

THE DESCENT

Vol.09 No.-25 Founder Editor- Sri K. Anurakta August-2008

(This paper is dedicated at the Lotus Feet of The Mother and Sri Aurobindo on occasion of *Darshan Day*, 15.08.2008. In this issue the first five chapters of Book-1 of *Savitri* are studied which is an extension and continuation of earlier papers on *The Synthesis of Yoga and The Life Divine*, designed to trace again the law of self discipline of Integral Yoga.)

The message of *Savitri* is like ‘sealed order’ or ‘fiery seal’ from the unknown immortal Light that has to be opened in addition to ‘drowsy seal’ and ‘inconscious seal’ for the expansion of existing human vessel to hold the ever growing intensities of Divine faculties through deeper plunge into the realms of consciousness. ‘The secret mission’ which the Divine Mother insists is the adventure into obscure geography of three firm lands that of surface physical, surface vital, surface mental; explore and sail into the ten deep larger seas or inner oceans that of Inconscious, Subconscious, Subtle Physical, Subtle Vital, Subtle Mental, Psychic, Spiritual, Universal, Supramental and Bliss Ocean, through thunder’s roar, windless hush, fog and mist where nothing more is seen; intended towards the discovery of ten selves that of Inconscious self, Subconscious self, true physical, true vital, truth mind, psychic being, Spiritual being, Universal being, Supramental Self, Bliss Self and through their huge workings or soul experiences build the Immortal’s secret house of ten sheaths enveloping and overlapping these ten selves, and unwound and liberate the triple dominance and downward pull of surface physical, vital and mental domains, bringing the greatness of spiritual dawn; this exercise will follow the great Mother’s directive to finally uncover the city of God with new body and mind and enshrine the Immortal in his glory’s house.

In this spiritual endeavour, the discovery of Inconscious self is identified as the one of the last and most profound spiritual experience, ‘the grand solution’ in which the height of mortal effort end and discovery of Subconscious self is identified as another important achievement ‘whose priceless value **could have saved the world.**’ Silencing the mind, vital and body paves the passage clear towards the vast domain of subtle mental, subtle vital and subtle physical oceans and in its heart there is true mental being, true vital being true physical being, and subsequently in this journey in the innermost domain the psychic sheath and

psychic being are unveiled. Psychic being unveils the passage towards the discovery of still higher selves of Spiritual, Universal, Supramental and Bliss Self. Still there are other sequences through which these selves can be activated and dynamised. The discovery of Supramental self directs the Truth-Light to 'strike the massive roots of trance' of the Subconscious and Inconscious oceans and wake their respective selves.

Each Canto of *Savitri* is subdivided into six categories with emphasis given to its utilitarian end evolving and fulfilling the norms of Integral Yoga. We have recapitulated each Canto followed by the attempt at tracing the aims of Integral Yoga which are further supported by the Master formula of All Life, Indispensable and Dispensable methods of Integral Yoga, Danger of the path and the doctrine of the Divine Life.

THE SYMBOL DAWN

The chapter 'Symbol Dawn' can be divided into two parts. The first part speaks of the evolution in Inconscious of the species right from the period before the Gods' were born from the unconscious, impenetrable, opaque state of the Matter to the stage of evolution of man in Ignorance, who has the capacity to lift up the burden of his fate; the second part recalls the Savitri's presence during this complex and critical period of evolution for an issue that is related with reversing the destiny of the race by accumulation of spiritual force to its acme, is intended either to succumb or overturn the Death of Satyavan in the forest. Evolution in Inconscious is intended to wake the Ignorance by an unshaped and unremembered entity of consciousness that desired light and a blank foreknowledge that yearned towards distant change. Forgetful of the soul and the fate and in that oblivion still there are parts of nature that grow towards the light, are the main feature of evolution in Ignorance and confrontation of the soul with Time and fate are the higher issues of adventure in Consciousness and evolution in Knowledge.

The omniscient Goddess, the mediatrix between eternity and change of Nature, leaned across the fated journeying of the stars and saw the earth ready to bear the weight of her feet. She looked no more on our mortality and went to her immortal work. The death bound creatures can hold a little of the god-light and little capable to pursue a sacred yearning in the form of a Presence and a Power and foreknowledge of her marvelous Divine birth to come. Her excess of beauty, rarity of the body of glory could not uphold its claim on time-born eyes.

Savitri, a mighty stranger, one with the mighty Mother awoke to the world, was aware of the dire foreknowledge of the fatal morn that outcast her from the inborn delight, which separated and even hid herself from those she loved, from all of whom she was the star and stay. She took no interest in small transient happiness, asked no help during the moment of her soul's despair; during the meeting point of death and fear, her face was calm and courage kept her mute. Too unlike the world she came to help and save and shared the cosmic load and had

brought with her human form, the calm delight that can wed one soul to all and the universal Mother's love.

Her strong and far-winged spirit traveled back to the yoke of ignorance, fate, labour and stress of mortal days; the ancient disputants and godheads from the dim Inconscient encircled her like the giant figures wrestling in the night. Lighting the pathway through strange symbol dreams she illumined swiftly the life's darkened rooms by daily oblation of her unwept tears and sacrifice of suffering and desire offered to immortal Ecstasy.

- 1.1 In that unexplored darkness something stirred which was other than an aim, it was insistent, nameless movement, dissatisfied, an unthought Idea and teased the Inconscient to wake the Ignorance; wished something but knew not how to become.
- 1.2 That day of intense delight was disclosed of which our thoughts and hopes are signal light. It was a very rare splendour throne on a void from an invisible goal.
- 1.3 A dark foreknowledge and a fatal morn she faced without any help. She took the load of an unwitting race and kept the door open for grief, peril and pain to come. She saw grief's timeless depths but **not life's goal**. The sacrifice of suffering and desire was offered again to immortal ecstasy and She awoke to endure in time.
- 1.4 A single **Call**, the unaccompanied Power drew back into some far-off secret world and marvel of supernal light.
- 2.1 A creative slumber can kindle suns and our lives are carried by its somnambulist whirl. A blank foresight yearned towards distant change and an unshaped consciousness desired light.
- 2.2 Adventure of consciousness is possible in a mindless universe which can renew or conquer Nature's disillusioned breast.
- 2.3 The wedding of one soul to all is possible by developing calm delight which opens one to flaming doors of ecstasy.
- 2.4 She was trapped within the mechanical routine of earthly destinies by accepting life's obscure terrestrial robe and outcast herself from her inborn delight. During this difficult period she separated herself from all her admirer and **even she hid herself from those she loved**. Her strength was founded on universal Mother's love to meet the evil at the life's afflicted roots. During the most difficult hour of death and fear, she maintained her calmness, no cry broke from her lips, no call for aid; she told the secret of her woe to none and courage kept her mute.
- 2.5 Her strong far-winged spirit **traveled back** to the labour and stress of the mortal days, back to the Ignorance and fate and life's darkened rooms were illumined swiftly through strange symbol dreams; the tired feet of thought and the memory's casements approached her doors of light.
- 3.1 Oblivion **always succeeds a spiritual fall**, so the creation that was destroyed through a fall must be rebuilt by hard labour by transcending the

- state of long forgetfulness. Through god's persistent touch all can be revived and achieved.
- 3.2 Man can lift up the burden of his fate. Alone he stares at future's covered face. Only a little the god-light can stay. A fire came and touched men's hearts and gone; a few have caught the flame and risen to greater life.
- 3.3 Immobile in herself she gathered and accumulated the soul force to confront Time and Fate. This was the day when Satyavan must die.
- 4.1 The importance of human hour is multiplied and greatedened by **entry in to solitude**. In wide loneliness the self's bare reality is revealed and she grows into to the stature of the spirit.
- 5.1 To persuade earth nature to change is a difficult task. Mortality turns against the saviour hands of Grace and bears ill the eternal's touch and almost with hate repels the light it brings. It fears the pure divine intolerance and assault of ether and fire and trembles at the naked power, might and sweetness of Truth
- 5.2 The godheads from inconscients, the ancient disputants, the giant figures encircled and wrestled with her. They inherited the long agony of the globe and all the fierce question of man's hours relieved.
- 6.1 In order that heaven might grow in mortal soil she lent her self and all she had to man and hoped to implant Her greater being in the new atmosphere of the body.
- 6.2 A persistent thrill, beauty and love of transforming touch persuaded the black quietude and disturbed the fields of God. On one lucent corner the pale enchanted light forced the world's immensity to sight. Thus the darkness failed and slipped from the reclining body of the God. Then through the pale opening outpoured the revelation and the flame.

THE ISSUE

Savitri's witness spirit reviewed Time that moved in many imaged past numberless lives and oblivious personalities, which is a fateful ghost of the self with trail of old forgotten thoughts and deeds. It bore the future on its phantom breast and her life's broad highways and sweet bypaths lay mapped through many-hued flaming inner dawn to joy clutched under the silent shadow of doom. She would meet absolute supernatural darkness to make her life vain when she draws near to God. Only her unborn spirit's timeless Will can lift the yoke and must cancel her body's destiny. Our present fate is a fixity of cosmic sequence which is a child of past energies fastened with hidden inevitable links. She must shape anew her fate by dislodging her past which stands as a block on the Immortal's road. Out of timeless barrier she must penetrate the Void's monstrous hush and look into the eyes of immortal Death and with her nude spirit weigh the Infinite's night. Her armoured spirit kept watch upon the solitude which greatedened her human hours; she had no helpers, no witness terrestrial eyes, her destinies secluded scene was enclosed within the four walls. There she stood to the stature

of her spirit. Her mind, a sea of white sincerity, a priestess of immaculate ecstasies, a body like a parable of dawn of golden temple-door to things beyond, her look or smile awoke celestial sense, a wide self giving was her native act, her kindly care was a sweet temperate sun, her inward help opened a gate in heaven, love in her was wider than the universe which visited her hiding the Death, the whole world including the great unsatisfied Godhead could take refuge in her single heart. She was at once the stillness, the great Word, a continent of self diffusing peace, an ocean of untrembling virgin fire, the silence and strength of the gods. Her youth sat throned in calm felicity, her walk kept the measures of the gods and she leaned to bear the human load.

She had come to wrestle and confront with Death, fall, sorrow and riddle of man's birth and hew the ways of Immortality. To win or lose the chess-play of earth soul with doom was her soul's issue of god like game thrown with the Destiny's dice. She was not born to submit and suffer but to lead and deliver was her glorious part. She did not bow her head to the stark decree and her spirit refused to hug the common soil or quench with black despair the God given light. She was conscious of the divine founts and did not patch with failure, bargain or compromise. A force in her toiled since the earth was made and wrote the unfinished story of her soul, accomplished in life the great world-plan and yielded her high destiny. Her single will opposed the cosmic rule. Her greatness rose to stay the wheels of doom. Her heart stood in the way of the driving wheels, its giant workings paused in front of a mind and stark conventions met the flame of the soul. A victory of god and man is won when his soul steps back and sees the Light Supreme, the godhead stands behind the brute machine reveals the hidden force and this truth breaks in in a triumph of fire. The great world Mother in her rose, a flaming warrior empowered to open the door denied and closed and reversed the fate's cold dead turn and burst the bounds of consciousness and Time.

- 1.1 Her soul's issue was to win or lose the god like game thrown with the Destiny's dice. She was born not only to bear and suffer with ignorance and death but to hew her ways to Immortality and to lead and deliver was her **glorious issue**.
- 1.2 A force in her toiled since the beginning of creation in order to accomplish the great world plan. Her immortal aim she pursues **even after death**, obeys the government of casual fact and opposes to admit frustration's barren role and forfeits the meaning of her birth in Time. Thus she yields her high spiritual destiny.
- 1.3 Her single will rose to stay the wheels of Doom and opposed the cosmic rule. Awakening from the slumber from Her heart's recess, She bore the stroke of That which knocked upon her hidden gates that kills and saves and this lightning's touch made her strength stronger.
- 2.1 The many hued inner dawn and her life's broad highways and its sweet bypaths are mapped to her sun-clear recording views. The bright country of

- her childhood's days was followed by the blue mountain, paradise groves and peacock wings of Love of the soaring youth. Her joy was clutched under the silent shadow of doom which caused the heaven raced with hell for a period of twelve passionate months. That was the day of Her deciding fate.
- 2.2 The life is monotonous as it is wrapped with dense magnificent coloured desire soul and his destiny's secluded scene is enclosed by chequered sunbeam and blithe flowers.
 - 2.3 The empiric life's instinctive search, ignorant mind's colossal work, a random series of inept events, are **illusive sense** of the reason. But vision and wisdom grow within; he feels witnessing self, the conscious power as the crown of Nature's instrument and when the **soul steps back from life** it sees the Light Supreme.
 - 3.1 When one draws near to God, an absolute supernatural darkness can fall sometimes on man; all Nature's means fails, forced out from protective Ignorance and flung back from his naked primal need. So as a remedy he must cast from him his surface soul and be the uncovered entity within. Savitri reached a point in Her life where life will be either in vain or Her will **must** cancel the body's destiny. Only the unborn spirit's timeless power can lift the yoke of birth imposed by Time.
 - 3.2 Our fate is fixity of cosmic sequences, child of past energies, fastened with hidden inevitable links. She **must** disrupt and dislodge by her soul's force, her past which stands as a block on the Immortal's road, thus the **past is scraped** and a new fate is shaped.
 - 3.3 In the border of unknown a colloquy of the Original Gods takes place and her soul's debate with the embodied Nothingness must be wrestled out on the dangerous dim background. Her being **must** confront its formless Cause and its single Self **must** weigh against the universe.
 - 3.4 On the bare peak of consciousness life and love has no place to stand and Self is alone with Void. In world's death-cave, she **must** justify her right to be and love and plead her case upon extinction's verge.
 - 3.5 She **must** be discharged from the debt of past bond; strike out from Time soul's long compound debt and an old account of suffering, slavery of karmic gods and slow revenge of unforgiving Law **must** exhaust. Out of timeless barrier she, with her nude spirit, **must** break Void's monstrous hush, measure Infinite's night and look into the lonely eyes of immortal Death.
 - 3.6 The repetition of first descent of Divine force changed the dulled earthly round to rapture and Love came to her hiding the shadow of Death. A repetition of god's first delight poured into his heart as into an **empty cup** and created a young and **virgin Time**.
 - 3.7 Heightening the Eternal's dreadful strategy the dubious godhead dug more deep the gulf that **all must cross**. Assailing her divinest element the dark

- godhead made her heart kin to striving human heart and forced her strength to appointed road. To wrestle with Shadow she had come and **must confront** the riddle of man's birth in Matter's night.
- 4.1 She had grown to the stature of Her spirit by the genius of titanic silences and solitude **greatened Her human hour immensely**.
 - 4.2 A Prayer, a Master Act and a King Idea are the magic leverage that moves the Ineffable's timeless will; thus the man's strength is linked to transcendent force. Then miracle is made the common rule, a lonely thought becomes omnipotent and one mighty deed can change the course of things.
 - 4.3 The great World-Mother now in her arose behind the brute machine. This living choice reversed fate's cold dead turn, affirmed the spirit's tread in circumstance. A flaming warrior from the eternal peaks can force the door denied and closed and smote from Death's visage its dumb absolute and burst the bounds of consciousness and Time.
 - 5.1 She faced the engines of the universe where her heart stood in the way of the driving wheels, its giant working paused in front of a mind and stark conventions met the flame of a soul.
 - 5.2 The dubious godhead with his death, fall, sorrow and torch of pain lit up the hollow of the unfinished world and called her to fill with her vast self the abyss.
 - 5.3 This material world is an immense jail. Across each road and gate stands armed a stone-eyed Law and huge dim sentry. A grey tribunal of the Ignorance and priests of Night are the judge against the adventurer soul. The dual tables and the Karmic norm restrain the Titan and God in us. Pain with its lash and joy with its silver bribe guard the cosmic Wheel. Death stays the life's new discovery; a bond is put on the high-climbing mind and a seal on the large wide-open heart. Thus the throne of the Inconscient kept safe.
 - 6.1 The earth being's heavenward growth began through the long ordeal of the race; our parts bore the burning test of godhead and lightning from the heights entered our abyss. All in Her pointed to nobler kind, exalted, swift, near to earth wideness and intimate with heaven. She voyaged through worlds of splendour and of calm, overflowed the ways of Thought to unborn things.
 - 6.2 Her look, smile, immortal rhythms and even in Her earth stuff awoke celestial sense and intense delight and poured a supernal beauty on men's lives.

THE YOGA OF THE KING: The Yoga of the Soul's Release

King Aswapati's spirit had descended from larger spheres, a colonist from Immortality, came down like a pointing beam into the province of ephemeral sight of earth's uncertain roads. Affiliated to cosmic Space and Time, he payed the

God's debt to earth and man. His days were long growth to the Supreme through mighty memories of superhuman dreams and shed their grandiose ray on human life. His soul lived as eternity's delegate to join the Oversoul, mind was like a fire assailing heaven stretching into infinity, will was a hunter in the trails of Light, each action left the footprints of a god and turned to common part of the Divine works into miracle of normal act; he pursued in mighty ease, the actions that would shatter the mortal strength. An ocean impulse lifted every breath, a beam of the Eternal smites his heart and life is oceaned by that super life, a topless super nature fills his limb. He has drunk from the breasts of the Mother of the worlds. The Integral Godhead's seal is stamped in the soul and body by the descent of static Oneness and dynamic Power. His march now rose high into an eagle's flight, wisdom upraised and made him an architect of the soul and **builder of Immortal's secret house**; above mind's twilight and life's star-led night he aspired to Supernal Timelessness and gleamed the dawn of a spiritual day.

When he grew into the larger Universal Self, the frame of humanity's movement was less visible, a greater being saw a greater world and **the lines of safety of the reason was erased** by the fearless will of knowledge and mind and soul dived into the infinite. The small earth bounds are broken even by his first steps. The powers that sleep unused in man within the secret sealed cave, he caught up lightly like a giant's bow and hands sustained by a transfiguring might. He felt the invasion of happiness, grief, love, anger, unspoken hopes of other men into the immobile ocean of his calm; he heard the inspired sound of his own thoughts re-echoed in others, his inner self grew near to others' selves, bore the common tie of kinship's weight and yet stood untouched, king of itself and alone. He sat in the secret chambers of the self and saw the luminous countries of the unborn, where all things dreamed by the mind are true, all that the life longs for is drawn close. He saw the Perfect Immortal delegates in their starry homes, wearing the glory of a deathless form, rapt in the heart-beats of Eternal's peace and ecstasy. Lifting the heavy curtain of the flesh he stood upon a threshold serpent-watched and peered into gleaming endless corridors, gazed across empty stillnesses, saw the secret face that is our own. He lived in the mystic space where thought and will are born and nursed, and fed on the milk of the Eternal's strengths till it grows into likeness of a god. He owned the house and abode at rest of undivided Time; absorbed no more in the moment-ridden flux where mind is incessantly hurried from phenomenon to phenomenon; in his present he held his future and past, felt in seconds the uncounted years and hours like dots upon a page and **present event as a story long back written but acted now**. He heard the footsteps of undreamed Idea, the secret Voice, the Word that knows and a bed of occult sounds that earth cannot hear; it caught the unfulfilled demand of earth and song of promise of unrealized heavens and all that hides in an omnipotent Sleep. His soul could sail beyond thought's luminous bar and dived into shoreless infinite. Across the void and the last glimmer and drift of vanishing stars he glimpsed superconscient realms of motionless Peace; there only were Silence and out of that

stillness mind new-born arose and woke to truths once inexpressible. He knew the source from which his Spirit came and plunged his roots of life into Infinite and movement was married to the immobile Vast.

His spirit's stillness helped the toiling world and inspired the closed eyes' sight to work with a new luminous art on the crude material, refusal of Inertia's mass, grey front of world's Ignorance, nescient matter and huge error of life from which all is made. As a sculptor chisels a deity out of stone, he slowly chipped off the dark envelope of Inconscient sheath in whose black covered cloth the Eternal wraps his head; He may act unknown in cosmic time and fashion the world-shape in him anew; thus God and Nature are fulfilled. Strange riches sailed to him from the Unseen, Knowledge spoke to the inconscient stillnesses whose **seconds illumined more than reason's years**; rivers poured down of bliss and beauty, storm-sweeps of delight rained from the all-powerful Mystery above. A dense veil was rent, a mighty whisper was heard in the privacy of his soul, an inner listening heard and conveyed to him their prophet utterances and flame-wrapped outbursts of the immortal Word. A **swift intuitive discernment** was revealed in which one glance could separate the true and false or raise the rapid torch-fire in the dark to detect the **forged signatures of the gods** or scan the apparent face of thought and life.

In the struggle and upheaval of the world he saw the labour of the Godhead's birth; the All-Blissful sat unknown within the heart; All-Knowledge packed into great wordless thought; All-vision gathered into a single ray; a heavenly impetus quickened all his breast, the trudge of time changed to a splendid march towered to unconquered worlds; earth grew too narrow for his victory. His being lay down in bright immobile peace and bathed in the wells of pure spiritual light; even his body's subtle self within could raise the earthly parts towards higher things and feel on it the breath of heavenly air. It retained life's capacity for bliss, upheld to a Light it could not always hold and left mind's distance from Truth Supreme.

Thus came his mind and body's first spiritual change and soul's release from Ignorance. A new world-knowledge and God-Knowledge poured from above and within; his daily thought looked up to the True and One and commonest doings welled from an inner Light and did not betray the interior flame. Beyond life's arc in spirit's immensities **he lived in his mind's solitude**. The human in him paced with the divine and one soul's ambition lifted up the general consciousness of the race. His grasp surprised her **mightiest energies' springs** and made great dreams a mould for coming things and cast his deeds like a bronze to front the years. His walk through time outstripped the human journey; lonely his days splendid like the sun's.

- 1.1 Miracle was a normal act for him and he turned to the common part of the Divine works; efforts that would shatter the mortal strength pursued in a royalty of mighty ease and aims too sublime for Nature's daily will.

- 1.2 Insoluble doubt, sleepless pleasure and murmurings of desire are bore in the unceasing drama and pilgrimage carried by Time without goal.
- 1.3 A grand reversal of Night and Day was experienced by a lightning of vision in viewless height, illumined wisdom from the voiceless depths, deeper interpretation that greatened the Truth with wiser word and larger thought and awakening of secret sense that could perceive a Divine Presence and Greatness; thus world's value changed by **heightening life's aim**.
- 2.1 On Matter's obscure ground, life is a long dim preparation in the circle of toil, hope, war and peace.
- 2.2 In the occult womb of life a masked immaculate Grandeur labours. He dreamed the magnificence of the things to be, which is a crown of the architecture of the world through a marriage of Earth and Heaven and the divinity is annexed to the mortal scheme.
- 2.3 The world of rigid limiting form, conception's covenants, subjection's rigorous clause, all grey inhibitions and the intellect's hard lustrous lid were overpassed and the soul's treaty with the Nature's nescience was annulled and life's barriers opened above mind's twilight and life's star-led night into the unknown dawn of a spiritual day.
- 2.4 Already in him was seen that task of Power. Life made its home on the high tops of self; his soul, mind and heart became a single sun. Only life's lower reaches remained dim and uncertain; there too was a labour and fiery breath. Even the struggling dark Nature is left below, the strong periods of illumination came.
- 3.1 Each day and happening was a deep experience of spiritual romance which made him born into a bright new world. Adventure and danger brought him unexpected friend and keen sweet tang of joy.
- 3.2 All here **must** learn to obey the Spirit's higher law and body's cells **must** learn to hold the immortal's flame. It calls back the dire need of Divine Force which always poured back like sudden rain. Or if the vessel is not ready with his causal body then a slow Divine Presence grows in his breast.
- 3.3 His commonest doings welled from an inner light and daily thoughts looked up to the True and One and made great dreams a mould for common things. His lonely days are splendid like the sun's.
- 4.1 From the golden jar of All Bliss, a joy of light and sudden sight and rapture of undying Word poured. From the great wordless thought and expectant stillness of his depths, All Knowledge revealed to his silent soul as crystal of ultimate Absolute and a portion of the inexpressible Truth. Silence is the **nurse of Almighty's power** and the omniscient hush is the womb of immortal Word.
- 5.1 The kings of evil or the titans of the dark and the kings of good or the gods of light pursue the gospel of their opposites and believed themselves the spokesmen of God. They battled for his soul to win a costly prize.

- 5.2 An old pull of subconscious cords or dull gravitation renews and drags down the unwilling spirit from height to blind driven inertia of our base. The supreme Diplomat makes use of **our fall a means of greater rise**.
- 5.3 In darkness' core, in the deep subconscious she dug out wells of light and lit her jewel lamp. The unused miser traffickers of sense guarded beneath Night's dragon paws, were asleep in folds of velvet darkness, if they are lifted up then it shows the riches of the Cave whose priceless value **could have saved the world**. A darkness carries the morning in its breast. So one should look for the return of wide eternal gleam, wait the advent of a longer ray and rescue the lost herds of the sun.
- 5.4 He saw the original desire peered out of the Void, hope that never sleeps and feet that run behind the fleeting fate.
- 6.1 She streaked along the roads of Heaven and Hell, a traveler between summit and abyss; she joined the distant ends and viewless deeps and pursued all knowledge like a questing hound.
- 6.2 His soul lived as eternity's delegate, mind was like a fire assailing heaven, will was hunter in the trails of light, an ocean impulse lifted his every breath, each action left the **footprints of a God** and each moment was a beat of puissant wings.
- 6.3 A heavenlier grace with its finer mode was lit in the man's outward earthliness; the soul was no more drugged by Matter's dominance and experienced the **deeper subtle sheaths**. A world unseen, unknown by outward mind was appeared in the silent spaces of the self.
- 6.4 Indifferent to sorrow and delight, untempted by the marvel and the call, immobile it beheld the flux of things with calm that supported all that is. His spirit's stillness and silence helped the toiling world to work with new luminous art on crude material from which all is made, in spite of refusal of inertia and grey front of world's Ignorance.
- 6.5 The Divine, the subtle and all-knowing guest and guide comes unseen into our darker parts and curtained by the darkness does his work, till these darker parts of our nature too feel the need and will to change. Always a power poured back like sudden rain or slowly in our breast a Presence grew and climbed back with difficulty to some remembered height or soared above the peak from which it fell. In this oscillation between earth and heaven there grew in us the glory of the integer of our soul.

THE SECRET KNOWLEDGE

On the height of human soul from its flat earthly state, King Aswapati stood and looked towards greater height of discovery of a greater Universal self. A death bound littleness is not our identity; our forgotten vastnesses await discovery in the summit selves. These high-peaked dominions are too far from surface Nature's postal routes and are sealed to our mortal search. A faint voice of ecstasy and prayer calls to those lucent forgotten immensities. Sometimes when our sight is

turned within lifting earth's ignorant veil, a greater Personality possesses us; our souls can visit in great lonely hours still regions of imperishable Light, all-seeing eagle-peaks of silent Power, Oceans of swift fathomless Bliss and calm immensities of spirit space. In the unfolding process of Self, a breath comes down from a supernal air, a Presence is born, a guiding Light awakes, Knowledge breaks through trailing its radiant seas, Nature trembles with the flaming Power and a stillness falls upon the elected human vessel of descent. The small bodily ego thins and falls and leaves us one with Nature and God. In moments when the inner lamps are lit and life's cherished guests are left outside, our spirit sits alone and speaks to its gulf; then a wider consciousness opens its doors invading a ray of timeless glory from spiritual silences and leaves its huge white stamp upon the illumined clay of our lives. The signals of eternity appear in the oblivious field of mortal mind witnessed by some **deep internal solitude** or revealed to the closed prophet eyes of trance. When the truth mind unveils its face we hear what the mortal ears have never heard, what the earthly sense have never felt, we love what common hearts repel and dread; we meet the ecstasy of the Godhead's touch in the golden privacy of immortal fire and a Voice calls from the chambers of the soul. Our greater self relies not on the moments and hours; great, patient and calm it sees the centuries pass awaiting the slow miracle of our change and the heart of the mystery of journeying years.

All the secrets of existence are screened, subliminal and mystical. It needs the intuitive heart, the inward turn and the power of a spiritual gaze. To our waking mind's dense field nothing is plain and sure and a goalless voyage without aim or cause. Here our soul is a vague experiment of life with its flickering light and seems to us questionable; earth seems to us a brute mechanic accident, a net of death in which by chance we live, a fortuitous fate. All we learn here appears as a doubtful achievement whose farther end is hidden from our sight. The dark Inconscient's signless mysteries stand up unsolved. It knows not the cause of suffering here, God's sanction to paradox of life and riddle of the Immortal's birth in Time.

From a snake like coiled blackness of her nescience, **the Earth-goddess** toils across the long passage of Time. She hopes to know the Being within her, a Word speaks to her ear she cannot hear, a Fate compels whose form she cannot see. In her unconscious orbit through the Void of mindless depths she strives to rise, rise from a perilous life, a struggling joy, a trembling gladness, sorrow dragging at her feet. She is conscious of high things not yet won which she nurses in her sleepless breast through an inward urge. She seeks through the soul's war and quivering pain the pure perfection her marred nature needs, a breath of Godhead on stone and mire; a faith she craves that can survive defeat; the sweetness of love that knows not death and ever sure radiance of a truth. A light grows in her, a few rare intimations come as guide, immense divinizing flashes cleave her brain, a vision meets her of supernal Powers. A change comes near that ever postpones, flees from her surmise, compels attempt and hope and yet seems

too great for mortal hope to dare. Outstretching arms to the unconscious Void, she prays passionately to the invisible forms of Gods. Heaven's privilege she claims as her own right and the all-witnessing Gods **approve** it.

The impossible is the God's sign of things to be. Few can look beyond the present state; if we could take our spirit's stand within, if we could hear the covered inner voice, then a foreseeing knowledge might be ours. All that transpires on earth and all beyond are parts of illimitable plan and he who keeps One in his heart knows alone. Our outward happenings have their seed within; this mass of unintelligible results are the dumb graph of truths that work unseen. The events that shape the appearance of our lives are ciphers of subliminal quivering and an outcome of suppressed realities. Absorbed in the routine of daily acts our eyes are fixed on external scene and wonder at the hidden cause of things. But who shall pierce into the cryptic gulf and learn what deep necessities of soul determine casual deed and consequence? The mighty process of cosmic Will communicates its image to our sight by identifying the world's mind with ours. Mind lives in succession of moments. The outward and immediate are our field, a changing present is our narrow right; the memory of dead past is our background and support; the future flee before us as we move. A struggling ignorance is our wisdom's mate and ignorant of our splendid fate.

Only the Immortals in their deathless height, free from bonds of Thought, Time and Space are the overseers of Fate, Chance and Will; can see the Idea, the Might that change Time's course. Impassive to earth's din and startled cry, return to the silence of the hills of God as lightning thunder and leave their mark on the trampled breast of earth. They turn not to moment's busy tramp, deceiving outward play but listen with still patience the slow foot steps of far Destiny. They are attentive to seize unseen truth, mutterings that brood in the core of Matter's sleep, murmurs lost by Life's uncaring ear. They watch the Bliss on the long road for which the earth's heart has cried behind the appearance, wrestle of force, fighting, despair, anguish and trampling feet. Immaculate in self-knowledge and self-power, they guard the silence of the Truth, keepers of immutable decree, they repose calmly on the eternal Will, a deep surrender is their source of Might with obedience only to the Divine and His Law, a still identity is their way to know. They have no goal to serve, all barter, bribe of worship they refuse, unmoved by the cry of the revolt and ignorant prayer they give no importance to our virtue and sin and hold no traffic with error and its reign. Motionless is their Action like sleep. Deathless, they watch the works of Death and Chance; Immobile, they saw the millennium pass; in Time they wait for Eternal's hour; they make no haste to unite the cosmic knot or the world's torn jarring hearts to reconcile. They look with impartial eyes on our struggle, desire, doom, hope, the grief that stings the world's heart, pain that rends the body and life; mute, pure they do not share the evil action and take no part in the good that dies. They know the law and natural line of things.

A Consciousness moves here in half-light that seems the whole, a wandering hunter of the misleading dawn or runs upon a road that has no end. It lives in some huge void of inconscience far from the original Dusk and the final Flame, like a thought persisting in the wide emptiness. In the unintelligible phase of consciousness it suggested the million renderings to the Mind; a message misunderstood, a thought confused missing its aim; it leaves two giant letters of past and future void of sense carrying without sanction to present moment, repeating the same revolution's whirl in its own void. Thus the meaning of the creation is veiled and reads the cosmic page without context. This consciousness wears to the perishable creature's eye, a river that can never find its sea; it runs through life and death on the edge of Time; a fire in the Night is its mighty action's blaze. A consciousness must connect Matter and Mind, a narrow strip of ascending soul and must renew the secret bond in things and unite alpha and Omega in one sound; then shall the Spirit and Nature be at one. The Spirit's bare and absolute potencies burn in the **solitude of the thoughts of God.**

All thing here seems to have its lonely self, are figure of the sole transcendent One. They live only by Him and by His breath they live. His unseen Presence moulds the oblivious clay. He is the playmate of the Mighty Mother's game. He was here before the elements could emerge, before there was light of the mind or life could breathe, a secret spirit in the Inconscient's sleep, a shapeless energy and a voiceless word. He and She are One, moves here as Soul and Nature and play within us in many worlds. They meet, embrace marry each other secretly in Knowledge and Ignorance, light and darkness, pleasure and pain. Her mighty plan She holds back from our sight and concealed Her glory, Bliss, Love and Wisdom. He wears a diminished godhead here, abandons his omnipotence and calm and infinity. He watches all, the Witness of her scene, knows her only, abandons all to make her great, takes birth in her world, waits on her will, works out her meanings, serves her secret purpose in long Time. As one too great for him he worships, adores her, grows through her, yields to her as mover of his will, offers his life to her as a splendour of sacrifice; her glance can make his whole day wonderful; he leans on her for all he does and is; in thousand ways he serves her royal needs, makes all reflect her whims and this whole wide world is only he and she. This is the secret knot that ties together the stars, secret of all power, might and right in things. Her touches shapes his soul and life; although she drives him on her fancy's roads, at play with him as with her child or slave; even for an hour she works out his will; for him she was made and lives only for his use. The Godhead breaks out through the **oblivious human mould**; her highest height she unmasks and is his mate and plaything in her game. He feels the sweetness of her mastering touch, in all experience meets her blissful hands.

The master of existence lives in man as in his house, all-knowing he wears the shapes of animal and man; Eternal, he assents to Fate, Time, mortality and Ignorance; puts on the robe of joy and sorrow and drinks experience like a strengthening wine. The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone, the Immune has

assumed triple poise that of (1) featureless and formless hush, guarding from Time the ineffable puissance of his solitude; (2) has fashioned these countless persons of one Self and a million figures of his power; (3) One who is in us as our secret self, assumed the mass of our imperfection and we might rise to his Divine measure.

Man is the seeker of hidden meaning of life's forms. He is the ceaseless explorer and mariner on a secret inner ocean without limit till the thousandfold enigma has been solved in the single light of an all-witnessing Soul. He is the adventurer and cosmologist of magic earth's obscure geography and ever unstable life's shifting flow. His paths are found for him by silent fate; during the journey through life and death and other life, he stations in the ages' weltering flood; firm land of surface physical, surface vital and surface mind appear that tempt and stay awhile and then the new horizons lure the mind's advance. There is no last certitude in which thought can pause, no close to finite's boundlessness and no terminus to soul's experience. An unattained perfection calls to him from the distant boundaries of the Unseen. Thus a long beginning has been made.

He is the apprentice sailor in the tiny bays of self and World-Matter's slow discoverer, launched into his small corporeal birth; dares at last to become the world-adventurer and voyager upon eternity's seas. As an expert captain of the fragile craft, he hugs at first the shore and shuns the breath. He travels from port to neighbour port and dares not to affront the far-off perilous sea; content with safe round's unchanging course and hazards not the new and the unseen. But subsequently he hears the sound of larger sea and a widening world **calls him** to the distant scenes of a larger vision's arc and unknown people and still unvisited shores. He begins to serve the world's commerce; reached unknown harbours with open markets for life's opulent arts, rich bales, carved statuettes, hued canvasses, jeweled toys, perishable products of hard toil and transient splendours. He ventured not yet to cross the unknown oceans, travels close to unfamiliar coasts, chances on unimagined continents and finds new haven in storm-troubled isles. He leaves the last lands, crosses the ultimate seas and turns to eternal things, crosses the limit of mortal thought and hope and reaches the world's end and stares beyond. At last he hears the chanting on the heights and the unknown grows near; crosses the boundaries of the unseen and passes over the edge of mortal sight of new vision of himself and things. A sailor on the Inconscient's fathomless sea, he voyages through a starry world of thought and on Matter's deck to a spiritual sun. His goal is fixed outside all present maps but none knows the secret mission the great Mother gave. And never can the mighty traveler rest, never can the mystic voyage cease till the nescient dusk is lifted from the man's soul and morns of God have overtaken His night.

- 1.1 When we fail to look into our souls or lie embedded in earthly consciousness, still we have parts that grow towards light. There are luminous tracts, heaven serene, fabulous splendour, ecstasy and temples to the godhead that none can see.

- 1.2 A timeless Light is in his hidden eyes and a burning Witness regards through the Time and blind walls of Form. He sees the heart of mystery of the journeying years, the secret things which no word can speak and knows the goal of unconscious worlds.
- 1.3 To our waking mind a goalless voyage seems to be our dubious course. Some Chance has settled missing its aim or cause and unwillingly compelled to emerge and be.
- 1.4 A conjecture leans upon doubtful proofs, a message misunderstands, a thought confused without its aim and all that it can speak is only a fragment of universal word.
- 1.5 They, the flaming pioneers of Immortal world live in His inalienable bliss. Immaculate in self-knowledge and self-power they repose on the eternal Will. Only His law of self discipline they count and obedient to Him. They have no goal to reach and no aim to serve. All barter, bribe, ignorant prayer, worship, virtue and sin they refuse. They are the keepers of the immutable decree and guardians of the silence of the Truth. A deep surrender is their source of might, a still identity their way to know and motionless is their action like a sleep.
- 1.6 His bliss in her to him is his whole world; he grows through her in all his being's powers; he reads by her God's hidden aim in things.
- 1.7 Two seem his goal, ascent of consciousness to the spirit's height and descent of consciousness into matter's base and gaze at each other over bourneless Time. Spirit and Matter are their end and source.
- 1.8 In her material order's fixed design all seems sure and even when this fixed design changes all maintains the same stability. Even the aim or the end is left for ever unknown and **ever unstable** is the life's shifting flow, his paths are **found by the silent fate**. It is a station in age's weltering flood, firm lands appear that tempt and stay awhile and new horizons lure the mind's advance.
- 1.9 He has crossed the limit of mortal hope and thought and reached the world's end and stared beyond. The eyes of the mortal body plunge their gaze into Eyes that look upon eternity.
- 1.10 The surface symbol of his goalless quest entered a deeper meaning to his inner view where he searched light in darkness and immortality in mortal life.
- 2.1 When the life's cherished guests are left outside and inner lamps are lit, our spirit speaks alone and bridges life's gulf. From spiritual silence a wider consciousness invades opening the life's doors.
- 2.2 In this waking mind's dense field, our very being seems to us questionable and nothing is plain or sure. Our life is a vague experiment and soul is a flickering light in the strange ignorant world. The earth seems a brute mechanic accident and a net of death in which we live by chance.

- 2.3 A larger self **guards for us our fate** in the depth within, where sleeps the eternal seed of transient things. In life's hermetic envelope, a magic key is concealed.
- 2.4 The Immortals dwell beyond the walls of Time and Space, masters of living, overseer of Fate and Chance and Will; can see the Idea, the Might that change Time's course, maned with the Light from the undiscovered world, impassive to earth's din and startled cry, return to the silence of the hills of God, they pass like lightning thunder and leave their mark on the trampled breast of Life.
- 2.5 In the heart's profound audition they can catch prophet-speech and murmurs which are lost by Life's uncaring ear.
- 2.6 A Consciousness that moves here in half light, between being's dark and luminous ends as wandering hunter of misleading dawns.
- 2.7 Without movement they were ready for their destined task of waiting the sound of incarnate voice which can leap and bridge the gulf of Ignorance and hollow yearning of life and fill the abyss which constitute the universe.
- 2.8 All Conscious can venture in to Ignorance and the All Blissful can bear the insensible.
- 2.9 In the single Light of an all-witnessing Soul, he explores the ceaseless miracle of himself in order to solve the thousand fold enigma.
- 2.10 A seeker of the islands of the Divine Grace, he crosses the last lands and ultimate seas and turns to eternal things with change of life in time constructed scenes; it images veiling infinity.
- 2.11 He sails through life, death and other life through waking and sleep trance. A power from her occult force ties him to his own creation's fate which compels him never ending mystic voyage and mighty journey, till the man's soul is liberated from the nescient dusk and morns of God have overtaken his night.
- 3.1 On a height he stood that looked towards greater heights. Our early approaches to the infinite is a marvelous sunrise splendours which lingers long before the glorious sun is visible. What now we see is a shadow of what **must** come.
- 3.2 This world is a beginning and base of a Life and Mind with their structured dreams. An unborn power **must** build reality. We are not only death bound littleness, but our forgotten vastnesses are immortal with unmeasured breadths and depths which waits discovery in our summit selves.
- 3.3 We **must** fill our immense lacuna by reweding the closed finite with the open infinity. A hyphen of narrow isthumus **must** connect matter and mind. We **must** renew the secret bond in things by recalling the lost divine Idea in the heart and reunite through reconstitution of perfect word. Then the Spirit and Nature will become one by the **pressure of a mysterious plan**.
- 3.4 One who has built this world is ever its lord, our errors are His steps on the way; He works through the fierce vicissitudes of our lives, hard breath of

- battle and toil, our sins, sorrows and tears. His knowledge overrules our nescience. We **must** bear all appearance, our strong ills and present fate when we can foresee nothing. Because a Mighty Guidance leads us still through all. After serving this great divided world we receive God's bliss and oneness.
- 3.5 Here on earth we **must** fill our parts in the unknown drama's course and utter sentences which veil in their thought. Her mighty plan and bliss and glory she holds back from our sight. We only feel a darkened little of her all the marvel, beauty, Love and Wisdom.
- 3.6 Man wears a diminished godhead here; he has forsaken his omnipotence, infinity and calm. He knows her only and forgotten himself. To her he abandons all to make her great. He takes birth in her world, waits on her will, works out her meanings she seems not to know and serves her secret purpose in long Time. He leans on her for all he does and is and in a thousand ways he serves her royal needs. This whole wide world is only he and she.
- 4.1 Our souls can visit in great lonely hours still regions of imperishable light, all-seeing eagle peaks of silent Power, moon-flame oceans of swift fathomless Bliss and calm immensities. In this unfolding of the self some times the Divine chooses a human vessel of descent. Thus the breath comes down from a supernal air, a Presence is born, a guiding light awakes and stone-calm stillness of the body falls upon the instrument supporting the figure of eternal Peace.
- 4.2 A wide consciousness is great, patient and calm and it sees the centuries pass awaiting the slow miracle of our change and the long march of all-revealing Time. This silence overhead and the inner voice is the origin and master clue towards which our strivings move.
- 4.3 In the wide signless ether of the Self, in the white and nude unchanging Silence, the Spirit is resplendent like gold dazzling suns, which the mortal eye cannot bear, burn in the **solitude** of the thoughts of God.
- 4.4 His sanctioning name initials all her works and his silence is his signature to her deeds. Her word that in silence speaks to our hearts and her silence transcends the summit Word.
- 4.5 The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone, has called out of the Silence his mute Force where she lay sleeping in the featureless and formless hush, guarding from time the ineffable puissance of his solitude. He has entered with his silence into space and fashioned these countless persons of one self. He has assumed the mask of imperfection so that we might rise to his Divine measure.
- 5.1 Grey shadows of unanswered questionings, the dark inconscient's signless mysteries **ever surround our brief existence** here and stand up unsolved behind Fate's starting line. An aspiration in the profound Night is like a

- seed of the perishing body and half-lit mind; it uplifts its lonely tongue of conscious fire towards an undying Light which is for ever lost.
- 5.2 Outward and immediate are our field of action, the dead past is our support and background, mind keeps the soul prisoner and we are slave to our acts and cannot free our gaze to reach the wisdom's sun. He is ignorant of the meaning of life and his high splendid fate.
- 5.3 A Light dwells near the dark end of things. It is the secret spirit in the Inconscient's sleep, a shapeless Energy and voiceless Word. This Inconscient self was here before the elements could emerge, before there was light of mind or life could breathe.
- 6.1 Man's corporeal mind or physical mind is the only lamp in the deep darkness of earth's breast whose ill-heard Voice is obeyed by the soul. A Divine Power steal into inner chamber of the physical mind and open the life's closed door by charm and sweetness and beauty. The Truth-Light capture Nature by surprise and entry of God compel the heart to bliss and earth grows unexpectedly Divine. In matter shall lit the spirit's glow and body kindled the sacred birth. Man cannot know and believe this God's growth of which wise men talk and sleep and few rare soul can see its advent.
- 6.2 When first man's heart suffered life and dared death, the godhead had promised to our struggling souls and kept for us safe one supreme result of the crown of conscious Immortality, to which no will can take away and no doom can change. Even though we pass through tangled anarchy called Fate and bitterness of death and fall, an outstretched Hand is felt upon our lives in unnumbered bodies and births.
- 6.3 There are Two who are One and play in many worlds of Knowledge and Ignorance, light and darkness, pleasure and pain; they are married secretly in our thought and life.
- 6.4 The Maker shall recast and impose **a plan of Godhead** on the mortal's mould by lifting our finite mind to His infinite and touching the moment to eternity. This transfiguration is earth's due to heaven by virtue of mutual debt between man and Supreme. We are the sons of God and **must put on** His divine nature and the key of this paradoxical life is in the hand of God.

THE YOGA OF THE KING: The Yoga of the Spirit's Freedom and Greatness

King Aswapati found the occult cave, the mystic door, admitted through the curtain of bright mind, near to the well of vision in the soul. He stepped into that magic place to which few can even glimpse; there in the hidden chamber closed and mute are kept the record graph of cosmic scribe, the tables of sacred Law, the Book of Being's index page, text and glossary of Vedic truth, the rhythms and metres of the stars, secret code of the history of the world, Nature's correspondence with the soul, luminous marginal notes dotting with light the

crabbed ambiguous scroll, the preamble and saving clause of dark Agreement by which all is ruled, strange symbol letters, scattered abstruse signs, riddling phrases and its blindfold terms, world's buried secret kept in the original ukase, locked archives, signature and fiery seal of wisdom. He builds in Ignorance the steps of Light, saw the unshaped thought in soulless form, knew Matter pregnant with spiritual sense, Mind dare the study of the Unknowable, Life is the gestation of the Golden Child, in the Void he saw throned the Omniscience supreme.

He raised his eyes to unseen spiritual heights through Vedantic sacrifice of soul merging with the Supreme and aspired to bring down a greater world. His height repelled and discontented with the lowness of earth's state and refused to live with the doom. Thus he entered the experience of Vedantic ascent without any link and solution of problem of the earth nature. Here we have no perfect answer to our hopes, blind voiceless doors that have no key; thought climbs in vain and brings a borrowed light; our hearts clutch at a forfeited heavenly bliss; in each success a seed of failure lurks. He saw the doubtfulness of all things here, the incertitude of man's proud confident thought; all we have acquired soon loses worth; the story of our life is too common to be told and our hope a star above a cradle and grave. And yet a greater destiny is ours; for the eternal Spirit dwells within us and fashion new the world we live.

In this journey, the Silence was King Aswapati's sole companion and was capable to live immune from earthly hopes and little outposts of mind and he heard the call from intangible heights. His being now exceeded thinkable Space, neighbour to cosmic Sight and universal Light. Here he experienced Vedantic ascent and descent of Consciousness linking Spirit and Matter. A golden influx of Divine force and current from eternal Seas of Bliss came down into heart, brain and into his mortal limbs; made him aware of his occult Omnipotent Source and turned to his immense spiritual fate. The earth-nature's summits sank below his feet and he climbed to meet the infinite more above. The Inconscient opposed this glory with swinging of its dragon tail and Death lay beneath him like a gate of sleep. One-pointed in his quest for immaculate Delight and God he mounted burning like a cone of fire. He was one among the few who was given that godlike rare release. All the cosmic murmur falling still he lived in the hush before the world was born. The moulds of form, person, thought and compulsion of created things are undone. He journeys his single steps in the eternal courts of Solitude and his Spirit bears the silence of the Infinite.

His being towered into pathless height to meet bare and pure **Divine Love**. A strong Descent of Might, Flame, Beauty, violent Ecstasy leaped down and enveloped him by penetrating into nerve, heart and brain with its stupendous limbs. That experience thrilled and fainted him with epiphany. His nature shook violently in the Unknown's grasp. In a moment shorter than death and longer than Time, by a Power more ruthless than Love, happier than Heaven took sovereignly into eternal arms, haled and coerced by a stark absolute bliss, in the whirlwind circuit of delight and force hurried into unimaginable depths, upborne into

measureless heights, it was torn out from its mortality and all underwent a new and limitless change. A fire that seemed the body of a God consumed the limiting figures of the past and made large room for ten new selves to live. Eternity's contact held his limbs and broke the moulds of sense; the little ego's ring can join no more the enormous spaces of self and the magic fence was rent by the imprisoned deity. Earth and Nature's obsolete rules were overpowered; the python coils of the restricting Law could not restrain the swift arisen God; the scripts of destiny were abolished. The great hammer-beats of pent-up world heart burst open the narrow dams that keep us safe against the invasion of Supramental force.

The above experience helped King Aswapati towards preparation of Vedic Sacrifice of consecration of Nature. All the limitations of secret Nature which was once in a formidable dreaded half-light lay bare to the burning splendour of his will. Her secret strengths are native to greater worlds and when the unseen is found, all once impossible deemed could now become a natural limb of possibility with new domain of normalcy supreme. (Overmind) Mind is an intermediate divine power which can suspend or change earth's concrete law; indifferent to the angry stare of Death, it can immortalize a moment's work. Even in this rigid realm mind can be the king, surprises of creation never achieved. Secret Nature's might is revealed as all here is miracle and can by miracle change. She meditates on the mighty words and looks on the unseen links that join the parted sphere. He who observes her law she initiates him and brings to him the light of her mysterious realms. She imitates World-Magician's ways, invents her self-bound free-will in grooves and feigns for magic's freak a binding cause.

One who resists more the more she loves; her great possessions and her power and herself she gave for rapture and use. Absolved from deep aberrations she recovered her ends for which she was made. She turned against the evil she had helped, her engined wrath, invisible means to slay, dangerous moods and arbitrary force, she surrendered to the service of the soul and control of spiritual will. A greater despot tamed her despotism. Violently attacked in the fortress of her self, she was conquered by her own unexpected King; thus fulfilled and ransomed by her servitude, she yielded in a glorious ecstasy. She has canalized the outbreaks of the Gods and cut through the vistas of intuitive sight a long road of shimmering discoveries. Her reign receives the mystic influence of the ineffable Presence and the worlds of marvelous Unknown; their lion forces couched beneath her feet; the future sleeps unknown behind their doors. Her gulfs stood nude, her far transcendences flamed in transparencies of crowded light.

King Aswapati's experience of Vedic sacrifice resulted first the descent of supreme Consciousness followed by ascent of Nature to Supreme state; he plunged from graded Law of Timeless Eternity into the Time. Then up a golden ladder carrying the soul, the beauty of the Matter's shapes, life's adventure and delight and glory of the multitudinous mind, he climbed back from Time into undying Self, tying with diamond threads the Spirit's extremes. In this descent from consciousness to consciousness each leaned on the occult Inconscient's

power, the fountain of its needed Ignorance, builder of limits by which it lives. In the ascent from consciousness to consciousness each part of life, mind and body lifted tops to That, Origin and home of all that could still become. Thus mediating twixt height and deeps united the veiled married opposites and linked creation to the ineffable. Then a last high world of Bliss sheath was seen where all the other nine worlds meet. In this summit Bliss world there was no Night and Sleep and the light of Trinity supreme that of Existence, Consciousness and Bliss was visible. All that we seek here are discovered there and freed the finite into boundlessness and rose into its own eternity. The Inconscient Sheath discovered its heart, the Divine All in the form of Inconscient self. Thus all the idea and feelings of Ignorance clutched to the body of the Truth. A grand solution closed the long impasse; the music and perfect rhythm was born in Matter's silences. A **reconciling Wisdom** looked on life which lifted the striving undertone of mind, confused refrain of human hopes, inarticulate murmur of our lives, under ground of pain, soul's faint scattered utterances, disjointed mutterings in sleep into sweet and happy call. It grouped the golden links that they had lost and showed them their divine unity; Mind's winding search lost every tinge of doubt; united were life's creative mood. There was no quarrel more of truth with truth, the endless chapter of their differences are retold in light by an omniscient Scribe. All the great words that toiled to express the One are lifted into absoluteness of Light.

- 1.1 A purpose or object mingled with the stumbling pace of Chance and with the whims of Time, and Fate revealed the chain of seeing Will. A conscious wideness filled the old dumb Space and in the Void saw the Omniscience Supreme.
- 1.2 Across the unfolding of the seas of self appeared the deathless countries of the One. A larger Nature's great familiar roads unrolled the many miracled Consciousness with **vast aim** and processes and helpful norms.
- 2.1 In the mystic heart of Life, the symbol powers of number and form, secret code of the history of the world and Nature's correspondence with the soul are written.
- 2.2 King Aswapati saw the doubtfulness of all things here; the incertitude of man's proud confident thought, the transience of the achievements of his force. He is a smallness trying to be great, an animal with the instincts of god, his life a story too common to be told, his deeds a number summing up to void, his consciousness a torch lit to be quenched, his hope a star above a cradle and grave. And yet a greater destiny and birth of a new world is his prerogative.
- 2.3 A fire that seemed the body of a god, consumed the limiting figures of the past and made large room for new self to live. Eternity's contact broke the moulds of sense and his limbs are held by greater Force and **bared his undiscovered higher and lower sheaths** (there are ten sheaths enveloping and overlapping the body, they are Inconscient and Subconscient sheaths,

- subtle physical, subtle vital, subtle mental, psychic, higher mental or spiritual, Universal, Supramental and Bliss sheaths). The triple cord of mind was unwounded and freed the wideness of Godhead's gaze.
- 2.4 A new domain of normalcy supreme opened which made all seemingly impossible could become natural limb of possibility. The Almighty Occultist weaves his hidden thread of consciousness and out of unformed and vacant Vast builds bodies for his shapeless energy.
- 2.5 Life in him learned the little front of huge subconscious rear which unlocked to the unseen Vasts.
- 2.6 Ascending and descending twist life's poles, the serried kingdoms of graded Law plunged from the Everlasting plane into Time plane. As a result the multitudinous mind was glad of its glory, life was rich with adventure and delight and Matter was packed with beauty and they again climbed back in a golden ladder carrying the soul from Time plane to the Timeless plane of undying Self, tying with diamond threads the Spirit's extremes. In this descent from higher consciousness to lower consciousness, each leaned on the occult Inconscient's power, which is the fountain of the needed Ignorance and lives by the limits. In this sour from lower consciousness to higher consciousness, each lifted tops to become That, the origin and home of all from which it came. By this Eternal's acts of mounting to their climax in endless calm, they united the veiled married opposites in heights and deeps and linked creation to the Ineffable. A last high world of Bliss sheath was discovered where all the ten sheaths or worlds meet, in this summit state there was no Night nor Sleep and the light of the Trinity supreme, *Sat, Chit and Ananda* was visible. All that man seeks here are discovered there.
- 2.7 The height of mortal effort ended by the discovery of heart of Inconscient sheath or heart of Inconscient consciousness, the Inconscient Self. Thus from the groping in Ignorance, at last clutched passionately the body of the Truth. Thus a grand solution closed the long impasse, rending the night that had concealed the Unknown and answer brought to the torn earth's hungry need. Now the music is born in Matter's silences and perfect rhythm is sometimes dreamed. Thus a reconciling wisdom looked on life which found the sense of illimitable in the inarticulate murmur of our lives and made the striving undertones of mind and confused refrain of human hopes into sweet and happy call.
- 3.1 He raised his eyes through seizure of Divine Will and immense hope to unseen spiritual heights and discerned the superhuman form and aspired to bring down greater world. The glory he had glimpsed **must be his home** and **must** illumine soon with brighter heavenlier sun this dusk room with dark internal stair. The Ideal that the body, heart, mind and soul illumine the indwelling god **must** be Nature's common truth.
- 3.2 King Aswapati was one among the **few** who pointed to immaculate Delight, questing for God as for a splendid prey and mounted burning like a cone of

- fire. He was one among the many thousands who was never touched, engrossed in external world's design. Across his soul's unmapped immensitudes, he was chosen by the secret witnessing eyes and was driven by a pointing hand of Light.
- 4.1 Earth-nature's summit sank below his feet, he climbed above like arrow leaping through eternity to meet more and more infinite and passed across the Immobile's ocean-silence. It was like a ray returning to its parent sun. Opposing this glory of escape the black Inconscient swung its dragon tail lashing the slumberous Infinite by its force into deep obscurities of form. Death lay beneath this Inconscient like a gate of sleep.
 - 4.2 All the deep cosmic murmur was fallen still, his soul left naked to the timeless One and lived in the hush **before the world was born**. He lived far from the compulsion of created things where thoughts and its shadowy idols disappeared and the moulds of form and person were undone. He journeys as lone forerunner to meet the Incommunicable. His single step was heard in the eternal courts of Solitude; his spirit mingles with the eternity's heart and bears the silence of the Infinite.
 - 5.1 In the spirit's room of memories the King Aswapati could recover the preamble and saving clause of dark Agreement that rises from material Nature's sleep and by which all is ruled and everlasting could be clothed in new shapes. He could re-read now and interpret new the strange symbol letters and scattered abstruse signs, the law of opposition of the gods and its list of inseparable contraries.
 - 5.2 There is no perfect answer to our hopes, blind voiceless doors that have no key; thoughts climb in vain to bring a borrowed light, which is sold and cheated to us in the life's mart and our hearts are clutched by a forfeited heavenly bliss. A mutilated statue of ecstasy, a wounded happiness and brief felicity of mind and sense are thrown by World-Power to the body-slave. All we have acquired soon loses worth and imperfection's old disvalued credit cheque was drawn on the Inconscient. Every effort is made unimportant, chaos waits in every cosmos formed and in each success a seed of failure lurks. He saw the doubtfulness of all things here, incertitude of man's proud confident thought and transience of the achievements of his force.
 - 5.3 The secret Nature turned against the evil that she had helped. She surrendered her engined wrath, invisible means to slay, dangerous moods and arbitrary force to the service of the soul and control of the spiritual will. A greater despot tamed her despotism.
 - 6.1 A **call** was on him from intangible heights, indifferent to the little outpost of Mind. His being now exceeded thinkable space and dwelt in the wideness of the Eternal's reign; his boundless thought was neighbour to cosmic sight and a universal light was in his eyes. A golden influx of Divine force came down into his heart, brain and flesh, felt the invasion of

current from the eternal seas of Bliss and aware of his occult omnipotent Source and omniscient Ecstasy. Thus he turned to his immense spiritual fate.

- 6.2 Overpowered were earth and Nature's obsolete rule of restricting law which could not restrain the swift arisen God. Abolished were the scripts of destiny. There were no more small death-haunted creatures, no fragile form of being to preserve from an all-swallowing immensity.
- 6.3 She has canalized the outbreaks of Gods and cut through vistas of intuitive sight a long road of shimmering discoveries. Behind her an ineffable Presence stood and worlds of marvelous Unknown were near. Her reign received their mystic influences and the future sleeps unknown behind their doors.

Recapitulation:

The great hammer-beats of a pent-up world-heart
Burst open the narrow dams that keep us safe
Against the forces of universe.

Savitri-83

His grasp surprised her mightiest energies' spring;
He spoke with the unknown Guardians of the worlds,
Forms he descried our mortal eye sees not.

Savitri-44

A violent Ecstasy, a Sweetness dire,
Enveloped him with its stupendous limbs
And penetrated nerve and heart and brain
That thrilled and fainted with epiphany.
In a moment shorter than death, longer than Time,
By a Power more ruthless than Love, happier than Heaven,

Savitri-81

In this study we observe three major Supramental experiences of The Mother, that of the Supramental descent in 1956, the meeting of the all-mighty Spring at the very bottom of Inconscient in 1958 and experience of the Divine Love in 1962, are hinted and experienced in Savitri. In the Mother's cellular transformation experience subtle physical influence would predominate over material sheath to such extent that physical's own light will be visible or 'In Matter shall be lit the spirit's glow'.

We learn from Savitri that time's value increases considerably when one enters seclusion and deep internal solitude is the sane condition for development of higher faculties and care has to be taken to ensure and protect the time's virginity. Each moment is to be utilized towards accumulation of soul strength or soul integration. That will help us initially to come out of manifold or sevenfold

oblivion, secondly uncover the tenfold selves, thirdly build and grow the tenfold sheaths and finally accumulate strength to confront doom.

We learn the lesson of possession of Savitri's nature that was at once the stillness, the great Word, a continent of self diffusing peace, an ocean of untrembling virgin fire, the silence and strength of the gods. She was not born to submit and suffer and patch with failure, bargain or compromise and had no interest in small transient happiness. She shared and endured the load of an unwitting race and kept the door open for grief, peril and pain to come. Her single will was missioned to stay the Wheels of Doom and oppose the cosmic law.

We learn the lesson that King Aswapati's manifold effort, askesis and concentrated spiritual experiences are the need of the present human endeavour and if not all few can rise to such heights in order to help to elevate the general consciousness of the race.

Savitri asks us to make our individual self, life and surrounding like a Virgin's fortress and shall wait till the hour of violent attack and conquest by the Divine, her own Lord. That is life's utter fulfillment and joy beyond all measure.

This paper attempts to decode and assimilate a part of the Mother's secret divine plan and if we persist with these hints that will still help to uncover its deepest, highest and widest mysteries.

THE DESCENT

Edited and Published by S. A. Maa Krishna, Sri Matriniketan, for The
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THE DESCENT

Vol. 10 No.26 Founder Editor–Sri K. Anurakta January- 2009

(This issue is offered at the lotus Feet of The Mother and Sri Aurobindo on occasion of New Year-2009. In this issue first three Cantos of Book-2, *Savitri*, are studied which is continuation of its earlier papers, designed to trace the law of self discipline of Integral Yoga.)

To become a slave of ‘calm spiritual law’ and ‘to take a large immediate plunge straight into the sea of Divine Infinity’ is our exceptional privilege. While preparing this paper it was felt that no part of the spiritual experiences should be left aside; so it was attempted to link each spiritual experience which comes in succession and all the missing links, voids and oblivions are identified as potential hints for future concentration and our effort to overcome the deficiencies of fragmentary knowledge. These Cantos mark the three turning points in King Aswapati’s *tapasya*, in ascending the stairs of consciousness; where the subtle physical and subtle vital sheaths are experienced and their intrinsic natures are reconciled to trace the most secret truths.

King Aswapati was preoccupied with the limitless movement of Consciousness by which all can be known, experienced, seen, done and executed with all the unending riches of the spirit. This external existence is deeply linked with number of subtle worlds through invisible immaterial substance and the density and influence of these worlds can grow by opening the moving doors on things Divine. The whole existence moves ahead by the pressure of a single plan of the One as foreseen by the supernal consciousness of the cosmic Self. The heart’s adventure of delight is endless and we have the opportunity at each moment to associate outer world with the inner subtle world to experience the unseen perfection. Out of the mysterious Silence, unborn thoughts, series of Ideas, imperative lines and inevitable words are born and only was missing the sole timeless Word that has the capacity to carry eternity in its lonely sound.

His aspiring soul climbed to intangible height straight to the Supreme without recoil and stagnancy at intermediate height and authorized him with the capacity to marry the present obscure earth with the screened eternities of subtle world where the subtle mind lifts this mortal mind to its Divine parts, subtle vital lifts the yearning of the life to intangible aims and subtle physical links the body’s death to the immortality’s call. The Spirit labours hard to get out of the oblivion of Inconscience and enter into the Superconscient Light and by this golden abundance of higher scheme, man holds the key of higher ascending fate and conscious spirit is nursed in the Matter’s house. The deep venture of material birth is a soul’s return through which the Nature again climbs to the Divine and it marked her deep downward plunge and godhead’s fall.

Our life is a complete sacrificial offering to the Supreme through the consecrated grace of the Divine Mother, who created this body of the world out of the substance of Her body by virtue of Her great sacrifice. She returns to Her Immortality through greater growing fate which is accomplished by reconciliation of partners of unsatisfied opposite forces. There is a graph of many meeting subtle worlds, a drawing half drawn on the vast scheme of things which asks for a small beginning and the reason's law is laughed at by the Divine Artist whose Divine intension is suddenly justified by Intuition's sure technique. On the long passage of time the faint and fluid sketch of soul stands on the little point of eternity that reveals infinitude. The creation of this universe is a mysterious process of reversal of consciousness where in the strange inconscient base the Infinity is held as the sum of zero and all and from invisible virgin fire a gas belched out to form a dense ring of million stars and out of it earth was new born with huge mechanical form and the God's tread was heard. In this crude spin of cosmic whirl of the earth the spirit's vision, the Divine Idea in Matter and mind's presence in the sap of life was worked out. Thus in this small human body housed the Ineffable, this finite soul carried the Infinity and in the drop of water symbolizing the physical body, the Presence of inner planes of infinite Ocean is experienced.

Behind our momentary steps, a Seer within knows the ordered plan of the universe and King Aswapati bore the burden of the earth's desire by entering into the kingdom of unknown Light, unfathomed silence, lone mute strength of the soul and in his journey he still uncovered many graded worlds and heavens and extended it to bare summit of things.

King Aswapati entered the kingdom of subtle matter, the visible immaterial substance which forms the chassis of this external physical frame of the body. The experience of this world is an immortal life out of the burden of this perishable body; here all shapes are high original celestial beauty; celestial sense awoke to perceive lucent mystically clear surrounding; hearing was a sweet melodious music, touch was full of charm and sweetness; heart drew deeper breath of power, faultless and not deformed by our mortal sight; undreamed by our mortal mind and inner eyes are illumined by trance. The subtle world is full of radiant boon, path tracing vision, distant outcome which rests on perfect plan, pure happiness, perfect form and great care. Subtle physical acts as a brilliant roof to intercept heaven's air of higher planes, admit small inrushes of mighty divine force, shields our ceiling of terrestrial mind from deathless sun and streaming of god's rain, intersession with eternal ray which we cannot touch or feel and yet canalizes the strange small light and bright dew drip from immortal sky. There is a marriage hall made up of fine stuff of Mind and heaven's meaning steal through its veil and the inner world sustains the outer events. In subtle physical's splendid lobby, the Matter and soul meet like lovers in rich privacy and in their nuptial union they join their strength, sweetness and delight and made the high and the nether worlds one. Our secret breath of untried mightier force, the lurking suns of an instant's inner sight, its fine suggestions, rich imaginings, illumined touch are directed to transform common

things till earth's mud grows rich and warm with the skies. When subtle matter plunges lost in the Inconscient's base, out of that fall our gross matter is born.

Thus fallen into the night, the earth is forced to create a subconscious yearning memory and as a result from the mire of blind unwilling substance, nature must emerge orchid and rose and beauty of happier spheres. A stupendous task is given to man which seems impossible for the gods; a part of the subtle physical claims immortality and mind must discover this lost knowledge on deathless life held in the stone-grip of world's Inconscience.

We hope for greater life because a fragment of heaven's design is caught here; a brilliant passage is made by removing Inconscient's seal from our eye and we strive towards the law of all perfection by seizing eternal in time made things. Only when we are able to climb above ourselves to Transcendent height then it brings to us inevitable word, god like action and king ideas. A ripple of light and glory wraps around our head and travels down through moment's vanishing route. These glimmerings lead us towards the knowledge of the secret of our birth and hidden miracle of our destiny. We realign our souls to cosmic wideness and realize ourselves in all and all in ourselves; thus the seer and seen, the craftsman and the craft grow rapturous one and instant perfection is attained through close identity. The intuitive Light must descend to bring those heavens here; the Ineffable must find a voice and God's strength must descend into our life. Our highest aspiration, profound beauty and intense joy are held back by a veil and oblivion that we have to uncover.

The subtle physical world is without fear, grieve, opposition, shadows, pain, error, defeat, fault, littleness, failure, ordeal, test, peril of the sky or abyss; there each line, rhythm, action, rule, word, movement and object are perfect, inevitable, deathless, divine and faultlessly built for charm and use. In subtle physical's Supreme plan all is finished, a captive of its own beauty and delight and no space is left for the immeasurable shadows and Incalculable's surprise. Now King Aswapati looked beyond greater light, abandoned the brilliant material paradise of the house of the Day and his destiny was opened to larger and wider sphere of subtle vital.

Subtle vital world is pure, bright, beautiful, endless bliss, timeless, unaffected by fear and fate and its surface is impure, constant doubt, uncertain ground of quaking base, inconstant goal, unsure aim, unsatisfied, fierce lust, dead fatigue and uninteresting crawl of dull desire and its substance is formed and purified by the vision of the subtle mind and pressure of the subtle physical. To be or to manifest the pure life is a long experiment of the soul withstanding the hazard of ignorant seeking and wrestle of danger and discovery, which seeks all truth and finds none supreme. Yet the manifestation of life is a long adventurous leap of the Spirit and world rapture lingers on her face and her moods are faces of the Infinite.

Endurance, longing and hope is developed when life is able to bear the burden of ancient face of joy and sudden disclosure of grief and even if his feet is

stepped in an unsafe soil of life he saw the image of a happier state, the griefless life and the Kingdoms of Ananda are near and real to the longing heart, body's passionate thought and sense. Indifferent, unmoved, untouched and untarnished to life's suffering, struggle, grief, trouble, toil, unhappiness, anger, gloom, hate he looked down to the subtle vital's inner fields, which are experienced by dream, trance and muse and our eye witnesses the wide rapturous fleeting landscapes, passing figures of perfect kingdom leaving behind a trail of shining memory, great visioned planes, ever blissful in their timeless right, illumined continent of violet peace, oceans and rivers of the joy of God, griefless countries under the purple suns and transformed false earth's vain realities into dream's truth.

King Aswapati's vision unveiled all the wonder world of subtle vital world and bridged the gulf between the dream-truth and earth-fact. Out of the Void of the unseeing energies the concrete universe of subtle vital was invented by flashes of all-knowing Light and its supreme delight glowed in perfect silence. The subtle vital world's aspiration brings down the impenetrable Supermind to guide her unknown force; controls her restless seas; life obeys the governing Idea; our human ignorance moves towards the Truth to transform Nescience into Omniscience; instincts shape to divine Thought; infallible immortal Sight is housed by thought and Nature climbs to God's identity. She has restricted the action of the Immutable's law and canalized the seas of Omnipotence and inverted spirit's apex towards life and linked the monarchy of the unfallen self with the gloomy trance of the abyss below.

The subtle vital world is lifted half way to heaven and she has the capacity to build thousand Eden without halt in her greatness and grace. Heaven's joy could have been stabilized on earth had earth were pure and virgin and there could have reached our divinized sense, bright extreme natural felicity and Supernature's absolute thrill and gods could have been nursed here through indulgence in tender purity. While her dreams are stabilized on Matter's court still her doors are wide opened towards things supreme. The Supreme delight is experienced by perfecting life through the happy laughter of the soul and Love's immaculate sweetnesses. Sharp edges of harmony is experienced when the life's extreme opposites become lovers and natural friends and the spirit's luminousness was felt there. A grand Illumination seized her glowing limbs; transformed by wisdom's touch her days became luminous consecration and filled his divine ray till her body becomes transparent robe and all her soul a counterpart of his soul and she burned in sweet intolerable blaze like an immortal insect in happy and endless fire. Neither fall debased the godhead of her steps nor alien Night could come to blind her eyes, nor there was any use of grudging ring or fence and each act was perfection and joy. The heaven's task was god's mighty game, where work was only play and play was only work. The nude god-children ran in their play-field with laughter of immortal strengths, smiting the winds with splendour and with speed; they kindled heaven with the glory of their limbs and threw like a divine gift to the world.

King Aswapati had not yet built a bridge between this subtle vital world and world of bliss though he was receiving a call from that ecstatic plane; he was still tied to an unquiet life and a dark and dense vital sheath still encircled her true vital self. He had once experienced the Eternal's clasp near the entrance of Inconscient Night and too near to suffering world. The poised inconscience was shaken by a Divine touch and intuitive Silence and cried to Life to invade the senseless mould and in the brute form awake a divinity. A Consciousness awakes a buried reality, recollected the forgotten self and yearned to know, aspire, enjoy and live. The call of the nether life brought down the Life from a higher plane and filled his days with celestial clasp and forced delight on the earth's insensible frame. Before this gift of magic breath could reach our bound hearts a dark ambiguous Presence questioned all and the sojourn of slow suffering years can no more recall the happier state and accepted the Inconscient's dark law. Her child-god happiness was slain and all her glory into littleness turned and all her sweetness turned into maimed desire. To feed death with her bounded work is here life's doom. Such was the evil mystery of her degrading downward plunge.

In our effort to transform this paper into plenary of spiritual experiences and practice of the norms of Integral Yoga, each Canto is restated and is subdivided into six categories that of (1) aim of Integral Yoga, (2) Master formula of all life, (3) indispensable and (4) dispensable self discipline of Integral Yoga, (5) danger on the path and (6) the doctrine of Divine Life. This is an extension and continuation of similar effort earlier made on *The Synthesis of Yoga* and *The Life Divine*.

The World Stair (Book-II, Canto-I)

King Aswapati's movement in the inner world was watched and guarded by the Unknowable around and above him. All could be seen, known and done that are beyond the limit of mortal will. A limitless movement of consciousness filled his being with limitless peace. Beyond the earth's profound existence there are intimate ideas and dreams linked to us through **immaterial substance** where Space is a vast experiment of the soul and there is a deep oneness of all things out of which the universe of Unknown arose. A self-creation revealed the grandeur of million moods and myriad energies and threw into hazards of play that shape the fancies of Truth and formulas of freedom of its Force. This self-creation poured bacchic rapture, nectar of Ideas, a passion and everlasting motion of Ever-stable's flux. There arose unborn thoughts, words, actions and **lines** from the inexpressible Silence. The Eternal's stillness saw the dramas of delight, plots of pain as soul's pleasure, action of Universal Power, wonder and beauty of her **will to be**. Here all the experience of thousandfold expression is the **single plan** of the One. All came at once into his vast intuitive sight, all, that he could feel as his dearest drew near and he grew one spirit with that immensity. The **visions of cosmic Self** embodying the supernal consciousness was alive with the touch of eternity, which looked at him like form bound spiritual thoughts and movements of the Ineffable. The

world—outline was donned by opening **moving doors** on things Divine. The symbols of the Spirit's reality and the living body of the Bodiless became his **daily associates**. The voices of a thousand realms of Life and the exhaustless seeing of the unsleeping Mind mission to him her mighty messages. The heaven-hints from above and dire imaginations from below would soon cease to feel our dulled capacity and mortal infirmity and were set in their sublime proportions. They resumed their topless pitch and native power of self-born atmosphere; their enriching stress upon the soul bit deep into the ground of consciousness with extreme purity, sovereign sweetness, beautiful and terrible delight. All things occult, rare, remote and strange and all that thought and widest sight can perceive were felt near to heart's contact of spirit-sense. They asked crowded entry at his nature's gates which is the widened spaces of his mind. His self-discovery's flaming witnesses offered their marvel and their multitude. These now became new portion of spirit's greater life, the moving scenery of his large time-walk. Tireless and endless are the **heart's adventure of delight**, unnumbered tones struck from one harmony's strings. The fathomless feeling of the All in one brought some unseen perfection and single retreat into Truth's secrecies. There all was found that of ceaseless rapture, surprise, opulent beauty and recurring beat that moments God in Time. Only the sole **timeless word** that carries eternity was found missing. This **lonely sound** was the self-luminous Idea which is the key to all ideas, the single sign interpreting every sign and integer of Spirit's perfect sum, which can equate the unequal All to the equal One.

He saw a motionless mystical barrage of dynamic light erected like a mountain-chariot of the Gods. It was extended from Matter's plinth of viewless base to a top of carved sea of worlds climbing the foam-maned waves to the Supreme. The **aspiring soul** of man climbed to intangible heights of storied temple-tower to heaven and disappeared in the hushed conscious Vast. Infinity calls this aspiration whose tall pointed end touches the apex of the world and great voiceless stillness and it has the **capacity** to marry the earth to screened eternities. **Alone this aspiration** points us our journey back from the long self-loss in Nature's deep abyss to the single stair of being's goal. A subtle pattern of the universe and the summery of the stages and hierarchies of the spirit are refashioned in the secret air of our self. This subtle form is within, below, without and above and acts on this visible Nature's scheme to wake the earth-matter's heavy doze in the form of thought, feeling, reaction and joy and lifts mortal mind to Divine parts, life's yearning to intangible aims and links the body's death to immortality's call. Out of the **oblivion of** the Inconscience the spirit labours towards the superconscient Light which is the cause of the life's delight and the thinking process. Earth by this golden abundance and higher scheme bore more than the load of thinking man and holds the **key** of our ascending fate. It calls out of our dense mortality of Matter's house to **nurse the conscious spirit**. Our inner life's **slow scaled degrees** are formed by the pressure of conscious plane and unseen godheads in the form of divine action and unspoken truth in things. Its

steps are movement of soul's return from **deep adventure of material birth** and the delivering ascension of Nature's climb to the deity. In the uninterrupted watch of the deathless gaze, these gradations of consciousness had marked her giant downward plunge and wide and prone leap of a **godhead's fall**.

Our life is a complete sacrificial offering to the Supreme. Our body is made up of the stuff of the Divine Mother by virtue of **Her great sacrifice**. Our many-patterned ground was woven by accepting sorrow, unconsciousness and the Divinity's lapse. Our mortality is made up of adoration of self. Earth is a fragment and residue where the Power of the Divine Mother is packed with stuff of colour-lustres of greater subtle worlds dimmed by Her slumber. Her sleep is stirred by the atavism of buried memories remembering the lost fallen sphere. Her return to immortality, through **greater growing fate**, in which partners of unsatisfied forces move for **reconciliation**. These partners consent to share her doom of birth and death, and kindle partial gleams of the All and her laborious spirit composes a small image of the Whole. Her work is approved by the calm and luminous Intimacy within and she guides the unseeing Power. The world's life is a drawing half-done whose vast design asks a **small beginning**. Its curves do not join the high intended terminus and meets the doubt concealed with significance. The ambiguous crowded parts move to many-toned unity and there the **first tremble** of greatness is witnessed and the reason's law is laughed at by the Divine Artist and the divine intension is suddenly felt which justify the **intuition's sure technique**. There is a graph of **many meeting worlds**, a conscious Vast fill the old brute Space and Mind thinks behind Nature's mindless mask. On the long passage of Time a faint and fluid sketch of soul stands which is a glowing epitome of eternity and a little point that reveals the infinitude. The creation of this universe is a mysterious process which was first a strange inconsistent base, a void, a cipher of some secret Whole where infinity in its sum was held by **zero and All**. Into its form the Child is born, lives for ever in the vastness of God. Then a slow **reversal's movement** took place and from invisible fire a gas belched out to form dense ring and million stars. Out of it earth was born in whose new soil the God's tread was heard. Across the thick-smoke of earth's Ignorance the Mind groped for knowledge in nescient Night, worked out its plan in a blind stone-grip Force and in **sleep** created this huge mechanical world in order to make Matter conscious of its soul and life-power keeps busy to deliver the zero carrier of the All. Eternal eyes with lucent clarity turned on the earth's gulf and saw the **shadow of the Unknowable** reflected in the Inconscient's boundless sleep. Thus the creation's search for self began anew. In the crude cosmic whirl the spirit's dream, the divine Idea in Matter and mind's presence in the sap of life is worked out. Our souls came to live the mystery, of time-made body that housed the Illimitable, of ocean's presence in a drop of water and of Infinity put on a finite soul.

Behind our momentary steps a Seer within knows the **ordered plan** and inspires our ascent to viewless heights whose earlier steps were an abysmal leap to earth and life. He traveled in nameless light, formless stillness, unfathomed

loneliness and mute single strength to bear the **burden of the world's desire**. The invisible Magnet drew his soul even if the deep beatitudes and guarded powers are disclosed of many graded worlds and heavens and it extended to bare summit of created things and indiscernible end.

1.1 A self-creation revealed the grandeur of the Infinite without **end** or pause.

1.2 Here all the experiences including the plots of pain and dramas of delight are soul's pleasure and are part of a single plan, the wonder and beauty of her **will to be** and the thousandfold expression of the One.

1.3. The unsleeping Mind's exhaustless seeing, contact with the countless invisible signs and voices of thousand realms of Life **missioned** to him her mighty messages.

1.4 The high curved world-pile climbs a single stair of storied temple-tower to being's heavenly **goal**. A summary of the cosmic hierarchies are refashioned in our secret soul. A subtle pattern of the universe is within, below, without and above. It acts upon this visible Nature's scheme, wakes our earth-matter's heavy doze by thought, feeling, reaction to joy. It links body's death to Immortality's call, yearns this life of flesh to intangible **aims**, lifts mortal mind into greater air.

1.5 The soul's aspiration has the capacity to point our journey back from the self-loss of Nature's deep abyss to the single **stair of the being's goal** and the yearning in the life of the flesh lifts the being to intangible aims and the body's death is linked with the immortality's call.

1.6 Our souls came here to live the Mystery of birth of the miraculous Absolute; Infinity puts on a finite soul; all ocean like inner world lived within a wandering drop of transient earthly life and a time-made body experienced the Illimitable.

1.7 His **call** had reached the Traveller of Time. A Seer within inspires our ascent to viewless height and is aware of the ordered plan concealed behind our momentary steps.

2.1 A self-creation throws into hazards of million moods and energies of play and builds the world by the **fancies of Truth** and formulas of freedom of its Force.

2.2 There is a higher scheme of our being which is the cause of our greater existence and holds **the key** of our ascending fate. The conscious spirit is **called** out of the dense mortality and is nurtured in the Matter's house. The influence of the conscious planes and godheads of the unseen reality arise from the unspoken truth in things and it fixes our inner life's slow-scaled degrees.

2.3 Our inner life's slow-scaled degrees are fixed by the influence of conscious planes and unseen godheads, arises from Divine action and unspoken truth of things. The material birth is a **deep adventure** of the soul through which Nature ascends in the ladder and climbs to the deity.

3.1 He moved alone guarded by the Unknowable around and above him. All could be done, known and seen that no mortal will, mind and eye **can dare** to grasp and see.

3.2 All that the thought and widest sight can never know, all that are occult, rare, strange and remote are **near** to heart's contact and felt by the spirit within. They ask entry with their marvel and multitude at his nature's gates as self-discovery's flaming witnesses.

3.3 **Only** was missing the sole timeless Word that carries eternity in its lonely sound, the self-luminous Idea which is key to all ideas, the single sign interpreting every sign, the integer of Spirit's perfect sum that reconciles unequal All to the equal One.

4.1. Into Unchanging's surge there rose thoughts with their deathless consequence, Immortal **words** that had fallen mute, the lines that convey the inexpressible and acts and joy born out from Eternal's stillness.

4.2 A formless Stillness, a nameless Light above and Eternal silences around **called him**.

5.1 Across the thick smoke of earth's ignorance, a Mind groped for knowledge, worked its plan in a blind stone-grip Force and made in sleep this huge mechanical world. Thus Matter might grow conscious of the soul. Eternal's eyes turned on **earth's gulfs** and saw the shadow of the Unknowable mirrored in the Inconscient's boundless sleep.

5.2 These gradations of conscious planes had marked through a deathless gaze the wide and prone leap of a giant downward plunge and a **godhead's fall**.

6.1 Our life is a holocaust or sacrifice of the Supreme. The great world-Mother by her sacrifice has made her soul the body of our state. She accepted the sorrow, unconsciousness and the **Divinity's lapse**.

6.2 The invisible Magnet **drew his soul** in spite of his high-pitched attempt of world after world and heaven after heaven experience of deep beatitudes.

The Kingdom of Subtle Matter (Book-II, Canto-II)

King Aswapati arrived at the relentless field of secret spirit which is like a vast support or frame of chassis of this outer body; earth's solid fence has deprived us from experiencing this **visible immaterial stuff** which is also an immortal life that lived not by flesh. This is the kingdom of subtle matter, a fine degree in wonder's hierarchy leaps out of the splendour-trance and haze to realize the wizard in its front. In this subtle world nothing is deformed by earth's sight, here all shapes are beautiful and all things are true; celestial sense awoke to see the lucent mystically clear surrounding; hearing was a sweet music and touch was full of charm and heart drew a deeper breath of power. In that subtle world dwells earth-nature's shining origin; **the distant outcome** of her labouring force rests on perfect plan and in the frame work of established fate. The schedule, map and figure of her future sovereignties are already outlined and traced by her desire. The golden issue of the mind's complex plots, the riches unfound and uncaught by our lives and unstrained by mortal thought are tolerated in the subtle physical's lighted transparent atmosphere. Our vague beginnings are overtaken there; middle actions are sketched out in foreknown line and **lived the anticipated final end**. Subtle

physical also acts as a brilliant roof of our descending plane, intercepts the free boons of heaven's air, admits small inrushes of mighty divine force or entry of fragrance through golden door; shields our ceiling of terrestrial mind from deathless suns and streaming of God's rain and yet canalizes strange small light and bright dews drip from immortal sky. Subtle physical is a passage for the Power that moves our days. Behind the gross Nature's wall there is a **marriage hall** made up of fine stuff of Mind whose form is hidden from dream; heaven's meaning steal through its veil and the inner sight sustains the outer scene. In that world the beauty and perfect shape of things **inspire** the transient earth's brief lived attempts; it has finer consciousness, purity of sense, intersession with eternal Ray which we can never touch or feel. The young divinity of the eternal Child played, bathed and soothed by his overgrowing thought, whisper of that lucid air, everlasting colourful wonder and rested like birds of time-less trees before he dives to float on the earth-time's sea. All that here seems mediocre has lovelier similarity there in the subtle world. Whatever our hearts and head conceive and create by **forfeiting some high original celestial beauty**, are then exiled here consents to some earthly touch. All that is here beautiful, charm and grace finds there divine, faultless and immortal and undreamed by mortal mind. In that world there are bodies which have no earthly counterpart, inner eyes' are illumined by trance, heart is raped with celestial tread and persuaded heaven to inhabit that wonder land. In that magic kingdom of ideal sight, the future's marvel of beauty wander in its gulfs and things old and new are fashioned in those depths. In subtle physical's splendid antechamber Matter and soul meet like lovers in their splendid privacy. In that passionate clasp they join their strength, sweetness and delight and made the high and low worlds, one. The Spirit intrudes from the formless Infinite to leap towards the ground body and **dares to** break into the Inconscient's reign; convinces the abyss by heavenly form and fit to endure the rub of Change and Time. A subtle tissue mixed of soul's radiant light and Matter's substance; it feels what the earthly bodies cannot feel which is more real than the gross body. After the **fall of the mortal body** the subtle body's weight becomes lighter and ascends finer environment, earth's downward pull is cancelled and carries the soul from lower plane to higher plane till in the naked ether of the peak, the spirit's simplicity remains which is eternal being's first transparent robe. When it returns with heavy mortal dress then it resumes the mortal load and earth's hard experience. But long before the earth's solid dress was forged by technique of the atomic Void a lucent envelope of **bright sheath** over self was woven round the secret spirit. The subtle world is full of radiant boon, path tracing vision, pure happiness, perfect form and great care. On the peaks of subtle plane there are **dangerous nether planes** whose light draws towards the Nature's lapse and beauty towards the terror of the gulfs. Its trance pushes towards earth's inconscience, perilous Gods, demons and snakes and this immortal weaver weaves for us death's dark robe and gospel of mortality. There is a **concealed autocracy** in subtle physical plane which serves as mediums of greater Consciousness and in

its creative memory it guards the immutable, the deathless type of mutable and perishing things. The lowered potentials of subtle physical find our fallen strength, reasoned ignorance and the sense fathers our body's reflexes. Our secret breath of untried mightier force, the lurking suns of an instant's inner sight, its fine suggestions, rich imaginings, illumined touch are directed to transform common things till **earth's mud** grows rich and warm with the skies. Subtle physical knowledge is our error's starting point of correction, its beauty dons our mud-mask ugliness and its artist good begins to correct our evil's tale. Above the subtle matter there is heaven's creative truth, surrounded with harmonious dream of the cosmos and below it is the chaos of the dissolving form and when it plunges lost in the inconscient base, out of **that fall** the dense matter is formed.

Thus from the fall of the subtle matter, the God plunged into the Night. The soul was the concealed divinity which was **nursed** by this fallen world. A Consciousness plucked out from mindless sleep, world-wide Nescience, meaningless void and strove towards life and thought. All here is driven by inanimate will. Thus fallen and sunk into frustration, dense inertia, inanimate, sluggish drowse and drudge of sleep, earth forced to create by subconscious yearning memory, a foreign wonder of her senseless breast and a happiness dead before she was born. From her mire of blind unwilling substance must emerge orchid, rose and beauty that belong to happier spheres. This is the destiny left as a legacy to her; as if a slain god left the **golden trust** to a blind force and an imprisoned soul. This body is immortal godhead's perishable robe which she must reconstitute from lost fragments; the completed document with doubtful title was rearranged to her divine Name. The only left over she receives from the past is for her all things which she carries in her shapeless dust. An impossible labour for the god she has given to man as his **stupendous task** which was nature's need with tentative motion and use of frail blunt instrument and giant energy concealed in petty form. A portion of subtle physical life claims immortality and the **mind must** recover or discover the lost knowledge of deathless life where the brute half-conscious body serves as a means for such ascent to immortality. This lost knowledge of immortality is held in the stone grip of world's inconscience and spirit is bounded by wearing the countless knots of laws.

In an absolute creation's pure and inviolate skill all our attempt looks forward and back beyond Time's brightness. The law of all perfection is to seize the absolute in passing shapes or fix the eternal's touch in time-made things. We hope for greater life and ecstasy and glory because a fragment of heaven's design is caught here. We grow vessels of creative might by removing from our eyes the earth's great dull barrier and inconscient seal and a Splendour and Power presses through gross wall of nerve and brain and a **brilliant passage** is made in spite of our prison-house of outer form and narrowness of mortal state. The awakening from the **Infinity's sleep**, which is a state of Supramental Consciousness came down in the form of Invisible Intimations, created enthusiasm of divine surprise, a mystic stir, a trembling joy, a dream of beauty in the heart and thought from

eternal Mind. But soon the inert flesh no more responds to the Divine force; too little was left for us as a trace of glowing form; the nectar of delight, passion and tide of power withdrew and an astonished earth imagined of Supreme without having any real contact. Earth's rarest works are copies of heaven's art and she has the capacity to create and see fragmentarily. In the Eternal's gaze lives for ever what the earth hides, the radiance of golden invention, inspired master piece and unseized miracle of self-born shapes. The man's ignorant divining mind is born from a slow toiling half-finished inconscient soil and his art is to copy what ever exists and manifested in earth. He achieves the earth surpassing transient house of divine idea by crude stuff of workman's tool and heart's blood and build a **Time-inn** for the Unborn. Our being thrills to bring down high far memories of dateless meaning and for earth Nature's scheme; it is not acceptable and beyond its reach the eternal marvels blaze. They dwell in absolute, unborn, immutable, immaculate, immortal and the unchanging muse of deep self-space. Only when we have climbed above ourselves to meet the Transcendent, timeless and true then it brings us **inevitable word**, the godlike act and thoughts that never die. A ripple of light and glory wraps the brain and travels down the moment's vanishing route to meet the figures of eternity. These ripple of light embrace rarely the rare delivering glimpse and our mortal brevity are caught by our vision's surmise. These glimmerings are beginnings and **first attempt** to lead us to our secret of birth and **hidden miracle** of our destiny. What we are in the subtle physical world, is imaged on a contact and **a call** and that we become here on earth. The greatness of self is held back within by nature's glass, because earth's imperfection is our sphere. Earth's ambiguous future, hides our heritage. The distant Light **must** grow native here; the Strength is our comrade power must visit us; the Ineffable must find a secret voice; the Imperishable burn through the Matter's screen to form godhead's robe of perishable body. The Spirit's greatness must be our timeless source and must be crown in endless Time. All creation is a single chain of **all life** connected from past lives to future lives through a subtle link of union where all things are wrapped in the vast Unknown of dynamic One. A closed scheme between inconscient Force and incommunicable Absolute **is not alone** our life. Our life is an incentive in the sublime soul-range; our being looks beyond the walls of mind and communicates with greater world which are brighter earths and wider heavens. There are realms in the depth where the Being brood the immense dynamic core and strives with nameless, unborn, unformed potencies in the unshaped Vast. Beyond the door of Ignorance and death the images of the Ineffable's everlasting Truth look out from the chamber of the self-rapt soul. The Spirit holds up its own inner witness gaze of Mirrored self and works the power, passion, figures and grandeurs of its multitudinous might and ecstasy. We come across the mystic substance of our souls, exceptional talent of the Nature's birth, our unfallen height and dateless fount of our hope to be. The hieratic Power initiates on every plane unspoken varieties of transcription of dreams, some trait of unborn perfection, vision in Omniscient Light, tone of immortal rhapsodist Voice,

rapture of the all-creating Bliss and plan of unutterable Beauty. There are worlds nearer to those absolute realms, where response to the Truth is swift and sure and spirit is not hampered by heart and body's strong division and delight, beauty, love and sweetness are the **law of life**. Earth dreams of a finer subtle substance embodying divinity; its strength can overleap joy's running feet and **fixed hurdles** set by Time and capture the rapid net of **intuitive clasp** and our desired fugitive happiness. A plastic and passive Nature lifted by a larger breath of all-shaping Fire and answers the flaming Godhead's **casual touch**. Immune from our inertia, the Nature hears the **word** to which our hearts are deaf and the immortal eyes see the traveler in the road and pursues the spirit of beauty to home. Thus the all-Wonderful draws near following his rapture in things, Beauty is His guiding foot print, Love is His heart-beat's rhythm and happiness is the smile on His adorable face. All creation becomes deeply intimate by **communion of spiritual entities** and genius of creative Immanence. We realigns our souls to cosmic wideness by the fourth dimension of aesthetic sense with realization of all is in ourselves and ourselves are in all; thus seer and the seen, craftsman and the craft grow rapturous one and a perfection was experienced instantly through their **close identity**. All that slowly piece from gathered parts or evolve stumblingly by long labour is self-born in subtle-physical world by its eternal right. In us too the intuitive Light **must** born which is coiled in our folded heart and its home is in celestial superconscious. It **must** descend to bring those heavens here. Our vessel is not fit to hold the utter vision and delight; so the flame that burns and the joy it **calls** are brief magnificent reminiscences and high splendid glimpses of interpreting thought. So the beauty, joy and our highest aspiration are still held back by a veil that we have to uncover.

In that fair subtle realm the subtle physical body is all and physical gods are the kings. In the fine boundaries of the subtle physical inspiring Light and faultless beauty come by Nature's grace and perfection is guaranteed by liberty. All is incarnated as pure spiritual ecstasy, miracle of symmetric charm, fantasy of perfect line and rule though the absolute Image lacks a **Divine Word**. In a small limited place the intricate rapture **riots**, marvel and completeness abounds in littleness and all feel satisfied in themselves and the whole. There each rhythm, line and object, are perfect, inevitable and faultlessly built for charm and use. It is contented in a heaven pleased self-glad immunity with promise of sure perfection. This subtle world is without fear, grieve, opposition, pain, error, defeat, fault and failure and **exempt** from ordeal and test. The subtle body drew at once out of some self-bliss form-discoveries of mute Idea, miracle of rhythmic thought and acts, clear technique of firm and rounded lives, gracious people of inanimate shapes and glory of breathing bodies like our own. King Aswapati admired the senses ravished with delight, marvelous and perfect forms so near to external world and deathless and divine in a mortal world. This absolute experience **must** live in narrow, finite's ranked supremacies and exclusive mortal boundaries of which it cannot dream. In the subtle physical's **supreme plan** all was finished, a captive of its own beauty and ecstasy, a magic circle drawn on enchanted Might and no

room, width, space were left for the shadows of the immeasurable. The spirit stood back veiled behind its face; a blue horizon limited bright finalities of the soul, shallowed by the outer ideal's swim range and thought moved in luminous facilities. Life lingered satisfied in the boundaries of small happiness of body's acts. She was given the assignment to remain bound in the safe paucity of corner-Mind and did her little work and played and slept and forgot of the **greater work undone**, of her violent vast desires and of the heights to which she rose and her walk was fixed within a radiant groove. The beautiful body of the soul felt at ease, laughs at sweet and sunlit groves and swung in her gold cradle of joy. The **call** of the space did not reach her charmed abode, nor she had wings for wide dangerous flight, nor faced the peril of the sky or of abyss, nor new any vistas and mighty dreams, nor yearning for her lost infinitudes. The faery artistry could not keep his will to keep the perfect picture in a perfect frame. A careless hour was spent in moment's fine release in a slight delight. Our spirit feels tire of beings's surfaces and turns to hidden powers, deeper states and splendour of the form. So now King Aswapati looked beyond for the greater light and his soul's peak-climb abandoned the brilliant courtyard of the House of Days and left the fine material Paradise and his destiny was written in larger sphere.

1.1 In us too rarely the intuitive Fire can burn for short period which is coiled in our heart and whose source is in the celestial domain. It **calls** the joy from those divine heights which brings brief magnificent reminiscences and high splendid glimpses of interpreting thought but not the utter vision and delight. Some thing is **held back by a veil** and our souls **forget** to aspire the Highest.

1.2 What we are there in the subtle physical plane that we shall become here on earth and it is imaged here in a contact and a **call**.

2.1 He found a subtle physical sheath which is this outer being's vast support; a life that lived not by flesh but by a **light** that made visible immaterial things. This is a world of lovelier forms where all shapes are beautiful and all things are true.

2.2 Subtle physical is the subtle ground of the Matter's worlds; it serves the medium of a greater Consciousness, which **guards** the immutable and deathless type in mutable and perishable things.

2.3 A Consciousness plucked out, a Self woke, a world-wide Nescience **strove** from meaningless void, mindless sleep towards life and thought.

2.4 To seize the absolute and **fix** the eternal's touch in time made things is the **law of all perfection** here. We could hope for greater life and ecstasy and glory because here a fragment of heaven's design is caught.

2.5 **All life** is defined as the subtle link of union that joins past, present and future lives and all things are wrapped in the vast Unknown of the dynamic One. Thus all creation is a single chain

3.1 When the subtle body **must** return with its mortal load and earth's hard experience then it resumes that mortal dress. She **must** reconstitute from lost fragments the immortal godhead's perishable parts.

3.2 This mire of inconscient of unwilling substance **must** harbour orchid and rose, and must emerge a beauty that belongs to happier spheres.

3.3 A subtle physical life lives hardly in the field of death and claims of immortality. A half-conscious body and mind held in the stone grip of the earth's inconscience, wear still the countless knots of Law. This mind **must** recover this lost knowledge on immortality.

3.4 What we are in the subtle physical that **we must be** in the external world. That is imaged in a contact and a call. The earth's imperfection and the nature's glass hide our real self and its greatness is held back within. Our heritage is concealed in earth's doubting future; the Light now distant **must** grow native here, the Ineffable **must** find a secret voice the strength; the Imperishable burn through Matter's screen and His strength visits our comrade power and makes this mortal body, the godhead's robe. The Spirit's greatness is our timeless source and **it must** be the crown in endless Time.

4.1 Only when we have climbed above ourselves, we meet the Transcendent which is timeless and true and it brings to us the **inevitable word**, the godlike act and thoughts that never die.

4.2 A Nature hears **the word** of which our inertia of heart is deaf and pursues immortal eyes that travels to bring the spirit of beauty home.

5.1 After falling of the mortal body, the subtle body becomes light and ascends to higher planes and enters finer environment. It leaves the dress of old patterned denser stuff, cancels the grip of earth's **descending pull** and leads the soul from lower world to higher world, till in the naked ether of the peaks the spirit's simplicity is left. That is the earth being's first transparent robe.

5.2 Fair **on the peak** of this subtle world there is **dangerous** nether plane where light draws towards the verge of Nature's lapse and lends beauty to the terrors of gulf; invests with grace the demon, perilous Gods and the snakes. Its trance pulls towards earth's inconscience and weaves for us the death's dark robe and leads towards our mortality.

5.3 Earth was sunk, fallen into inconscient, inanimate, torpid drowse, drudge of sleep and forced to create by subconscious yearning memory which was a **happiness dead** before she was born and a foreign wonder on her senseless breast.

5.4 A subtle physical life lives rarely in the fields of death and a portion of it always claims immortality; **the mind must recover this lost knowledge** though a brute half-conscious body serves as means. The mind is held in the stone grip by world's inconscience; spirit is bound with countless Laws and serves as Nature's king.

6.1 From the formless Infinite the spirit intruded towards the body and dared to break into the Inconscient's reign. The Spirit wears **outlasting** death and birth, convinces the abyss by heavenly form, fit to endure the rub of Change and Time.

6.2 We grow vessels of creative might when in the narrowness and prison-house of outer form the earth's dull barrier and **Inconscient seal** are lifted for

awhile then a Splendour and Power breaks through the gross wall of nerve and brain and a **brilliant passage** for the Infallible Flame is built.

The Glory and the Fall of Life (Book-II, Canto-III)

King Aswapati turned his feet towards an uneven broad ascent. It was a response for greater Nature's **troubled call**; so he crossed the limit of embodied Mind and entered into wide obscure disputed field of disbelief, change, search, toil and insecurity. He traveled through a land peopled by constant doubts, uncertain ground of quaking base, inconstant goal, unsolved problem, questions without replies and meets the Unknown face. He saw in front of himself ever unreachable boundary like far retreating horizon of mirage and deluded himself with the sense that each step is nearer now. There was no settled place to tolerate a home and journey was that of countless paths without end. A tireless and ceaseless wandering was sought and his heart remained unsatisfied. There the manifestation of life is incalculable, a movement of unquiet seas, a **long adventurous leap** of the Spirit into the Space, an annoying disturbance in the eternal Calm, an impulse and passion of the Infinite was observed. She has left the safety of tried and known experiment, escaped from complaint of the settled forms, and assumed the shape of her fancy. Unaffected, by the fear, that walks through Time, Fate that afflicts and Chance that springs; she accepted disaster as the common risk. In the unexplored realm of soul; she fights with **danger** and discovery without bothering sin, fall and suffering. **To be** seemed only a long experiment of the soul withstanding the hazard of ignorant seeking, unsatisfied and unsure Force which tries all the truths but discovers none to be supreme. Life was **shaped by the vision** of the inner mind through phase by phase development of thought, now proud master of her self and now toy, slave and was tortured by her own powers. In that lower life a huge void was her action's law to drain all her possibility and anguish and bliss were left as heart's pastimes. In an atmosphere of flying change she swept through race-fields of circumstances or tossed between heights and deeps to experience uplift or breakdown on Time's inconstant wheel. Amid the uninteresting crawl of dull desire she suffered like worm mid worms in Nature's mud; then like a titan took all earth for food, ambioned to make sea its robe and star as its crown, advanced roaring from peak to giant peak claimed to conquer and rule the world. Then reckless passion of the Sorrow's face, she clung to the anguish and misery of the depths. A dull and sorrowful conversion with the ancient friend, misused self, she wrote the account of all she had lost. The gambol of violent rapture was exhausted and tied **lingering** in inadequate joy and lost **the opportunity of higher destiny** and life's goal. There was a plan of nature's numberless mood and each scene was a law and way of life; they could not give pure inviolate joy but the fierce lust and dead fatigue of flickering enthusiasm. Among her swift undefined variety something remained ever dissatisfied, saw the face of old in new, every hour repeated and prolonged the same unease. She needs pleasure, pain, suffering and unrest and tired too soon of excess joy and happiness

and her self had **unsure aim**. She strives for an aim that she can never win. A perverse delight haunts her thirsting lips, she has chosen to weep for the grief and yearns for that pleasure which wounds her breast and aspiring to heaven she turned her steps towards hell. Chance and **danger** are her chosen playfellows and fate's dreadful swing is her cradle and seat. Yet her birth was pure, bright, beautiful, endless bliss and timeless; world rapture lingers on her face and her moods are faces of the Infinite.

This now revealed its ancient face of joy and sudden disclosure of grief in the heart so that it can preserve its **endurance**, longing and hope. And even in this changing world's deprived peace and an atmosphere filled with sorrow and fear, his feet stepped in an unsafe soil and saw the image of a happier state. Circling and mounting in a hieratic architecture towards creation's top of blue height which was not considered too high for the warm communion between the body and the soul; that was the kingdom of **griefless life** which was as far as heaven and as near as thought and hope. The mortal eye witnessed a new celestial chamber which is not a heaven; it is a troubled ceiling of the gods which is an island of laughter and fire and whirl of stars apart in a rippled sea of sky. In that symbol world floated towered spirals, magic rings of vivid hues, gleaming spheres of strange delight. Indifferent, unmoved, untouched and untarnished to life's suffering, struggle, grief, trouble, toil, unhappiness, anger, gloom, hate he looked down to great visioned planes and ever blissful in their timeless right. They live sure in their immortal gladness, beauty and content. Apart from their remote self glory they swam in a vague lucent fog and from the contemplation of the eternity a nebula of the splendours of gods and everlasting refuge of dream-light was made. Their stuff of things was **unbelievable** by human faith. They shone like images thrown from a far scene through magic television's glass or outlined to some magnifying inner eye which was too high and glad for mortal lids to seize. But near and real to the longing heart, body's passionate thought and sense are hidden the **kingdoms of Ananda**. For ever they lie in the ever unrestrained bliss in bright enchanted safe peripheries which is a close unattained realm immune from the harsh clutch of Death, Time, sorrow and desire. The subtle vision's inner fields are experienced by dream, trance and muse and our eye witnesses the wide rapturous fleeting landscapes, passing figures of perfect kingdom leaving behind a trail of **shining memory**. Dream caught scenes imagined the great eternal worlds; sensed and touched our hearts with their depths, happier than happiness, truer than things true, more real than the life and its dream and transformed false earth's vain realities into dream's truth. The longing eyes ever recalled in swift eternal moments the calm heavens of imperishable Light, illumined continent of violet peace, oceans and rivers of the joy of God and griefless countries under the purple suns.

This subtle world was once a star of bright remote idea, imagination's comet trail of dream which now took a close shape of reality. King Aswapati's vision unveiled all and the wonder-worlds of life were now a reality as the gulf between dream-truth and earth-fact was **bridged**. Their scenes and happenings

were experienced in heart and eyes as pure loveliness and bliss. His gaze was drawn towards breathless summit region with boundaries jugged in the sky of Self and dipped towards strange ethereal base. Life's **supreme delight** glowed on perfect silence. Time is sheltered against eternity through a high transfiguring miraculous line that divides life from the formless Infinite on a spiritual and mysterious peak. Time casts his shape from that formless stuff and cosmic action is held by silence of the eternal. From the deep ocean of dynamic peace the mutable images of World-Force have gathered strength to last and **will to be**. His **wisdom's call** stabilizes her careless feet as he sustains her dance upon rigid base by inverting the spirit's **apex towards life** and casts in action the plastic liberties of the One and dreams of her whim; thus his timeless still immutability must standardize her creation's miracle. Out of the Void of the unseeing energies she invented scene of a concrete universe by flashes of **all-knowing Light** and her blind actions are fixed by paces of thought. At her will the impenetrable Supermind leans down to guide her unknown force, controls her restless seas, life obeys the governing idea, and the hazardous experimenting Mind pushes through obscure possibles of the unknowing world. Our human ignorance moves towards the Truth to transform Nescience into omniscient, instincts shape to divine thought, infallible immortal sight is housed by thought and Nature climbs to **God's identity**. Her fantasies are executed by her slave, the Master of world's self. She has limited the Immutable's law and canalized the seas of Omnipotence. The Immortal concealed in our mortality bound himself to the **tasks** her ignorance has fixed. Her fancy goddess makes the forms and the worlds and they loose their origin in the unseen heights and even severed, obscured, deformed, accursed, fallen of its perverted joy and nothing she leaves out that serves delight; these too can revert to the peaks, recover the forfeited divinity and annulled the spirit's fall. In his eternal vision's sweep he caught at once the pride and splendour of highborn zones and her regions crouching in the nether deeps. An opposite pole or dim antipodes were experienced at once of the monarchy of the unfallen self and the gloomy trance of the abyss below. There were vasts of the glory of life's absolutes and an eternal childhood of the soul laughed in a safe immortality; before darkness came the pain and grief were born to dare themselves to be all and one and Wisdom played in sinless innocence with naked Freedom in Truth's happy sun. There were worlds of her laughter, dreadful irony, test of toil, strife and tears; her head lay on the breast of ardent Death and extinction's peace was **imitated awhile** by sleep. To test the taste of bare opposites she has separated light of God from his dark Inconscient. His life, nature, soul and cosmos are forward-rippling stream in time, constant fixed mobility, moving picture's changeful film and chaos of personality respectively and his being's mutable design is woven by mingling of man's heart with their tones and hues. The grand creator with nature's hidden touch has turned to suffering and being's powerful self-dream and played passionately of its fathomless mystery.

But here the worlds were lifted to half way of heaven. The forms of these worlds were near to the human grasp separated through a veil but not a shadowy impenetrable Wall; a ray of original Bliss broke through accompanied with inviolate purity. Heaven's joy might have been earth's, if **earth were pure**. There could have reached our divinized sense, bright extreme natural felicity and Supernature's absolute thrill. On earth's hard roads all strength could laugh and sport, all love **could play without shame** and never feel the cruel edge of pain. Her dreams are **stabled on Matter's court** and still her doors are opened towards the **things supreme**. These subtle worlds could feel God's breaths visiting their tops and sparks of Transcendent's edge was there. Across the white age long silences, immortal figures of embodied joy traveled wide spaces near to eternity's sleep. He forced the rebel and orphan **the happiness they refuse** and takes all beings into his protecting arm; his pure mystic voices, Love's immaculate sweetnesses and sweet intolerant might of union called his honeyed touch to thrill the worlds and blissful hands to seize on Nature's limbs. A hymeneal chant to the unseen Divine, a flaming ecstasy of white desire lured an immortal music in the heart and woke the slumbering ear to ecstasy. Earthly limbs cannot hold a purer, fierier sense and a burning urge; one drew a large unburdened specious breath and the heart journeyed from beat to rapturous beat. The voice of the Time sang the inspiration of the Immortal's joy; the beauty and ecstasy came on their wings of unimaginable moments and moved the heaven bare; released from the boundaries of vast dream, witnesses the cry of the Birds of Wonder and call from the skies to enter the shores of light and deathless people. Creation leaped straight from the hands of God accompanied by marvel and rapture in the ways. **Supreme delight** is experienced by perfecting life through the happy laughter of the soul and in this process of becoming of the being the Joy and Love are crowned as King and Minister respectively. Sharp edges of harmony come when the **life's extreme opposites** become lovers and natural friends and the spirit's luminousness was felt there. To nurse god on her maternal breast is to **indulge** in tender purity. In that purity there was no weak point for the survival of falsehood and light was protected by the thin shade of ignorance; free-will of Truth took the form of imagination; heaven's fire was supported by pleasure; beauty was worshiped by the intellect and strength was the slave of calm spiritual law and power laid its head upon breasts of bliss. There were inconceivable summit glories like wisdom's autonomous self-rule, high dependencies of **her virgin sun**, illumined God's rule by seeing soul and power of the Transcendent's ray. In sun-bright kingdoms the grandeur visions and magnitudes of dream moved with royal step. Senates of gods were crowded in assemblies; life's power, high domination and autocracy reigned on the seats of marble will, honoured with strengths and armed imperative might. There all beings wore royal stamp of power and all objects were great and beautiful. There were few violent rulers served one calm natural Law and all the soul's postures brought divinity. There the ardent mutual intimacies are met with Love and joy's mastery and servitude and Love's body

held beneath a **rapturous yoke**. All was the play of union and kinglinesses. His soul's adoration and worship, close to god's pride and bliss **lifts** the worshipper's bowed strength. His service is a spiritual sovereignty of free equal heart; high nature's idiom is faith, nobility is his coronate and privilege, learned obedience in princely training's school and he is the ruler of all he rules. In her high home where she made her all his own and knowledge joined creative Power. A grand Illumination seized her glowing limbs and filled with the passion of his divine ray till her body becomes **transparent robe** and all her soul a counterpart of his soul. Transformed by wisdom's touch her days became **luminous consecration**; she burned in sweet intolerable blaze like an immortal insect in happy and endless fire. **A captive Life wedded her conqueror**, the Divine. In his wide sky she built her world anew; gave to mind's calm the pace of the motor's speed and felt to live that life that was seen by the soul. Her power clung to him with king Idea, Thought's magic serpent rod, inward vision's rhythmic shapes acted as the living body of his will. His victor Light rode like flaming thunder of creator on her deathless Force and a semi human strength of mighty gallop bore the load of god. Subtle worlds were there where action is tinged with great and grave happiness, laughter with thought and passion that can wait for its desire until the near approach of God is heard. Subtle worlds were there of a childlike fun and joy, carefree youthfulness of mind, heart and body, aureate halo lit round desire, deified free animal in the limbs and divine gambols of love and beauty and bliss. A swift life- impulse did not stretch, nor stopped on a radiant soil that gazed at heaven's smile; its tears were full of happiness and knew not how to tire. The **task of heaven** was a god's mighty game, where work was only play and play was only work. Life was a celestial festival for ever pure and rapture's mood and unstayed by faintness as in mortal frames and age never came, care never **lined the face**. Safety of the stars are imposed and the nude god-children ran in their play-field with laughter of immortal strengths, smiting the winds with splendour and with speed; storm and sun are their companions, sported with white mane of tossing seas, slew distance trampled to death under their wheels and wrestled in the arenas of their force. Commanding in their radiance like the suns they kindled heaven with the glory of their limbs and threw like a divine gift to the world. They forced the heart to stark delight and carried the pride and mastery of their charm as Life's banner on the roads of Space. The instruments like idea as soul's comrade, mind as play with speech and javelins of thought were not needed to toil and know and knowledge was like Nature's resting pastime. These god-children steeped existence in their youth of soul though the thrill of first creation's bliss; they were tenants of perpetuity of Time, child inheritors of early God-instinct and investigator of fresh heart's bright ray. They poured streams of smiling happiness in the world through exquisite and vehement tyranny and strong compulsion of their will to joy. There reigned a breath of high immune content, fortunate days of tranquil air and flood of universal love and peace. On the lips of Time there lived sovereignty of tireless sweetness and song of pleasure. The will was freed by a large spontaneous order,

the soul turned to bliss and golden liberty and the breath and greatness of free action was felt. There was neither any soul severing falsehood, nor any crookedness of thought and word to rob creation of its native truth and all was sincerity and natural force. There highest law and sole rule were freedom. These subtle worlds were ascended in happy series of beauty and surprise, in realms of grandeur and titan power and life played at ease with her immense desires. To her heavenly variety no bound was set, a **thousand Edens** she could build without halt in her greatness and grace. She needed no guide for her luminous heart; in her nature she housed immortal's power and eternal Will; awoke with the cry and stir of numberless souls, arisen from the breast of some deep Infinite, she smiled like a new born child with love and hope. Neither fall debased the godhead of her steps nor alien Night could come to blind her eyes, nor there was any use of grudging ring or fence and each act was perfection and joy. The rich coloured riot of her mind and rapid fancy's moods initiate divine and mighty dreams and builds unnumbered miraculous forms by exploring the rhythms of God; at her will she wove her wizard wonder-dance, a Dionysian goddess of delight and creative ecstasy.

King Aswapati saw and felt the call of world of bliss but was unable to possess and experience it as there was no way to enter in to its joy and across the conscious gulf there was **no bridge**. He was still tied to an image of **unquiet life** as a darker air encircled his soul. His yearning mind, longing sense formed a grey experience of sad thought and the vision was dimmed by care, sorrow and sleep; all this seemed only a bright desirable dream by longing heart of one who walks in the shadow of earth-pain. Once he had experienced the Eternal's clasp near the entrances of Night and too near to the suffering world. It is difficult by world's care for the return of pure joy to joy, pure light to light by overcoming the dense sheath in which we have been made. Our tormented will to think and live mingled with the waking of pain and pleasure and the habit of its birth is still preserved by us and a dire duality is our way of life. During the crude beginning of this mortal world there was neither mind's play nor any heart's desire. When earth was built from an unconscious Void and there was material scene identified with sea, sky and stone, then out of asleep in the object, vague and inanimate, her young gods yearned for the release of the soul. In that desolate grand bare beauty, in the deaf stillness mid the unheeded sounds, there was heavy unconnected load with no living beings were there to feel or receive and the Godhead in the world who seemed to be **unwanted without any need**. This solid mass of earth which allowed no throb of sense could not contain the vast creative urge of the Godhead. The spirit lost its dignified repose and immersed no more in Matter's harmony. The Spirit groped for sight in uncaring trance, passioned for the movements of a conscious heart, speech, thought, joy and love; hungers for the beat of yearning and response in the dumb insensitive wheeling day and night. The poised inconscience was shaken by a divine touch and intuitive Silence and cried to Life to invade the senseless mould and in the brute form awake a divinity. A voice was

heard, a murmur moaned and a being seemed to breath in the dumb Void. Something bound in dead insentient depths, lost the joy of conscious existence and turned to asleep since dateless time. Consciousness aware of its buried reality, recollected the forgotten self and right; it yearned to know, aspire, enjoy and live. Life from above heard the **call** of nether life and left her native home of light. She overflowed from her bright magnificent plane towards a rigid coil and sprawl of mortal Space and poured her splendour, swiftness and bliss and hoped to fill the fair new world with joy. Life from higher plane comes as goddess to mortal's breast and fills his days with celestial clasp; she descended down to make her home in transient shapes by casting the Immortal's fire and in the unfeeling Vast smote with her charm, beauty, thought and hope and **forced delight** on the earth's insensible frame. As a result the earth's great brown body smiled with trees, herbs and flowers, deep blue sky replied to deep blue sea's laugh; new sentient creatures in the form of beauty of beasts filled the unseen depths and man dared and thought and **met with his soul** the world. Before this gift of magic breath could reach our bound hearts a dark ambiguous Presence questioned all. The secret Will offers the spirit the ordeal of flesh, robes itself with Night and impose a mystic mask of death and pain. Now the slow and suffering years sojourns and she **can no more recall** her happier state and obeyed the inert, insensible Inconscient's law in which blind limits are on beauty laid and sorrow and joy as struggling comrades live. A dim and dreadful muteness fell on her abolishing her subtle mighty spirit; her child-god happiness **was slain** and all her glory into **littleness** turned and all her sweetness turned into maimed desire. To feed death with her work is here **life's doom**. Thus her seeming immortality was veiled and in an episode of eternal death she inflicted consciousness on unconscious things; thus the story of the being must ever cease. Such was the evil mystery of her degrading downward change.

1.1 King Aswapati answered the greater Nature's **troubled call** by overcoming the limit of the embodied Mind. He entered wide obscure disputed field where all was peopled by doubts and nothing was sure, a questioner with none to give reply, attracted to a never solved problem and trod the uncertain ground and drawn on to an **inconstant goal**.

1.2 To be seemed only a long experiment of soul. The seeking ignorant Force tries all truths and finds none supreme and moves on unsatisfied and unsure of its end.

1.3 A romp of violent raptures was soon exhausted or she lingered tied to an inadequate joy which caused her to miss the turns of fate and **life's goal**.

1.4 She needs the taste of pleasure, pain, suffering and unrest; tired soon of too much joy and happiness. She strains for an end that she can never win and her **aim** was unsure. Aspiring to heaven she turns her steps towards hell.

1.5 The versatile images of World-Force have drawn the strength from the deep ocean of dynamic peace and will to last and **to be**.

1.6 Only **to be** was a **supreme delight**. Life was a happy laughter of the soul with Joy for the king and Love for the minister. **Life's supreme delight** glowed in perfect silence.

1.7 He saw and felt the **call** of world of Bliss but unable to trace the path to enter into its joy and there was **no bridge** to cross the conscious gulf.

2.1 The Incalculable is **manifested in life** as a movement of unquiet seas like a long adventurous leap of Spirit in to the Space of material world which is an irritating disturbance in the eternal Calm and an impulse and passion of the Infinite.

2.2 Life was **designed** as seen by the inner subtle mind and this formation took place in subsequent phases by subsequent thoughts she became master and slave by the blessing and torture of her own power.

2.3 He mounted and circled in the architecture of hieratic Space towards creation's top of blue height which was not too high for warm communion between body and soul and it was as far as heaven and as near as thought and hope and from there the kingdom of **griefless life** glimmered.

2.4 His vision constructed a **bridge** between dream-truth and earth-fact and the wonder-worlds of life became a reality.

2.5 The keen edges of harmony is realized in life when her **extreme contraries** become lovers and natural friends.

2.6 A dim and dreadful dumbness fell on her by veiling her subtle mighty spirit and the boon of the child-god happiness was slain and all her glory turned into little narrowness and sweetness turned into maimed desire. This bounded work feeds death is the cause her **life's doom**.

3.1 In that **lower life** a huge void became her action's law, as if all possibility had drained and anguish and bliss were heart's pastimes.

3.2 She inverts the spirit's apex towards life, spends the plastic liberties of the One and casts in action the dreams of her whim. His wisdom's **call** steadies her careless feet; his timeless immutability **must** standardise her creation's miracle.

3.3 At her will the unfathomable Supermind leans down to guide her force **without knowledge** of it; its breath power controls her restless seas and the life obeys the governing Idea.

4.1 Nature's power clung to him; she crowned the **king Idea**, put magic serpent rod in Thought's grip, inward vision's rhythmic shape was formed and acted as the living body of his will.

4.2 Knowledge was Nature's resting pastime; **ideas** were luminous comrades of soul; mind played with speech and cast javelins of thought but these instruments did not toil to know.

5.1 In the unexplored domain of the soul life fights with **danger** and discovery without caring the sin, fall and suffering; she has accepted disaster as common risk not guided by the fear that walks through Time and not discouraged and troubled by Fate and Chance.

5.2 Life aspire towards heaven by turning her steps towards hell. She has chosen chance and **danger** as playfellows where fate's dreadful swing has taken for cradle and seat.

5.3 Now the slow and suffering years sojourn the winged and wonderful wayfarer and life cannot **recall her happier state**. She must now obey the inert Inconscient's law which stands on the insensible foundation of the world where sorrow and joy are struggling comrades and blind limits are rested on the lap of beauty.

6.1 Great eternal worlds or imagined scenes are dream-caught or sensed and they touch our hearts with their depths; they were more real than life, happier than happiness and truer than things true. These dreams were captured images of subtle physical world and its **truth** made false earth's vain realities.

6.2 The **hidden kingdom of beatitude** is near and real to the longing heart, body's passionate thought and sense.

6.3 She **invented** the scene of concrete universe from the Void's unseeing energies and she by her blind acts fixed the paces of his thought and sees his all-knowing Light in flashes.

6.4 Nature climb towards **God's identity** as our human ignorance moves towards the Truth to transform Nescience into Omniscience, instincts into divine thoughts and thoughts into ineffable immortal sight.

6.5 Earth could be able to hold heaven's joy had it been **pure** and unalloyed. Then it could hold the thrill of Supernature's absolute, extreme bright natural felicity and our sense and heart could have been divinized.

6.6 The heaven's **task** is god like mighty game where all work is a play and all play is the only work.

6.7 She could build **thousand Edens**, the garden of Paradise without interruption and no limit was set to her heavenly variety, greatness and grace.

Recapitulation:

Integral Yoga asks knowledge on the movement of Consciousness which guards the immutable and the deathless substance in mutable and perishing things and this movement suffers arrest, blockage, stagnancy, mechanization, recoil and oblivion due to the downward pull of the earth nature, hardness and obstinacy of surface nature, opposition and revolt of the nether forces, unchanging law of the Inconscient world and on the peaks of subtle plane there are dangerous nether planes which brings Divinity's lapse and godhead's fall. Our vessel is not fit to hold the utter vision and delight and highest aspiration; so the flame that burns and the joy it calls are brief magnificent reminiscences and high splendid glimpses of interpreting thought. The best foundation of Divine Life and free movement of Consciousness between highest Supramental domain and lowest Inconscient base is practicable by transformation, purification and illumined densification of intermediate planes, worlds and sheaths. Out of the movement of consciousness or pressure of the conscious plane, the Divine action, *Karma Yoga*, the unspoken

truth in things, *Jnana Yoga* and intense delight, *Bhakti Yoga* are born. Thus by the luminous pressure of Divine Force, purification, transformation, universalization and perfection of subtle physical and subtle vital sheaths, the surface physical stuff return to transparent robe of immortal substance and a greater growing fate enforces the partners of unsatisfied forces to move for reconciliation and utter delight; life's extreme opposites become lovers and natural friends and the earth's gulf which is a shadow of the Unknowable reflecting the Inconscient's boundless sleep turn towards Superconscious Light.

Savitri, the Divine Mother, asks us firstly to safeguard Time's virginity from invasion of various world forces and universal Subconscious by wisdom's transformed touch and luminous consecration of the day and wide open its door for marriage with Eternity or a captive Life wedded her conqueror, the Supreme; secondly, She wants for us to bridge the gulf between the dream truth and earth fact through annulment of manifold void and oblivion in consciousness that can keep the passage open for virgin Fire; Her third task is to build a similar bridge between the subtle physical and the Superconscious Bliss sheath through movement of consciousness that seems to recoil from reaching to its source, the virgin Sun. And Her last need is that earth could have been made equal and peer of heaven and heaven's joy could have stabilized here, had earth were made pure and virgin.

THE DESCENT

Edited and Published by S. A. Maa Krishna, Sri Matriniketan, for The Mother's International Centre Trust, Regd. No.-146/24.11.97, At-Ramachandrapur, Kukudakhandi-761100, Dist.-Ganjam, Orissa.

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