



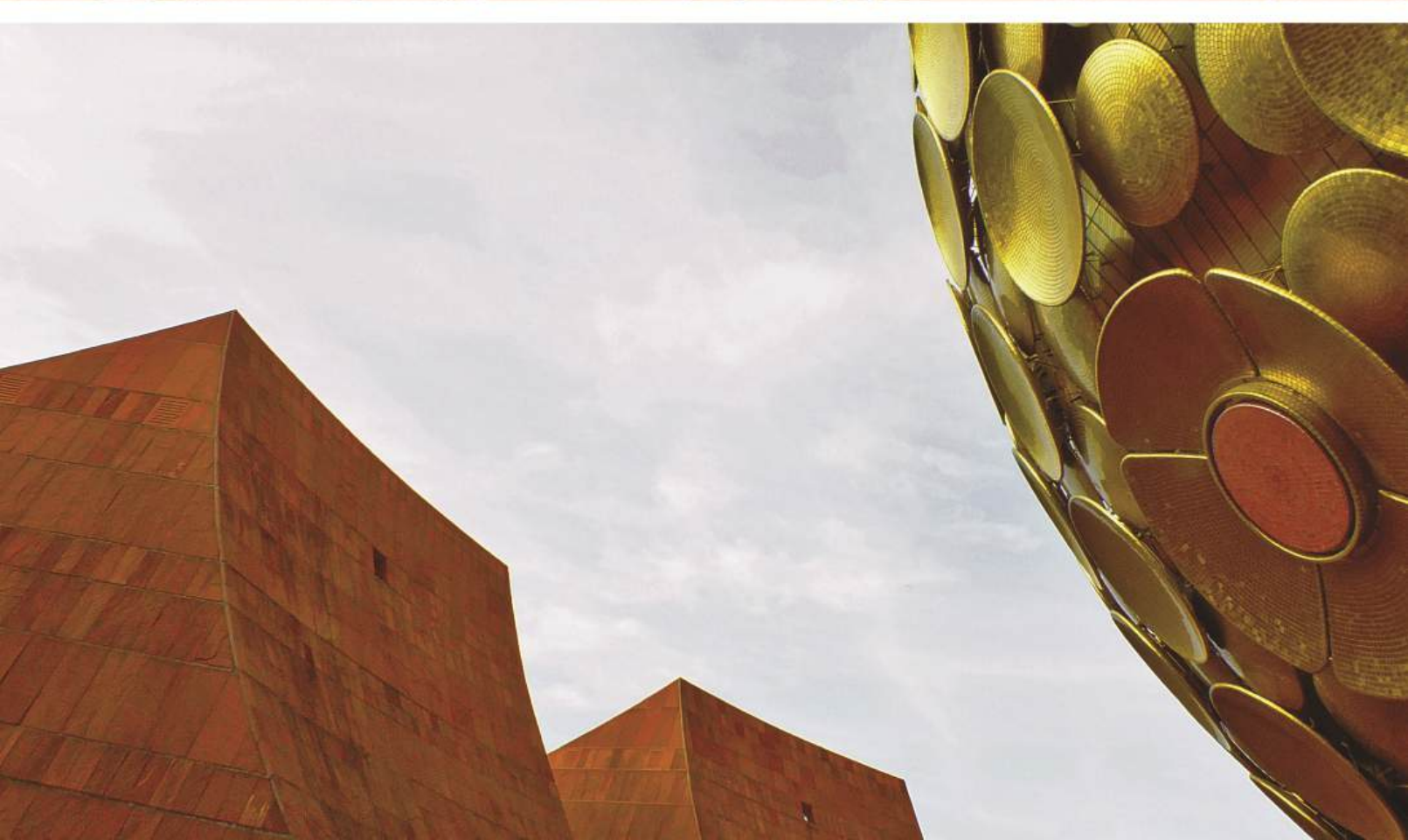
**THE LITTLE CHILD
AND THE HOLY KNIGHT**

a Vedantin Tale











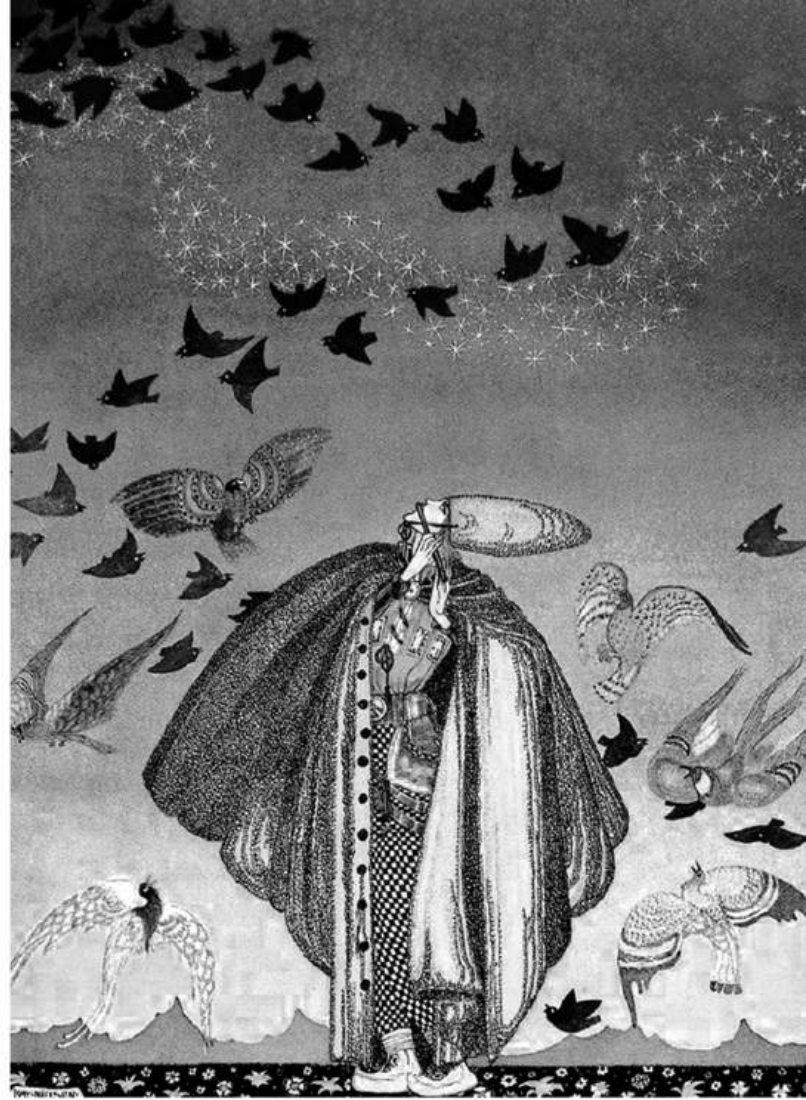
Within the city of Brahman, which is the body, there is the heart, and within the heart there is a little house. This house has the shape of a lotus, and within it dwells that which is to be sought after, inquired about, and realized.

As large as the universe outside, even so large is the universe within the lotus of the heart. Within it are heaven and earth, the sun, the moon, the lightning, and all the stars. What is in the macrocosm is in this microcosm.

Chandogya Upanishad



The Little Child and the Holy Knight



a Vedantin Tale



“... YOUR STORY WILL TEND TO ORGANISE YOUR LIFE...”

... that depends on the candidness of a child, upon its trust in things that come to him, upon the absence of the mind's critical sense, upon heart's simplicity, upon a young and active energy – it depends upon all that – upon a kind of vital generosity within. And one must not be too egoistic, too greedy and one must not be too practical, too utilitarian – yes, there are all kinds of things that one must not be, as children are not. And then one must have a power of living imagination, because (I seem to tell you foolish things, but it is absolutely true) there is a world where you are a supreme maker of forms, it is your own world of the vital. You are a supreme maker of forms and you can make a marvel of your world. If you know how to make use of it, if you have the consciousness of an artist, of a poet, if you love harmony and beauty, you will build there a wonderful thing that will tend to come into the material manifestation.

When I was a child, that was what I used to call telling stories to myself. It is not at all telling stories through words, but in the head: it means going to a spot yet virgin and build there a wonder story. And when you know how to tell a story like that and it is truly beautiful and harmonious, truly strong and coordinated, it will realise itself in your life – perhaps not exactly in the form you created, but as a physical expression, more or less deformed of what you might have done.

That perhaps will take years, but your story will tend to organise your life.

But there are very few people who know how to tell a beautiful story and then they mix up always horrors which they regret afterwards.

If one could create a fine story with no horrors in it, nothing but beauty, that could have a considerable influence upon the life of everybody and that one does not know.

If one could utilise this power, this creative power in the world of vital forms, if one knew to utilise that when yet a child, a little child! Because it is then that one builds up one's material destiny. But generally the people who are around you, sometimes even your little comrades, but especially the parents and teachers meddle there and spoil everything, to such an extent that there are very few cases where it succeeds wholly.

Otherwise, if it were done like that, with the spontaneous candour of a child, you could organise for yourself a wonderful life. I am speaking to you of the physical world.

THE MOTHER, *Bulletin*, April 1962, pp. 65-67



F O R E W O R D

In 1995, while visiting a sage, I was asked to write for children on Vedanta. “I never write for children!” I replied, stunned. Smiling, the sage told me to go ahead and this tale came, in three days, at his feet. Then came the poem.

Part One is a child’s primeval experience, when the psychic being is still in the forefront, of oneness with the cosmos. The language mirrors that of Advaita Vedanta, the summit of the eternal knowledge of Mother India, but also the crown of all spiritual journeys, irrespective of the initial Path; in the long errand to perfection of the human kind this is the archetypal experience of mystics of all times and latitudes. Part Two is the fusion of Advaita Vedanta with the Supramental Yoga, at the threshold of the new world and society that only a perfected humanity can manifest.

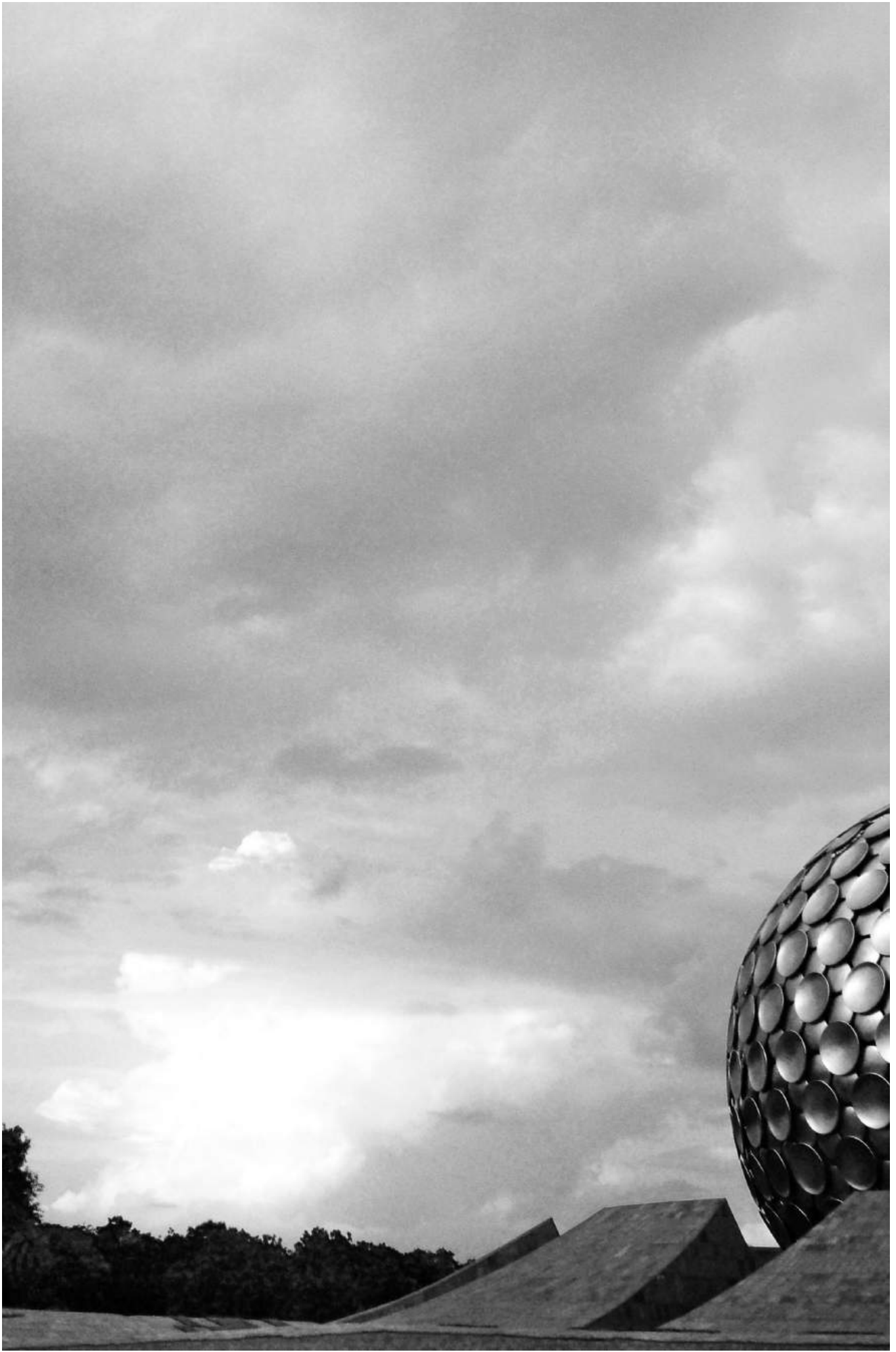
Yet for this to happen we have to cross the boundaries of what Sri Aurobindo calls the objective age; transitioning through the subjective age we’ll finally enter the spiritual age, and live it. Then only will Auroville, “the City of God” of eternal utopia, be true. From the inmost to the most material remolding the whole of existence – thoughts and life and deeds – into the one quest anything else falls, effortlessly, and only the pursuit of the Ideal remains. What we eternally are but have forgotten.

The subchapter *The Two Cities* is the only addition to the original text. Walking one evening in Nehru Street in Pondicherry, all of a sudden I saw ‘the showy city’. Stuck into the lure and enticement of the objective age (or even of a falsely subjective one), there is the impending danger of building an alien city and lose the thread.

The original manuscript was interspersed with Art Nouveau and Art Deco images, the golden age of fairy tales, to highlight how children are merged into what Sri Aurobindo calls the symbolic age. Fairies and elves, angels and dragons, princesses and princes, damsels and knights are living presences – the epic journey to deliverance of the hero or heroine mirroring the inward struggle for perfection. As without so within, that was the age of myth; its loss is a major cause of the downfall into the ‘philistine’, soulless civilisation of the present age. In this format I have added images from Futurist, Constructivist and Bauhaus artists, at the crossroads we have reached heralding intrinsic beauty through chaos. The old order races to self-dissolution; the new being and society are about to pierce through, but still it is not done. This is the now we live in.

Paulette Hadnagy

Auroville, 17 November 2017





"you are a supreme maker of forms and you can make a marvel of that world"





The Self, who can be realized by the pure in heart, who is life, light, truth, space, who gives rise to all works, all desires, all tastes, who is beyond words, who is joy abiding — this is the Self dwelling in my heart.

Smaller than a grain of rice is the Self. Smaller than a grain of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed, yea, smaller even than the kernel of a canary seed. Yet again is that Self, within the lotus of my heart, greater than the earth than the heavens, yea, greater than all the worlds.

This Self, who gives rise to all works, all desires, all tastes, who pervades all, who is beyond the senses, who is everlasting joy, who is ever enshrined in my heart — this Self is Brahman indeed. He who worships him, and puts his trust in him, shall surely attain him.

Chandogya Upanishad



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Arthur Rackham



Part One – Wonder and Delight

Who am I?

Once upon a time there was a little child. That child had many friends: children, like her. The cat and the sparrow, the lizard and the frog were her friends, the grasshopper and the dragonfly. The flower, the bush and the tree were her friends, and all, absolutely all the grasses in the fields, all the grains of sand on the beach, all the pebbles on the roads, and the stains on the walls and the sidewalks, so mysteriously intriguing... The sun and the moon and the stars were her friends, and the breeze caressing her skin, but also the wind and the storm and the snow. Friends? Just friends, or...? Something she could not grasp, and yet so real, deeply within yet infinitely beyond, eternally present?

She spoke each animal's language and was at ease conversing with them. Of course, the butterflies too were her friends; she would make a special sound and they would fly to her; for hours she walked with them on her shoulder, on her hand. But one day she started feeling that communicating through silence, listening to the heart within – her heart, the heart of the world – was a much more direct way of communicating. Gazing at the sky, at the brightness of the sun, at the myriads of creatures nurtured by its glow, she wondered, "Who am I? A little child, or...? 'To be', what does this really mean? Is this all there is? Or is there more than this outer creation can manifest? Something I cannot see, and yet is? Who has created so many forms? So many... or just one? But then, am I really different from the dragonfly, from the water lily? Different from the shooting star, the planets and the galaxies? Sometimes, when I forget myself, I feel... I feel one with all that is!"

Dancing ecstatically, lost in bliss, she no longer knew who she was. And when the moon shone, far above, she felt called, called, called by the Beloved... Wondering at the silvery microcosm glittering under that expanse of light she forgot herself in a trance of mystic oneness... No one was she, she who was one with all that is!



The King of the River

The child spent hours watching the passing clouds in the sky. A tiny elf would come, announced by the tinkling of his anklets' bells. Never did he utter a word; feelings do not need words, just heart-to-heart communion! Yet ultimately there was no elf, no sky, no clouds, only a vibration of sheer ineffable joy, where she too had dissolved, and only something that had no name, substance or form remained. Only silence, and joy.

It started at first by gazing at the clouds in the sky; but the same was now happening by watching the river flow, or the stream and the waterfall. She would spend hours watching the water flowing away, losing herself in every drop, forever the same,

yet forever new. She had learnt from her mother, the sacred dancer, about the abode of the King of the River, so every day she made garlands of flowers and offered them to him. She never saw him as one would imagine the King of the River, with long hair and beard adorned with flowers and shells. But she knew that, as he is no ordinary king, she had no need to see him, one and the same everywhere! And one day she discovered that she no longer needed to go to the river or the waterfall: the king was in her heart, her utmost self. As soon as she listened within, here was the king! He had always been there, why did it take so long to discover this simple truth? She then knew that, like the river, she too had a king in the heart, and this was her true being. And she started feeling that not only her, but all the children, all her friends, all animate and inanimate existences have a 'king' in the heart. The animals and the vegetable kingdom, the earth and the sky, the day and the night, the seasons of the year, all that is seen and unseen have that 'king'. And ultimately there is but one 'king': the king within oneself, the same in all and everything. Yet, as much as she tried, she could not see him in any form, nor could she give him any name. The 'king' was all and none, everywhere and nowhere. The king was her very self, the self of all.

But then the same thing happened with 'the green fairy of the rivulet', and also with 'the fairy of springtime', to whom she had been initiated by her mother. She used to drop flowers and leaves for the little green fairy to be carried away by the stream; to salute the return of the springtime fairy she danced with her mother on the tenderly green prairies, but she had never seen either fairy... One day she knew that both

fairies were within and there was nowhere else to look for but in her heart.



The Grandfather and the Holy Knight: the Guru is God Within

She had a friend, the greatest friend of all, who might have known what all this was really about, albeit nothing of this could be expressed in words: one could only feel, and be. That friend was her grandfather, who painted for her princes and princesses, knights and damsels, elves and fairies. Intuitively feeling that they exist in a world where Beauty and Love are the Queen and the King, and this is how the universe commenced – out of beauty, out of love – she played with those images for hours, sensing that they were real, much more real than her physical surroundings.

There was a knight, among those images, a very special knight; whenever she thought she knew everything about him she would discover something more. That knight had a graceful, gentle face, almost like an innocent child, and laughing eyes that made her wonder. How could he go on the battlefield and slay enemies, with

that face, those eyes... he, all goodness... almost a nurturing mother... ready to burst into laughter at any moment, making everyone laugh with him?

One day she knew, from deeply within, that the knight was the eternal Beloved. And she knew that when she would grow big she would not marry anyone else, he alone could fulfill her longing. She saw her own face on the knight's armor, at the place of his heart; she carried his image in her heart and felt that sensitive people could see the knight in her heart... Like him, she too would burst into laughter, for no other reason but joy. But in truth there was no he, no she: was she the knight – and he, the child? Divine child... Or maybe... maybe there was no knight, and no child... Then what?

Whenever she felt something not nice within herself – a wrong movement, a doubt, a question unanswered, threatening her spontaneous joy and simplicity of being – she would call the knight, and by his laughter he would set everything alright. Having surrendered to him her entire being, her all, she had no worries for he would always come to her rescue. A knight was he, and an angel too.

At times the knight truly looked like her, but at other times he looked so ancient... Divested of his armour, draped in an orange robe, the knight looked so majestic, almost... almost like God! Yet even then she would see her face, the whole of her being in his heart... But one day his eyes pierced through her being like a sword; she felt like crying, awestruck. Who was he? Mysterious words echoed in her heart, “The Guru is God within”, words that made no sense to her young mind. She

was about to run away when the knight burst into laughter; the gentle face of the Beloved shone again like an effulgent sun, and she knew that all she wished in this world was him, him alone! To be one with him throughout eternity, dissolved into him!

What strange things were happening, more real than anything else? The ancient man and herself, were they one? Nothing else mattered to her. The whole world could collapse but the knight would be there, and all she wanted was him. But why? She had no answer. Children do not think: they know from within their heart; she just knew it and that was it. Decoding his strange language, as ancient as his face, she felt pulled back in time, eons ago. Was there a time where there was nothing but him, the holy knight? Had he uttered a primeval sound, a sheer vibration of his essence, and the universe was born? Is this what he was telling her – but only through silence, in complete stillness, would she decipher the message? For the child she was this was no easy task, and yet...



A Silvery White Flame behind the Heart

During sleep she would enter remote realms of... consciousness? She had heard

this word once; nobody had explained the meaning to her but she felt fascinated, whenever something meaningful happened she called it 'consciousness'. In that state she and the knight were one. Travelling through planes of existence deep within, or far above, they explored dimensions inaccessible in the waking state. On waking up all she remembered was an overwhelming feeling of beauty, of harmony, of all-pervading joy, of grace and delight. She eagerly waited for 'sleep' to travel in those secret realms of bliss; it was enough to fall asleep concentrating on the gracious face of her knight, feeling his unwavering presence in the heart, and the journey would begin.



Soon this started happening during daytime too, whenever she was absorbed in deep concentration on something, delving into it as if in search of its essence. It could be the texture of a flower, its silvery-golden pinpoints sparkling under the sun; an iridescent raindrop; the hues of a mother-of-pearl shell magically glittering. The pollen on a bee, the colourful dust on butterflies or the translucent wings

of a dragonfly. The barks' intricacies, the feathers of a bird, and yes, even the dots of a toad – children do know that in every toad there is a prince waiting for the princess delivering him from the curse.

Losing all sense of I-ness, no one was she, she who was all that is. Seer and seen having merged, she was seized by an overwhelming feeling of oneness. Herself, the object perceived, and the whole world would disappear... how could she explain? She felt as if reabsorbed into nothingness or, rather, into cosmic totality - as if herself, the object, and the world were one and same, with no distinction, and this alone was reality. But there were no words to express this; it could only be experienced.

Back to the waking state she could not explain where had she been or for how long; in such domains space and time are not, only bliss. By then she had entered that state so often that she started wondering whether 'normal' was, indeed, all encompassing oneness – and 'abnormal' the illusory feeling of division; this made her question whether anything external to one's very self could exist at all. More and more she grew aware, in the waking state as well, that she, the knight, all things in this world and beyond are one. This everlasting awareness was accompanied by an indescribable feeling of ecstasy, and that love, Self (from where did this word arise?) in love with Self, rapturous oneness...

She felt herself going back into the womb of the knight, one with the earth's womb, the divine mother's. He, the knight, was the divine mother – and she, the nurtured child, and yet... ultimately, He and She,

Knight and Mother were one, Principle and its Power of Action. All this she knew in that secret space behind her heart, deep within, where burns the intensity of a silvery-white flame: psychic being, one's Guide and Lord and Sustenance.



The Grandfather-Knight or...?

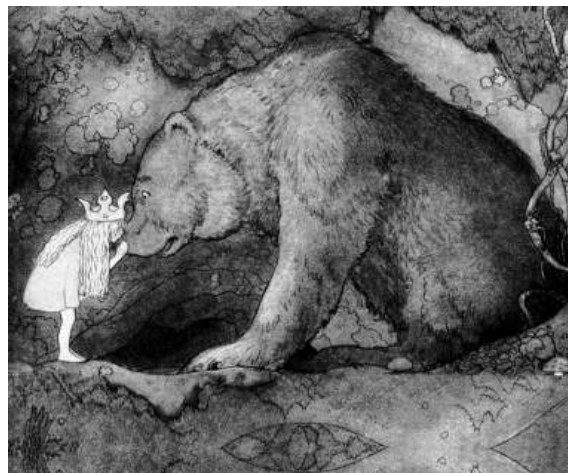
Sometimes, strolling at dawn in the woods with him, in her grandfather she saw the knight. Tears rolled down her grandfather's cheeks, out of joy he would cry, "I don't believe in Thee, but I see Thee in every form! Wherever I turn my face, I see but Thee!" Thee? Who? Where? She looked around but could not see anyone. Or...? The rainbow drops of dew, the tiny grasses shining under the rising sun... the wildflowers awakening to the morning glory... the insects crawling, striving for light... the murmuring forest... the stream's distant song... the life and power and stupendous intelligence throbbing in the very stones... and the sky, almost transparent, its rosy shades transmuting into ethereal blue... Was all this 'Thee'? Who, what is 'Thee'? One Being, or All?

She looked at her grandfather for an answer, but the knight stood at his place

– his armor vanishing into a hieratic white robe, his graceful face turning majestic. An ancient, ageless being now stood in front of her. Thus she knew there was no grandfather, and no knight; there was but that Being, eternal. Then he too dissolved and only joy was left, and love. Seen and unseen were but THAT: pure joy, pure love, delight of existence. The One was All – and the All, One.

And she grew up with her grandfather's eyes – he too the knight, who had manifested his true essence for a few seconds, before dissolving into light and bliss. And how she loved him! But she no longer knew with whom she was in love... The knight? Her grandfather? Or that Being from immemorial times who was both, yet none and all? That Being, with no name or form, who contained within Itself all the creatures of these millions universes, and yet was above and beyond, supremely alone? He, who is all, yet none...

Because of THAT (there was no word to call It) she grew up in love with each and all, for all were but THAT, intangible, unfathomable. Could she fail to love anyone with all her heart, with all her soul, when each and all were but THAT – and ultimately, her true self?





Part Two - The Sunlit Path

The Two Cities

She lived with THAT in her heart ever after. This was a source of ecstasy, but also of unending suffering, for as she grew up and mixed with disparate people everything seemed to deny her inner world. Animals, plants, mountains, the very stones were the radiant manifestation of THAT, but some humans seemed taken over by a force of destruction. Falsehood, misery, grief, war... were these the ineluctable counterpart of a seemingly harmonious creation? She knew that in no way would she comply with perpetual injustice, but where to turn?

Looking for answers she delved to the bottom of the hollow show, the sum of inconsequential events people call 'life'; she searched for meaning in the ephemeral, piercing through outward inanity. She looked for ways to change a dramatically unjust, ruthless society; aren't humans, the animal and vegetable kingdom, the planet, the stars and galaxies, the moon and the sun... God? One's very Self? How, then, can we wrong beings who, ultimately, are none other but us? Eliciting the highest in oneself and all, wasn't this the way to ultimate bliss, the supreme love of oneness?

Musing over the eternal paradox of creation, the apparent antinomy of absolute Good and absolute Evil, she found herself walking in a showy town, at first sight looking bright and seductive. Multicoloured lights sparkled everywhere, flashing on postmodernist buildings but... lo, wasn't this ostentatious trend a way to highlight wealth, abysmal social disparities? Massive constructions morphed into falsely stylish Hi Tech ones,

no less gaudy and glittering. There were a few others, minimalist style; yet in that shallow display these too looked cheap. And all that noise... she saw no one in the streets... Inner noise? Was she wandering in some ghost town, tawdry and ominous?



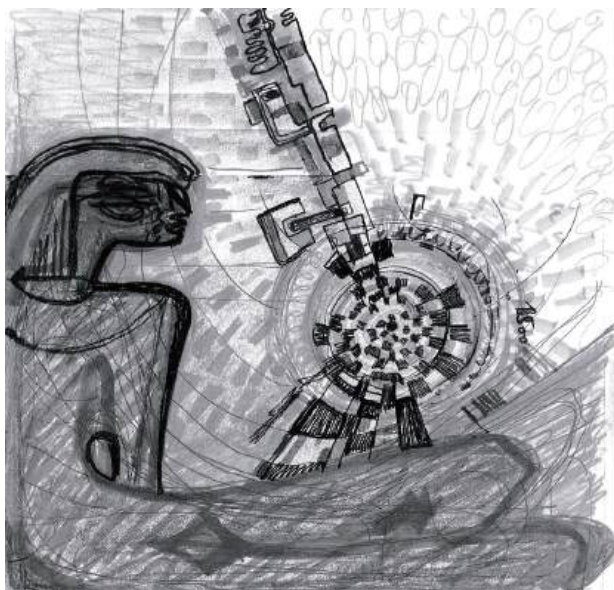
Suddenly she got it, why nowhere beings alive were to be seen, as if non-existing, in so noisy a place. The flamboyant new city stood for opportunism and greed; its populace, engrossed in mechanical existences, sterile and repetitive and devoid of significance, had turned invisible. Doesn't this happen routinely with soulless cities, showcasing inward emptiness?

Then something from deeply within burst through, as from the womb of the earth. It was a cosmic cry, a NO reaching up beyond the sky, trespassing universes and black holes and voids, merging into the All, the absolute One. And she found herself in the one true city, the City of God. The city that is the ultimate journey of humanness throughout the race of eons. She saw no buildings, no streets, no parks or squares. All she saw was silence, the sound of sheer silence. A calm, deep, ineffable joy. Myriads of living presences, hardly fathomed yet unconditionally real; human beyond humanness. Pure beings of light, of love: oneness in compassion,

compassion in oneness. And she knew she had reached her final destination and anything else was unreal. Illusion. That City alone existed, deeply within herself, her very essence and the truth of her being. How many times had she been in that city? She could not recount. For, until then, she had not known this was a city, as nothing external could be seen, only luminous presences.

But once more the city of silence vanished, denied by a humanity looking for trivial emoluments, competing for cheap rewards. Beings and things seemed enwrapped in a dull, endless night. Business continued as usual and, along with it strife, suffering and division.

The eternal, immortal city was no more – or rather, not yet. Its advent was inscribed in the stars but when, oh, when will the One City manifest?



From Darkness to Light, from Death to Immortality

One day she could no longer take it; bidding farewell to her friends, all the visible and invisible beings of this manifold universe,

she entered the sea to dissolve in it like a salt doll. The water had reached her heart, a gigantic wave was about to swallow her... but the wave vanished, and the ocean too. The knight, whom since so many years she had not seen, stood in front of her, adorned with flowers sparkling like precious stones, clad in his purity alone. His heart was an iridescent diamond; his face, his body had a silvery-ivory hue. He was not male, and not female. He looked human, but as if hailing from some distant species yet to manifest on earth. Looking carefully at It (she could no longer say ‘him’) she noticed that the glow came from a truly golden body. For the first time she saw the knight as he truly is, and yet she knew that his golden body was not the ultimate thing; what stood in front of her was joy, supreme love, all-encompassing silence – and a tremendous compassion soothing all her wounds, pouring unto her as if by an inner channel, heart-to-heart, turning her very heart into a diamond too. Compassion was entering her like drops of light, filling every cell of her body that no longer was hers, or not even its, it was the universe’s body. And yet there was no body, and no universe; only boundless joy, and love, and compassion... And beyond, infinitely beyond there was but THAT. THAT? This word too had no meaning now; can words contain the Ineffable?

And the knight spoke. But there was no knight, and no one to listen. There were no words; love alone, and compassion.

The Eternal Vision

“Because of me, thou must live. If thou cease to exist, I cease to exist: I am thee, and thou are me; nor can one of us exist

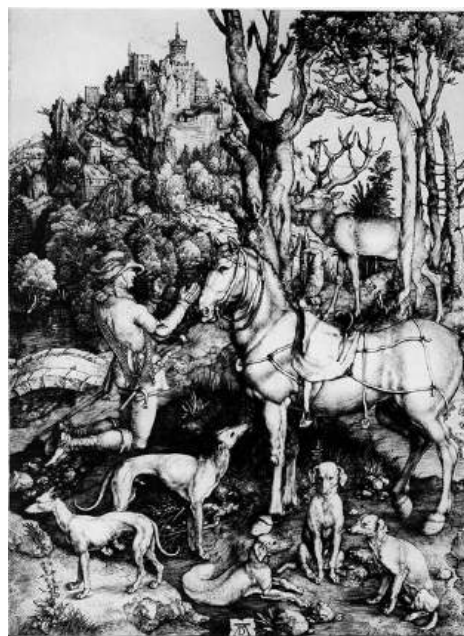
without the other. There is neither knight nor child, no male and female. Eternally one, yet beyond, we are, and shall forever be. I am the Principle, thou are my creative Power. We are not separate from all that exists, or exists not, or not yet. Finite or infinite, manifest or unmanifest, the past and the future, all is but us, an eternal present. There is no life and no death: immortality alone. There is no creation, and no creator: there is but the eternal. Thou cannot die, nor can thou live: thou are, forever, like me. We are.

At play with each other we have created worlds and planes of existence, each of them endowed with its own beings. In love with each other, yet eternally one, we play the creator-creation, but everything is eternally ourselves. Evil, suffering, grief: nothing of this is real. The Self alone – what thou call God, THAT – we truly are.

The world as mortals see it, that world so cruel that thou wished to give up your life, is illusion: a product of the mind, it does not exist. To follow their mind humans have given up their heart, their soul. They feel superior because in the course of evolution they have developed a thinking mind that animals do not have. Out of pride they have crucified the heart, creating a world of misery, strife and oppression, whose root is division. Ignorance. The more distant they grow from the divine oneness that is the real nature of all beings and worlds, where all are divine, the greater is falsehood. They have bargained the soul, that divine flame, smaller than the size of a thumb, which resides behind the heart and is the lord of the being. The creeping source of rivalry and hatred, the mind of which they are so proud is the seed of ugliness, brutality and coercion – and a

fake too. Divine is the true mind, and it knows no division: each and all are divinely one, the one, supreme Reality. Pure love. Pure bliss. Pure light.

There is a gradation of worlds and intermediary layers down to that of present humanity. One upper world is inhabited by beings like the knight you know since early childhood. By an evolution of consciousness those in the human species ready for the transmutation will ascend to that world. In the meantime there have always been beings who, in possession of the truth of oneness, descend upon earth to remind the human kind of who they truly are and what human society will one day be, awakening others to the one truth.



This is the last time thou see me with this form: thou are me, and I am thee. My form, thy form, all forms are illusion. All beings and separate planes of existence are illusion. There is but THAT, THAT which has no name, no existence or non-existence. See me in thy heart. See me

in thy soul, THAT we eternally are. Feel but compassion for they do not know, and yet one day they too will rise to the light. The Kalki Avatar... Ultimately, whether thou call it Brahman or Siva, Krishna or Vishnu, Buddha or Christ or Mahomet, or no name at all, all are the One, formless. In the silence of the heart – thy heart, thy neighbour's, amidst the crowd, on the battlefield – Truth is eternally one, and THAT we are. Nor are we born, nor shall we die: we are. THAT, THAT alone we are.

I am thy father and thy mother. Thy spouse and thy lover are I, and thy child too. I am thy very self. I am the sun and the moon and the stars, the comets and the galaxies. I am the mountain and the plain, the river and the ocean. Incommensurable vastness and infinitesimal particle. Butterfly and worm, lion and jackal, eagle and crow. The pig, the rat, the fly – and the peacock, and the most precious gem. King or beggar, priest or prostitute, millionaire or outcast, there is but I. Goodness and Evil am I, Delight ineffable and most excruciating Pain. For none of these is real: remove the mind and the Self shines forth, pure 'I'. Thus shalt thou know."



The Missing Link

She found herself alone, facing a large geodesic dome made of a translucent golden material, with diamond-like facets. From the secret Chamber, down in the basement, echoed the gong, struck by the great priest of the Mother's temple. And the journey began. She – but there was no 'she', only consciousness – started to rise: up, up, up into the azure sky, reflected on the facets of the temple, along with the passing clouds – and the face of a sage with a long, white beard and hair.

She was now high in the sky, alone, facing that gigantic face. Far below, the temple was no longer visible. Then the holy face vanished too. She had reached a semi-shaded place; she knew this was the 'abode of the rishis', the Origin. But there was no one to see, and no one to be seen. In fact there was no place at all, only consciousness (that word, which she could not explain, resurfaced), and a peace ineffable, an unfathomable silence. She knew she had always been there, eternally herself: all that is, or is not, or not yet.

She could not recall how long she remained there; nor could she be anywhere else, or be anyone or anything else, in a nowhere that is not. Then the descent began. She crossed a series of worlds (worlds – or planes of existence?), each of them endowed with its own beings and organisation. She could see everything in detail, but words fail to express the overwhelming beauty and exquisite perfection of those sublime creations. Magnificent buildings were unveiled to her, landscapes of supernal wonder, rapturous flowers, celestial music and art, art under any form. Consciousness only existed: Truth-

Consciousness, manifesting as Truth-Force the divine ananda of the Formless. She knew all this always existed, waiting to manifest on earth. A world of god-like beings was about to unveil itself, but what about humans? A bridge between those two extreme layers of consciousness had to be built but... where, oh where was the missing link to be found?

She then noticed a being absorbed in an inward trance. The sage (as the adults would call him) had a beautiful, noble face, radiating peace and bliss. The skin had a silvery-ivory hue, like her knight, and so had his robe and his turban; but the belt he wore had a pale pinkish-orange-silvery shade. She felt he must be a warrior-sage, like her knight; warring for truth must have been the main purpose of that divine incarnation. She knew this was one of those great beings who once in a while come down on earth to point the way to the new world; the knight had told her. Absorbed in the contemplation of that rapturous face she wished to merge, dissolve in him, but then she remembered the knight's words: he was she, she was he. And she knew she was that warrior too, who was none else but a manifestation of her knight, henceforth of herself.

She saw another sage, with long, white hair and beard, very much alike the gigantic face that had triggered her ascent to the 'abode of the rishis'. He wore a white cloth covering diagonally half of his chest and the rest of his body. He appeared small, in that huge armchair, and yet was so wide that no universe could contain him. His face, his body, his clothes had that special hue that she started by now becoming familiar with. Of course, more than anything else she wished to annihilate herself in him;

but she did not dare to let her feelings free because the sage looked exactly like one imagines God-the-Omnipotent... while she was so small, insignificant! Once more the knight's words – the knight's, or from within herself? – alerted her, and she knew she was that sage-God too, even if she felt so awkward that hardly did she dare to glimpse at him. A knight, a warrior, that she could be: but God himself? And yet there was no knight, no warrior; no God or the little thing she was. There was but that feeling, irrupting all at once from the time she was a small child and taking over: there is but THAT, which she had always known.



She wandered through landscapes of a hieratic beauty, through towns of such heavenly harmony that made her weep of joy. She knew the names of those towns, the location of those landscapes! She knew them since early childhood when with her mother, the sacred dancer, she would dance for the fairy of the little stream, for the springtime's fairy just reborn, for the King of the River, submerged by flowers... That music, those heart-rending tunes

playing simultaneously with the flashing images, was the music that accompanied her mother dancing for God...

Between one flashing scene and the next stood the sage-God, in a frame of fragrant, white-ivory-silvery roses, which had the same hue and texture of his skin. Landscapes, townships, castles, cathedrals and temples... that music... the sage-God... all that had always been, and will be forever: the eternally perfect creation, self-existing, seeks to manifest wherever there is a longing for truth. Beauty, Art, Intelligence, Harmony are signposts of its divine manifestation. Purity. Overwhelming Joy. Supernal beings come to us as sparkles of the eternal Truth-Consciousness-Force, but the perfect society they alone can make true exists forever. The new world, eternally present, unveils itself to the yearning soul. Then light shines forth: THAT alone exists.



The True Master of the Game

She recalled that the vision she was having was the same that her mother had, but at

that time she was too small to decode the message. Overwhelmed with bliss she started dancing. She was her mother, those landscapes, those towns... and the sage-God. For, as in one of her favourite games, a child true to oneself is everything and everyone: she would concentrate on anything and become it, as if she never had any other identity.



One with her mother she was now flying in the sky, performing a dance no human body can perform; her body was consciousness, boundless gratitude, and joy... The longing of her soul turned into an ardent prayer, "Let the new world manifest! A divine life upon earth: this is our human destiny!"

She saw a young woman, about eighteen, noble and pure, with exquisite features. She looked like the female counterpart of her knight, but also like the princess she had evoked in her early childhood. Elegantly slender, with black-purplish hair down to her tiny waist, she wore a glittering silver robe. Her skin had the same magic hue of the previous personages, but with somehow a purplish shade. Silvery flowers were sprinkled all over her hair, her figure. She knew that

beyond the celestial beauty of that youth stood the divine Mother and she fell on her knees, crying all her tears... For it had just been unveiled to her that, beyond all the myriads of forms, the divine Mother is the master of the game.

She also knew that the celestial princess was unreal, and so was the knight, and the sages, and that all the visions bestowed on her were unreal too. The true Mother is more ancient than all universes; above and beyond, the life-force and power of self-manifestation of the Supreme, She precedes all creations. Ageless, She is an old, old woman eternally young. She has no name, no form – nor do space and time exist, in Her absolute being. And yet, ultimately, there is no ‘divine Mother’. There is but THAT, which she had always known: the Impersonal-Person, Godhead.



The New World

Many other sages did she see, in a flash of lighting, manifesting on earth to prepare it for the new creation. She saw a sage

imparting the highest teaching with the simple language of a child; dancing ecstatically at times he remained stark naked, like an innocent baby. She saw his chaste spouse, she too a manifestation of the divine Mother, radiating peace and sweetness, and she saw one more Mother undergoing rigorous penance, the last representative of an illustrious lineage of sages.

She saw a sage of a royal countenance; by subduing entirely the mind he had merged into cosmic oneness. And she saw his friend, a wandering sage singing night and day in praise of God, lost in the vision of Him. She saw a couple of holy ‘parents’, the embodiment of love, service and bliss, who had transmitted their grace to the ‘maharaj’ disciple. And she saw the fool of God, in the precinct of a majestic temple at the feet of the sacred mountain. “God! God! God! I see but God!”, lost in bliss he repeated, watching the crowd passing by, the ragged children, the crawling ants... Tears of joy and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, the same vision in the heart as her grandfather...

She saw a sage sitting atop a mountain of fire, teaching through silence; his gently smiling face, his grace and compassion reminded her of the knight. But like him, the sage too had piercing eyes reading the past and the future. She saw two more sages who were disciples of the previous one, they too with those piercing eyes that had frightened her as a little child... eyes that see the unseen...

She saw a sage who, singing in praise of the divine Mother, every night turned into a radiant manifestation of her. Over a hundred years old, he looked eternally

young because of mastery over most demanding physical exercises. She saw a sage searching the philosophers' stone of eternal alchemy, and another seeking perfection through subtle breathing exercises. And she saw a sage who through utter bodily purification had turned into a brazier of compassionate love, and another commencing the ultimate physical transformation; the disciples revered him as... their Mother... She also saw one more manifestation of Her: an absence, rather than a presence, whose eyes mirrored the Infinite and Eternal...



She saw another great sage, called all over the world, and the greatest of all the wandering sages, carrying the magic stick, the beggar's bowl in his hands; relentlessly he gave himself to the crowd, truly God incarnated. He came to her in a dazzling light – he, and the Mahadeva who had given the supreme teaching to the world. She also saw a twelve thousands year old legendary sage, walking alone at dusk, almost naked, among glaciers and snowy peaks. His gaze, his smile pierced her entire being... And she knew that anything else is unreal but that smile, unveiling Maya, and that nothing exists apart from

THAT. Lastly she saw a sage with blue eyes, noble, hieratic, truly a knight-king – the herald of the ultimate oneness of all religions and spiritual quests; by whatever way one travels, the summit is one: THAT, beyond name and form.

All of them she saw, and she knew them all as the One Being at play through countless forms, taking as many shapes as there are souls on earth, to lead each and all to the goal.



The Most Beautiful Fairy-Tale

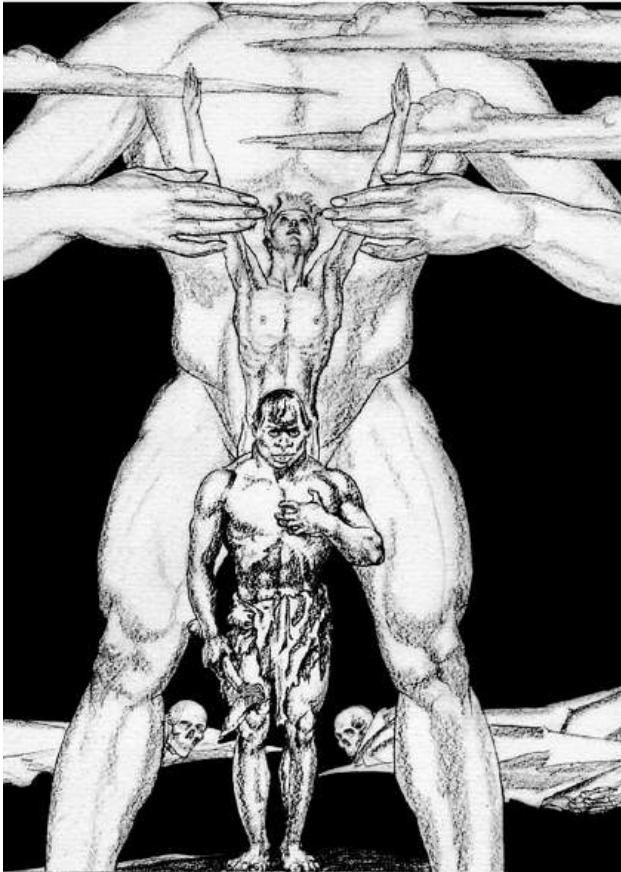
She found herself sitting cross-legged in a strange posture. Her body was rigid, stone-like. Where had she been? How much time had elapsed? She was a little frightened; after all, she was only a grown-up child. Gradually her body turned warm and flexible again, and her cheeks rosy. All that she had seen was so incredibly beautiful, the most beautiful fairy-tale in the world... She was weeping now, out of joy, her heart filled with boundless gratitude. And she remembered her grandfather, when she was small... She knew now the secret of his tears, and why would she suddenly see the knight in him. She also understood why her mother could but dance, ecstatically...

Then she became her mother. Her entire body was a prayer, a hymn of freedom and delight: she had seen the new world, ready to manifest on earth from the beginning of time. The animals were dancing with her, the grass, the flowers, the trees, the streams, the wind, the sun and the moon and the stars and the planets, the whole universe, pure bliss: its real nature, Godhead. Dance was stillness – and stillness, dance.

She knew she had broken the boundaries of the ordinary mind – the thinking, petty mind of which humans are so proud. She had merged with the cosmic mind that by divine, prescient knowledge rules all that is, is not or not yet – where everything is apprehended as unity in diversity of Self sporting with Self. Her entire being was a sheer vibration of love, for to love each and all was to love oneself. Now she would see the past and the future at once: it was so simple, she just saw herself! Nor could ananda know boundaries, as there were no boundaries between her single self and the trillions of universes, verily all is one. She knew that all those she had been calling ‘friends’ were her very self, and that she too had come on earth to remind the human kind of its true nature praying, all together, for a divine life upon earth, a divine society that divine consciousness only can make true.

She knew that the new world, eternally self-existing, will reveal itself when the individual and collective soul will merge into the abiding consciousness of divine Oneness: the Knowledge, Love and Delight of the Supreme Reality. THAT from which all are born, and yet unborn, THAT we have always been and will forever be.







...L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle...

Dante, La Divina Comedia,

Paradiso



THE CITY OF BRAHMAN

Where one sees nothing but the One, hears nothing but the One, knows nothing but the One – there is the Infinite. Where one sees another, hears another, knows another – there is the finite. The Infinite is immortal, the finite is mortal. ...

The Infinite is below, above, behind, before, to the right, to the left. I am all this. This Infinite is the Self. The Self is below, above, behind, before, to the right, to the left. I am all this. One who knows, meditates upon, and realizes the truth of the Self – such one delights in the Self, revels in the Self, rejoices in the Self. He becomes master of himself, and master of all the worlds. ...

All things that exist, all beings and all desires, are in the city of Brahman; what then becomes of them when old age approaches and the body dissolves in death?

Though old age comes to the body, the lotus of the heart does not grow old. At death of the body, it does not die. The lotus of the heart, where Brahman exists in all his glory – that, and not the body, is the true city of Brahman. ...

Absorbed in the Self, the sage is freed from identity with the body and lives in blissful consciousness. The Self is the immortal, the fearless; the Self is Brahman. This Brahman is eternal Truth.

The Self within the heart is like a boundary which divides the world from THAT. Day and night cross not that boundary, nor old age, nor death; neither grief nor pleasure, neither good nor evil deeds. All evil shuns THAT. For THAT is free from impurity: by impurity can it never be touched.

Wherefore he who has crossed that boundary, and has realized the Self, if he is blind, ceases to be blind; if he is wounded, ceases to be wounded; if he is afflicted, ceases to be afflicted. When that boundary is crossed, night becomes day; for the world of Brahman is light itself.

Chandogya Upanishad



*This universe was indeed Brahman in the beginning.
It knew only Itself as 'I am Brahman'.
Therefore It became all.
And whoever among the gods knew It, also became That.
And the same with sages, and the same with men.*

BRHADARANYAKA UPANISHAD

Brahman alone was, no one and all,
THAT which has not even a name, a form,
a bare emptiness filled with joy.
Joy alone, supremely, was. Alone.

A stirring of that emptiness,
a vibration of the purest joy...
The world came into existence:
the world, its beings, its all.

That vibration produced a sound:
the magic, primal sound. A U M !
Universes and creatures were born,
grossest and most subtle forms.

THAT we are, we are, we are! OM TAT SAT!

Brahman alone is, infinite, eternal.
Siva-Sakti intertwined, yet beyond,
the One and sole Being, its creative
Force: divine Father, divine Mother.

The Father and the Mother are I.
I is the divine Child, the universe -
and all that is and is not, or not yet,
is I, pure I: the Infinite, the Eternal.

This is the song of the liberated man,
my song, thy song, we are! We are!
Existence, Consciousness, Bliss,
this is the sole truth of being.

THAT we are, we are, we are! OM TAT SAT!

I am the shooting star. The effulgent moon,
the blazing sun, am I. The scenting, tender
flower, the rainbow drop of dew, am I.
I am the blowing wind, the gentle breeze is I.

I am the starry night, the intensely azure sky.
Murmuring forest am I, tree yearning for light,
whispering river and roaring storm am I, am I!
No one I am, I who am all that is!

Wherever I cast my eyes I see myself: pure joy.
Prince and Princess, King and Queen,
the Knight and his damsel,
the Fairy and the Elf are I, paean of victory.

THAT I am! I am! I am! OM TAT SAT!

Cosmic expanse of light, ecstasy ineffable,
trance of rapturous oneness, whirling galaxies,
I am! Beyond all beyonds, above all aboves,
within all within, the universe's dance is myself.

Open thy heart, my child! Do search within!
God inhabits thy heart, thy soul, thy all!
There is but He, and She, Purusha-Prakriti
intertwined. Pure I, the One and All.

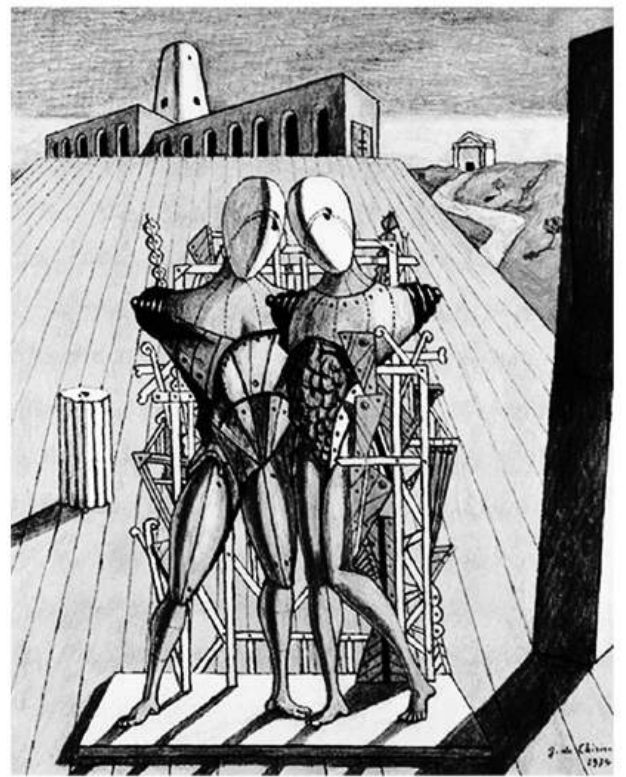
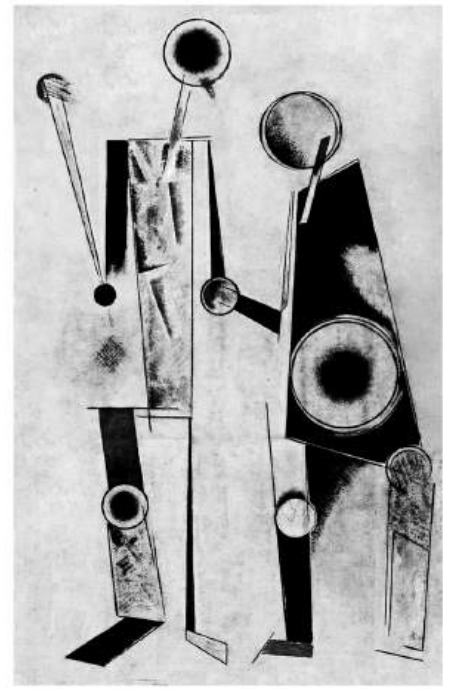
To God shall we return. That God are we,
always have been and shall forever be.
'I' alone is real: THAT which has no name
or form, the Impersonal-Person, Godhead.

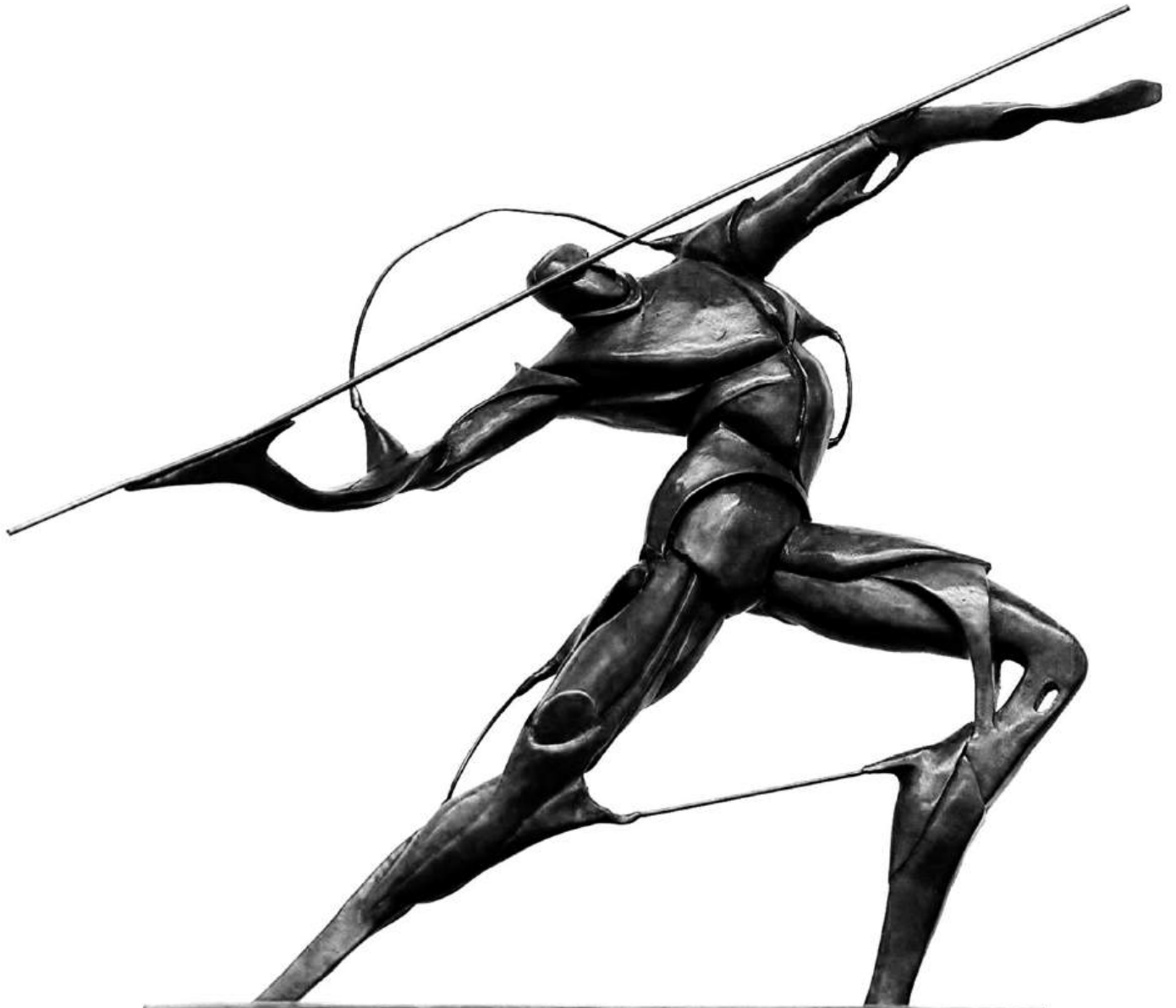
We are! We are! THAT we are! OM TAT SAT!
Thus shalt thou know. Arise! Awake!
Godhead is our mission and destiny!
For this alone we are born, and yet unborn,
And will forever be, in everlasting oneness.

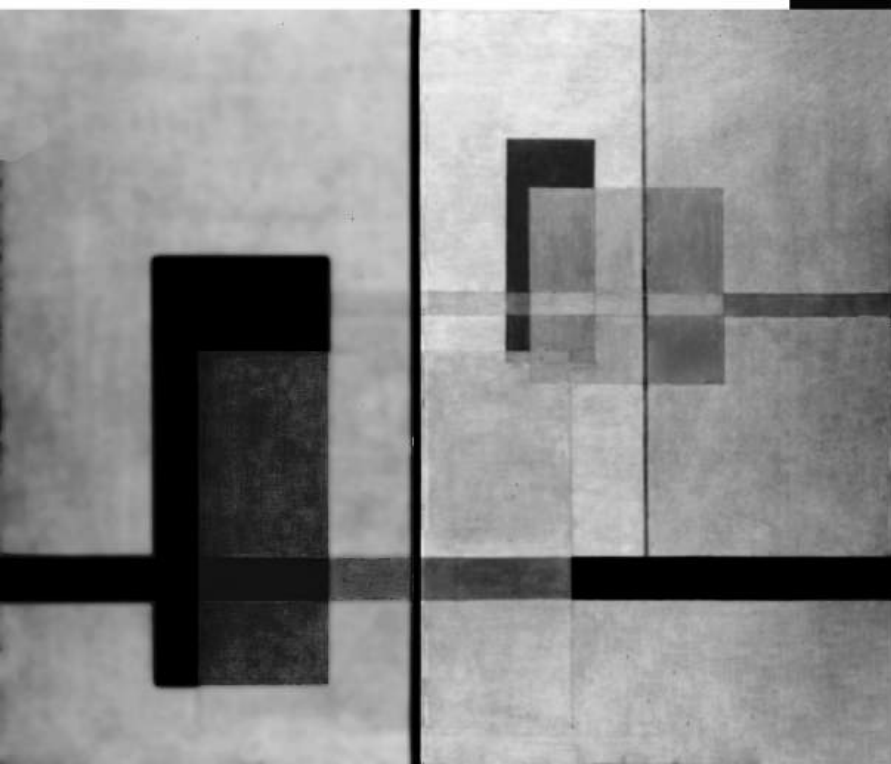
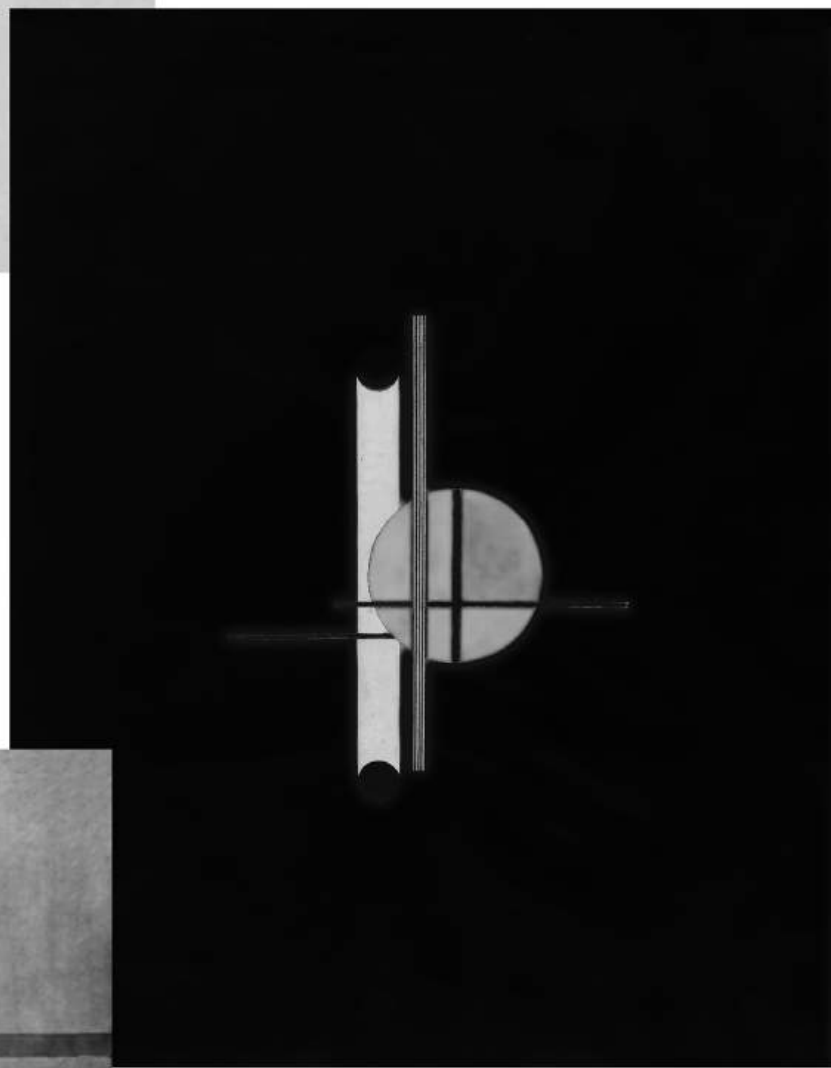
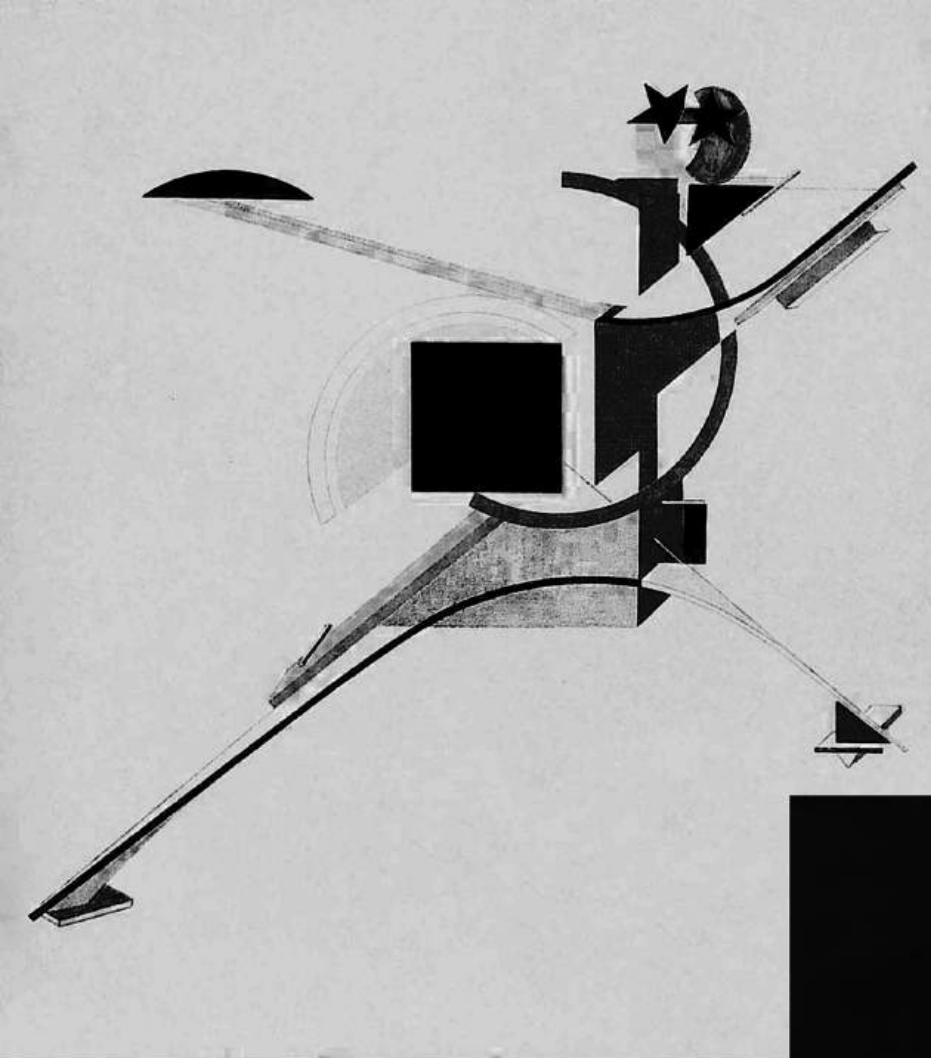
We are! We are! We are!

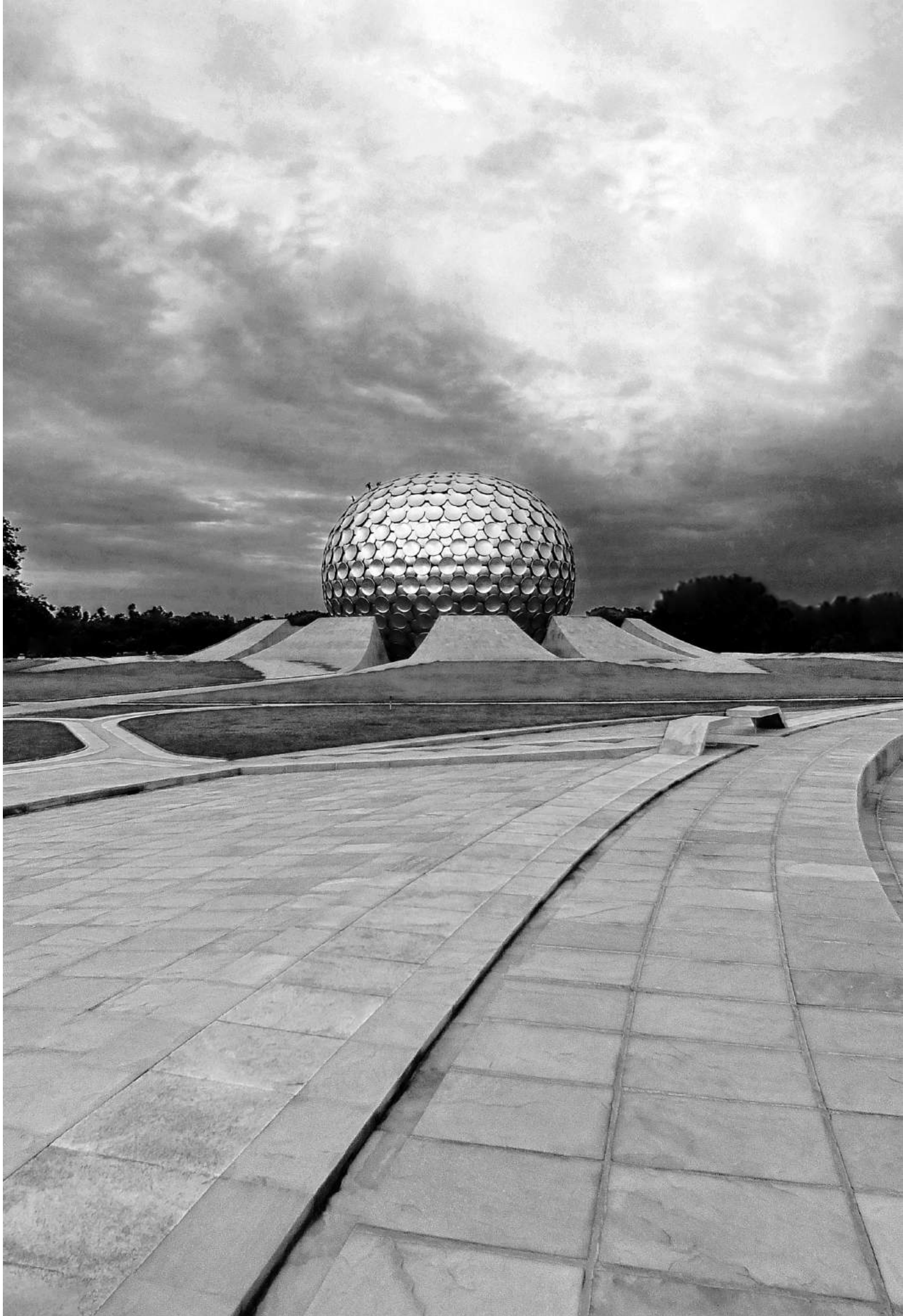
THAT we are: no one – and all.





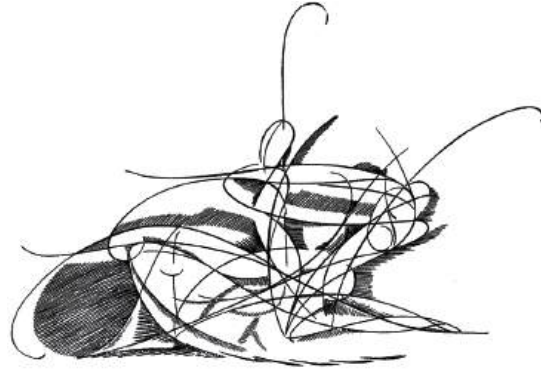








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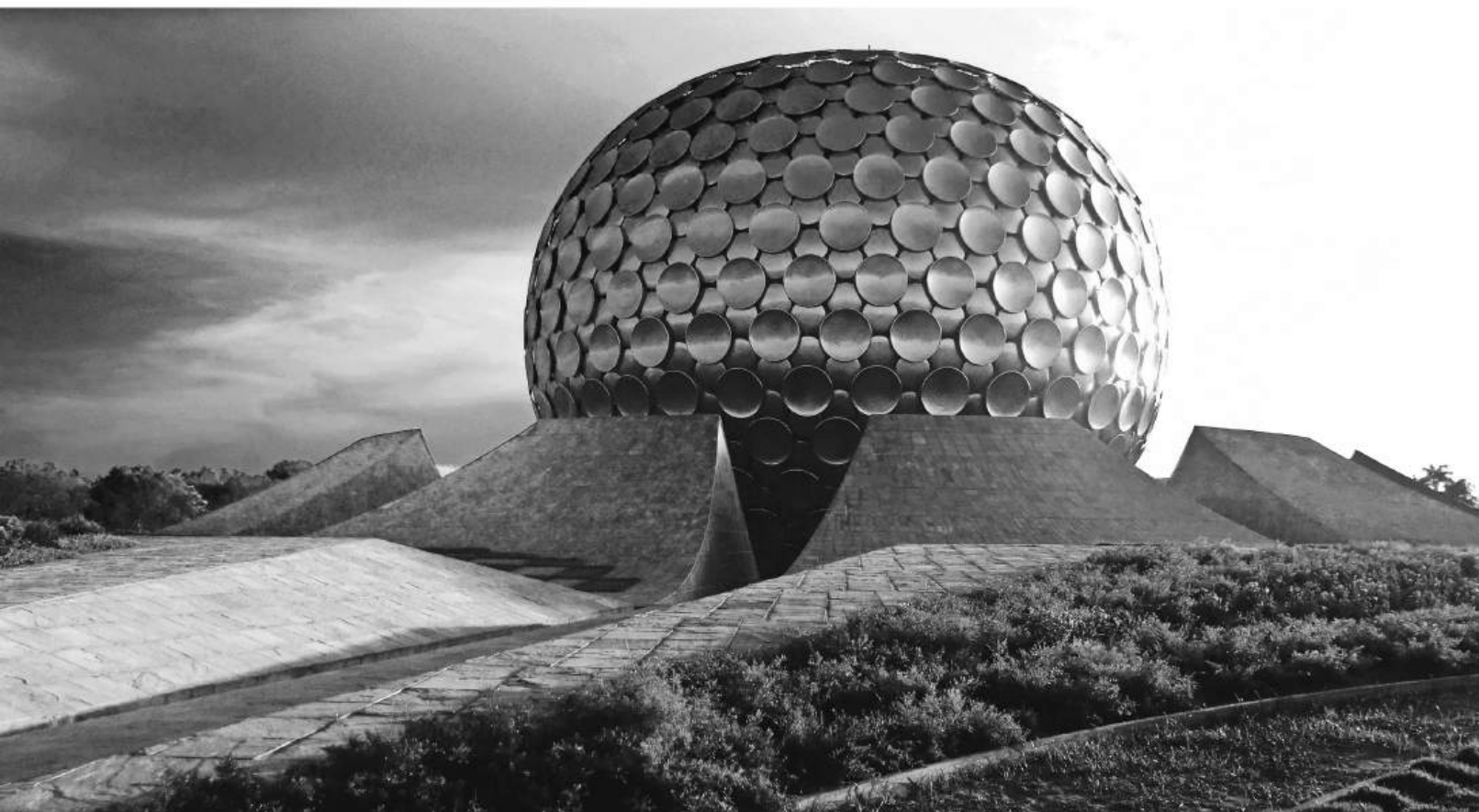
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He who chooses the Infinite has been chosen by the Infinite.

SRI AUROBINDO





Or we may find when all the rest has failed hid in ourselves the key of perfect change.



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