The head was only a silhouette with a sun shining within it; rays of light came from it which were the action of the will.

As for the people I saw on board the ship, I recognised them all. Some were from here, from the Ashram, some came from elsewhere, but I know them too. I saw everybody but as I knew that I would not remember them all when I returned, I decided not to give any names. Besides, it is not necessary. Three of four faces were very clearly visible, and when I saw them, I understood the feeling I had here on earth when looking into their eyes: there was such an extraordinary joy.... People were mostly young, there were very few children and they were about fourteen or fifteen, certainly not below ten or twelve - I did not remain long enough to see all the details. There weren't any very old people, apart from a few exceptions. Most of the people who went ashore were middle-aged, except a few. Already, before this experience, some individual cases had been examined several times at a place where people capable of being supramentalised were examined; I had a few surprises and noted them; I even told some people about it. But the ones whom I put ashore today, I saw very distinctly; they were middle-aged, neither young children nor old people, apart from a few rare exceptions, and that corresponded fairly well with what I expected. I decided not to say anything, not to give any names. As I did not remain until the end, it was not possible for me to get an exact picture; the picture was not absolutely clear or complete. I do not want to say things to some and not to others.

What I can say is that the point of view, the judgment, was based *exclusively* on the substance of which the people were made, that is, whether they belonged completely to the supramental world, whether they were made of that very special substance. The standpoint taken is neither moral nor psychological. It is probable that the substance their bodies were made of was the result of an inner law or inner movement which at that time was not in question. At least it is quite clear that the values are different.

When I came back, simultaneously with the recollection of the experience I knew that the supramental world is permanent, that my presence there is permanent, and that only a missing link was necessary for the connection to be made in the consciousness and the substance, and it is this link which is now being forged. I had the impression - an impression which remained for quite a long time, almost a whole day - of an extreme relativity - no, not exactly that: the impression that the relation between this world and the other completely changed the standpoint from which things

should be evaluated or appraised. This standpoint had nothing mental about it and it gave a strange inner feeling that lots of things we consider good or bad are not really so. It was very clear that everything depended on the capacity of things, on their aptitude in expressing the supramental world or being in relation with it. It was so completely different, sometimes even altogether contrary to our ordinary appraisal. I recollect one little thing which we usually consider to be bad; how strange it was to see that in truth it was something excellent! And other things we consider to be important have in fact absolutely no importance at all: whether a thing is like this or like that is not at all important. What is very obvious is that our appraisal of what is divine or undivine is not right. I even laughed to see certain things.... Our usual feeling of what is anti-divine seems artificial, seems based on something that's not true, not living - besides, what we call life here did not seem living to me compared with that world - anyway, this feeling should be founded on our relation between the two worlds and on how things make the relation between them easier or more difficult. This would make a great difference in our appraisal of what brings us nearer to the Divine or what separates us from Him. In people too I saw that what helps them to become supramental or hinders them from it, is very different from what our usual moral notions imagine. I felt how...ridiculous we are.

[The Mother, Vol. 9, *Questions & Answers*, 1957-8, (Pondicherry, S.A.A., 1977) pp. 113-188.]

12 January 1962

A disciple asked Mother, "What is this supramental standpoint like? What is this capacity or this aptitude to express the supramental world or to be in relation with it?"

First of all, from the psychological point of view, there must be the condition I spoke about in the story of the stag: perfect equality. It is an absolute condition. I have observed since 1956, for years, that no supramental vibration can be transmitted except in this perfect equality. If there is the least opposition to this equality - in fact the least movement of ego, any preference of the ego, it does not come through, it is not transmitted. This is already difficult enough.

Added to this, there are two conditions for the realization to become total and they are not easily fulfilled. It is not very difficult on the intellectual plane - I am not speaking here of just anyone at all but of people who have already practised yoga and followed a discipline it is relatively easy; on the psychological plane too, if you bring in this equality, it is not very difficult. But as soon as you come to the material plane, that is the physical and then the body, it is not easy. The two conditions are: first, a power of expansion, of widening, that is unlimited, so to say, so that you can widen yourself to the dimension of the supramental consciousness, which is total. The supramental consciousness is the consciousness of the Supreme in His totality—when I say "His Totality," I mean the Supreme in His aspect of Manifestation. Naturally, from the higher point of view, the point of view of the essence—the essence of what becomes the Supermind in the Manifestation—there must be a capacity for total identification with the Supreme, not only in His aspect of Manifestation, but also in His static or nirvanic aspect, beyond the Manifestation - Non-Being. But in addition to this, one must be able to identify one self with the Supreme in the Becoming. This implies two things: first, a widening that is at least unlimited, as I have said, and at the same time

a total plasticity in order to be able to follow the Supreme in His Becoming. It is not at one particular moment that one must be as wide as the universe, but indefinitely, in the Becoming. These are the two conditions; they must be there potentially.

So long as there is no question of physical transformation, the psychological and, in a large measure, subjective point of view is sufficient. And that is relatively easy. But when it comes to including Matter in the work, Matter as it is in this world, where the very starting-point itself is wrong—we start from inconscience and ignorance—then it is very difficult. Because, in fact, so that this Matter could reach the individualization needed to recover the lost Consciousness, it was made with a certain fixity indispensable to make forms last and precisely to maintain this possibility of individuality. And that is the chief obstacle to the widening, the plasticity, the suppleness needed to be able to receive the supermind. I am constantly faced with this problem, which is a very concrete, absolutely material one, when one is dealing with these cells which must remain cells and not evaporate into a reality which is no longer physical. And at the same time, they must have this suppleness, this lack of fixity which enables them to widen indefinitely.

One could say that the constant state that is needed for the Supermind to be able to express itself through a terrestrial consciousness is the perfect equality that comes from spiritual identification with the Supreme. Everything becomes the Supreme in a perfect equality. And it is automatic - not the equality achieved by the conscious will, by intellectual effort or an understanding prior to the state; it is not that. It must be spontaneous and automatic; one should no longer respond to everything that comes from outside as if one were responding to something coming from outside. This kind of reflection and response should be replaced by a state of constant perception - which I cannot call identical because each thing necessarily calls for a special response - but free from any rebound, if one may say so. It is the difference that exists between something coming from outside, that strikes you and that you respond to, and something which is circulating and which quite naturally brings with it the vibrations needed for the general action. I do not know whether I am making myself clearly understood. . . It is the difference between a vibratory movement circulating in a unitary field of action and a movement coming from something outside, striking from outside and obtaining a response - that is the usual state of human consciousness. On the other hand, when the consciousness is identified with the Supreme, the movements are internal, so to say, in the sense that nothing comes from outside; there are only things that circulate and naturally bring about certain vibrations in the course of their circulation, by similarity and necessity - or that change the vibrations in the medium of circulation.

It is something very familiar to me, because it is my constant state at present—I never have the impression of things coming from outside and striking, but of inner, multiple and sometimes contradictory movements, and of a constant circulation bringing about the inner changes needed for the movement.

That is the indispensable basis.

The widening follows almost automatically, demanding adjustments in the body itself which are difficult to resolve. This is a problem in which I am still completely immersed.

And then the suppleness needed to follow the movement

of Becoming; suppleness that is, the capacity for decrystallization - the whole period of life spent in individualization is a period of conscious and deliberate crystallization, which later has to be undone. Becoming a conscious and individual being is a constant crystallization - constant and deliberate - of all things; and afterwards one must make the opposite movement, constantly, and also, even more so, deliberately. At the same time, one must not lose the benefit, in the consciousness, of what one has acquired by individualization.

[*The Mother*, Vol. 10, *On Thoughts and Aphorisms*, (Pondicherry, S.A.A., 1977) pp. 113-118.]



Mother
(Photo Courtesy of Sri Aurobindo Ashram)

With patience, strength, courage and a calm and indomitable energy we shall prepare ourselves to receive the Supramental Force.

The Mother

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

by Dick Batstone

(1960 was the closing year of Dick's Journal. It was also the first anniversary of the Supramental Manifestation. The following is his account of that day.)

On the morning of the 29th Mother's balcony was hung with golden embroidered satin, and I was told that she had the gold silk cloth to stand on, made by the Cottage Industries.

There were movie men on the roof of a building on the opposite side of the street to the balcony. They had asked to be able to film inside the Ashram later in the day, but permission had been refused.

Mother wore gold and was full of dignity, but her smile was full of joy and compassion.

At about 8:30 I went up to the Ashram and chose a place to sit in the courtyard, where I would be able to hear Mother play on her organ.

The court was set about with many pots of flowers, brought in specially from the Ashram nurseries: there were French Marigolds, Nasturtiums, golden Khannas, yellow and red Zinnias, yellow Coreopsis and double rows of Sunflowers. The dominant color was gold. Among the palms and tree-ferns beyond the Samadhi were pots of white Amaryllis and magenta Bougainvillea and the picked branches of a beautiful orange-flowered tree, Transformation.

At about half past nine a deeper stillness seemed to descend and most people went into meditation. Then at ten the music began. It was strong and unfaltering and seemed timeless, and neither of the East nor of the West. Mother played mostly in the higher register with the right hand only, avoiding the complications of tone and stop-combinations of which the organ was capable, and developing a line of uncounterpointed melody rather like a loud oboe solo. Later she built chords with the left hand and came into the lower registers, but initially and finally, it was single singing melody leading one over the hills and far away.

Closing my eyes, I seemed to see leaping flames, and opening them, the tree seemed also to be full of tongues of light, everything bright, clear, firm and full of creative energy. The crows, disturbed, began cawing and flapping through the branches, but they too became part of the music. It was innocent, a pastoral idyll, a tune played perhaps by David to his flocks. Later I heard that someone, while listening, had had a vision of Krishna playing on his flute, and Mother had said it was a true vision. Krishna was there.

Music, I have been told, is a unique medium for the transmission of Shakti, or spiritual force, since it acts as a transformer between the source and the recipient, and it is also free from the explicit statement of direct speech. Whatever the truth of this, it is certain that Mother attached quite a lot of importance to this occasion.

Later I heard that Mother had said that what came to her was a music of Beginning; it was hard for her to stop, as it seemed unending and continually unfolding in fresh developments. Indeed at the end it did seem that she faltered in her efforts to effect a conclusion and that it was not inevitable when it came. The notes ceased but they continued inaudibly to prolong their dance. There was an outward stillness, however, and then, slowly, people began

to stand up and disperse. Many waited about, hoping to see Mother return to her own room, but I don't think they were satisfied in this, as she left very quickly after she stopped playing.

At half past three I went back to the Ashram. There was a long queue of people in the street, waiting to go in, but it moved quite fast.

Mother was seated in the middle of the far side of the Meditation Hall. The aluminium of the new ceiling was dazzlingly floodlit with golden light from concealed bulbs. Otherwise the hall was undecorated. There was no splendour of flowers around Mother's chair, but a slender ten year old girl sat beside her and kept her supplied with gold medals and safety-pins, a pair of which Mother handed to each of us as we came up. She smiled very radiantly and happily as she gave me mine, as if she was finding great joy in giving out love and blessings to us on this special day.

The golden medallion had, on one side, a lotus flower, and, on the other, Mother's symbol, with the dates 29.2.56 and 29.2.60.

Next day there was a notice chalked up on a blackboard, saying that Mother had stated that in future the 29th of February 1960 was to be known as "The Golden Day."

THE GOLDEN DAY

Brightness fills the vibrant air,
Music penetrates my being,
The Courtyard seems all lit with fire.
Lambent flickering tongues aspire
On every face and leaf and life-thing
And the central tree that's there
Is alive with flame and light
Enfolding birds and all the crowds
Seated round in silent rite.
This is the song that built the worlds.

The sun in his splendour
Is playing his life-hymn.
We gaze on the wonder
Of a new creation.
Descending music, rarely heard,
Rhythm of the eternal word,
With fiery joy compels the earth
And air and moisture to give birth.
Surya has sent down his rays
Golden flowers send back their praise.

Symbol of life, of Eden and the Cross,
Reminder of Moses and the Burning Bush,
See how the greenness burns . . .
How nature is transformed in this;
The old is not destroyed, by joy made new.
All has been altered by a supreme act;
Aditi's dream now wakes into fact.
The cosmic door stands open to the light
Of the Divine distances; the herds go home.
'Euoi, euân, oh shepherd of white stars.'

The Future of Healing:

Tracing the Body of the Divine Energy

By Arya Maloney

The purpose of this paper is to indicate how our new insights into the nature of matter and energy, and into the nature of their interrelationship, effects what is understood as "healing."

I. Introduction

*An ocean of electric Energy
Formlessly formed its strange wave-particles
Constructing by their dance this solid scheme,
Its mightiness in the atom shut to rest;
Masses were forged or feigned and visible shapes;
Light flung the photon's swift revealing spark
And showed, in the minuteness of its flash
Imaged, this cosmos of apparent things.
Thus has been made this real impossible world,
An obvious miracle or convincing show.¹*

The evolutionary unfoldment of the nature of reality presents itself as a kaleidoscopic dance of experience, and the symbolic expression or form of that experience. The experience is always conditioned by the vehicle through which it is conveyed, depending upon numerous variables; for example, prior experience, widens of mind, plasticity of body, strength and fluidity of emotional being, structure of belief as to limits of reality, or what is possible-impossible, etc. A dancer may have a very deep experience on an intuitive-visual level and yet lack the plasticity of limb and fluidity of motion to manifest the inner vision. Other examples could be cited, but suffice it to say that this disjuncture between experience and symbol both limits new or deeper experience, and provides a creative evolutionary tension whereby the old symbol, or form, is inevitably shattered by new experience.

Our experience of the nature of reality is constantly being rendered into myriad symbolic forms, so that to observe man's politics, economics, psychology, medicine, and his approach to healing, is to peer into his vision of the world. Poet, physicist, philosopher, mystic - each reflects his respective experience of reality through a singular world appearing to bear no resemblance to any other.

Is it in fact the same world they all view? Does each create that which he perceives, so that there are as many worlds as there are observers? Or does the truth include each of these possibilities as an aspect of a wider truth?

While a definitive answer may not be available, there are certain tendencies among perceivers of "reality" that point in the same direction.¹ The once distinct boundaries between scientist, philosopher, psychologist, mystic and poet, in their perceptions of the world, begin to melt and flow into a collage of varying hues. The quote by Sri Aurobindo, cited above, exemplifies this: the language metaphors of modern physics, mysticism and poetry combining with the philosopher's indulgence in metaphysics. The play between energy and what we perceive as matter, rendered into name and form, demands a language of paradox: "formlessly formal"; "wave-particles"; "real impossible world". It is as if this poet-physicist-mystic

enjoys the privilege of standing on a bridge that spans two worlds. What is perceived ordinarily as a "solid scheme" of matter, appears from his vantage point as momentary shapes manifesting and receding in "an ocean of electric Energy."

At least three levels of reality are portrayed: a formless electric Energy from which emerges a subatomic stratum of wave-particles possessing "tendencies" towards both form and formless, and the recognizable world of mass and visible shapes. This continuum of matter-energy ranging from the formless to the solidity of the material world receives affirmation under the scrutiny of the scientist as well as the post-yogi. Albert Einstein discovered that the electromagnetic field of undifferentiated energy gives rise to all particles and aggregates of particles. Moreover, the particles appearing and disappearing in this field are local condensations of energy which come and go. This places what we view as "matter" in a context which is radically different from our ordinary perception of reality. In the words of Einstein:

We may . . . regard matter as being constituted by the regions of space in which the field is extremely intense . . . There is no place in this new kind of physics both for the field and matter, for the field is the only reality.²

This conception of physical phenomena as transient manifestations of a more subtle and fundamental "quantum field" or "ocean of electric Energy," is rapidly emerging as the dominant paradigm of "reality." That it is not a new map of reality has been amply demonstrated in such recent books as: F. Capra, *The Tao of Physics*, M. Talbot, *Mysticism and the New Physics*, G. Zukov, *The Dancing Wu Li Masters*. The appearance of newness and credibility arises from the form or symbol of its truth i.e., modern science. However, the deeper novelty of this emerging paradigm resides in the fact that we may be standing at a "privileged" turn on the evolutionary spiral. What were once separate perspectives, apprehending a portion of reality, now appear to converge in an integral oneness. The outstanding characteristics of this stance are its lack of exclusivity; its radical reevaluation of so-called "givens," and its affirmation of interconnectedness. For example, in modern physics:

Physicists have come to see that all their theories of natural phenomena, including the "laws" they describe, are creations of the human mind; properties of our conceptual map of reality, rather than of reality itself. This conceptual scheme is necessarily limited and approximate, as are all the scientific theories and "laws of nature" it contains.³

This perspective not only paves the way for the end of science as it has been conceived, but more importantly signals the emergence of an integral world view wherein the dominant attributes are evolution and oneness.

II. Between Two Worlds

Presently we exist between two worlds: one deeply ingrained in our belief system, and imprinted in our subconscious; the other, since the turn of this century, in the process of being born. The latter, though not yet firmly implanted in our minds, comes into being with great credibility because it manifests under the guise of modern science.

The old conception, theory, or vision of the nature of reality, including such concepts as space, time, matter, energy, subject, object, cause, effect, etc., is termed Newtonian-Cartesian. The emerging vision has gained its present foothold through the "new physics," more particularly, through quantum and relativity theory. In this "new world," our understanding of space, time, matter, energy, etc., has been radically transformed - leading to new possibilities in all realms of endeavor.

Our purpose here is not an exhaustive analysis of these two ways of viewing the world: This has been admirably accomplished in a truly seminal book, Fritjof Capra's *The Turning Point*.⁴ Our purpose is to examine key features of these ways, features that have a direct bearing on our healing beliefs and how we practise them.

1. A World of Separation

The way we view our social relations, nature, economics, politics, medicine and ourselves, is based on a world-view dominating Western culture for the past three hundred years. We perceive reality, in our daily consciousness, as a myriad of solid objects, existing unto themselves, interrelating via various forces, and residing in empty space: To apprehend a reality where "solid material objects" and "empty space" lose their meaning seems inconceivable.

This world view, whose keynote is separativity, was enthroned both consciously and unconsciously through the work of two men: Rene Descartes and Isaac Newton. Descartes created the conceptual framework for the Scientific Revolution, while Newton developed a complete mathematical formulation of this Cartesian mechanistic view of nature. More specifically, Descartes bequeathed us with a picture of the universe as a Great Machine, and Newton formulated the laws by which it runs.

The vision of Rene Descartes, at age twenty-three, culminated in a new scientific philosophy: "He saw a method that would allow him to construct a complete science of nature about which he could have absolute certainty; a science based, like mathematics, on self-evident first principles."⁵

Our present fascination with the priority, if not certainty, of scientific knowledge has its roots in Cartesian philosophy. In order to erect a "complete science of nature," Descartes developed a new method of reasoning. This method, based on radical doubt, is a major contribution to the creation of a world of separativity—a world of skin-encapsulated egos, of lonely thinkers entrapped in a machine, forever isolated from each other by empty space. Descartes' famous beginning and conclusion, *Cogito, ergo sum*—I think, therefore I exist—was formulated by doubting everything; traditional knowledge, impressions of the senses, the existence of his body - until he reached the existence of himself as a thinker.

This latter concept, he asserted, could not be doubted; and that the essence of human nature lies in thought. That which is conceived clearly and distinctly is true. This conception he calls "the conception of the pure and attentive mind," or "intuition." He further affirmed that "there are no paths to the certain knowledge of truth open to man except evident intuition and necessary deduction."⁶

Descartes' rational method, based on his *cogito*, enthroned the mind in the position of certainty, separate from matter, and more specifically from the body. This basic dualism further supported the belief that we can be objective

observers of nature, and even of our individual bodies. It is this premise which lies at the heart of the scientific method. Fritjof Capra has noted that this division

Has taught us to be aware of ourselves as isolated egos existing "inside" our bodies; it has led us to set a higher value on mental than manual work; it has enabled huge industries to sell products—especially to women—that would make us owners of the "ideal body;" it has kept doctors from seriously considering the psychological dimensions of illness, and psycho-therapists from dealing with their patients' bodies. In the life sciences, the Cartesian division has led to endless confusion about the relation between mind and brain, and in physics it made it extremely difficult for the founders of quantum theory to interpret their observations of atomic phenomena.⁷

Obviously, the list of effects is extremely long. However, it is in the realm of physics, which deals with the patterns of matter-energy, that there emerges a pathway to a new vision of the universe. The transition from classical, or Newtonian physics, to the "new physics" of quantum and relativity theory, creates a great paradox. Through the vehicle of scientific quest for truth, we of the twentieth century are privileged to witness the parallel decline of one vision of the world and the birth of another. It is in this evolution of our perception of the nature of matter and energy, and the way in which they interact to form our world, that the path is opened to a "new" conception of healing.

Descartes' dream of nature, governed by exact mathematical laws, was fulfilled by Isaac Newton. The latter developed a complete mathematical formulation of the Cartesian mechanistic view of nature. The constituents of Newton's universe are absolute space and time, independent of physical phenomena; small, solid, indestructible material particles from which all matter is formed; and the force of gravity, accounting for the motion of the particles. According to Newton, both the particles and the force of gravity were created by God:

It seems probable to me that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable movable particles, of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportion to space, as most conduced to the end for which he formed them; and that these primitive particles being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them; even so very hard as never to wear or break to pieces; no ordinary power being able to divide what God himself made one in the first creation.⁸

This atomistic model of matter did not originate with Newton. It bears strong similarities to that of the Greek atomist, Democritus. "Both were based on the distinction between the full and the void, between matter and space, and in both models the particles remained always identical in their mass and shape. Matter was . . . always conserved and essentially passive."⁹

Newton went beyond the Democritean model, by offering a precise mathematical description of the force of gravity acting between particles - resulting in the Newtonian laws of motion. Although the Newtonian conception of matter has been radically altered by ongoing investigations into the nature of atoms, the quest for the ultimate particle (or building block of the universe) persists, even among modern-day physicists whose explorations have revealed hundreds of sub-atomic particles.

However, as alluded to above, the focal point of atomic research is on the energy field rather than on the transitory manifestation of particles in that field. In the "new physics," the concept of "isolated particles" evolves more as a creation of the mind that seeks than as a reflection of the nature of reality.

At its core, the Newtonian world view is deterministic, and begins with the assumption of separate parts. The work of classical physics focuses on the discovery of the relationship between these pre-existing parts. It is, indeed, the "great machine" envisioned by Descartes:

In the Newtonian view, God created in the beginning the material particles, the forces between them, and the fundamental laws of motion. In this way, the whole universe was set in motion, and it has continued to run ever since, like a machine, governed by immutable laws.¹⁰

This picture of a perfect world machine, created by a God who was external to it, was eventually extended to astronomy, chemistry, biology, psychology, medicine and the social sciences. Mechanistic, yet undisputed, this vision of the universe received its earliest blows in the nineteenth century. The first, authored by Michael Faraday and Clark Maxwell, came with the discovery of electric and magnetic forces which could not be explained adequately by the mechanistic model. The second, ushered in first by Jean Baptiste Lamarck and later more fully developed by Charles Darwin, was the notion of evolution itself.

This radically new way of thinking dominated nineteenth century thought, and deeply influenced all future scientific premise.

2. A World of Interrelatedness and Oneness

If Maxwell's electrodynamics and Darwin's theory of evolution shook the foundations of the Cartesian-Newtonian vision of reality, the investigations of atomic reality - beginning at the turn of the century and continuing even now - shattered the principal concepts of the old world view. Today we live in a transitional period: these pioneer findings, formulated as quantum and relativity theories, sounded the death knell to such notions as absolute space and time, elementary solid particles, fundamental material substance, the causal nature of physical phenomena, and the objective description of nature. These modes of thinking (about the world's structure and the laws governing this structure) require, for their transformation, nothing less than a psychological revolution. [The movement of science, into the realms of atomic and subatomic reality, did not reveal the expected basic building blocks of the universe; rather, it revealed world upon world whose descriptions were at best, paradoxical.]

This research was led, during the first three decades, by an international group of physicists: Max Planck, Albert Einstein, Niels Bohr, Louis DeBroglie, Erwin Schrodinger, Wolfgang Pauli, Werner Heisenberg and Paul Dirac. The first major breakthrough revealed that atoms are not hard, solid particles, but rather vast regions of space over which smaller "particles", such as the electron, travel. This discovery, initiated by Ernest Rutherford, inspired a quest to unearth a new elementary particle - only to find that beyond the electron, proton and neutron there exist over one-hundred "particles" (with new ones still being discovered). Scientists created many models of the atom,

seeking through them to explain the relationships between the subatomic particles.

Focusing on the relationship between the nature of matter and healing, it is interesting to note that these subatomic particles do not in any way resemble the solid objects of classical physics. It is clear that they are neither hard nor indestructible, as both Democritus and Newton envisioned atoms to be. The experiments of quantum physics have shown these miniscule units of matter to possess a dual nature, similar to that of light. Sometimes they appear as particles, and sometimes as waves i.e., either as an entity confined to extremely small volume - a point - or diametrically encompassing a region of space. This phenomenon is one of the fundamental paradoxes in quantum theory. Quantum theory began with Max Planck's discovery that the energy of heat radiation is emitted in the form of "energy packets", rather than continuously. Einstein elaborated on these findings when he

...called these energy packets "quanta" and recognized them as a fundamental aspect of nature. He was bold enough to postulate that light and every other form of electromagnetic radiation can appear not only as electromagnetic waves, but also in the form of these quanta. The light quanta, which gave quantum theory its name, have since been accepted as *bona fide* particles and are now called photons. They are particles of a special kind, however, massless and always traveling at the speed of light. (11)

Not only is this true of light, but also of what we call matter. The search for the ultimate particle unveils, at the subatomic level, "particles that have *tendencies* to be particles, but also *tendencies* to exist as waves. If we ask what anything is made of we will be led, beyond immediate answers such as wood, flesh or iron, to a level where "substance" - as we ordinarily experience it - does not exist.

Wood fibers...are actually patterns of cells. Cells, under magnification, are revealed to be patterns of molecules. Molecules under magnification, are discovered to be patterns of atoms...Atoms have turned out to be patterns of subatomic particles...The search for the ultimate stuff of the universe ends with the discovery that there *isn't any*.

If there is any ultimate stuff...it is pure energy; but subatomic particles are not "made of energy", they *are* energy...Subatomic interactions...are interactions of energy with energy. At the subatomic level, there is no longer a clear distinction between what is and what happens, between the actor and the action. At the subatomic level the dancer and dance are one. (12)

Thus, beneath the apparent solidity of our Newtonian world, there lies a realm where the nature of matter is radically different. Here the laws of Newtonian physics do not apply, and our mind is forced to surrender its reliance on hard edges, on "things", on distinct objects. The apparent dual nature of matter and light was given precise mathematical form by Werner Heisenberg, and is known as the "uncertainty principle". Put in the simplest terms, Heisenberg's finding is: You cannot observe something without changing it.

His experiments with electrons concluded that you cannot determine simultaneously the position and momentum of the moving particle. If you use light with a sufficiently short wave length to see the electron, the energy of the light changes the momentum of the electron; and if you

use light of lower energy, or lower wavelength, then you cannot see the electron. One of the implications of the uncertainty principle is that it calls into question the nature of subatomic particles, which are the "foundation of our visible world". Surely, they are not "particles" in the usual sense of the term. The emphasis in quantum theory is that "particles are merely local condensations of the field; concentrations of energy which come and go, thereby losing their individual character and dissolving into the underlying field". (13)

The classical view of the material world is undercut in two radical ways: firstly, that solid, isolated, enduring particles or objects do not exist at the subatomic level; secondly, that we do not see this reality as it really is, but in the way we choose to see it. According to Heisenberg: "What we observe is not nature itself, but nature exposed to our method of questioning". (14) This latter conclusion of quantum mechanics strikes at the heart of scientific method, namely, that there is an independent observer who probes nature without effecting it appreciably. The key words of quantum theory are interrelated, unbroken whole, oneness. Isolation occurs when we create it:

The "isolation" that we create is an idealization, and one point of view is that quantum mechanics allows us to idealize a photon from the fundamental unbroken unity *because* we are studying it. Photons do not exist by themselves. All that exists by itself is an unbroken wholeness that presents itself to us as webs (more patterns) of relations. Individual entities are idealizations which are correlations made by us. (15)

The conception of the universe as an interconnected web of relations so dominates modern physics that many portrayals of the patterns of matter and energy strongly resemble statements of mystics concerning the oneness of the universe. Isolated particles do not exist because at the subatomic level the *being* of matter cannot be separated from its *movement* or *dynamism*. This is the essence of relativity theory which flows out of quantum theory.

One of the most important conclusions of relativity theory is the realization that matter is nothing but a form of energy. This realization - that matter and energy are interchangeable - is expressed mathematically by Einstein's famous equation $E = mc^2$ (c = speed of light). Thus, even an object at rest has energy stored in its mass, and this can be calculated by the equation. Matter can no longer be seen as indestructible, but can be transformed into numerous forms of energy. Particles are "bundles", "packets", or areas of the energy field where a kind of "condensation" has occurred. Because these particles are essentially dynamic i.e., always in the process of appearing, disappearing or appearing to be transformed into another "particle", they can only be conceived or spoken about in relativistic terms: They have a space aspect and a time aspect which can never be separated: "Their space aspect makes them appear as objects with a certain mass, their time aspect as processes involving the equivalent energy". (16) Force and matter, seen as fundamentally different in Newtonian physics, are but forms of the same process of energy. The marriage of quantum and relativity theory have radically altered our conception of matter. In summary,

Quantum theory has shown that subatomic particles are not isolated grains of matter but are probability patterns, interconnections in an inseparable cosmic web that includes the human observer and her consciousness. Relativity theory has made the cosmic

web come alive...by revealing its intrinsically dynamic character; by showing that its activity is the very essence of its being. In modern physics, the image of the universe as a machine has been transcended by a view of it as one indivisible, dynamic whole whose parts are essentially interrelated and can be understood only as patterns of a cosmic process. At the subatomic level the interrelations and interactions between the parts of the whole are more fundamental than the parts themselves. There is motion but there are, ultimately, no moving objects; there is activity but there are no actors; there are no dancers, there is only the dance. (17)

If the revelations of modern physics indicate a world of oneness, just beyond our obsession with a world of separativity, it remains for us to fully translate these indications into our experience. We have briefly touched on the nature of matter, unveiled by the discoveries of modern physics, for the purpose of applying these findings to the realms of healing. In the following pages, we will discuss some of the implications of the new physics for healing; look at an approach to healing that demonstrates the discoveries of atomic research; explore some spiritual investigations that parallel and go beyond modern physics.

FOOTNOTES

1. Sri Aurobindo, *Savitri*, Pondicherry, India: Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 1970, p. 155.
2. Quoted in F. Capra, *The Tao of Physics*, New York: Bantam, 1980, p. 197.
3. F. Capra, *The Tao of Physics*, op. cit., p. 277.
4. F. Capra, *The Turning Point*, New York: Bantam, 1985.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 57.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 59.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 60.
8. Capra, *Tao of Physics*, op. cit., p. 44.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 43.
10. *Turning Point*, op. cit., p. 66.
11. *Tao of Physics*, op. cit., p. 56.
12. G. Zukov, *The Dancing Wu Li Masters*, New York: Bantam; 1980, p. 193.
13. *Tao of Physics*, pp. 196-197.
14. Zukov, op. cit., p. 114.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 72.
16. Capra, *The Turning Point*, op. cit., p. 91.
17. *Ibid.*, pp. 91-92.

All disease is a means towards some new joy of health, all evil and pain a tuning of Nature for some more intense bliss and good, all death an opening on widest immortality. Why and how this should be so, is God's secret which only the soul purified of egoism can penetrate.

Sri Aurobindo

Break the moulds of the past, but keep safe its gains and its spirit, or else thou hast no future.

Sri Aurobindo

INTERVIEW WITH JOHN KELLY

(In Pondicherry during the 70's I heard stories of John Kelly and his encounter with Sri Aurobindo and the Mother during World War II. Finally, after years, we caught up with him at Merriam Hill in New Hampshire for an interview. In fact it was a monologue. John is a consummate story teller and the words on paper do little justice to his ability to spin a yarn. John currently lives in New York City, and we urge our readers to give him a call if they're in town. He has many more stories and is a warm, engaging person. We hope that this tale will inspire our readers to contribute their own versions of how they discovered Sri Aurobindo and the Mother.)

"I went to India (John begins) to ask Mother what she thought of all those things. I presented this story that I'm going to tell you to her and she would say, more or less, 'Well, and then what happened . . .?' So. Here it is."

I had no knowledge of yoga. I quit high school in my second year after the football season to earn money . . . the family was in poor circumstances. When I became 18 I was drafted into the army. In a very short period of time I was in France in the infantry, and we went into the attack, surprisingly, I found out later, on Mother's birthday in February of 1945, the closing months of WWII. France was still occupied by Germany, and this was the time of the Battle of the Bulge and Bastogne. We were replacements for a lot of people who had fallen in those battles. So we were in this town of Faubourg. After fierce fighting in the town, I don't know if it was one or two days into the battle, day and night, hit by rockets from 15-20 miles called "screaming meemies" . . . all sorts of terrible noise . . . Anyway, because of one of those rockets that could flip you up in the air and toss you like a flapjack, I must have opened up. The head must have opened to these frequencies . . . That might be one possible explanation.

We were in a zigzag trench down this mountain which was a graveyard from the first World War. I had heard that from the Napoleonic wars there were people buried there . . . There were crosses. We were near a wood road up in the forest. The original company had been wiped out almost to a man . . . as far as I know. There were German and American bodies laying on the field amid the pine trees. It was a big jungle of torn-up trees and earth.

I had the first vision there. You know, they say there's no atheist in a foxhole, well, I wanted to see...I thought I was going to be on the other side any minute. So I said, "Let's get there first!" It was about the only thing worth trying for. I had heard from my childhood brought up in a Catholic school of people who had some kind of transformation vision and experience. God or the angels could descend and enlighten you, you see. So here's the situation: a cemetery, all these dead from past wars, I in another 'plot', alive...they haven't thrown the dirt in on top of me - that's the only difference between me and these fellows. I said, "What the hell is this all about?" I'm a person a little thick. To bring something home to me you practically have to hit me on the head, and this was that type of situation...and I found out in India that experiences happen in graveyards. So I was in a psychological state. Believe me. Desperation.

After some time, one day, two days, god knows, it was freezing up there, the middle of winter. Time stood still.



John Kelly at Merriam Hill

Finally one night late there was nobody near me . . . I saw a wisp of white smoke in front of me, a little whiff of smoke, like cigarette smoke. Little sparks of light started to emanate out of that little wisp. It was moving to my right from 'no-man's land'. my eyes were fastened on it like a rabbit's. The smoke kept growing and turned into a haze, and the sparks coming out of it were enormous. My mind was working feverishly, very rapid . . . so . . . out of that came a bubbling laughter, gentle laughter of a wise old man. It came out like champagne, and actually I heard the 'ppp' of a bottle and the fizz. That effervescent sound with the light in front of me became a delightful fascination. And frightening. The laughter kept getting louder, in my head perhaps. I don't know. But it was very gentle and very wise, and suddenly I see a mouth and a beard start to form, then the eyes, and the eyes sent out this light that hit me, and I fell back in the hole. I said, "Oh god, I think I struck pay dirt here."

The laughter continued. I felt a bubbling in my stomach, a buoying of my spirits, you see. Suddenly the voice says (low), "What is it you wish, my child?" It had the accent of a high Englishman. Here I am from Brooklyn. I said, "Oh my god (my father was a rebel) . . . God is an Englishman." I thought, "What am I gonna say to God?" I pinched myself. I said, "Jesus, I'm making this up in my head." No, it was real. I'm awake and this is happening.

So the first thing I thought of was, "Get me the hell out of here . . . take me to Paris where I can sit down, drink some wine, and dance with the girls. This is a serious situation, but at the same time I was completely delirious. There was some kind of spirit there. I wasn't lonely. If I got killed now I didn't give a damn. There was a certain inner delight about the whole relationship that occurred. So I said, "I've got to think of something sensible to say, so I said, "Great Sir," that's what I called him because everyone's Sir in the army. So I said, "O great Sir, all I really wish is . . . to know." So he laughed, and I ducked down because I didn't want to get hit with that light in the head. I wouldn't look at his eyes because of the force that came emanating out.

The laughter was one of the most incredible things of tone value that I had ever heard. What I felt was that the laughter itself was talking to me. Now, you see, there is such a thing as mocking laughter, hilarious laughter, you can laugh every

way. You can laugh, you know, for all kinds of reasons. There's a whole vocabulary of laughter that I became attuned to and the nuances of the laughter. There was a whole thing we were going through as if this wasn't the first time it had happened.

I thought, "I'd better not say anything more or I'll get in trouble." So he said, "If my help you choose then your religion you will lose." I thought, "Aha, I've got the devil!" But then I didn't care at this point about religion or whether it was hell or heaven I was going to as long as I went. I mean, I was brought up a Catholic, but I never really had Christ in me. I was given a label like a Democrat or Republican. It was on the surface of my being. So I said to him, "You know, I don't have a religion in that sense, the true sense of having the founding force of a religion. You have to give it to me." I was begging for spirit. And I was putting the ball in his court . . . I got the ball across the net, you see. That's all it amounted to for me. Like a pingpong game. I ducked down waiting for his reply and suddenly the laughter stops. "Oh, oh," I thought, "I said the wrong thing." But then I looked up and standing there in front of me, on the battlefield, was the full figure, a man with a white beard and white hair hanging down in a sheet like a Roman emperor. He's leaning against this tree a little bit, and he's signing to my left. I don't know if the moon was out that night, but the light on his face was golden. You could see a certain kind of refinement in this being that was extraordinary, an aesthetic face that really doesn't show up in his photographs at all. There was suffering and the conquering of suffering. All of that was there.

So as I look to the left, out of the forest I see a waffling motion and something moving down like a big platform zipping in, like a UFO long before I ever heard of those things. It moved and set itself. It was a Greek temple like those small Parthenon-type things with four columns. People sit on them in wicker chairs and have tea. That kind of set-up. And there was a lady lying down! I said, "Oh, this is a fairy tale. This is ridiculous, delightful." She's on a big divan with a black housecoat of velvet. The columns of this thing are like luminescent light, like a very high quality neon light . . . it reminded me of alabaster, radiant soft light . . . indirect lighting . . . the supreme in indirect lighting.

I look, and there she is sitting in a pose exactly as we see her in those old photographs of 1914. I came to learn over the years that this pose was like the mudra of the Greek goddess of wisdom. So I'm in this trench, and it seemed like I was on the steps of the temple looking up at her. Her face changed . . . it was a long nose. . . very much Mother. And then that same face said, "I am Mother, Mother, Mother, Mother. I am all Mothers." The face kept changing like a strobe light effect. That face changed and changed constantly and then would come back and rest at that face again.

I was absolutely enchanted. It was extraordinary. With that it's getting very heavy on my head. My head is really singing. I said, "Listen, sweetheart, you'd better remove that thing, that temple, from the field of battle because we're having a hell of a time here." She didn't want to go. I said, "If you don't go soon I won't have anything in my head. I'll be insane . . . with delight." So reluctantly it faded away into the gloom. Then I was so happy I did a somersault or maybe I fainted, I don't know. I collapsed. The next thing I recall is a soldier saying, "Hey, Kelly, get up. Wake up. We're going off of this hill. We've been relieved." This was dawn, I think.

The place was always so overhung with clouds you didn't know what it was.

As we go down I start to recall what happened, and I hear two guys talking behind me. One says to the other, "Did you see the light on the hill last night?" "Yeah, wasn't that something." They saw it too! That thing was like a 3-D manifestation. It kept growing from those wisps of smoke. I thought, "I've got to forget this." But everytime there was a bombardment all I did was think about her, sitting in that temple. And I said, "Gee, I wonder who she is."

Another day goes by, and suddenly I hear the old man in the sky. You see, I used to walk behind my men—they made me a sergeant for a few days because all the others were sick or wounded or whatever. Anyway, the old man says to me, "That underpass is gonna be hit." There was a train overpass that we had to go under, and he almost gives me the picture of the bombardment occurring. So I ran down to the Lieutenant and said, "Where are we going?" I was stalling. He showed me the map and a German headquarters building on the other side of the underpass. That's where we were going. I tried to convince him to go another way but he wouldn't listen.

So I went back to my men, and then the old man in the sky says, "Take your men and go first." I said, "What? Now you want me to go first?" There I was, cringing and cowardly, trying to find another way out. Anyway he convinced me to go first and quickly. So I went and told the Lieutenant that we would go first. He says, "You will?"

We ran down the hill like a track team through the underpass and the idea was not to stop until we got to the building. And we did. They shot at us. We shot back. As soon as we closed the door the whole **goddam** place exploded. But they didn't hit that building. It was their own building. There was nobody in it, thank god. When the smoke cleared we looked, and there was nobody back there. The whole platoon was gone. Well, **they had gone around just like I thought we should.**



Photo of "The Mother"
(Courtesy Sri Aurobindo Ashram)

Anyway, the contact was constant. He was giving directions, and I was always refusing to accept them. And he was like a periscope. He could look around. He could see in the distance, where it was safe and where we should go. That was very beneficial to me. But still, you can have your father take you by the hand and lead you into the candy store, and still you're gonna be disgruntled. I was disgruntled. Though I was in a very advantageous position with having such a guide. Still, the gloom. At least I had somebody to complain to!

Well, the war ended. We got through the Ziegfried line and through the concentration camps. Eventually we got up along the border with the Russians. We were now the occupation army. Anyway, I was trying to figure all this out. I didn't know about bi-location, you see, that masters do exist and have existed through the ages, and that he and she were of that class, that order of beings. I had put them in the class of god, the devil, and the holy ghost, beings of another world, when, in fact, they were living beings on our own earth. That's the real significance of this story.

I asked Mother these things specifically later on when I got to India. She said that it was as if the day the World War started the telephone exchange slowly and invisibly—like an enormous box—came down slowly and settled on her. And with that box, it made all kinds of sounds like “tu-tu-tu-tu”, like a telephone exchange, that's the word she used. She was, in a sense, plugged in to all these distress calls from all over the battlefields of the world. Anybody that was in jeopardy or peril . . . would be calling, and sometimes she would faint, in the schoolyard, the playground, or she would go into a trance and there was no stopping it or controlling it. And there was no remembering it because it was constant. She was part of that hookup. Higher emanations were going out of her in all directions—that was what was given to her as a work, and she said the happiest day of her life was the day the war ended, and the box went back up again.

So, after a while I came back from the line, and I was in this building. Now the tension from all this had built up in my body, all the confusion and craziness and these visions. I was like a taut wire, but it was occult—I had no control over it. That wire was so high strung—I thought that I was insane, you know. I was out in no-man's -land and no-mind's land. That's a strange place, not knowing that there is such a place and that you can get accustomed to it.

I had other visions. I saw an old guy with a pipe who I later thought must have been Carl Jung. I saw a priest, a big tough looking guy, big black beard, pirate eyebrows, but very sweet, and I told him I wanted to see that woman again, and he said that he would speak to her.

It just kept building up and up, and finally I dropped dead right on the bed. The heart stopped, and I go out of my head. All of this force goes right out of the top of my head, but I was still coherent and the Sri Aurobindo came. There was a flame shot around the room—it was the psychic plane, that dimension. That was a magic circle or something, and up through the magic circle we go. He tells me to stay on his heels and not to look right or left. Out we go into the night sky over Germany, headed towards Switzerland, out towards Italy, down towards Rome. At the same time, there are all sorts of besieging entities on all sides trying to come at us in this plane. Ghosts and otherworldly beings trying to make contact and send messages to this world. But I was told not to look right or left. Finally we broke out of that world, that gloom world, into the night sky. It seemed to be

the physical night sky—I can't tell you for sure. We headed out over the Mediterranean Sea and got to Egypt and saw the sands of Egypt turning to dawn. By the time we hit the coast of India it was daylight, and I'm in the Ashram on the floor and there are these chintzy pink clouds on the floor!

He's sitting in his chair. Mother's over there. But these clouds! I was hitting the floor. What are they doing there? He was smiling and laughing. “Do you know what an ashram is?” he says. I didn't know, but I bluffed. So we're in the Ashram and talking, and I found out I could go over . . . to past lives, and I found out I'd been in ashrams before, in past lives. Then he told me certain things, and we had a whole series of visionary experiences in other planes as he mentions in *Savitri*. Finally I came back to the bed, the heart started up and the cataleptic trance left—that's actually what I was in, a cataleptic trance.

I'm so deliriously happy when I wake up. I remember looking out the window—there was a drunken soldier coming up the road with a bottle of wine in his hand singing a dirty song, and that was spiritual! It was under the haze of dawn light, and this debauched guy was some part of this spiritual atmosphere in some mysterious manner.

I wake up. I get dressed and a hush falls on the room. I knew the old man was back, and, there, coming through the wall, there he is sitting in the chair, and the Mother is with him but less visible. So I stand straight like a soldier. He's very benevolent. There's wonderful force, emanations, and circles radiating out, seas of bliss and light and joy all coming out. And this enormous benevolence.

I had said I wonder who he is, this wonderful being who had helped me through the war all this time to get me through these states and give me these experiences, and he moves his head—he picked it right up—and he says to me (barely audible), “Sri Aurobindo.” I said, “Auro?” He says, “Au . . . ro . . . bin . . . do.” He's smiling, almost ready to burst out laughing. He can hardly contain himself. He's breaking up.

I said, “O.K., Aurobindo. What is that? Is that a password? You and me got a password?” Basically he says yes. I never heard a word like that. Then Mother said to me. “Come to Pondicherry.” I thought, “I'm supposed to go to a place very far away?” It was much farther than today—everybody still went by ship then—I wasn't that clear. Bringing it over to the physical mind, when there wasn't that **much there, wasn't an easy choice. My associations and relationships took half a lifetime . . . truly.**

It wasn't meant to be, either. I told them I had to stay and help my mother. She was sick, and the old man's a bum and **he's drinking, and I've got to stay to take care of the family.** He understood and said he understood. “You will come in twenty years,” he said.

That's basically the story. There are many others. I went back to America, became a fireman in New York City retired from that after my mother passed away. She died in 1965. A year later I went off to India and saw Mother. She was very happy. We had a lovely relationship. I met other people who had seen Sri Aurobindo like I had, in the war or someplace in the world. That was a big boost. As long as someone else had seen him then I knew I was in the right group. I got there too late to see Sri Aurobindo in the body . . . but his darshan is always there.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNITED NATIONS — A METAPHYSICAL OUTLOOK*

Gopal C. Bhattacharyya

Gopal has been teaching Indian Studies at SUNY, New Paltz since the fall of 1980 and recently organized classes in Rosendale, NY. He is presently working on the organization of a Sri Aurobindo studies center in the Rosendale-New Paltz area and co-editing a volume on Sanskrit and related studies. This is the first of a three-part series.

A review of **New Genesis-Shaping a Global Spirituality by Dr. Robert Muller, Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations.*

June 26, 1945 was the birthday of the United Nations. On that day the representatives of fifty countries of the world signed the United Nations charter to maintain peace and security among nations and develop international cooperation. Since then the UN has expanded into eighteen specialized agencies and fourteen world programs. It has also extended its membership to 158 countries of the world. Since the day there has been scientific progress in the seas, on the earth and in space and with it serious threats to world peace. As a result the UN has realized that it cannot build bridges or solve international problems unless it raises itself not only from a political and economic level to an ethical one but also to a spiritual level.

It is Robert Muller who, working for the UN almost since its beginning, understands the importance of the spiritual dimension of the world organization and calls for transcendence of human values and attitudes. His latest book, *New Genesis*, is, in fact, the philosophy of the United Nations and speaks for the importance of the spiritual evolution of the UN. He spares no pains to establish that the UN is based on the belief in a planetary consciousness which has been gradually evolving to unite mankind in peace and happiness. He draws his references from former Secretary-Generals, specifically U. Thant from the east and Dag Hammarskjöld from the west. He thinks that they saw in the United Nations a total dimension of human life. This includes physical, mental, moral, and spiritual aspects. He quotes from U. Thant: "... I have certain priorities in regard to virtues and human values ... I would attach greater importance to intellectual qualities over physical qualities. I would attach still greater importance to moral qualities or moral virtues over intellectual virtues—moral qualities like love, compassion, understanding, tolerance, the philosophy of 'live and let live', the ability to understand the other person's point of view, which are the key to all great religions. And above all I would attach the greatest importance to spiritual values, spiritual qualities ... faith in oneself, the purity of one's inner life which is the greatest virtue of all. With this approach, with this philosophy, with this concept alone, will we be able to fashion the kind of society we want, the society as envisaged by the founding fathers of the United Nations."

Muller believes in evolution and in a new genesis of human values. He says that "humanity is undergoing a deep evolutionary change" and "aiming towards ever higher levels of consciousness." He finds his support in great teachers of the world, especially Sri Aurobindo and

Teilhard de Chardin who foresaw the grand journey of humanity towards unity, towards oneness but with variegated diversities. Muller remarks, "One of the most fundamental events of our own time is the convergence of all these life experiences and civilizations and extraction therefrom of common denominators of what is good or bad for the entire human race. It is the great question of unity in diversity."

Muller, although an out-and-out optimist, does not ignore the grim fact that this journey to human unity is not an easy one, and that it depends chiefly on our conscious efforts. He remembers 'the severe words' of H. G. Wells about the League of Nations: "Does the League of Nations contain within it the germ of any permanent federation of human effort? ... There are few intimations of any such enthusiasm for the League at the present time ... " Muller asks intently whether the present situation of the world organization has changed for the better to the extent that it does not meet with the same kind of disaster as fell on the ill-fated League of Nations.

In fact there are criticisms of the UN particularly in regard to political and diplomatic issues. Third world countries are criticized for having sometimes "turned (it) 180 degrees into a center for the circulation and legitimation of tyranny." Carlos P. Romulo, one of the founding fathers of the UN from the Philippines, has recently mentioned a few defects of the UN charter during an interview with the *New York Times*. He has said that the veto power in the Security Council should be corrected to make the document "more consonant with the times." He feels that the provisions of the UN charter should have periodic review by a conference of member nations. He also thinks that the one nation, one vote principle should change and that the role of the International Court of Justice should be strengthened.

Muller, on the other hand, is out for a fundamental change in the attitude of the members of the UN. That change means an emergence of global consciousness and a feeling for the planetary human family on the spiritual plane. Muller claims that exploration of the human heart and soul has so far been neglected and "this transcendence is not even discussed in the world forums." He further adds that "these philosophical and spiritual questions have not yet reached the United Nations as an institution, but they were powerfully incarnated in individuals such as Dag Hammarskjöld and U. Thant."

Muller observes that humanity's progress has so far been mainly material and intellectual. "The imperialism of reason" would lead us to believe that we can solve all our problems "by means of pure physical manipulation and intellect." Muller's experience in the UN for the last 36 years has made him feel beyond doubt that "world problems are insoluble because of the excessive intelligence of the antagonists". As an antidote Muller asserts that "we must absolutely restore the great moral forces of love, compassion, truthfulness, optimism and faith in human destiny which have always been at the root of civilization." He wants to bring down these moral forces to individuals, particularly to the younger generation, the future citizens of this world of ours, and for this he feels the urgent need of global education and consequently a change in the curriculum and still more important, I may add, a change in the attitude of the educator. (The role of the UN in education will be discussed in the next issue.)

Muller believes "a real turning point in evolution" is going on, "a prodigious evolutionary march by the human species toward total consciousness" and international cooperation through the UN is just an outward reflection. Muller visions the beginning of an entirely new era, the birth of a new age, "a gigantic step forward in evolution", unprecedented and full of immense hope for humanity's future on this planet. He wants to share his vision with the people of the world. He feels the imperative need of inculcating this optimistic faith in the future of humanity. He would love to see us live, move and have our being in that faith as he himself does. (*To be continued*)

GOD'S ELEPHANT

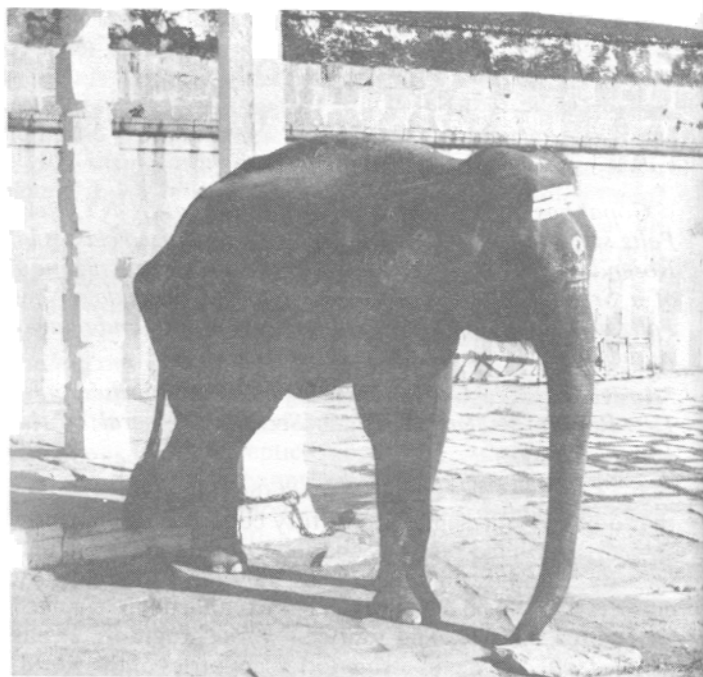
Why art though slow, with grey somnambulist gait
Eyes like small gems gripped in a giant rock,
An elephant swaying to some dense delight
Whose mystery bulks too heavy for time's heart?

"Loaded with a dream outmeasuring common deed,
Ponderous I come and all swift slynesses
Laugh to themselves, 'He never shall lay bare
The wisdom-grandeur locked in that huge head.'
Dust are these wanton jeerings, when I hold
Their doom in my belly of beatitude!
Little they guess the immobile vigilling
And the enormous hesitation pack
A plenitude's power deep and more deep within
Like the drawn cord of some omniscient bow
Happy to wait for ages with tense truth
Because it views already the blind target
Hidden in the body of mutable desire.
This centuried poise shall tire all crafty claws.
Then strikes my hour; none harks the signal sound:
I quicken to no earth-impelled alarm:
At some white call across the hills of trance
The gradual elephant shall rear his chest,
Rouse to a sudden sky his sleepy trunk
And wake in the pure tusks a war on passion
By one far bellow of earthquaking joy,
A burst of some unbearable secrecy
That turns the slow limbs to a lava of light
Blotting all greeds and buying all glooms
And burning through the jungles of mortal mind
A wide and virgin way to eternity!

Standing I am seen, a mountain-muse apart;
Never is known the mystical mahout,
The invisible sun of my own timeless Self
Under a canopy of infinitude
Hung with star-bells that ring to a single bliss
The present and the future and the past.
He rides the rapt volcano of my brain—
His goad is the breaking of life's boundaries!"

K. D. Sethna

from *The Adventure of the Apocalypse*, Sri Aurobindo
Circle, Bombay, 1949.



HOW GANESH GOT HIS HEAD

Shaped by Siva from the folds
of Parvati's sari, he was given life
by her breast while the three-eyed one
went away to his cave and forgot his son.

Then one day it was spring and
Parvati said, "Guard the house. My bath
is sacred and will cleanse the earth
if I am undisturbed. Go now. Be fierce.
Ganesh stood on the mountain outside the house
and did not count the days. Her water song
floated out to the hills below. Men had hope
again. Even her own bum, Siva, heard it
in his cold cave above. He scratched
his chest, yawned, and knew himself alone.
The sun shone. His silent binge was done.
Down, down he came to find his door
blocked by this chubby kid who said
"Beat it beggar. The world is being washed.
You need a bath."

Bright and angry was the beam
that shot from Siva's head, fueled by silence
and too much snow. Ganesh fell. The rain failed.
Rivers wouldn't flow and plants began to die.
Parvati held her headless son
and would not speak. Siva said
"The boy was brave I guess,"
and took the head of the elephant king
for his son who will not be stopped
by anything and still is mild.
Uma smiled at her lord: "Get back
to your ice cave. You're not ready yet."

Gordon Korstange

The Deliverance of the Elephant King

Retold by Shraddavan

Long, long ago, in the Spring of Time, a herd of elephants roamed the vast forests of South India. Their leader was a magnificent bull of exceptional size and strength. Like a true king he protected his herd of females and young ones, leading them to good grazing grounds and by his vigilance and courage defending them from danger.

In that area rose the beautiful mountain known as Trikuta, on whose slopes lay the garden of the Lord of the Seasons, filled with shady trees constantly covered in fragrant flowers and gleaming fruits; within that garden stretched a lake of clear and delicious water, where delicate pink and white lotus-blossoms swayed among their broad green leaves, and there the heavenly nymphs would often come to bathe and splash and play, their lonely laughter making mingled music with the breezes and the birdsong. No lovelier spot can be imagined.

To this enchanting lake the King of the Elephants one day led his thirsty herd. From far he had scented the breeze-borne fragrance of the lotuses and knew that where they blew water was sure to be found. The dusty, weary elephants gathered on the shore behind their leader. He first quenched his thirst, and found the water sweet and good. Then he purified his limbs of the dust and weariness of their long journey. When this was done he raised his trunk and trumpeted praise and thanks to the gods for their goodness. Then, taking water in his trunk, he poured it into the mouths of his thirsty companions, showered them with its refreshing coolness, stroked and soothed their sides.

The happy elephants crowded into the lake, and soon the younger ones began to play and frolic, splashing with their feet, squirting water with their trunks, slapping mud-cakes on each other's backs, squealing and hooting in delight. What could be more joyful than a herd of elephants at play! But in the midst of all this rejoicing their leader suddenly let out a deafening bellow of anguish that sent them all rushing out of the water in alarm and consternation. Their King too tried to leave the water but could not...despite his vast size and strength and cleverness, a huge crocodile held him fast by the foot and would not let go!

Then began a dreadful combat! As the two powerful beasts struggled for mastery, the lovely waters grew dull with churned-up mud and the blood of the wounded King; the delicate lotus blossoms were bruised and torn and destroyed by the thrashings and plungings of the combatants. In panic and dismay the whole herd of elephants watched the danger of their lord, not knowing how to give him aid. The struggle went on and on.

Now this magnificent elephant had once been born as a man...indeed as a human king, Indradyumna by name, of the mighty race of the Pandavas. In his reign there was peace and prosperity, and his kingly duties were not onerous. To the business and pleasures of a mighty ruler, Indradyumna much preferred the solitary search for true wisdom and the absorbed contemplation of the Lord. He passed more and more of his time in these pursuits, and finally, leaving his realm in the charge of a competent successor, he renounced all and went to the forest, clad in a simple garment of bark. No regrets or anxieties troubled his mind; observing silence and concentration he lived the life of a solitary contemplative. How could such an exalted soul become imprisoned in the body of an elephant? It happened like this:

And so it came to pass that the being who was once Indradyumna now inhabited this elephant's body. But his past holiness and *tapasya* had given him vast strength, and he could not easily be overcome - even though his adversary the crocodile had also once been a holy Rishi, now under a similar curse. So their combat was no ordinary struggle between two wild beasts, but a conflict of great, even superhuman powers, which went on and on and on, till the forests of Trikuta re-echoed with the bellowings of the anguished elephant and the thrashings of the crocodile's enormous scaly tail, and even the gods leaned out of their cloud-palaces to watch and wonder which of these mighty beings would gain the victory.

Up to that moment in all his long life the elephant King had never been vanquished by any enemy; he could not even conceive that he could be defeated - he, the strongest of all the beasts of the forest. But nevertheless, as the struggle went on and on, he felt his forces beginning to flag. He had been weary from a long and difficult journey when he reached that lake, and had only a few moments of refreshment there; besides, he was wounded, and had been losing blood continuously from the great gashes made in his leg by the crocodile's massive jaws. Moreover, the crocodile was in his native element, the water; the elephant, his feet sinking into the soft sand and mud, was only losing strength, while his assailant continually gained fresh force. So a moment came when that mighty King lost the conviction of his own invincibility, lost faith in his own great prowess, and understood that he was really in danger of his life, from an enemy he could not grip and crush. The crocodile, sensing this weakening, grew even fiercer and more sure of himself, until at last it seemed to the watching gods that the outcome of the struggle was decided.

But at that moment, when the elephant's pride in his own strength faltered and failed, his past existence as a single-minded devotee of the Lord bore fruit; within his consciousness a wonderful prayer formulated itself, like a flame-flower rising from his heart and filling all his being. The mountain-forest, the lake, his attacker, his companions watching fearfully from the shore, his own pain and rage, all faded from his awareness...only his prayer was real.

This is the prayer that surged and throbbed all through him: "O Lord, You are the very essence of this Universe, You inhabit all beings and existences here, You are the Lord without whom none of all this could exist for a moment; You breathe life and consciousness into all this and awaken us to a sense of Your glory.

At your feet I bow down and take refuge."

"My whole being is yearning for You - You who remain when all is destroyed; You alone are my refuge."

"All forms are Your appearances, but even the Gods have never seen Your own real Form; for love of You the Rishis and Saints abandon all earthly pleasures and delights. To You, O all-powerful, all-beautiful, all wonderful Lord, I bow down and take refuge at Your feet."

One morning when Indradyumna had completed his ablutions and ritual worship and was sitting as usual in meditation beneath a tree, the great sage Agastya chanced to pass that way with a company of disciples. Agastya was angered at receiving no welcome from Indradyumna, and cried out, "You who fail to do proper reverence to the sages ... you are as thick and insensitive as the skin of an elephant. An elephant's body would be more fitting to you than that of a man!"

"I do not want to go on living in this body compounded of ignorance. I want only to be delivered from all darkness, to become the true light of my soul; no-one can achieve that by his own efforts - it can be gained only through Your Grace, that bestows true consciousness, true knowledge. your Grace, O Lord, delivers us beyond Life and Death. At Your feet, I bow down and take refuge."

"I am enveloped by Your ego-maya, and the beauty of the true Self, Soul of the Universe, is veiled from me...but Your Glory is limitless, O Lord! Though You lie for ever beyond my perceptions, I bow down to You, O Lord of all Strength and all Sweetness, I take refuge at Your feet."

When this wonderful prayer reached the Lord, he left everything and hastened to save his devotee.

The elephant had been dragged deep into the water, so that only his great head remained above the surface of the lake, he had lost all awareness of his surroundings and was entirely concentrated deep within himself. But out of the mist before his eyes he now became aware of the gleaming four-armed figure approaching, and recognized Lord Vishnu himself mounted upon his great eagle Garuda. A blissful flood of gratitude swept through all his limbs. In all that wonderful lake only one single lotus blossom remained undamaged and serene amid all the destruction...with his last strength the elephant King stretched out his trunk, plucked that perfect flower and held it up to the Lord in single-hearted adoration.

With an adorable smile of benediction, Lord Vishnu sent his *chakra* whirling towards the crocodile. The Watching gods rained flowers and rattled their drums, and all the forest beings cried out in wonder. All Praise and Glory to Him, who at a single stroke of his all-powerful compassion delivered both these holy men from the curses that had bound them!

"It is when all seems lost that all can be saved."

When you have lost confidence in your personal power, then you should have faith in the Divine Grace."

The Mother

CENTER NEWS

Texas and N.W. Arkansas Sadhaks

I am interested in contacting individuals or groups devoted to Sri Aurobindo's and Mother's Yoga in Central or Southern Texas; from Austin to the Rio Grand River, as far east as Victoria or as far west as Del Rio. Am considering moving to this area of Texas, especially Austin and the Hill Country.

Also would like to contact anyone where I presently live, between Fayetteville, ARK, Joplin MO, and Tulsa, OK.

Scott Frazier, Rt 1, Box 187, Sulphur Springs, AR 72768. Message phone (501) 298-3472.

Sri Aurobindo Circle, Tucson

I would like to form a discussion group to meet once a week for reading, discussion and meditation of Sri Aurobindo or the Mother's works. I have read most of Sri Aurobindo's writings and for the last three years have been a member of two such groups in San Francisco. If you are interested (or just want to get together), please call Dave at 326-4599. Dave Hutchinson, 2472 N. Highland, Tucson, AZ 83719.

East-West Cultural Center, (2865 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, CA 90006)

The Center held a meditation for Nolini. One of their members, Ramananda Kumar, wrote and read the following poem in memory of Nolini at that meeting:

OM TO NOLINI-DA

Our brother, our comforter, our friend;
What a rare and precious gem upon the Earth!
His kindness flowed like a river, seeking ever
to encourage, uplift;

Its tenacious arms reaching deep inside found the Treasure
buried within each one of us
and helped us touch within ourselves what is good and true.

Om, Nolini-da
Upholder of Mother's deep embracing Love;
She is the Reality he lived within each breath,
The perfume of Mother's sweetness his *raison d'etre*
Never glancing away from the Divine
Om Nolini-da!

He is surely there by their sides and . . .

He is here, strong, within each one he touched,
Bearing Mother's blessing for All even more
profoundly
Pointing the way
Steadying the hand,
in quiet's caress

Om Nolini-da: Live on! Live on!

In Loving Memory Always-

Ramananada

2.21.84

Auroville International-U.S.A. (Farley Dr., Aptos, CA 95003)

On Jan. 6, 1984 Seyril Sochen and a small group of friends of Auroville met with Robert Mueller, Under Secretary General of the U.N., for the purpose of discussing the possibilities of an Environmental Conference to be held in Auroville in 1985. They also discussed the idea of a World University Center in Auroville based on Mueller's synopsis of the status of the existing world universities.

Americans in Auroville: The Merriam Hill Learning Exchange has completed its third program in Auroville. Members of the group lived and worked in Auroville from Jan. 11 to March 29. They involved themselves in many aspects of the community: working on the design of village huts; learning Tamil; working and travelling with some of the Tamil Aurovillians and participating in the school and the green work.

Others who went to Auroville this winter were: June Maher, Seyril Sochen, Marion Nelson, Miriam Belov, and Arya, Marelenka and Asha Maloney.



Nexus. (Standing left to right) - Vincent Massa, Annie Ratila, Julian Lines, Margo Macleod, Himanchu, John Kelly, Drake Mitchell, Rudy Phillips, Gopal Bhattacharyya, Larry Seidlitz, Lucille Massa.
(Kneeling) - Joan Reardon, Jeanne Korstange, Navajo L.Lope.

East Coast Nexus: The group has held three meetings during this winter season in New England. Two of those were at the Merriam Hill Center; the other was at the home of Julian Lines, Gopal Battacharya, and Lucy Barbera in Rosendale, N.Y.

The weekend meditation sessions have been very successful and they continued to draw more participation. To the group's surprise there were 14 people at the last meeting. A project to send softball equipment and educational materials to the children in Auroville was taken up in Dec.-Jan. The Auroville children replied to our gift with a request for pen pals. So we are now looking forward to linking up some American teenagers with the kids in Auroville.

Arya Maloney has written to say that he is now working on the Matrimandir and would like to see his proposal (published in the last issue) for people in America to make pledges of money to the Matrimandir become a reality and bring new resources to finance the construction work. The next meeting will be in April at Rosendale, N.Y. A June 8th meeting is scheduled at the Merriam Hill Center. Anyone interested in attending can contact the editors for further information.

Winter Events at Willow Gold Farm: (Rt. 3, Spring Green, Wisconsin)

Winter Solstice was a fulfilling time for all of us. We had a real country Christmas which began with a workshop on healing relationships facilitated by Douglas Barton from Santa Cruz, and Sharing the Solstice Celebration with the Lorians, a local Findhorn group. Then there were Christmas trees, gifts, prayers and candles, a holiday banquet, warm fires in the hearth and in our hearts, and love for all.

On Groundhog's Day we celebrated the return of spring with song, foolery and festivity venerating the Great Groundhog. Later that month our Pisces Party occurred, a day of dance, song, and return to childhood cavorting in the balloon chamber, Bryan Walton's masterpiece of fun.

Despite cash flow inequities between winter/spring and summer/fall seasons, Global View showed a 10% increase in sales last year. Many new people are involved in the work,

and there is much networking as Global View makes new friends around the world. Marion Nelson returns in April from the annual buying trip to Southeast Asia, and a new cycle begins.

NEWS FROM AUROVILLE

Attention: to all hole-digging Aurovilians from Center Field area and widely around: beware and handle your crowbar gently lest you puncture one of our Iron Age forefather's last abodes. Not a joke! It almost happened and Patrick from Kottakarai vividly stirred echoes from the past, telling us of the find in Center Field area of a buried sarcophagus - a big coffin on four legs which was covered by a huge granite slab

The Archeological Survey of India was called and confirmed that the whole area, maybe 40 to 70 acres, could be ancient burial grounds dating from 400 BC to 100 AD, a quite important archeological site.

Meeting on Auroville's proposed participation in the UN "International Youth Year 1985":

A short background: the United Nations have designated 1985 as the "International Year for Youth" with the theme "Participation, Development and Peace". Many countries are organising activities and programmes in this context and one wonders if Auroville could be made the focus or the symbol of this International Year, as it does in fact represent the very essence of the theme. As there will be some attention given to Auroville at the upcoming UNESCO session in November (with the "Auroville Resolution" being presented), we are sending our thoughts on our participation in Youth Year so that those involved on our behalf there may make good use of the occasion to put forward our keen interest in participating in the programme.

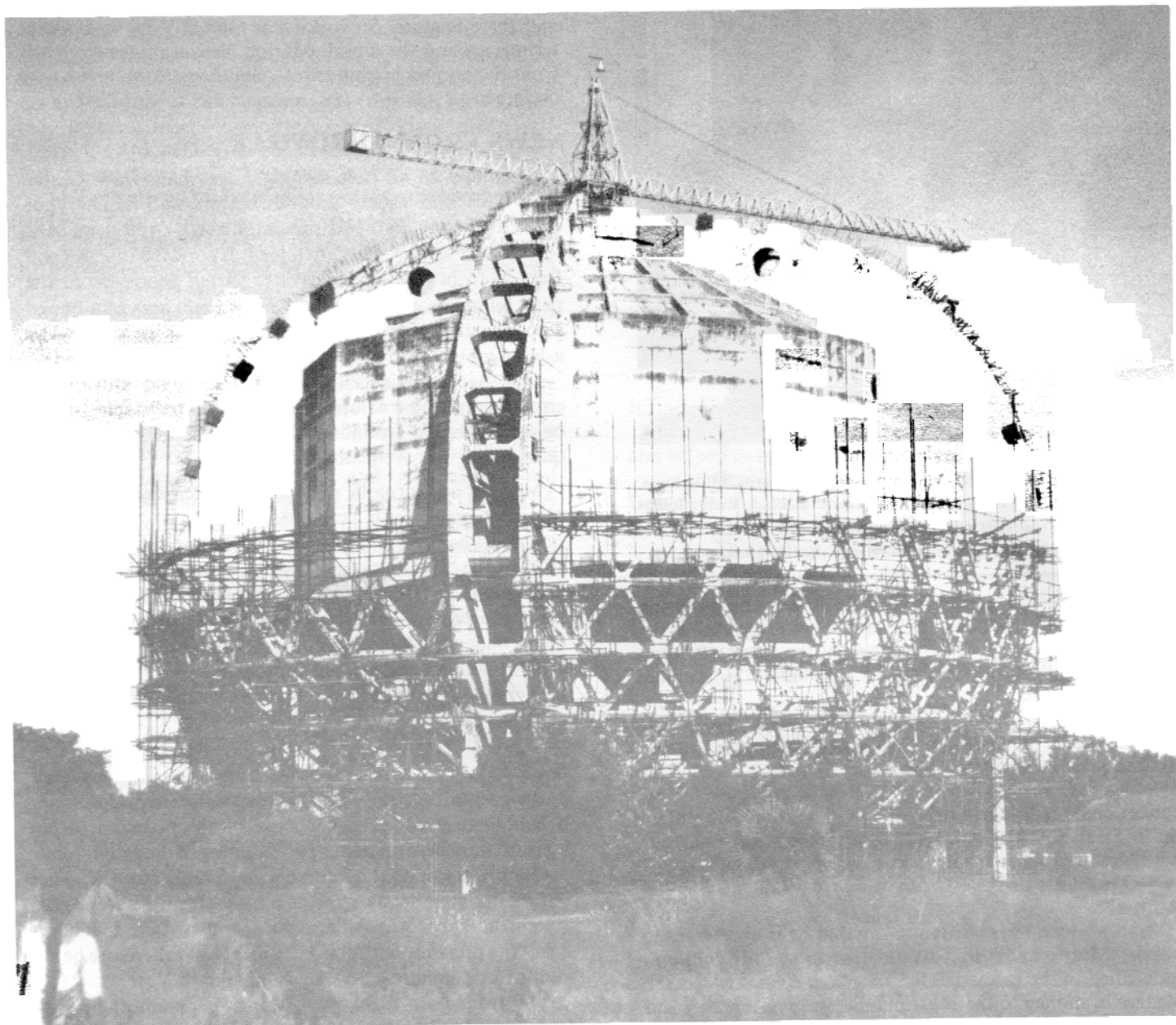
Our proposal: As the International Youth Year (IYY) has international understanding as a basic theme, our essential statement is that Auroville, aspiring for "a youth that never ages" fits precisely with this ideal and could therefore be the site for one significant event of the Youth Year.

We propose to host a week-long "experience" here, to which would be invited a boy and a girl from each country (that would make at least 250 youths). We would offer Auroville as a ground for their interaction in many ways, perhaps:

- exhibits from around the world,
- sports events,
- top cultural programs from around the world,
- a look at Auroville as a learning society,
- a symbolic meeting of all, with a "Declaration of the World's Youth".

At the moment these details are quite secondary to the principal statement to UNESCO and the Indian Government that, simply, we are ready to be a focus for such an event.

Any one wanting to stay permanently in Auroville (actually for any period exceeding 3 months) must apply now for an Entry Visa. This is a must. The Government of India has instructed its embassies and consulates to grant such visas for people wishing to settle in Auroville. Applicants for entry visas should try to apply 4 - 6 months in advance.



Matrimandir

(Photo by Lakshani Vadapalli)

MATRIMANDIR

During the last few months the work has proceeded rapidly. The placing of the skin's precast beams has reached the equator on the southwest side and is now proceeding in two other quarters, precasting of the entire set of beams for the lower hemisphere has been completed by the workshop team.

Preparation of the prototype optical system to bring the sunbeam into the inner chamber is nearing completion.

A large new work has been taken up. This is the extension of the width of the second level slab of the structure by about two meters, to match the base of the ramps which start at this second level

The 6 AM team continues to start the day, usually with the placement of beams for the skin.

About 30 people are now working each morning and about half a dozen in the afternoons.

Genius is Nature's first attempt to liberate the imprisoned god out of her human mould; the mould has to suffer in the process. It is astonishing that the cracks are so few and unimportant.

Sri Aurobindo