

**Book 1****Canto 4 – The Secret Knowledge**

“Divine Love.

It’s the only thing.

Sri Aurobindo has explained it in *Savitri*. Only when Divine Love has manifested in all its purity will everything yield, will it all yield—it will then be done.

It’s the only thing that can do it.

It will be the great victory.

*(silence)*

On a small scale, in very small details, I feel that of all the forces, this is the strongest. And it’s the only one with a power over hostile wills. Only... for the world to change, it must manifest here in all its fullness. We have to be up to it...”

*(The Mother’s Agenda-1/476-477)*

**The Mother/February 15, 1963**

*(Regarding a passage in "Savitri" in which Sri Aurobindo describes the universe as a play between He and She. "This whole wide world is only he and she," He, the Supreme in love with her, her servitor; She, the creative Force.)*

“As one too great for him he worships her;  
 He adores her as his regent of desire,  
 He yields to her as the mover of his will,  
 He burns the incense of his nights and days  
 Offering his life, a splendour of sacrifice....  
 In a thousand ways he serves her royal needs;  
 He makes the hours pivot around her will,  
 Makes all reflect her whims; all is their play:  
 This whole wide world is only he and she.”

Savitri-62-63

“What a marvelous work!

He goes into a completely different region, so much above thought! It's constant vision, it isn't something thought out – with thought everything becomes flat, hollow, empty, empty, just like a leaf; while this is full, the full content is there, alive.

It's an explanation of why the world is as it is. At the start he says, *He worships her* (here again, there are no words in French: *Il lui rend un culte*, but that makes a whole sentence). *He worships her* as something far greater than Himself. And then you are almost a spectator of the Supreme projecting Himself to take on this creative aspect (necessarily, otherwise it couldn't be done!), the Witness watching His own work of creation and falling in love with this power of manifestation – you see it all. And ... oh, He wants to give Her her fullest chance and see, watch all that is going to happen, all that can happen with this divine Power thrust free into the world. And Sri Aurobindo expresses it as though he had absolutely fallen in love with Her: whatever She wants, whatever She does, whatever She thinks, whatever She wills, all of it – it's all wonderful! All is wonderful. It's so lovely!

And, I must say, I was observing this because, originally, the first time I heard of it, this conception shocked me, in the sense that ... (I don't know, it wasn't an idea, it was a feeling), as though it meant lending reality to something which in my consciousness, for a very long time (at least ... millennia perhaps, I don't know), had been the Falsehood to be conquered. The Falsehood that must cease to exist. It's the aspect of Truth that must manifest itself, it's not all that: doing anything whatsoever just for the fun of it, simply because you have the full power.... You have the power to do everything, so you do everything, and knowing that there is a Truth behind, you don't give a damn about consequences. That was something ... something which, as far back as I can remember, I have fought against. I have known it, but it seems to me it was such a long, long time ago and I rejected it so strongly, saying, "No, no!" and implored the Lord so intensely that things may be otherwise, beseeched Him that his all-powerful Truth, his all-powerful Purity and his all-powerful Beauty may manifest and put an end to all that mess. And at first I was shocked when Sri Aurobindo told me that; previously, in this life, it hadn't even crossed my mind. In that sense Theon's explanation had been much more (what should I say?) useful to me from the standpoint of action: the origin of disorder being the separation of the primal Powers – but that's not it! HE is there, blissfully worshipping all this confusion!

And naturally this time around, when I started translating it came back. At first there was a shudder (*Mother makes a gesture of stiffening*). Then I told myself, "Haven't you got beyond that!" And I let myself flow into the thing. Then I had a series of nights with Sri Aurobindo ... so marvelous! You understand, I see him constantly and I go into that subtle physical world where he has his abode; the contact is almost permanent (at any rate, that's how I spend all my nights: he shows me the work, everything), but still, after this translation of *Savitri* he seemed to be smiling at me and telling me, "At last you have understood!" (*Mother laughs*) I said, "It isn't that I didn't understand, it's that I didn't want it!" I didn't want, I don't WANT things to be like that any more, for thousands of years I have wanted things to be otherwise!

The night before last, he had put on a sari of mine. He told me (*laughing*), "Why not? Don't you find it suits me!" I answered, "It suits you beautifully!" A sari of brown

georgette, lustrous bronze, with big golden braid! It was a very beautiful sari (I used to have it, it was one of my saris), and he was wearing it. Then he asked me to do his hair. I remember seeing that the nape of his neck and his hair had become almost luminous – his hair was never quite white, there was an auburn shimmer to it, it was almost golden, and it stayed that way, very fine, not at all like the hair people have here. His hair was almost like mine. So while I was doing his hair, I saw the luminous nape of his neck, and his hair, so luminous! And he said to me, "Why shouldn't I wear a sari!"

That opened up a whole new horizon.... We're always so closed, you know.

Of course, it [this vision or conception] isn't allowed into action, because when you start accepting everything and loving everything and seeing Glory everywhere – why change!? This is why the Force that had been in me for so long for the world to progress further made me reject precisely all that legitimized things as they are by putting you into contact with the inner joy of living – as he puts it, His Joy is there, everywhere, so nobody wants to leave the world....

In short, I was able to see the situation from above, a little higher than the creative Force – from the other side.” The Mother/15<sup>th</sup> February-1963

### **Summary:**

“Without Him I exist not; Without me He is unmanifest”....this saying of the Divine Mother about Her relation to Sri Aurobindo comes to my mind as I was contemplating on this canto. The secret knowledge seems to me that all of existence is a play of Radha and Krishna of Ishwara and Ishwari of the Supreme **[Brahman]** and His Force **[Maya]**...and our lives and all of evolution are a theatre in that eternal play. All good/evil, life/death, knowledge/ignorance are merely stages that the embodied Divine goes through before the mask is unveiled and He stands hand in hand with his **[Play]** mate , His force.

***[The Secret Knowledge King Aswapati discovered are:***

1)

*"With the Truth-Light (Supramental Force) strike earth's massive roots of trance,*

*Wake a dumb self (Inconscient Self) in the Inconscient depths*

*And raise a lost (Serpent) Power from the python sleep" Savitri-72-73*

2)

*"The Spirit's bare and absolute potencies*

*Burn in the solitude of the thoughts of God." Savitri-57(Solitude is the right condition for developing Spirit's absolute potencies. This must be our right relation towards Space which is a divisibility of substance and constitute our surrounding.)*

3)

*" Our souls can visit in great lonely hours (lonely hour is identified as condition of growth of the Spirit.)*

*Still regions of imperishable Light, (Spiritual plane)*

*All-seeing eagle-peaks of silent Power (Supramental Plane)*

*And moon-flame oceans of swift fathomless Bliss (Bliss plane)*

*And calm immensities of spirit space." (Absolute state of Turiya) Savitri-47*

4)

*"To these high-peaked dominions **sealed** to our search,(because of our surface  
obscurity.)*

*Too far from surface Nature's postal routes,*

*Too lofty for our mortal lives to breathe,*

*Deep in us a forgotten kinship points*

*And a faint voice of ecstasy and prayer (This is the promise of Savitri from which  
we can begin our Spiritual life.)*

*Calls to those lucent lost immensities." Savitri-46*

5)

*"He sees the secret things no words can speak*

*And knows the goal of the unconscious world*

*And the heart of the mystery of the journeying years." Savitri-49*

6)

*"The Truth-Light capture Nature by surprise,*

*A stealth of God compel the heart to bliss (Supramentalised Psychic being.)*

*And earth grow unexpectedly divine." Savitri-55*

7)

*"A playmate in the mighty Mother's game," Savitri-60*

8)

*"Her mighty plan she holds back from our sight:*

*She has concealed her glory and her bliss*

*And disguised the Love and Wisdom in her heart; (Reconciliation of Jnana and Bhakti Yoga in the Supramentalisid Psychic being.)*

*Of all the marvel and beauty that are hers, (Of Para-prakriti)*

*Only a darkened little we can feel." Savitri-62 (This darkened little is the Prakriti in Ignorance which is having 24 tattwas or attributes and works within the boundary of three gunas.)*

9)

*"This whole wide world is only he and she." Savitri-63*

10)

*"This transfiguration is earth's due to heaven:*

*A mutual debt binds man to the Supreme (When the relation between the Creator and creation is revealed and the Brahman consciousness enters the Matter, the mutual debt is paid.)(This also suggests that the mutual debt with*

*the Lord will increase by giving Him service, remembering Him constantly, by suffering for humanity.)*

*Other complementary lines are:*

“Affiliated to cosmic Space and Time

And paying here God’s **debt** to earth and man

A greater sonship was his (King Aswapati’s) divine right.” Savitri-

“Strike out from Time the soul’s long compound debt” Savitri

“It was as if she (Savitri) must pay now her debt,” Savitri

“For most (of the human beings) are built on Nature’s early plan

And owe small debt to a superior plane;” Savitri

“The Son of God born as the Son of man

Has drunk the bitter cup, owned Godhead’s **debt**,

The **debt** the Eternal owes to the fallen kind

His will has bound to death and struggling life

That yearns in vain for rest and endless peace.

Now is the **debt** paid, wiped off the original score.

The Eternal suffers in a human form (of Satyavan),” Savitri, book-6, Canto-2-

*His nature we must put on as he put ours;*

*We are sons of God and must be even as he:*

*His human portion, we must grow divine.*

*Our life is a paradox with God for key.” Savitri-67*

11)

*"For the key is hid and by the Inconscient kept" Savitri-68](the secret of Immortality is there in the Inconscient sheath and can be partly revealed by activation of Inconscient Self and fully revealed by complete illumination of inconscient sheath.)*

**Detail:**

The canto begins with a description of the stable state above the lower hemisphere of body mind and vital *[the flat earthly state]* that the King has reached...this state while providing the sunrise like splendours looks towards greater heights...*[discovery of a greater universal Self]* towards a yet unseen glorious sun (the Supramental).

The Lord describes our earthly life as a beginning and a base of operation – only a shadow of what must come - not the final destination, which is a greater *[universal]* self and eternal light...all work in this world is only a preface of an epic climb.

Although the fathomless depths and breaths and the deathless state is our native right and being, at this stage in our evolution these summits are sealed from our search for they are too far from Nature's mode of existence (postal routes). However because we have various parts to our beings and selves, even though our outer consciousness is mired in ignorance there are other *[subtle]* parts of our being that 'grow towards light". *[Or when we do not do any sadhana and*



*our soul is veiled by Ignorance or when we sleep during that dull period also there are parts of our being (occult) that grow towards light and behind our apparent stagnancy in consciousness, there is a greater world action/subtle action/superconscient action, which is taking place.] In rarer occasions [in great lonely hours of solitude], when our vision is turned away from the hustle and bustle of life and spent in meditation, we leave the constricting circumference of our narrow lives and wander into higher "still regions of imperishable light and all seeing eagle peaks of power".*

In the course of our meditation two things can happen, there can be descent of the Divine Mother's force into the being

*"It is sufficient to note its (Yogic trance) **double utility in the integral Yoga**. It is true that up to a point difficult to define or delimit almost all that Samadhi can give, can be acquired without recourse to Samadhi. But still there are certain heights of spiritual and psychic experience of which the direct as opposed to a reflecting experience can only be acquired deeply and in its fullness by means of the Yogic trance. And even for that which can be otherwise acquired, it offers a ready means, a facility which becomes more helpful, **if not indispensable**, the higher and more difficult of access become the planes on which the heightened spiritual experience is sought. Once attained, it has to be brought **as much as possible** into the waking consciousness (**the descent of the Divine Mother's force**). For in a Yoga which embraces **all life** completely and without reserve, the full use of Samadhi comes only when its gain (**the Sachchidananda Consciousness**) can be made the normal possession and experience for an **integral waking** of the*

*embodied soul in the human being.” **The Synthesis of Yoga-526-27***

*On a height he stood that looked towards greater heights.*

*Our early approaches to the Infinite ([Beginning of Spiritual life.](#))*

*Are sunrise splendours on a marvellous verge*

*While lingers yet unseen the glorious sun.*

*What now we see is a shadow of what must come.*

*The earth's uplook to a remote Unknown*

*Is a preface only of the epic climb*

*Of human soul from its **flat earthly state***

*To the discovery of a **greater self** ([universal Self](#))*

*And the far gleam of an eternal Light.*

*This world is a beginning and a base*

*Where Life and Mind erect their structured dreams;*

*An **unborn Power** must build reality.*

*A deathbound littleness is not all we are:*

*Immortal our forgotten vastnesses*

*Await discovery in our summit selves; ([Spiritual, Supramental and Bliss Self](#))*

*Unmeasured breadths and depths of being are ours.*

*Akin to the ineffable Secrecy,*

*Mystic, eternal in **unrealised Time**,*

*Neighbours of Heaven are Nature's altitudes.*

*To these high-peaked dominions **sealed** to our search, ([sealed for common man](#)) [Its complementary line:](#)*

“The doors of light are sealed to common mind” Savitri, Book-11

*Too far from surface Nature's postal routes, (surface nature consists of surface mind, surface life and surface body.)*

*Too lofty for our mortal lives to breathe,*

*Deep in us a forgotten kinship points*

*And a faint voice of ecstasy and prayer (Starting point of higher Spiritual life.)*

*Calls to those lucent lost immensities.*

*Even when we fail to look into our souls (Multiple Selves and their action on the respective sheaths during our seemingly unconscious moment.) (This line also*

*suggests even during our feeling of Soul stagnancy, during that period also*

*Divine transformation work continues in multiple sheaths.)*

*Or lie embedded in earthly consciousness,*

***Still have we parts that grow towards the light,*** *(subtle body experience.)*

*Yet are there luminous tracts and heavens serene*

*And **Eldorados** of splendour and ecstasy*

*(Eldorado or El Dorado in Spanish means the name of a fictitious country or city abounding in gold, formerly believed to exist somewhere in the region of the Orinoco and Amazon rivers.)*

*And temples to the godhead none can see.*

*Its complementary line:*

***"Even on the struggling Nature left below***

***Strong periods of illumination came:***

*Lightnings of glory after glory burned,*

*Experience was a tale of blaze and fire," Savitri-37*

***"Awaiting some tremendous dawn of God,***

He saw the purpose (of the Divine) in the works of Time.

Even in that aimlessness a (Divine) work was done

Pregnant with magic will and change divine.” Savitri-47

“So must the **dim being** grow in light and force  
 And rise to his higher destiny at last,  
 Look up to God and round at the universe,  
 And learn by failure and progress by fall  
 And battle with environment and doom,  
 By suffering discover his deep soul  
 And by possession grow to his own vast.” Savitri-146

*A shapeless memory lingers in us still*

*And sometimes, when our sight is turned within, (Hints how to discover the self)*

*Earth's ignorant veil is lifted from our eyes;*

*There is a short miraculous escape.*

*This narrow fringe of clamped experience*

*We leave behind meted to us as life,*

*Our little walks, our insufficient reach.*

***Our souls can visit in great lonely hours***

*Still regions of imperishable Light,*

*All-seeing eagle-peaks of silent Power*

*And moon-flame oceans of swift fathomless Bliss*

*And calm immensities of spirit space.*

*Its complementary line:*

“The soul that can live alone with itself meets God;”

“A lonely soul passions for the Alone”

Savitri-460

“In the dim Night it (Savitri’s heart) lies alone with God.”

Savitri-632

“There knowing herself by her own termless self,  
Wisdom supernal, wordless, absolute  
Sat **uncompanied** in the eternal Calm,  
All-seeing, motionless, sovereign and **alone**.”

Savitri-635

“**Lonely** his days and splendid like the sun’s.”

Savitri-32

Savitri-45

*In the unfolding process of the Self*

**Sometimes the inexpressible Mystery**

**Elects a human vessel of descent. [the descent of Vibhuti and Avatara in human vessel]**

*A breath comes down from a supernal air, (The descent of Divine force.)*

*A **Presence** is born, a guiding **Light** awakes,*

*A stillness falls upon the instruments: (By Divine touch mind, life and body become silent.)*

*Fixed, motionless like a marble monument,*

*Stone-calm, the body is a pedestal*

*Supporting a figure of eternal Peace.*

*Or a revealing Force sweeps blazing in;*

*Out of some vast superior continent*

**This allows the experience below...**

*Knowledge breaks through trailing its radiant seas,*

*And Nature trembles with the power, the flame.*

“We are aware of a **sealike downpour of masses of a spontaneous knowledge** which assumes the nature of Thought but has a different character from the process of thought to which we are accustomed; for there is nothing here of seeking, *no trace of*

*mental construction, no labour of speculation or difficult discovery; it is an automatic and spontaneous knowledge from a Higher Mind that seems to be in possession of Truth and not in search of hidden and withheld realities. One observes that this Thought is much more capable than the mind of including at once a mass of knowledge in a single view; it has a cosmic character, not the stamp of an individual thinking. Beyond this Truth-Thought we can distinguish a greater illumination instinct with an increased power and intensity and driving force, a luminosity of the nature of Truth-Sight with thought formulation as a minor and dependent activity.” The Life Divine-291*

*A greater Personality sometimes (**Yantra, God’s slave, The Divine Mother’s child, Vibhuti, Avatara**)(Invisible beings from higher Psychic, Spiritual and Supramental planes.)*

*Possesses us which yet we know is ours:*

*Or we adore the Master of our souls. [**Paramatma, or Supramental and bliss Self**]*

*Then the small bodily ego thins and falls;*

*No more insisting on its separate self, ,(the dissolution of the ego and attaining of cosmic consciousness) [**Yes**]*

*Losing the **punctilio** of its separate birth,*

*(Punctilio is an Italian word meaning a ‘fine point.’ In English it sometimes refers to a highest point or apex.)*

*It leaves us one with Nature and with God.*

*In moments when the inner lamps are lit (**Psychic being**)*

*And the life’s cherished guests are left outside, (This is one important condition of uniting with the Divine.)*

*Our spirit sits alone and speaks to its gulfs. (**Spiritual being**) (Spirit can also bridge the gulf between different planes of consciousness.)*

*Its complementary line:*

"God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep;" Savitri-55

"He comes unseen into our darker parts

And, curtained by the darkness, does his work,

A subtle and all-knowing guest and guide,

Till they too feel the need and will to change." *Savitri-35*

*A wider consciousness opens then its doors;*

*Invading from spiritual silences*

*A ray of the timeless Glory stoops **awhile***

*To commune with our seized illumined clay*

*And leaves its **huge white stamp** upon our lives. (the descent of the Divine*

*Force or the coming forward of the psychic leaves an indelible mark on our life,*

*its stamp/effect is then felt in all our acts and life)Its complementary line:*

**"Each action left the footprints of a god," Savitri-23**

Below the Lord says that this Divine being that resides in us un-noticed is not impatient or hasty, it is aware of itself and the play and for it even lifetimes are nothing to achieve its goal...it awaits the "slow miracle" – usually miracles are meant to be a spontaneous event, but the Lord contrasts this word to mean that the miracle of reversal of consciousness is not something that happens overnight and further this long march is sanctioned by the Divine...

*In the oblivious field of mortal mind,*

*Revealed to the closed prophet eyes of trance*

*Or in some **deep internal solitude***

*Witnessed by a strange immaterial sense, (Spiritual sense)*

*The signals of eternity appear.*

*The **truth mind** could not know unveils its face, (One of the three subliminal self.)*

*We hear what mortal ears have never heard, (Affirmative voice in subtle mental plane)*

*We feel what earthly sense has never felt, (Affirmative sense in union with subliminal self.)*

*We love what common hearts repel and dread;*

*Its complementary line:*

*"A human seeking limited by its gains,*

*To her they seemed the great and early steps*

*Hazardous of a **young** discovering spirit*

Which saw not yet by its own native light;  
 It tapped the universe with testing knocks  
 Or stretched to find **truth mind's** divining rod;  
 There was a growing out to numberless sides,  
 But not the **widest seeing of the soul**,  
 Not yet the vast direct immediate touch,  
 Nor yet the art and wisdom of the Gods." Savitri-361

*Our minds hush to a bright Omniscient;*  
*A Voice calls from the chambers of the soul;*  
*We meet the ecstasy of **the Godhead's touch***  
*In golden privacies of immortal fire.*  
*These signs are native to **a larger self***  
*That lives within us by ourselves unseen;*  
*Only **sometimes** a holier influence comes,*  
*A tide of mightier surgings bears our lives*  
*And a diviner Presence moves the soul;*  
*Or through the earthly coverings something breaks,*  
*A grace and beauty of spiritual light,*  
*The murmuring tongue of a celestial fire.*

"There are moments when the Spirit moves among men and the breath of the Lord is abroad upon the waters of our being; there are others when it retires and men are left to act in the strength or the weakness of their own egoism. The first are periods when even a little effort produces great results and changes destiny; the second are spaces of time when much labour goes to the making of a little result. It is true that the latter may prepare the former, may be the little smoke of sacrifice going up to heaven which calls down the rain of God's bounty." Sri Aurobindo/CWSA-12/ Essays Divine and Human/147-148



*Ourself and a high stranger whom we feel,  
 It is and acts unseen as if it were not;  
 It follows the line of sempiternal birth,  
 Yet seems to perish with its mortal frame.  
 Assured of the Apocalypse to be,*

*Apocalypse:*

1. the complete final destruction of the world, as described in the biblical book of Revelation.  
 "the bell's ringing is supposed to usher in the Apocalypse"  
 ○
2. an event involving destruction or damage on a catastrophic scale.  
 "the apocalypse of World War II"

*It reckons not the moments and the hours;  
 Great, patient, calm it sees the **centuries pass**,  
 Awaiting the **slow miracle** of our change  
 In the sure deliberate process of world-force  
 And the long march of all-revealing Time.*

The embodied Divine wears the mask/cowl of a finite being subject to birth and death but always knows the appointed hour and the path that He pushes us on for our emancipation. For us to know the secret knowledge, we need an inward turn of our consciousness, an intuitive and spiritual mind....

*It is the origin and the master-clue,  
 A silence overhead, an inner voice, (of Spiritual being.)  
 A living image seated in the heart, (Divine Mother in Psychic heart centre.)*

*Similar experience of Savitri:*

“In its deep lotus home her being sat  
 As if on concentration’s marble seat,  
 Calling the **mighty Mother** of the worlds  
 To make this earthly tenement her house.” (The Mighty Supramental Mother stationed  
 permanently in the Psychic Centre.) Book-7 Canto-5

*An unwall’d wideness and a fathomless point,  
 The truth of all these cryptic shows in Space,  
 The Real towards which our strivings move,  
 The secret grandiose meaning of our lives.  
 A treasure of honey in the combs of God,  
 A Splendour burning in a tenebrous cloak,  
 It is our glory of the flame of God,  
 Our golden fountain of the world’s delight,  
 An immortality cowed in the cape of death,  
 The shape of our unborn divinity.*

***It guards for us our fate in depths within***

***Where sleeps the eternal seed of transient things.***

*Always we bear in us a magic key (key of immortality)  
 Concealed in life’s hermetic envelope.*

***Hermetic: air tight***

*A burning Witness in the sanctuary  
 Regards through Time and the blind walls of Form;  
 A timeless Light is in his hidden eyes;*

***He sees the secret things no words can speak***

*And knows the goal of the unconscious world (Through King’s Trikaladrishi.)  
 And the heart of the mystery of the journeying years.*

*But all is screened, subliminal, mystical; (Subliminal Self)*

*It needs the intuitive **heart**, the inward turn, (Psychic being)*

*It needs the power of a spiritual gaze. (Spiritual being)*

To the surface consciousness and being, all our lives and the life of all those around us seems to be a haphazard occurrence of fate or evolution, we do not know from where we came or what happens after our body dies...even our so called knowledge and understanding is passed down from books and others...there is no knowledge that knows by itself without relying on something else for its basis...even our achievements in life promptly lose their taste after a little while....

*Else to our **waking mind's** small moment look*

*A goalless voyage seems our dubious course*

*Some Chance has settled or hazarded some Will,*

*Or a Necessity without aim or cause*

*Unwillingly compelled to emerge and be.*

*In this dense field where nothing is plain or sure,*

*Our very being seems to us questionable, (to physical mind)*

*Our life a vague experiment, the soul*

*A flickering light in a strange ignorant world,*

*The earth a brute mechanic accident, (to divisible physical and vital mind)*

*A net of death in which by chance we live. (Soul slaying vision of physical and vital mind)*

"Seeing that, there is obviously a similar experience in connection with what is called life and death. It's a sort of "overhanging" (it comes to me in English, that's why I have difficulty) of that constant presence of Death or possibility of death. As he says in *Savitri*, we have a constant companion all the way **from the cradle to the grave**, we are constantly shadowed by the threat or presence of Death. Well, this gives the cells an intensity in their call for a Power of Eternity which would not be there without that constant threat. Then we understand – we begin to understand very concretely – that all those things are only goads to make the Manifestation progress and grow more intense, more perfect. If the goads are crude, it is because the Manifestation is very crude. As it grows more and more perfect and apt to manifest something ETERNALLY PROGRESSIVE, those very crude methods will give way to more refined ones, and the world will progress without the need for such brutal oppositions. It is only because the world is in infancy and the human consciousness in its very early infancy.

It's a very concrete experience.

So, when the earth no longer needs to die in order to progress, there will be no more death. When the earth no longer needs to suffer in order to progress, there will be no more suffering. And when the earth no longer needs to hate in order to love, there will be no more hatred." *The Mother*/ May 15, 1963

"It's perfectly obvious that people can live, that men can exist and live BECAUSE they are unconscious. If they were conscious, really conscious of the state they live in, it would be intolerable. And I can see that there is a very difficult period when you go from that unconsciousness (unconsciousness of the habit of living in that state) to a conscious vision of the state you live in. When you become totally conscious of things as they are – of what you are, of your condition – and when you do not yet have the power to get out, like last night, it's almost intolerable. And there was a very clear awareness, very precise, that it isn't a question of life or death: it doesn't depend on that sort of thing, which ultimately changes nothing but a wholly superficial appearance – that's not it! You know, people who are unhappy think, "Ah, a day will come when I'll die, and all my difficulties will be over" – they're simpletons! It won't be over at all, it will go on. It will go on until the time when they get out for good, that is, when they emerge from Ignorance into Knowledge. It's the only way out: to emerge from Ignorance into Knowledge. And you can die a thousand times, it won't get you out, it's perfectly useless – it just goes on. Sometimes, on the contrary, it drags you even further down.

That's the thing.

But if you know this too soon, there's something ... intolerable, intolerable. For a minute, it's really intolerable. If there weren't the inner faith to answer that there WILL be an end, that you WILL emerge ...

It must require a tremendously powerful lever.

I suppose people without solid heads become unhinged. Although truly, there is a remarkable Grace, because people are given a dose of experiences exactly according to their capacity. But this morning there was an hour ... an hour when I was absolutely conscious, absolutely conscious, and conscious of one single thing:

the powerlessness – the powerlessness to get out of Ignorance. The will to get out of Ignorance and the powerlessness to do so. It gave me a whole hour of tension.

When I woke up, the tension was such that my head was like a boiling kettle; so immediately, I said, "Lord, it's Your concern, not mine; it's not my business." And naturally, everything calmed down instantly.

But those who do not have that experience (it's not a question of words, it's a question of experience), those who do not have that experience, were they to have that half-knowledge, the knowledge that we live in Ignorance, that we live in Ignorance with a sort of incapacity to get out – "There is no way out, no way to get out" – and that human wisdom is like that little old man who comes and tells you, "But why should you want to get out? Why should you – that's the way things are, just the way things are."... It's appalling. I felt, you know, like when you concentrate forces to the bursting point, as they do with their bombs; it was exactly like that: so concentrated, so overwhelming that I felt as if everything were about to burst. So much so that it would be utterly impossible for humanity to live with the awareness of the state it is in, if, at the same time, there weren't the key to get out (the key hasn't been found yet), or the assurance that we will get out.

I'm not speaking of things of the higher mind, because there the key to the way out was found long ago, a long time ago: I mean down below, in the material world – the material world. That's why all those people, like the old man last night, go somewhere else – it's all the same to them, why should they bother! "Why do you want to change that? ... And don't try to give light here, it's no use and in addition it's a nuisance. Leave this Ignorance in peace."

It is very clearly symbolic. But it's a frightful anguish, hard to bear.

That's why they all said, "Flee, flee, flee – leave it all, stop bothering about that, there's no getting out."

*(silence)*

It is the work in the physical mind we spoke of the other day – the material mind.

*(silence)*

It was very strange because I was in that state all the time, saying to myself, "I must find something, I must find something, there's something to find...." And I tried to call down the experiences of the higher beings, but it couldn't reach down – it couldn't reach down, couldn't make contact. So when I saw that old man come (I knew perfectly well that he could do nothing whatsoever, but I thought, "I must ask him, I must ask him just the same, I must ask him"), I asked him – although I knew perfectly well that he couldn't give me the key. There was that double thing: the knowledge that all that goes on there is useless, useless, that that's not where the solution lies; and yet you should neglect nothing, overlook nothing, leave no stone unturned. Give everything a try." The Mother/ June 19, 1963

*All we have learned appears a doubtful guess,*

*The achievement done a passage or a phase*

The Lord then describes the predicament of Nature in evolution, her striving for

deathless joy and its elusiveness, her craving for a faith that does not know defeat or a Truth that is self resplendent...a joy that does not have as its counterpart sorrow...for all she knows in her creation is subject to falsehood and death and duality. Intuitively she knows the deathless state is Hers and Her aim is sanctioned by the Gods...

*Whose farther end is hidden from our sight,  
A chance happening or a fortuitous fate.  
Out of the unknown we move to the unknown.  
Ever surround our brief existence here  
Grey shadows of unanswered questionings;  
The dark Inconscient's signless mysteries  
Stand up unsolved behind Fate's starting-line.  
An aspiration in the Night's profound,  
Seed of a perishing body and half-lit mind,  
Uplifts its lonely tongue of conscious fire  
Towards an undying Light for ever lost;  
Only it hears, sole echo of its call,  
The dim reply in man's unknowing heart  
And meets, not understanding why it came  
Or for what reason is the suffering here,  
God's sanction to the paradox of life  
And the riddle of the Immortal's birth in Time. (birth of Avatara.)  
Along a path of aeons serpentine  
In the coiled blackness of her nescient course  
The Earth-Goddess toils across the sands of Time. (earth mother)  
A Being is in her whom she hopes to know,  
A Word speaks to her heart she cannot hear,  
A Fate compels whose form she cannot see.  
In her unconscious orbit through the Void  
Out of her mindless depths she strives to rise,  
A perilous life her gain, a struggling joy;  
A Thought that can conceive but hardly knows (Thought symbolising  
Supramental Wisdom)  
Arises slowly in her and creates  
The idea, the speech that labels more than it lights;  
A trembling gladness that is less than bliss  
Invades from all this beauty that must die.  
Alarmed by the sorrow dragging at her feet  
And conscious of the high things not yet won,*

Ever she nurses in her sleepless breast  
 An inward urge that takes from her rest and peace.  
 Ignorant and weary and invincible,  
 She seeks through the soul's war and quivering pain  
 The **pure perfection** her marred nature needs,  
 A breath of Godhead on her stone and mire.  
 A faith she craves that can survive defeat,  
**The sweetness of a love that knows not death, (The promise of Savitri  
 that through Divine Love death can be conquered.)**

The radiance of a truth for ever sure.  
 A light grows in her, she assumes a voice,  
 Her state she learns to read and the act she has done,  
 But the one needed truth eludes her grasp,  
 Herself and all of which she is the sign.  
 An inarticulate whisper drives her steps *(of physical and vital mind)*  
 Of which she feels the force but not the sense;  
 A few rare intimations come as guides, *(from higher planes.)*  
 Immense divining flashes cleave her brain, *(of intuitive mind)*  
 And sometimes in her hours of dream and muse  
 The truth that she has missed looks out on her  
 As if far off and yet within her soul.  
 A change comes near that flees from her surmise  
 And, ever postponed, compels attempt and hope,  
 Yet seems too great for mortal hope to dare.  
 A vision meets her of supernal Powers  
 That draw her as if mighty kinsmen lost  
 Approaching with estranged great luminous gaze.  
 Then is she moved to all that she is not  
 And stretches arms to what was never hers.  
 Outstretching arms to the unconscious Void,  
 Passionate she prays to **invisible forms** of Gods *(Impersonal Divine)*

"The Divinity mentioned by Sri Aurobindo is not a person but a condition that will be  
 shared by all those who have prepared themselves to receive it." The Mother/  
 CWM/15/104/May 1967

Soliciting from dumb Fate and toiling Time  
 What most she needs, what most exceeds her scope,  
**A Mind unvisited by illusion's gleams,**  
**A Will expressive of soul's deity,**  
**A Strength not forced to stumble by its speed,**  
**A Joy that drags not sorrow as its shade.**

***For these she yearns and feels them destined hers:***

***Heaven's privilege she claims as her own right.***

***Just is her claim the all-witnessing Gods approve,***

The Supreme One from who creation sprang has a plan that is being followed in spite of Nature's tortourous labour and perceived missteps...He alone knows where the road leads...

*Clear in a greater light than reason owns:*

*Our intuitions are its tittle-deeds;*

*Our souls accept what our blind thoughts refuse. (Our blind and ignorant mental thought cannot see the truth's whole.)*

*Earth's winged chimaeras are Truth's steeds in Heaven,*

***The impossible God's sign of things to be.***

"...for in the unseen providence of things **our greatest difficulties are our best opportunities.**" The Synthesis of Yoga-11

"The faith in the divine Shakti must be always at the back of our strength and when she becomes manifest, it must be or grow implicit and complete. There is nothing that is **impossible** to her who is the conscious Power and universal Goddess all creative from eternity and armed with the Spirit's omnipotence." The Synthesis of Yoga-780

"The Divine holds our hand through all and if he seems to let us fall, it is only to raise us higher. This saving return we shall experience so often that the denials of doubt will become eventually **impossible** and, when once the foundation of equality is firmly established and still more when the sun of the gnosis has risen, doubt itself will pass away because its cause and utility have ended." CWSA/24/The Synthesis of Yoga-775



But **few** can look beyond the present state

Or overleap this matted hedge of sense.

All that transpires on earth and all beyond

Are parts of an **illimitable plan**

The One keeps in his heart and knows alone. (*Supramental Mother in King's heart centre.*)

But in order to know the secret plans one must first pierce the gulf of the  
inconscient and unite with his soul....how is this possible when we are so  
engrossed in our meaningless daily material life and our eyes are not turned  
inwards.....our mind is still largely a derivative of the basic animal mind...it has  
all of that grossness and we at this stage mere playthings of nature and other  
hidden forces... **[But all cannot pierce into the cryptic gulf of the Inconscient. Those who  
have discovered the Supramental Self beyond the spiritual Self can plunge into the  
inconscient sheath]**

**Our outward happenings have their seed within,**

And even this random Fate that imitates Chance,

This mass of unintelligible results,

Are the dumb graph of truths that work unseen:

The laws of the Unknown create the known.

The events that shape the appearance of our lives (*All outer event and  
happenings are having its subtle physical origin.*)

Are a cipher of subliminal quiverings

Which rarely we surprise or vaguely feel,

Are an outcome of suppressed realities  
 That hardly rise into material day:  
 They are born from the spirit's sun of hidden powers  
 Digging a tunnel through emergency.  
 But who shall pierce into **the cryptic gulf**  
 And learn what deep necessity of the soul  
 Determined casual deed and consequence?  
 Absorbed in a routine of daily acts,  
 Our eyes are fixed on an external scene;  
 We hear the crash of the wheels of Circumstance  
 And wonder at the hidden cause of things.  
 Yet a foreseeing Knowledge might be ours, *[a foreseeing knowledge develops after*  
*the psychic opening.]*  
 If we could take our spirit's stand within,  
 If we could hear the muffled **daemon** voice.

Daemon: In classical Greek mythology a daemon is a divinity standing intermediately between the great Gods and men. In Socrates' famous example Daemon is **the Spirit that guides outer man**. This is Savitri's daemon Origin of daemon: Latin daemon a spirit, an evil spirit. Greek deimon is deity, fate, fortune.

Too seldom is the shadow of what must come  
 Cast in an instant on the secret sense  
 Which feels the shock of the invisible,  
 And seldom in the **few** who answer give  
 The mighty process of the cosmic Will  
 Communicates its image to our sight,

*Identifying the world's mind with ours.*

*Our range is fixed within the crowded arc (we can only see/know with our senses and our minds crowded with thoughts)*

*Of what we observe and touch and thought can guess*

*And rarely dawns the light of the Unknown*

**Waking** *in us the prophet and the seer.*

*The outward and the immediate are our field,*

*The dead past is our background and support;*

*Mind keeps the soul prisoner, we are slaves to our acts; (Mind is both dwarf and lame.)*

*We cannot free our gaze to reach wisdom's sun.*

*Inheritor of the brief animal mind,*

*Man, still a child in Nature's mighty hands,*

*The Lord describes below the plight of the human race...inspite of holding itself as the crown of Nature's creation and the dominant species...its strengths are precarious, it is ignorant....*

*In the succession of the moments lives;*

*To a changing present is his narrow right;*

*His memory stares back at a phantom past,*

*The future flees before him as he moves;*

*He sees imagined garments, not a face.*

***Then there is development of second exclusive concentration, which is defined as to preoccupy and limit oneself with the present moments oblivious of the successive past and future events; through this concentration the objective experience of the ever-changing present environment is realised***

*through a superficial movement of consciousness; thus, the man is practically and dynamically the man of moments, identifies himself solely in the name and personality of the present narrow existence, lives only in his immediate and outward work and ignorant of his past births and future after death. Yet all the time this existence in the present moment is not the real or the whole truth of his being, but only a practical or pragmatic truth for the purposes of the superficial movement of his life and within its limits and he recovers from this restriction by linking together the succession of moments, the succession of points of Space, the successions of forms in Time and Space and the succession of movements in Time and Space. The superficial or the apparent man can dissolve its partial concentration of living from moment to moment and go back from its present action at any time to the consciousness of the larger self and he can only do it to some extent in exceptional conditions of his mentality or, more permanently and completely, as the fruit of a long and arduous self-training, self-deepening, self-heightening and self-expansion. His objective in life is to exist consciously in eternity, in the truth of the indivisibility of Time, in the indivisibility of Force and substance and not in the bondage of the hour. The real truth of his being is living in the whole infinite course of triple Time, but not to a definite succession of moments and all that he forgets is contained, present and effective, in the all-retaining integral Consciousness within him.*

*Armed with a limited precarious strength,*

*He saves his fruits of work from adverse chance.*

*A struggling ignorance is his wisdom's mate:*

*He waits to see the consequence of his acts,*

*He waits to weigh the certitude of his thoughts,*

*He knows not what he shall achieve or when;*

*He knows not whether at last he shall survive, (This is very true for ignorant men.)*

*Or end like the **mastodon** and the sloth*

*Mastodon*: a large extinct elephant-like mammal of the Miocene to Pleistocene epochs, having teeth of a relatively primitive form and number.

*And perish from the earth where he was king.*

“Outwardly also, the nation or community or race which shrinks too long from destroying and replacing its past forms of life, is itself destroyed, rots and perishes and out of its debris other nations, communities and races are formed. **By destruction of the old giant occupants man made himself a place upon earth.** By destruction of the Titans the gods maintain the continuity of the divine Law in the cosmos. Whoever prematurely attempts to get rid of this law of battle and destruction, strives vainly against the greater will of the World-Spirit. Whoever turns from it in the weakness of his lower members, as did *Arjuna* in the beginning, — therefore was his shrinking condemned as a small and false pity, an inglorious, an un-Aryan and unheavenly feebleness of heart and impotence of spirit, *klaibyam, ksudram hridaya-daurbalyam*, — is showing not true virtue, but a want of spiritual courage to face the sterner truths of Nature and of action and existence. Man can only exceed the law of battle by discovering the greater law of his immortality.”  
CSWA/19/Essays on the Gita-384-85,

*He is ignorant of the meaning of his life,*

*He is ignorant of his **high and splendid fate.***

*Its complementary line:*

‘Decreed (to become God) since the beginning of the worlds.’ Savitri-708,

Unlike men with their limited vision that cannot see into the future, the great

**Gods [special Beings to whom The Mother saw in the border of the Supramental world**

**and they were scrutinizing and selecting the human beings who are preparing the**

**Supramental transformation in a Ship. The Mother’s experience of Supramental Ship-3<sup>rd</sup>**

**February-1958/ refer The Mother’s Agenda-1 ] who are above life and death and all**

Duality can see beyond the curve of the future...they see the effect of the

supramental descent and the coming of the Superman....and the descend into

earth do their work cast their influence and return to the supernal planes to

hasten this rider...

Only the **Immortals** on their deathless heights  
 Dwelling beyond the walls of Time and Space,  
 Masters of living, free from the bonds of Thought,  
 Who are **overseers** of Fate and Chance and Will  
 And experts of the theorem of world-need,  
 Can see the Idea, the Might that change Time's course,  
 Come maned with light from undiscovered worlds,  
 Hear, while the world toils on with its deep blind heart,  
 Its complementary line:

"Armed with the immune occult unsinking Fire  
 The **guardians of Eternity** keep its law  
 For ever fixed upon Truth's giant base  
 In her magnificent and termless home." Savitri-321

"The **Immortals** have their entries in his life (as man progresses in his sadhana, Divine influences acts more directly in his life) (The invisible Beings who are guardians of Supramental plane and not the Supreme influence.)

The **Ambassadors** of the Unseen draw near." Savitri-339

The galloping hooves of the unforeseen event,  
 Bearing the **superhuman Rider**, near  
 And, impassive to earth's din and startled cry,  
 Return to the silence of the hills of God;

These Gods [*Guardians of the Supramental world*] are not swayed by the external suffering “outward play”, their insight sees through the play and they listen for the approaching footsteps of destiny (the spiritualisation of matter) which is hidden from our sight and help guide the evolution so that matter will meet the Divine and be supramentalised...

*As lightning leaps, as thunder sweeps, they pass*

*And leave their **mark** on the trampled breast of Life. Its complementary line:*

*“And leaves its huge white stamp upon our lives.” Book-1, canto-4*

***“Each action left the footprints of a god,” Savitri-23***

*Above the world the **world-creators** stand,*

*In the phenomenon see its mystic source.*

*These heed not the deceiving outward play,*

*They turn not to the moment's busy tramp,*

*But listen with the still patience of the Unborn*

*For the slow footsteps of far Destiny*

*Approaching through huge distances of Time,*

*Unmarked by the eye that sees effect and cause,*

*Unheard mid **the clamour of the human plane.***

“Yesterday, after my translation, I was surprised at that sense... a sense of absolute: “THAT’S HOW IT IS.” Then I tried to enter into the literary mind and wondered, “What would be its various suggestions?” And suddenly, I saw somehow (somehow and somewhere there) a host of suggestions for every line!...Ohh! “No doubt,” I thought, “It IS an absolute!” The words came like that, without any room for discussion or anything. To give you an example: when he (Sri Aurobindo) says “the clamour of the human plane,” *clameur* exists in French, it is very nice word—he

didn't want it, he said "No," without any discussion. It was not an answer to a discussion, he just said, "Not *clameur: vacarme*," (The Mother's translation is: *Le vacarme du plan humain*." It is not as though he was weighing one word against another, it was not a matter of words but the THOUGHT of the word, the SENSE of the word: No, not *clameur*, it is *vacarme*,"

The Mother

The Mother's Agenda/4/41

*Attentive to an unseen Truth they seize*

*A sound as of invisible **augur** wings,*

*Augur: herald*

*Voices of an unplumbed significance,*

*Mutterings that brood in the core of Matter's sleep.*

*In the heart's profound audition they can catch*

*The murmurs lost by Life's uncaring ear,*

*A prophet-speech in Thought's omniscient trance.*

*Above the illusion of the hopes that pass,*

*Behind the appearance and the overt act,*

*Behind this clock-work Chance and vague surmise,*

*Amid the wrestle of force, the trampling feet,*

*Across the cries of anguish and of joy,*

*Across the triumph, fighting and despair,*

***They watch the Bliss for which earth's heart has cried***

*On the long road which cannot see its end*

*Winding undetected through the sceptic days*

***And to meet it guide the unheedful moving world.***

*Thus will the masked Transcendent mount his throne.*



The Divine's entry into matter and the surfacing of His presence is done stealthily, working behind the veil to open our hearts and minds to bliss.

91 What are the three types of mental individuality of *Sankhya* psychology? The Life Divine 642-43

Ans: In terms of the *Sankhya* psychology we can distinguish three types of **mental individuality**, -- (1) that which is governed by the principle of obscurity and inertia, first-born of the Inconscience, tamasic; (2) that which is governed by a force of passion and activity, kinetic, rajasic; (3) that which is cast in the mould of the Sattwic principle of light, harmony, balance. (1) The *tamasic* intelligence has its seat in **the physical mind**: it is inert to ideas, --except to those which it receives inertly, blindly, passively from a recognised source or authority, --obscure in their reception, unwilling to enlarge itself, **recalcitrant to new stimulus**, conservative and immobile; it clings to its received structure of knowledge and its one power is **repetitive practicality**, but it is a power limited by the accustomed, the obvious, the established and familiar and already secure; **it thrusts away all that is new** and likely to disturb it. (2) The *rajasic* intelligence has its main seat in the **vital mind** and is of **two kinds**: (2a) **one kind** is defensive with violence and passion, assertive of its mental individuality and all that is in agreement with it, preferred by its volition, adapted to its outlook, but aggressive against all that is contrary to its mental ego-structure or unacceptable to its personal intellectuality; (2b) **the other kind** is enthusiastic for new things, passionate, insistent, impetuous, often mobile beyond measure, inconstant and **ever restless, governed in its idea not by truth** and light but by the zest of intellectual battle and movement and adventure. (3) The *sattwic* intelligence is eager for knowledge, as open as it can be to it, careful to consider and verify and balance, to adjust and adapt to its view whatever confirms itself as truth, receiving all in a harmonious intellectual structure: but, because its light is limited, as all mental light must be, it is unable to enlarge itself so as to receive equally all truth and all knowledge; it has a mental ego, even an enlightened one, and is determined by it in its observation, judgment, reasoning mental choice and preference. In **most men** there is a predominance of one of these qualities but also a mixture; the same mind can be open and plastic and harmonic in one direction, kinetic and vital, hasty and prejudiced and ill-balanced in another, in yet another obscure and unreceptive. This limitation by **personality**, this **defence of personality** and refusal to receive what is unassimilable, **is necessary for the individual being** because in its evolution, at the stage reached, it has a certain self-expression, a certain type of experience and use of experience **which must, for the mind and life at least, govern nature**; that for the moment is its law of being, its *dharma*. This limitation of **mind-consciousness** by **personality** and of truth of mental temperament and preference must be the rule of our nature so long as the **individual has not reached universality**, is not yet preparing for mind-transcendence. But it is evident that this condition is inevitably a source of error and can at any moment be the cause of a falsification of knowledge,

an unconscious or half-willful self-deception, a refusal to admit true knowledge, a readiness to assert acceptable wrong knowledge as true knowledge.

*When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast*

*And man's **corporeal mind** (physical mind) is the only lamp, (corporeal mind is also tamasic mind.)*

*As a thief's in the night shall be the covert tread (Physical mind is a thief.)*

*Of one who steps unseen into his house.*

*"(Then Mother takes up the translation of a passage from "Savitri." Curiously enough, this very morning, before going to see Mother, Satprem looked at this passage and thought of two possible ways to translate a particular word.)*

*"When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast  
And man's corporeal mind is the only lamp,  
As a thief's in the night shall be the covert tread  
Of one who steps unseen into his house."*

(I.IV.55)

Yet another example: *Quelqu'un entrera INAPERÇU dans sa maison* ["One who steps UNSEEN into his house"]. It came on the "screen" this morning (so much comes that it's impossible to remember, but it's so interesting), and when *inaperçu* [unseen] came, I told you, "Yes, that's better."<sup>29</sup>

It's strange. It's almost ... (if there were time to remember precisely), it's almost like a memory in advance.

Strange.

*A few lines below, Mother hesitates between two translations:*

*"And earth [shall] grow unexpectedly divine." (Savitri-55)*

It's again the quality of the vibration: *sans s'y attendre* ["without expecting it"] is fuller – it's fuller, more golden. The other, *d'une façon inattendue* ["in an unexpected way"] is a bit cold and dry.

*"Et sans s'y attendre, la Terre deviendra divine ..." The Mother/November 19, 1966*

*A Voice ill-heard (of physical mind) shall speak, the soul obey, (Purusha is under*

*the subjection of Prakriti, that is the condition of living in Ignorance and bondage.)*

*Its Opposite line is:*

*“A whisper of divinity still is heard” Savitri-612*

*A Power into mind's inner chamber steal, (Divine Power enters to subtle mind)*

*A charm and sweetness open life's closed doors (of vital mind)(Divine power penetrates subtle vital.)*

*And beauty conquer the resisting world, (The Divine Power penetrates the subtle physical)*

*The Truth-Light [The Supramental Light] capture Nature by surprise,*

*A stealth of God compel the heart to bliss(of Bliss self)*

*And earth grow unexpectedly divine. (The virgin or Supramental earth.)*

*In Matter shall be lit the spirit's glow,*

*Its complementary line:*

*“The Spirit shall look out through Matter’s gaze  
And Matter shall reveal the Spirit’s face.” Savitri, book-11*

*In body and body kindled the sacred birth;*

*But this flowering of the Divine presence in us and the Divine insight occurs initially only to a few human beings...but a day will come when everyone will be able to see the [concrete] effect of the supramental descent*

*Night shall awake to the anthem of the stars,*

*The days become a happy pilgrim march,*

*Our will a force of the Eternal's power,*

*And thought the rays of a spiritual sun. (Intellect or Sattwic mind)*

*A few shall see [the subtlety of Supramental action] what none yet understands;*

“Look. If all of you who have heard of this (Supramental), not once but perhaps hundreds of times, who have spoken of it (Supramental descent) yourselves, thought about it, hoped for it, wanted it (there are some people who have come here only for this, to receive the Supramental Force and to be transformed into supermen, this has been their goal ... ) then **how is it that you were ALL such strangers to this Force** that when it came (on 29.02.1956), you did not even feel it?!”  
The Mother/ The Mother’s Agenda-2<sup>nd</sup> May, 1956,

The Mother’s above message hints that one can talk, discuss on Supramental a hundred or thousand times and may not be able to recognise this Force when it intervenes in the earth’s atmosphere. Out of 1845 Ashramites in Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, only three inmates could feel the Supramental descent on 29.02.1956. So ‘man can collaborate’ seems to mean **a select few decreed Souls.**

*God shall grow up while the **wise men** (Sattwic men) talk and sleep;*

“The Divine, for us, is always the perfection not yet manifested, all the marvels not yet manifested, and which **must keep on growing**, of course.” The Mother.  
8<sup>th</sup> January-1964

***[God’s growing is independent of external effort and external means.](Here the wise men represent our intellect of Sattwic mind and when it is pacified either by higher action of mind or by passive action of renunciation, then God rushes inside our mind, life and body. This wise men is not the man of knowledge or the Spiritual man of the Gita, the Upanishad and the Veda, nor the wise man as described in The Synthesis of Yoga (except in page-235) and The Life Divine, because all of them live in thoughtless state without word.)(Wise men also***

*represent the active mind, when it is pacified either by dream trance or sleep trance, God's presence grows in the corporeal sheath. In different characters like King Dyumatasena, King Aswapati, Narad, Savitri, Satyavan, Savitri's mother and Death, it is observed that Savitri's mother is representative of moderate Spirituality with partial Divine realisation with the help of intellect and she is described as "At his (King Aswapati's) side a creature (Queen) beautiful, passionate and wise," (Savitri-417))*

"Though calm and wise and Aswapati's queen,

Human was she still and opened her doors to grief;" Savitri-427

*"The strongest, wisest of the troll-like Three" (Savitri-249) (Physical mind, vital mind and intellect are the three dwarf and separatists. Out of them intellect is wisest.)*

"The **Wise** who know see but one half of Truth, (The capacity of intellect)  
The strong climb hardly to a low-peaked height,(The capacity of tamasic mind)  
The hearts that yearn are given one hour to love." (The capacity of rajasic or emotional mind)

Savitri-372

(The heart that yearn human love will be tired within one hour whereas Divine love is tireless in its nature and can be experienced through all eternity.)

"The **wise** are tranquil; silent the great hills

Rise ceaselessly towards their unreached sky,

Seated on their unchanging base, their heads

Dreamless in heaven's immutable domain.

On their aspiring tops, sublime and still,

Lifting half-way to heaven the climbing soul

The mighty mediators stand content

To watch the revolutions of the stars:

Motionlessly moving with the might of earth,

They see the ages pass and are the same.

The **wise** think with the cycles, they hear the tread

Of far-off things; patient, unmoved they keep  
 Their dangerous wisdom in their depths restrained,  
 Lest man's frail days into the unknown should sink (the descent of too large a power would  
 crush the earth) (the dangerous wisdom is the cause of sinking into abyss.)  
 Dragged like a ship by bound leviathan  
 Into the abyss of his stupendous seas." (Death's understanding towards wise man of Nirvanist  
 and Illusionist) Savitri-651

"The **wise** are not always or wholly wise, the intelligent are intelligent only in  
 patches; the saint suppresses in himself **many unsaintly movements** and the evil are  
 not entirely evil: the dullest has his unexpressed or unused and undeveloped  
 capacities, the most timorous his moments or his way of courage, the helpless and  
 the weakling a latent part of strength in his nature." The Synthesis of Yoga-235

"Whose inceptions and undertakings are all free from the will of desire, whose  
 work are burned up by the fire of knowledge; him the **wise** have called a sage." The  
 Gita-4.9

"He strives by these means and has the knowledge: in him this spirit enters  
 into its supreme status... Satisfied in knowledge, having built up their spiritual being,  
**the Wise**, in union with the spiritual self, reach the Omnipresent everywhere and  
 enter into the All." Mundaka Upanishad-III. 2. 4, 5.

"None knows the birth of these; they know each other's way of begetting: but  
**the Wise** perceives these hidden mysteries, even that which the great Goddess, the  
 many-hued Mother, bears at her teat of knowledge." Rig Veda-VII.56. 2, 4.

"Therefore the **wise** have always been unwilling to limit the man's avenues  
 towards God; they would not shut against his entry even the narrowest portal, the  
 lowest and darkest postern, the humblest wicket gate." CWSA-23/The Synthesis of  
 Yoga-82

“But it is when knowledge reaches its highest aspects that it is possible to arrive at its greatest unity. The highest and the widest seeing is **the wisest**; for then all knowledge is unified in its one comprehensive meaning. All religions are seen as approaches to a single Truth, all philosophies as divergent view-points looking at different sides of a single Reality, all Sciences meet together in a supreme Science. For that which all our mind-knowledge and sense-knowledge and suprasensuous vision is seeking, is found most integrally in the unity of God and man and Nature and all that is in Nature.’ The Life Divine-727-28

The Wise becomes Divine in the following line:

Covered the **All-Wise** who leads the unseeing world.” Savitri-Book-1, Canto-3

"And I always think of that passage in *Savitri* in which he says, "God shall grow up ..." Grow up in Matter, of course (and you SEE the Divinity grow up in Matter, and Matter being made more and more capable of manifesting the Divinity), and he says, "... while the wise men talk and sleep." It's exactly that. And it's charming." The Mother/ **May 3, 1967**

*For man shall not know the coming till its hour (Ordinary man is not aware of vast subtle and superconscious action that change earth's destiny.) And belief shall be not till the work is done.*

The Lord describes the surface consciousness below caught in a world of half truths and its sight is limited to seeing what is on the surface and not the forces that act occultly ...it lives on the surface of emotions and efforts and runs around chasing things to find a little joy, only to perish....

*A Consciousness [in Ignorance] that knows not its own truth,  
A vagrant hunter of misleading dawns,  
Between the being's dark and luminous ends  
Moves here in a half-light that seems the whole [the total consciousness of the  
Eternal]:  
An **interregnum** in Reality*

*Interregnum: A period when the normal Government is suspended.*

*Cuts off the integral Thought, the total Power;*

*It circles or stands in a vague interspace,  
Doubtful of its beginning and its close,  
Or runs upon a road that has no end;  
Far from the original Dusk, the final Flame  
In some huge void **Inconscience** it lives,  
Like a thought persisting in a wide emptiness.  
As if an unintelligible phrase  
Suggested a million renderings to the Mind,  
It lends a purport to a random world.  
A conjecture leaning upon doubtful proofs,  
A message misunderstood, a thought confused  
Missing its aim is all that it can speak  
Or a fragment of the universal word.  
It leaves two giant letters void of sense  
While without sanction turns the middle sign  
Carrying an enigmatic universe,  
As if a present without future or past  
Repeating the same revolution's whirl [**limitation of mental consciousness**]  
Turned on its axis in its own Inane.  
Thus is the meaning of creation veiled;  
For without context reads the cosmic page:  
Its signs stare at us like an unknown script,  
As if appeared screened by a foreign tongue  
Or code of splendour signs without a key  
A portion of a parable sublime.  
It wears to the perishable creature's eyes*



*The grandeur of a useless miracle;*

*Wasting itself that it may last awhile, ,(our efforts to prolong life while death occurs around us)*

*A river that can never find its sea,*

*It runs through life and death on an edge of Time;*

*A fire in the Night is its mighty action's blaze.*

*This is our deepest need to join once more*

*What now is parted, opposite and twain,*

*Remote in sovereign spheres that never meet*

*Or fronting like far poles of Night and Day.*

*We must fill the **immense lacuna** we have made,*

“But whatever his (Sadhaka’s) aim, however exalted his aspiration, he has to **begin** from the law of his present imperfection, to take **full account** of it and see how it can be converted to the law of a possible perfection.” CWSA/24/The Synthesis of Yoga-631,

*Re-wed the closed finite's lonely consonant*

*With the open vowels of Infinity,*

*The only remedy for this world is the bridging of the 2 poles of existence between the inconscient (**finite world**) and the super-conscious (**infinite plane**)..... [Yes]*

*A hyphen must connect Matter and Mind,*

*The narrow **isthmus** of the ascending soul:*

*(Isthmus is a Latin word accepted in English which means ‘A narrow strip of land bounded by water which connects two larger bodies of land.’)*

We must renew the secret bond in things, (**relation between the finite and Infinite.**)

Our hearts recall the lost divine Idea,

Reconstitute the perfect word, unite

The Alpha and the Omega in one sound;

(Alpha and the Omega: the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, now denoting any beginning and end.)

Then shall the Spirit and Nature be at one.

Two are the ends of the mysterious plan.

On one pole is the superconscient...

In the wide signless ether of the Self,

In the unchanging Silence white and nude,

**Aloof, resplendent like gold dazzling suns (Savitri-57)**

Resplendent: It is borrowed from the Latin 'resplendere' which means to shine brightly, thus giving us the sense of an object which emanates light from itself.

Latin translation of 'resplendent' in English is 'glitter.'

**Veiled by the ray no mortal eye can bear,**

**The Spirit's bare and absolute potencies**(Last perfection of integral Yoga.)

**Burn in the solitude of the thoughts of God.**

“We find that it progresses towards a greater completeness in proportion as we arrive at **two kinds of perfection**; (1) first, a greater and greater detachment from the control of the lower suggestions; (2) secondly, an increasing discovery of a self-existent Being, Light, Power and Ananda which surpasses normal humanity...The movement of perfection is (1) away from all domination by the lower nature and (2) towards a pure and powerful reflection of the being,

power, knowledge and delight of the Spirit and Self in the buddhi. The Yoga of self-perfection is to make this **double movement as absolute as possible.**”

CWSA/24/The Synthesis of Yoga-668-69

***A rapture and a radiance and a hush,***

***Delivered from the approach of wounded hearts,***

***Denied to the Idea that looks at grief,***

***Remote from the Force that cries out in its pain,***

***In his inalienable bliss they live. (The Supramental Beings.)***

***Immaculate in self-knowledge and self-power,***

***Calm they repose on the eternal Will.***

***Only his law they count and him obey;***

***They have no goal to reach, no aim to serve. (They have no desire, they are one with the All.)***

***Implacable in their timeless purity,***

***All barter or bribe of worship they refuse; (these are not the small gods/demi gods, but Supramental Beings who are one with the Supreme...they are unmoved by the surface suffering for they know the dough must be kneaded to make it a worthy offering of the Divine); (Excellent observation.)***

*Unmoved by cry of revolt and ignorant prayer*

*They reckon not our virtue and our sin;*

*They bend not to the voices that implore,*

*They hold no traffic with error and its reign;*

***They are guardians of the silence of the Truth,***

*They are keepers of the immutable decree.*

*A deep surrender is their source of might,*

*A still identity their way to know,*

**Motionless is their action like a sleep.** *(greatest Divine actions are motionless.)*

*At peace, regarding the trouble beneath the stars,*

*Deathless, watching the works of Death and Chance,*

*Immobile, seeing the millenniums pass,*

*Untouched while the long map of Fate unrolls,*

*They look on our struggle with impartial eyes,*

*And yet without them cosmos could not be.*

*Impervious to desire and doom and hope,*

*Their station of inviolable might*

*Moveless upholds the world's enormous task,*

*Its ignorance is by their knowledge lit, (it is their standing above the duality of the world that allows them to support it...)*

*Its yearning lasts by their indifference.*

*As the height draws the low ever to climb,*

*As the breadths draw the small to adventure vast,*

*Their aloofness drives man to surpass himself. (man has a higher perfection to strive for)*

*Our passion heaves to wed the Eternal's calm,*

*Our **dwarf-search mind** to meet the Omniscient's light, (mind is one of the three dwarfs.)*

*Our helpless hearts to enshrine the Omnipotent's force.*

*Acquiescing in the wisdom that made **hell***

*And the harsh utility of death and tears,*

*Acquiescing in the gradual steps of Time,*

**Careless they seem of the grief that stings the world's heart, (they understand and consent to Hell and the inconscient planes of existence and man's evolution through these planes...everything has a place and purpose in the divine play..nothing is an accident unplanned by the Supreme) [Excellent observation]**

*Careless of the pain that rends its body and life;*

*Above joy and sorrow is that grandeur's walk:*

*They have no portion in the good that dies,*

*Mute, pure, they share not in the evil done;*

*Else might their strength be marred and could not save.*

*Alive to the truth that dwells in God's extremes,*

*Awake to a motion of all-seeing Force,*

*The slow outcome of the long ambiguous years*

***And the unexpected good from woeful deeds,***

188, What is the evolutionary intention of Nature? The Life Divine-647-48

Ans: The evolutionary intention acts through the evil as through the good; it has to utilise **all** because confinement to limited good would imprison and **check** the intended evolution; it uses any available material and does what it can with it: this is the reason why we see **evil coming out of what we call good** and **good coming out of what we call evil**; and, if we see even what was thought to be evil coming to be accepted as good, what was thought to be good accepted as evil, it is because our standards of both are evolutionary, limited and mutable. Evolutionary Nature, the terrestrial cosmic Force, **seems** then at first to have no preference for either of these opposites, it uses both **alike** for its purpose. And yet it is the same Nature, the same Force that has **burdened** man with the sense of good and evil and insists on its importance: evidently, therefore, this sense also has an **evolutionary purpose**; it too **must** be necessary, it **must** be there so that man may leave certain things behind him, move towards others, until out of good and evil can emerge into some Good that is eternal and infinite.

179, What is the secret behind evil producing good and good producing evil? What is the cause of pain and suffering and how can they be eliminated? The Life Divine-622

Ans: Human values of good and evil, as of truth and error, are indeed **uncertain and relative**: What is held as truth in one place or time is held in another place or time to

be error; what is regarded as good is elsewhere or in other times regarded as evil. We find too that what we call evil results in good, what we call good results in evil. But this untoward outcome of **good producing evil** is due to the confusion and mixture of knowledge and ignorance, to the penetration of true consciousness by wrong consciousness, so that there is an ignorant or mistaken application of our good, or it is due to the intervention of afflicting forces. In the opposite case of **evil producing good**, the happier and contradictory result is due to the intervention of some true consciousness and force acting behind and **in spite of wrong consciousness and wrong will** or it is due to the intervention of redressing forces. This relativity, this mixture is a circumstance of human mentality and the workings of the Cosmic Force in human life; it is not the fundamental truth of good and evil. It might be objected that physical evil, such as pain and most bodily suffering, is independent of knowledge and ignorance, of right and wrong consciousness, inherent in physical Nature: but fundamentally, all pain and suffering are the **result of an insufficient consciousness-force** in the surface being which makes it **unable** to deal rightly with self and Nature or unable to assimilate and to harmonise itself with the **contacts** of the universal Energy; **they would not exist** if in us there were an integral presence of the luminous Consciousness and the divine Force of an integral Being. Therefore the relation of truth to falsehood, of good to evil is not mutual dependence, but is in the nature of a contradiction as of light and shadow; a shadow depends on light for its existence, but light does not depend for its existence on the shadow. The relation between the Absolute and these contraries of some of its fundamental aspects is not that they are opposite fundamental aspects of the Absolute; falsehood and evil have no fundamentality, no power of infinity or eternal being, no self-existence even by latency in the Self-Existent, no authenticity of an original inherence.

***The immortal sees not as we vainly see.***

***He looks on hidden aspects and screened powers,***

***He knows the law and natural line of things.***

***Undriven by a brief life's will to act,***

***Unharassed by the spur of pity and fear,***

***He makes no haste to untie the cosmic knot*** (From Sraddha paper point 3-

His failures are part of act of His omniscient omnipotence which knows the right time and circumstance for the incipience, the change of destiny, the immediate and the final results of all its cosmic undertakings.)

*[Sraddha paper point two is revised) The second indispensable faith is, "There is nothing worth living in my life without Him and He is the only source of all my delight, thought and action and the higher I project this aspiration, the greater the truth that seeks to descend upon me."]*

***Or the world's torn jarring heart to reconcile.***

***In Time he waits for the Eternal's hour. (the Divine's descent.)***

*Yet a spiritual secret aid is there; (Because of the immanent Divine in all, man's fate is not lost and with a little bit of growth in inner consciousness we can all tap into an inner secret aid...)*

*While a tardy Evolution's coils wind on  
And Nature hews her way through adamant*

***A divine intervention thrones above.***

***Alive in a dead rotating universe***

***We whirl not here upon a casual globe***

***Abandoned to a task beyond our force;***

*Even through the tangled anarchy called Fate*

*And through the bitterness of death and fall*

***An outstretched Hand is felt upon our lives.***

*It is near us in unnumbered bodies and births; [All life]*

*In its unslackening grasp it keeps for us safe*

*The one inevitable supreme result*

*No will can take away and no doom change,*

*The crown of conscious Immortality, ,(Mother, (Maa Krishna) is this the psychic being and its workings behind the veil?)*

The godhead **promised** to our struggling souls [*The Godhead promised the grant of physical immortality through all life when the first man or first Avatara Satyavan suffered death. Psychic being is the conscious Immortal being in us reminds us of the necessity of physical immortality.*]

When **first man's heart** dared death and suffered life. (*Satyavan is also the last man/last Avatar to conquer death.*)

One who has shaped this world is ever its lord:

Our errors are his steps upon the way; (*This shows that our error is not a curse but a blessing on the Eternal's road.*)

He works through the fierce vicissitudes of our lives,  
 He works through the hard breath of battle and toil,  
 He works through our sins and sorrows and our tears,  
 His knowledge overrules our nescience;  
 Whatever the appearance we must bear,  
 Whatever our strong ills and present fate,  
 When nothing we can see but drift and bale,  
 A mighty **Guidance** leads us still through all.

Its complementary line:

**"He (Divine) comes unseen into our darker parts  
 And, curtained by the darkness, does his work,**

*A subtle and all-knowing guest and guide,*

*Till they (darker parts) too feel the need and will to change." Book-1, Canto-3*

The Lord assuages the weary traveller on evolution's path, that once we have served our Beloved in this world by going through the evolution and



transformation we will surely unite with Him...a date is fixed for that event already...(again the Sraddha paper)

*After we have served this great divided world*

*God's bliss and oneness are our inborn right.*

A **date is fixed** in the calendar of the Unknown,

*Its complementary line:*

‘Decreed (to become God) since the beginning of the worlds.’ Savitri-708,

For once the Psychic being comes forward and makes the adhara fit and ready, the higher powers of the Supreme (these compassionate brilliances), immediately descend into our beings and bridge the chasm between the inconscience and the superconscient...but for that the Earth and man must be made ready to absorb the power of these beings/energies (it reminds me of Shiva receiving Ganga on His head as the earth could not directly receive the heavenly flow) **[Yes]**

*An anniversary of the **Birth** sublime: (birth of Avatara)*

*Our soul shall justify its chequered walk,*

*All will come near that now is naught or far.*

*These calm and distant Might shall act at last.*

*Immovably ready for their destined task,*

*The ever-wise compassionate Brilliances*

*Await the sound of the **Incarnate's** voice*

*To leap and bridge the chasms of Ignorance*

*And heal the hollow yearning **gulfs** of Life*

And fill the abyss that is the universe. *(An Avatara can fill the abyss of the universe with Divine Light.)*

Here meanwhile at the Spirit's opposite pole

In the mystery of the deeps that God has built

For his abode below the Thinker's sight,

In this compromise of a **stark absolute Truth**

With the Light that dwells near the dark end of things, **[The Light of**

**Subconscious and Inconscient Self.]**

In this tragi-comedy of divine disguise,

This long far seeking for joy ever near,

**In the grandiose dream of which the world is made,**

**In this gold dome on a black dragon base, (Mother (Maa Krishna), I have**

**seen this written about the Matrimandir in the ashram's website...I don't**

**understand what the golden dome and black dragon is about) [black dragon**

**represents the dark Inconscient Sheath and within (above) that sheath there is a thousand**

**pillared temple where the divine Mother found seated in the many petalled lotus throne.**

**Sri Matri mandir symbolically represents the discovery of the Inconscient Self. Since it has**

**been again discovered here, as I had written you, its outer symbolic representation is the**

**Sri Matrimandir. Because Inconscient Self is recognized as the most powerful Centre of**

**Supramental action and transformation. Through Sri Matrimandir manifestation humanity**

**can discover this hidden secret and its effect is the 'grand solution' that ends all mortal**

**effort. ]**

The conscious Force that acts in Nature's breast,

A dark-robed labourer in the cosmic scheme

*Carrying clay images of unborn gods,*

***Executrix of the inevitable Idea***

The Lord describes below that the Divine seated in the heart of all and uniting all forms is a playmate (Krishna) of the Divine Mother (Radha) in Her eternal game...He is the substance of all...and She has fashioned this creation from His very substance (for She too is part of Him). He exists in the embodied being in 2 states – once as the All knowing *Anumanta* (the giver of sanction) and as the evolving ignorant soul.

As the ignorant soul he strives to conquer her and overcome the weaknesses (as all human beings attempt to do), although in reality he is still very much her puppet. She in turn fashions all his acts and thoughts and is his master...in this process she goads him to broaden himself and evolve...all life is simply a play for Ishwara and Ishwari...until the stage is reached when the Divine from behind the veils steps forward as the Lord of nature. It is then and only then that the divinised man becomes the Divine Mother's equal and mate. ***[Yes]***

***[The First Condition of Becoming the Playmate: First one has to open one's soul in the heart or the psychic being and dynamise four Divine Shaktis that of the Brahma Shakti of wisdom, Kshetra Shakti of Courage, Vaisya Shakti of Mutuality and Shudra Shakti of service and self-surrender.***

*The Second Condition of Becoming the Playmate: Secondly one has to open the soul in the mind above the head, the spiritual being and dynamise four Divine Shaktis that of Maheswari representing Wisdom, Mahakali, representing Power, Mahalakshmi representing Harmony and Mahasaraswati representing perfection in work.*

*The Third Condition of Becoming the Playmate: Thirdly one has to open the soul in Supermind and dynamise four Supramental Divine Shaktis having the attributes of Truth Supreme, Power Supreme, Supreme Delight and Will Supreme.*

*The Fourth Condition of Becoming the Playmate: One has to rise to the source of the Ananda and meet the Mother's absolute power of Chit Shakti. ]*

*Hampered, enveloped by the hoops of Fate,*

***Patient trustee of slow eternal Time, (He can be patient trustee if he can live in triple time of Psychic being and its experience of eternal succession of moments.]***

*Absolves from hour to hour her secret charge.*

*All she foresees in masked imperative depths;*

*The dumb intention of the unconscious gulfs*

*Answers to a will that sees upon the heights,*

*And the evolving Word's first syllable*

*Ponderous, brute-sensed, contains its luminous close,*

*Privy to a summit victory's vast descent*

*And the portent of the soul's immense uprising.*

*All here where each thing seems its lonely self  
Are figures of the sole transcendent One:  
Only by him they are, his breath is their life;*

***An unseen Presence moulds the oblivious clay.  
A playmate in the mighty Mother's game,***

*One came upon the dubious whirling globe  
To hide from her pursuit in force and form.  
A secret spirit (**Inconscient Self**) in the Inconscient's sleep,  
A shapeless Energy, a voiceless Word,  
He (**Inconscient Self**) was here before the elements could emerge,  
Before there was light of mind or life could breathe.  
Accomplice of her cosmic huge pretence,  
His semblances he turns to real shapes  
And makes the symbol equal with the truth:  
He gives to his timeless thoughts a form in Time.  
He is the substance, he the self of things;  
She has forged from him her works of skill and might:  
She wraps him in the magic of her moods  
And makes of his myriad truths her countless dreams.*

***The Master of being has come down to her,  
An immortal child born in the fugitive years.  
In objects wrought, in the persons she conceives,***

*Dreaming she chases her idea of him,  
And catches here a look and there a gest:  
Ever he repeats in them his ceaseless births.*

He is the **Maker** and the world he made,

He is the vision and he is the Seer;

He is himself the actor and the act,

He is himself the knower and the known,

He is himself the dreamer and the dream.

There are Two who are One and play in many worlds; *(The two play in ten worlds of Inconscient, Subconscient, subtle physical, subtle vital, subtle mental, Psychic, Spiritual, universal, Supramental and Bliss worlds.)* *(The two are He (Divine) and she (Nature or creation))*

In Knowledge and Ignorance they have spoken and met

And light and darkness are their eyes' interchange;

Our pleasure and pain are their wrestle and embrace,

Our deeds, our hopes are intimate to their tale;

They are married secretly in our thought and life. *(Purusha and Prakriti)*. **[To**

**discover The Mother and Sri Aurobindo in our heart and all other centres or planes of**

**Consciousness is the highest perfection we aspire in this life.]** *(Marriage between*

*Inconscient Self and Inconscient sheath or Purusha and Prakriti or*

*Ishwara and Shakti, ten selves and ten sheaths)*

*The universe is an endless masquerade: (endless pretence of ignorant Prakriti.)*

*For nothing here is utterly what it seems;*

**It is a dream-fact vision of a truth**

**Which but for the dream would not be wholly true, , (the (Later) Vedhantins**

**who believe the world is simply (mental or as conceived by mind) Maya and should**

**be cast aside miss this...for the Truth they size is incomplete. For ancient Vedantin,**

**the (Supramental) Maya, which is the God's play of the infinities of existence, the**

*splendours of Knowledge, the glories of force mastered and the ecstasies of Love*

*illimitable of all comprehending and all containing Consciousness.)*

*A phenomenon stands out significant*

*Against dim backgrounds of eternity;*

*We accept its face and pass by all it means;*

*A part is seen, we take it for the whole.*

*Thus have they made their play with us for roles:*

*Author and actor with himself as scene,*

***He moves there as the Soul, as Nature she.*** *(Play between Soul and Nature)*

*(between Creator and creation)*

*Here on the earth where we must fill our parts,*

***We know not how shall run the drama's course;***

***Our uttered sentences veil in their thought.***

***Her mighty plan she holds back from our sight:***

***She has concealed her glory and her bliss*** *(Para Prakriti conceals her  
glory in apara Prakriti.)*

***And disguised the Love and Wisdom in her heart;***

*Of all the marvel and beauty that are hers,*

*Only a darkened little we can feel.* *(of the surface Nature full of Ignorance.)*

*He too wears a diminished godhead here;* *(If the Psychic being is not*

*Supramentalised then he is considered as diminished Godhead.)*

“It is from there that the Lord seated in the heart of all creatures turns them mounted on the machine of Nature by the Maya of the mental ignorance. It is possible then by referring back all the initiation of our action to this secret intuitive Self and Spirit, the ever-present Godhead within us, and replacing by its influences the initiations of our personal and mental nature to get back from the inferior external thought and action to another, internal and intuitive, of a highly spiritualised

character. Nevertheless the result of this movement cannot be complete, because the heart is not the highest centre of our being, is not supramental nor directly moved from the supramental sources. An intuitive thought and action directed from it may be very luminous and intense but is likely to be limited, even narrow in its intensity, mixed with a lower emotional action and at the best excited and troubled, rendered unbalanced or exaggerated by a miraculous or abnormal character in its action or at least in many of its accompaniments which is injurious to the harmonized perfection of the being. The aim of our effort at perfection must be to make the spiritual and supramental action no longer a miracle, even if a frequent or constant miracle, or only a luminous intervention of a greater than our natural power, but normal to the being and the very nature and law of all its process." CWSA/24/The Synthesis of Yoga-804-805

*He has forsaken his omnipotence,*

*His calm he has foregone and infinity.*

*He knows her only, he has forgotten himself; (This Purusha or the Divine stationed in Ignorance has turned as the slave of ignorant Prakriti.)*

*To her he abandons all to make her great.*

*He hopes in her to find himself anew,*

*Incarnate, wedding his infinity's peace*

*To her creative passion's ecstasy.*

*Although possessor of the earth and heavens,*

***He leaves to her the cosmic management*** *(Purusha's sacrifice near Prakriti. Prakriti Yajna, Vedic sacrifice.)*

***And watches all, the Witness of her scene.*** *(he is pure witness and does not act as Anumanta even though he is verily so). [Here Purusha/Ishwara is obedient and surrendered to Prakriti/Ishwari. Prakriti yajna, Vedic sacrifice.]*

*A supernumerary on her stage,*



*Supernumerary: excess of what is needed.*

*He speaks no words or hides behind the wings.*

*He takes birth in her world, waits on her will,*

*Divines her enigmatic gesture's sense,*

*The fluctuating chance turns of her mood,*

*Works out her meanings she seems not to know*

*And serves her secret purpose in long Time.*

The lines below reveal that play further of the Divine couple...the Lord is captive to the Divine Mother... (The play between Creator and creation or Mother Nature) (A Sadhaka has to learn the lesson how to practice surrender through these line of Savitri. How the Creator surrenders, gives Himself near the creation.) (This is also relation between Paramatma and Paraprakriti.)

*As one too great for him he worships her;*

*He adores her as his regent of desire,*

*"...Theon's explanation had been much more useful to me from stand point of action: the origin of disorder being the separation of the primal Powers—but that is not it! HE is there, blissfully worshipping all this confusion!" The Mother, 15<sup>th</sup> February, 1963*

*He yields to her as the mover of his will,*

***He burns the incense of his nights and days***

***Offering his life, a splendour of sacrifice.***

***A rapt solicitor for her love and grace,***

***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. (The Divine is dependent on His*

*creation.)*

*Or, a courtier in her countless retinue,*

*Content to be with her and feel her near*

*He makes the most of the little that she gives*

*And all she does drapes with his own delight.*

*A glance can make his whole day wonderful,*

*A word from her lips with happiness wings the hours.*

*He leans on her for all he does and is: (the Divine does not reject but embraces his creation.)*

*He builds on her largesses his proud fortunate days*

*And trails his **peacock-plumaged** joy of life (Sri Krishna)*

*And suns in the glory of her passing smile.*

*In a thousand ways he serves her royal needs;*

*He makes the hours pivot around her will,*

*Makes all reflect her whims; all is their play:*

***This whole wide world is only he and she.*** *(The Lord is preoccupied and is in love with His Power, the Divine Mother alone and creation is her living body.)*

*This is the knot that ties together the stars:*

*The Two who are one are the secret of all power,*

*The Two who are one are the might and right in things.*

*His soul, silent, supports the world and her,*

*His acts are her commandment's registers.*

*Happy, inert, he lies beneath her feet: (Kali standing over Shiva with one foot on his chest): [Yes]*

*His breast he offers for her cosmic dance*

*Of which our lives are the quivering theatre,  
 And none could bear but for his strength within, (He supports all creation),  
 Yet none would leave because of his delight. (in spite of the difficulties everyone  
 still wants to keep living because of the hidden magnetic force of delight). [Yes]  
 "...as he (Sri Aurobindo) puts, His Joy is there, everywhere, so nobody wants to  
 leave the world...." The Mother, 15<sup>th</sup> February-1963*

*His works, his thoughts have been devised by her,  
 His being is a mirror vast of hers:  
 Active, inspired by her he speaks and moves;  
 His deeds obey her heart's unspoken demands:  
 Passive, he bears the impacts of the world  
 As if her touches shaping his soul and life:  
 His journey through the days is her sun-march;  
 He runs upon her roads; hers is his course.  
 A witness and student of her joy and dole,  
 A partner in her evil and her good,  
 He has consented to her passionate ways,  
 He is driven by her sweet and dreadful force.*

***His sanctioning name initials all her works;***

*His silence is his signature to her deeds;  
 In the execution of her drama's scheme,  
 In her fancies of the moment and its mood,  
 In the march of this obvious ordinary world  
 Where all is deep and strange to the eyes that see  
 And Nature's common forms are marvel-wefts,  
 She through his witness sight and motion of might*

*Unrolls the material of her cosmic Act,  
Her happenings that exalt and smite the soul,  
Her force that moves, her powers that save (truth) and slay (falsehood),*

*and another complementary line is "It (Savitri's heart) bore the stroke of That which kills (falsehood) and saves (truth)" Savitri-20*

***Her Word that in the silence speaks to our hearts,***

***Her silence that transcends the summit Word,***

*Her heights and depths to which our spirit moves,*

*Her events that weave the texture of our lives*

*And all by which we find or lose ourselves,*

*Things sweet and bitter, magnificent and mean,*

*Things terrible and beautiful and divine.*

*Her empire in the cosmos she has built,*

***He is governed by her subtle and mighty laws.***

***His consciousness is a babe upon her knees,***

***His being a field of her vast experiment,***

***Her endless space is the playground of his thoughts;***

*She binds to knowledge of the shapes of Time*

*And the creative error of limiting mind*

*And chance that wears the rigid face of fate*

*And her sport of death and pain and Nescience,*

*His changed and struggling immortality.*

*His soul is a subtle atom in a mass,*

*His substance a material for her works.*

*His spirit survives amid the death of things,*

*He climbs to eternity through being's gaps,*

*He is carried by her from Night to deathless Light.*

***This grand surrender is his free-will's gift,***

***His pure transcendent force submits to hers.***

***In the mystery of her cosmic ignorance,***

***In the insoluble riddle of her play,***

***A creature made of perishable stuff,***

***In the pattern she has set for him he moves,***

***He thinks with her thoughts, with her trouble his bosom heaves;***

*He seems the thing that she would have him seem,*

*He is whatever her artist will can make.*

*Although she drives him on her fancy's roads,*

***At play with him as with her child or slave,***

***To freedom and the Eternal's mastery***

*And immortality's stand above the world,*

*She moves her seeming puppet of an hour. (the surface personality is a puppet)*

*Even in his mortal session in body's house,*

*An aimless traveller between birth and death,*

*Ephemeral dreaming of immortality,*

*To reign she spurs him. He takes up her powers; (She wants the evolving being*

*to unite with the Lord within and take his rightful place as Master of creation);*

***He has harnessed her to the yoke of her own law.***

***His face of human thought puts on a crown.***

***Held in her leash, bound to her veiled caprice,***

***He studies her ways if so he may prevail***

***Even for an hour and she work out his will;***

***He makes of her his moment passion's serf:***

***To obey she feigns, she follows her creature's lead:***

***For him she was made, lives only for his use.***

***But conquering her, then is he most her slave;*** (Paramatma became the slave of Paraprakriti)

Its complementary line:

"The Master of the worlds self-made her slave" Savitri-121 (Paraprakriti became the slave of Paramatma)

***He is her dependent, all his means are hers;***

***Nothing without her he can, she rules him still.***

*At last he wakes to a memory of Self:*

*He sees within the face of deity,*

***The Godhead breaks out through the human mould:***

*Her highest heights she unmask and is his mate.*

*Till then he is a plaything in her game;*

***Her seeming regent, yet her fancy's toy,***

*A living robot moved by her **energy's springs,***

*He acts as in the movements of a dream,*

*An automaton stepping in the grooves of Fate,*

***He stumbles on driven by her whip of Force:***

***His thought labours, a bullock in Time's fields;***

***His will he thinks his own, is shaped in her forge.***

***Obedient to World-Nature's dumb control,***

***Driven by his own formidable Power,***

***His chosen partner in a titan game,***

*Her will he has made the master of his fate,  
Her whim the dispenser of his pleasure and pain;  
He has sold himself into her regal power  
For any blow or boon that she may choose:  
Even in what is suffering to our sense,  
He feels the sweetness of her mastering touch,  
In all experience meets her blissful hands;  
On his heart he bears the happiness of her tread  
And the surprise of her arrival's joy  
In each event and every moment's chance.  
All she can do is marvellous in his sight:  
He revels in her, a swimmer in her sea,  
A tireless amateur of her world-delight,  
The one has become the Many for the sake of this Divine play between him and  
His consort (his force)*

***He rejoices in her every thought and act  
And gives consent to all that she can wish;  
Whatever she desires he wills to be:  
The Spirit, the innumerable One,  
He has left behind his lone eternity,  
He is an endless birth in endless Time,  
Her finite's multitude in an infinite Space.  
The master of existence lurks in us  
And plays at hide-and-seek with his own Force;  
In Nature's instrument loiters secret God.  
The Immanent lives in man as in his house;***

*He has made the universe his pastime's field,*

*A vast gymnasium of his works of might.*

*All-knowing he accepts our darkened state, (which is temporary)*

*Divine, wears shapes of animal or man;*

*Eternal, he assents to Fate and Time,*

*Immortal, dallies with mortality.*

***The All-Conscious ventured into Ignorance,***

*The All-Blissful bore to be insensible.*

*Incarnate in a world of strife and pain,*

***He puts on joy and sorrow like a robe (all duality is a vesture for the Lord)***

***And drinks experience like a strengthening wine.***

*He whose transcendence rules the pregnant Vasts,*

***Prescient now dwells in our subliminal depths,***

***A luminous individual Power, alone.***

***The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone***

***Has called out of the Silence his mute Force***

***Where she lay in the featureless and formless hush***

***Guarding from Time by her immobile sleep***

*The ineffable puissance of his solitude.*

*The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone*

*Has entered with his silence into space:*

***He has fashioned these countless persons of one self;***

*He has built a million figures of his power;*

*He lives in all, who lived in his Vast alone;*

*Space is himself and Time is only he.*

*The Absolute, the Perfect, the Immune,*



***One who is in us as our secret self,  
Our mask of imperfection has assumed,  
He has made this tenement of flesh his own,  
His image in the human measure cast  
That to his divine measure we might rise;***

The Lord has descended into the inconscient and supports its evolution and the inconscient transforms to Divine through the pressure of the Divine Mother's force.

*Then in a figure of divinity*

*The Maker shall recast us and impose*

*A plan of godhead on the mortal's mould*

*Lifting our finite minds to his infinite,*

***Touching the moment with eternity.***

*This transfiguration is earth's due to heaven:*

*A **mutual debt** binds man to the Supreme:*

*His nature we must put on as he put ours;*

*We are sons of God and must be even as he:*

*His human portion, we must grow divine.*

*Our life is a paradox with God for **key**.*

But this secret is hidden from us, our lives feel like vain existence with no meaning

Other complementary line:

“For the key is hid and by the Inconscient kept;

The secret God (Inconscient Self) beneath the threshold dwells.” Savitri, Book-1, Canto-4,

By uncovering of the Inconscient Self the key is discovered.

The other complementary line from Savitri:

“Since God has made earth, earth must make in her God;

What hides within her breast she must reveal.” Savitri-693

***(Sri Aurobindo spoke of Universal incarnation of Godhead in humanity.)***

“We have the emergence of that Conscious Being in an involved and inevitably evolving Life, Mind and Supermind as the condition of our activities; for it is this evolution which has enabled man to appear in Matter and it is this evolution which will enable him progressively to manifest God in the body, — **the universal Incarnation.**” CWSA-21/The Life Divine-64,

*But meanwhile all is a shadow cast by a dream*

*And to the musing and immobile spirit*

*Life and himself don the aspect of a myth,*

*The burden of a long unmeaning tale.*

***For the key is hid and by the Inconscient kept;***

*The secret God beneath the threshold dwells. (as inconscient Self)*

*In a body obscuring the immortal Spirit*

*A nameless Resident vesting unseen powers*

*With Matter's shapes and motives beyond thought*

*And the hazard of an unguessed consequence,*

*An omnipotent indiscernible Influence,*

*He (Inconscient Self) sits, unfelt by the form in which he lives*

*And veils his knowledge by the groping mind.*

*A wanderer in a world his thoughts have made,*

*He turns in a **chiaroscuro** of error and truth*

Chiaroscuro: A Italian expression referring to a technique of presenting and accentuating by contrast the bright and dark elements of a painting. Poetic use: 'clearness and obscurity"

Chiaroscuro: An effect of contrasted Light and Shadow (here, error and truth)

*To find a wisdom that on high is his.*

*As one forgetting he searches for himself;*

*As if he had lost an inner light he seeks:*

*As a sojourner lingering amid alien scenes*

*He journeys to a home he knows no more.*

*His own self's truth he seeks who is the Truth;*

*He is the Player who became the play, (The unity behind the apparent diversity)*

*He is the Thinker who became the thought;*

*He is the many who was the silent One.*

Again below is described the eternal Leela between the Divine and His consort..

*In the symbol figures of the **cosmic Force***

*And in her living and inanimate signs*

*And in her complex tracery of events*

***He explores the ceaseless miracle of himself,***

*Till the thousandfold enigma has been solved*

*In the single light of an all-witnessing Soul.*

*This was his compact with his **mighty mate**,  
For love of her and joined to her for ever  
To follow the course of Time's eternity,  
Amid magic dramas of her sudden moods  
And the surprises of her masked Idea  
And the vicissitudes of her vast caprice.*

***Two** seem his goals, yet ever are they one  
And gaze at each other over boundless Time;  
Spirit and Matter are their end and source.  
A seeker of hidden meanings in life's forms,  
Of the great Mother's wide uncharted will  
And the rude enigma of her terrestrial ways  
He is the explorer and the mariner  
On a secret inner ocean without bound:  
He is the **adventurer** and cosmologist  
Of a magic earth's obscure geography.  
In her material order's fixed design*

***Where all seems sure and, even when changed, the same,**  
Even though the end is left for ever unknown  
And ever unstable is life's shifting flow,  
His paths are found for him by silent fate; (which He Himself has secretly  
set/fixed)  
As stations in the ages' weltering flood  
Firm lands appear that tempt and stay awhile,  
Then new horizons lure the mind's advance.*

*There comes no close to the finite's boundlessness,*

***There is no last certitude in which thought can pause***

*And no terminus to the soul's experience.*

*A limit, a farness never wholly reached,*

*An unattained perfection calls to him*

*From distant boundaries in the Unseen:*

*A long beginning only has been made.*

*This is the sailor on the flow of Time,*

*This is World-Matter's slow discoverer,*

*Who, launched into this small corporeal birth,*

*Has learned his craft in tiny bays of self,*

*But dares at last unplumbed infinitudes,*

*A voyager upon eternity's seas.*

*In his world-adventure's crude initial start*

*Behold him ignorant of his godhead's force, (the play of the All knowing and All seeing acting as ignorant)*

The Lord then describes the journeying of the human soul, from a life lived on the surface to one of inner exploration, he compares him to a sailor who initially keeps his voyage to ports that are very familiar and known but in time has the courage and the drive (in fact he is pushed to do so by the Divine Mother) to explore the vast ocean, higher existences within himself until he comes face to face with his inner most being

***'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 Inconscient, Subconscient, 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 Inconscient self, Subconscient 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.***

"The supramental world exists in a permanent way, and I am there permanently in a supramental body. I had proof of this today when my earthly consciousness went there and consciously remained there between two and three o'clock in the afternoon: I now know that for the two worlds to join in a constant and conscious relationship what is missing is an intermediate zone between the existing physical world and the supramental world as it exists. This zone has yet to be built, both in the individual consciousness and in the objective world, and it is being built. When formerly I used to speak of the newworld that is being created, I was speaking of this intermediate zone. And similarly, when I am on 'this' side – that is, in the realm of the physical consciousness – and I see the supramental power, the supramental light and substance constantly permeating matter, I am seeing and participating in the construction of this zone.

I found myself upon an immense ship, which is the symbolic representation of the place where this work is being carried out. This ship, as big as a city, is thoroughly organized, and it had certainly already been functioning for quite some time, for its organization was fully developed. It is the place where people destined for the supramental life are being trained. These people (or at least a part of their being) had already undergone a supramental transformation because the ship itself and all that was aboard was neither material nor subtle-physical, neither vital nor mental: it was a supramental substance. This substance itself was of the most material supramental, the supramental substance nearest the physical world, the first to manifest. The light was a blend of red and gold, forming a uniform substance of luminous orange. Everything was like that – the light was like that, the people were like that – everything had this color, in varying shades, however, which enabled things to be distinguished from one another. The overall impression was of a shadowless world: there were shades, but no

shadows. The atmosphere was full of joy, calm, order; everything worked smoothly and silently. At the same time, I could see all the details of the education, the training in all domains by which the people on board were being prepared.

This immense ship had just arrived at the shore of the supramental world, and a first batch of people destined to become the future inhabitants of the supramental world were about to disembark. Everything was arranged for this first landing. A certain number of very tall beings were posted on the wharf. They were not human beings and never before had they been men. Nor were they permanent inhabitants of the supramental world. They had been delegated from above and posted there to control and supervise the landing. I was in charge of all this since the beginning and throughout. I myself had prepared all the groups. I was standing on the bridge of the ship, calling the groups forward one by one and having them disembark on the shore. The tall beings posted there seemed to be reviewing those who were disembarking, allowing those who were ready to go ashore and sending back those who were not and who had to continue their training aboard the ship. While standing there watching everyone, that part of my consciousness coming from here became extremely interested: it wanted to see, to identify all the people, to see how they had changed and to find out who had been taken immediately as well as those who had to remain and continue their training. After awhile, as I was observing, I began to feel pulled backwards and that my body was being awakened by a consciousness or a person from here' – and in my consciousness, I protested: 'No, no, not yet! Not yet! I want to see who's there!' I was watching all this and noting it with intense interest ... It went on like that until, suddenly, the clock here began striking three, which violently jerked me back. There was the sensation of a sudden fall into my body. I came back with a shock, but since I had been called back very suddenly, all my memory was still intact. I remained quiet and still until I could bring back the whole experience and preserve it.

The nature of objects on this ship was not that which we know upon earth; for example, the clothes were not made of cloth, and this thing that resembled cloth was not manufactured – it was a part of the body, made of the same substance that took on different forms. It had a kind of plasticity. When a change had to be made, it was done not by artificial and outer means but by an inner working, by a working of the consciousness that gave the substance its form or appearance. Life created its own forms. There was ONE SINGLE substance in all things; it changed the nature of its vibration according to the needs or uses.

Those who were sent back for more training were not of a uniform color; their bodies seemed to have patches of a grayish opacity, a substance resembling the earth substance. They were dull, as though they had not been wholly permeated by the light or wholly transformed. They were not like this all over, but in places.

The tall beings on the shore were not of the same color, at least they did not have this orange tint; they were paler, more transparent. Except for a part of their bodies, only the outline of their forms could be seen. They were very tall, they did not seem to have a skeletal structure, and they could take on any form according to their needs. Only from their waists to their feet did they have a permanent density, which was not felt in the rest of their body. Their color was much more pallid and contained very little red, it verged rather on gold or even white. The parts of whitish light were translucent; they were not absolutely transparent, but less dense, more subtle than the orange substance.

1. Indeed, one of the people near Mother had pulled Her out of the experience.

Just as I was called back, when I was saying, 'Not yet ... ,' I had a quick glimpse of myself, of my form in the supramental world. I was a mixture of what these tall beings were and the beings aboard the ship. The top part of myself, especially my head, was a mere silhouette of a whitish color with an orange fringe. The more it approached the feet, the more the color resembled that of the people on the ship, or in other words, orange; the more it went up towards the top, the

more translucent and white it was, and the red faded. The head was only a silhouette with a brilliant sun at its center; from it issued rays of light which were the action of the will.

As for the people I saw aboard ship, I recognized them all. Some were here in the Ashram, some came from elsewhere, but I knew them as well. I saw everyone, but as I realized that I would not remember everyone when I came back, I decided not to give any names. Besides, it is unnecessary. Three or four faces were very clearly visible, and when I saw them, I understood the feeling that I have had here, on earth, while looking into their eyes: there was such an extraordinary joy ... On the whole, the people were young; there were very few children, and their ages were around fourteen or fifteen, but certainly not below ten or twelve (I did not stay long enough to see all the details). There were no very old people, with the exception of a few. Most of the people who had gone ashore were of a middle age – again, except for a few. Several times before this experience, certain individual cases had already been examined at a place where people capable of being supramentalized are examined; I had then had a few surprises which I had noted – I even told some people. But those whom I disembarked today I saw very distinctly. They were of a middle age, neither young children nor elderly people, with only a few rare exceptions, and this quite corresponded to what I expected. I decided not to say anything, not to give any names. As I did not stay until the end, it would be impossible for me to draw an exact picture, for it was neither absolutely clear nor complete. I do not want to say things to some and not say them to others.

What I can say is that the criterion or the judgment was based EXCLUSIVELY on the substance constituting the people – whether they belonged completely to the supramental world or not, whether they were made of this very special substance. The criterion adopted was neither moral nor psychological. It is likely that their bodily substance was the result of an inner law or an inner movement which, at that time, was not in question. At least it is quite clear that the values are different.

When I came back, along with the memory of the experience, I knew that the supramental world was permanent, that my presence there is permanent, and that only a missing link is needed to allow the consciousness and the substance to connect – and it is this link that is being built. At that time, my impression (an impression which remained rather long, almost the whole day) was of an extreme relativity – no, not exactly that, but an impression that the relationship between this world and the other completely changes the criterion by which things are to be evaluated or judged. This criterion had nothing mental about it, and it gave the strange inner feeling that so many things we consider good or bad are not really so. It was very clear that everything depended upon the capacity of things and upon their ability to express the supramental world or be in relationship with it. It was so completely different, at times even so opposite to our ordinary way of looking at things! I recall one little thing that we usually consider bad ... actually how funny it was to see that it is something excellent! And other things that we consider important were really quite unimportant there! Whether it was like this or like that made no difference. What is very obvious is that our appreciation of what is divine or not divine is incorrect. I even laughed at certain things ... Our usual feeling about what is anti-divine seems artificial, based upon something untrue, unliving (besides, what we call life here appeared lifeless in comparison with that world); in any event, this feeling should be based upon our relationship between the two worlds and according to whether things make this relationship easier or more difficult. This would thus completely change our evaluation of what brings us nearer to the Divine or what takes us away from Him. With people, too, I saw that what helps them or prevents them from becoming supramental is very different from what our ordinary moral notions imagine. I felt just how ... ridiculous we are.

*(Then Mother speaks to the children)*



There is a continuation to all this, which is like the result in my consciousness of the experience of February 3, but it seems premature to read it now. It will appear in the April issue [of the Bulletin], as a sequel to this.

But one thing – and I wish to stress this point to you – which now seems to me to be the most essential difference between our world and the supramental world (and it is only after having gone there consciously, with the consciousness that ordinarily works here, that this difference appeared to me in what might be called its enormity): everything here, except for what happens within and at a very deep level, seemed absolutely artificial to me. Not one of the values of ordinary physical life is based upon truth. Just as we have to buy cloth, sew it together, then put it on our backs in order to dress ourselves, likewise we have to take things from outside and then put them inside our bodies in order to feed ourselves. For everything, our life is artificial.

A true, sincere, spontaneous life, as in the supramental world, is a springing forth of things through the fact of conscious will, a power over substance that shapes this substance according to what we decide it should be. And he who has this power and this knowledge can obtain whatever he wants, whereas he who does not has no artificial means of getting what he desires.

In ordinary life, EVERYTHING is artificial. Depending upon the chance of your birth or circumstances, you have a more or less high position or a more or less comfortable life, not because it is the spontaneous, natural and sincere expression of your way of being and of your inner need, but because the

fortuity of life's circumstances has placed you in contact with these things. An absolutely worthless man may be in a very high position, and a man who might have marvelous capacities of creation and organization may find himself toiling in a quite limited and inferior position, whereas he would be a wholly useful individual if the world were sincere.

It is this artificiality, this insincerity, this complete lack of truth that appeared so shocking to me that ... one wonders how, in a world as false as this one, we can arrive at any truthful evaluation of things.

But instead of feeling grieved, morose, rebellious, discontent, I had rather the feeling of what I spoke of at the end: of such a ridiculous absurdity that for several days I was seized with an uncontrollable laughter whenever I saw things and people! Such a tremendous laughter, so absolutely inexplicable (except to me), because of the ridiculousness of these situations.

When I invited you on a voyage into the unknown, a voyage of adventure, I did not know just how true were my words! And I can promise those who are ready to embark upon this adventure that they will make some very astonishing discoveries." The Mother/February 3/1958

*Timid initiate of its vast design.*

*An expert captain of a fragile craft,*

*A trafficker in small impermanent wares,*

*At first he hugs the shore and shuns the breadths,*

*Dares not to affront the far-off perilous main.  
He in a petty coastal traffic plies,  
His pay doled out from port to neighbour port,  
Content with his safe round's unchanging course,  
He hazards not the new and the unseen.*

***But now he hears the sound of larger seas.***

*A widening world calls him to distant scenes  
And journeyings in a larger vision's arc  
And peoples unknown and still unvisited shores.  
On a commissioned keel his merchant hull  
Serves the world's commerce in the riches of Time  
Severing the foam of a great land-locked sea  
To reach unknown harbour lights in distant climes  
And open markets for life's opulent arts,  
Rich bales, carved statuettes, hued canvases,  
And jewelled toys brought for an infant's play  
And perishable products of hard toil  
And transient splendours won and lost by the days.  
Or passing through a gate of pillar-rocks,  
Venturing not yet to cross oceans unnamed  
And journey into a dream of distances  
He travels close to unfamiliar coasts  
And finds new haven in storm-troubled isles,  
Or, guided by a sure compass in his thought,  
He plunges through a bright haze that hides the stars,  
Steering on the trade-routes of Ignorance.*

*His prow pushes towards undiscovered shores,  
He chances on unimagined continents:  
A seeker of the islands of the Blest,  
He leaves the last lands, crosses the ultimate seas,  
He turns to eternal things his symbol quest;  
Life changes for him its time-constructed scenes,  
Its images veiling infinity.  
Earth's borders recede and the terrestrial air  
Hangs round him no longer its translucent veil.  
He has crossed the limit of mortal thought and hope,  
He has reached the world's end and stares beyond;  
The eyes of mortal body plunge their gaze  
Into Eyes that look upon eternity.  
A greater world Time's traveller must explore.  
At last he hears a chanting on the heights  
And the far speaks and the unknown grows near:  
He crosses the boundaries of the unseen  
And passes over the edge of mortal sight  
To a new vision of himself and things.  
He is a spirit in an unfinished world (when knowledge dawns of his purpose in  
this unfinished , evolving world)  
That knows him not and cannot know itself:  
The surface symbol of his goalless quest  
**Takes deeper meanings to his inner view;**  
His is a search of darkness for the light,  
Of mortal life for immortality.*

*In the vessel of an earthly embodiment*

*Over the narrow rails of limiting sense*

*He looks out on the magic waves of Time*

***Where mind like a moon illumines the world's dark. [Mind is considered***

***impotent to reconcile the Earth and Heaven and its outer wandering for apparent***

***reconciliation and apparent harmony always precedes the soul's self-existent oneness and***

***harmony.]***

After this knowledge of his origin and meaning for his embodied existence is revealed to him...he descends into the unconscious to transform it...if such is the order given to him by the Divine Mother.

*There is limned ever retreating from the eyes,*

*As if in a tenuous misty dream-light drawn,*

*The outline of a dim mysterious shore.*

*A sailor on the Inconscient's fathomless sea,*

*He voyages through a starry world of thought*

*On Matter's deck to a spiritual sun.*

*Across the noise and multitudinous cry,*

*Across the rapt unknowable silences,*

*Through a strange mid-world under supernal skies,*

*Beyond earth's longitudes and latitudes,*

*His goal is fixed outside all present **maps**.*

*But none learns whither through the unknown he sails*

*Or what secret mission the great Mother gave.*

*In the hidden strength of her omnipotent Will,  
 Driven by her breath across life's tossing deep,  
 Through the thunder's roar and through the windless hush,  
 Through fog and mist where nothing more is seen,  
 He carries her sealed orders in his breast. .(these orders are unopened or sealed..Mother (Maa Krishna) this suggests that the soul even after having united with the Mother does still not know what the end result is...?) (Yes)*

***[Sealed order also means the secrecy of Divine life of which only fit souls are only entitled to open after transcending certain states of consciousness.]***

*Late will he know, opening the mystic script,  
 Whether to a blank port in the Unseen (this suggests the soul after uniting with the Divine will only know later what his fate is...why is that Mother (Maa Krishna)?) [because the fate changes from moment to moment which is the truth working out in Ignorance. Narad was unable to see the ultimate fate of Satyavan as the writing was illegible. It can be legible only in the passage of time through practice of Yoga or concentrated evolution.]*

*He goes on, armed with her fiat, to discover  
 A new mind and body in the city of God (emergence of Supramental world.)  
 And enshrine the Immortal in his glory's house  
 And make the finite one with Infinity. .(The Mother's fiat/order to supramentalise the body)[this is the sealed order of the Divine Mother which the sailor will open after the completion of his total journey.]*

*Across the salt waste of the endless years  
 Her ocean winds impel his errant boat,  
 The cosmic waters plashing as he goes,*

*A rumour around him and danger and a call.*

The realised soul always carries the Mother in himself and walks with her for all eternity...for as long as nature exists as a separate unevolved entity, his work is not done .and he will not depart Mother, (Maa Krishna) this reminds me of your letter that says that I will walk with you on the path for all eternity) **[Yes]**

***With my all Love & Very Special Blessings.....***

*Always he follows in her force's wake.*

*He sails through life and death and other life,*

*He travels on through waking and through sleep.*

*A power is on him from her occult force*

*That ties him to his own creation's fate,*

***And never can the mighty Traveller rest***

***And never can the mystic voyage cease***

*Till the nescient dusk is lifted from man's soul*

*And the morns of God have overtaken his night.*

*As long as Nature lasts, he too is there,*

***For this is sure that he and she are one;***

*Even when he sleeps, he keeps her on his breast:*

*Whoever leaves her, he will not depart*

*To repose without her in the Unknowable.*

*There is a truth to know, a work to do;*

*Her play is real; a Mystery he fulfils: (it is not maya or illusion): **[This is***

***Supramental Maya]***

*There is a plan in the **Mother's** deep world-whim,  
A purpose in her vast and random game (it is not accidental or unplanned).  
This ever she meant since the **first dawn of life,***

*Its complementary line:*

*'Decreed (to become God) since the beginning of the worlds.' Savitri-708,*

*This constant will she covered with her sport,*

*To evoke a Person in the impersonal Void,*

*The Supreme left his alones (Oneness) to enter the Inconscience so that Nature  
may be divinised and may manifest him for only by the descent is the ascent  
possible.*

*With the Truth-Light strike earth's massive roots of trance, (Supramental light  
will strike the Inconscient sheath and penetrates into it.)*

*Wake a dumb self in the inconscient depths*

*And raise a lost Power from its python sleep (lost Power is the Inconscient Self.)*

*That the eyes of the Timeless might look out from Time*

*And the world manifest the unveiled Divine.*

*For this he left his white infinity*

*And laid on the spirit the burden of the flesh,*

*That Godhead's seed might flower in mindless Space.*

***Only by discovery of the Supramental above the head one can discover the  
Supramental below the feet and both the discovery is necessary in our total  
transformation action.*** "Our life is entrenched between two rivers of Light." Savitri-

## Post Thesis

Each line of Savitri is equally important. Here below a division is made for the purpose of Sadhana, for the purpose of concentration, contemplation and meditation and tracing a path to Unknowable.

### The Important Secret of this chapter:

"The truth mind could not know unveils its face,

We hear what mortal ears have never heard,

We feel what earthly sense has never felt,

We love what common hearts repel and dread;"

*"A silence overhead, an inner voice, (of Spiritual being.)*

*A living image seated in the heart, "(Divine Mother in Psychic heart centre.)*

*" But all is screened, subliminal, mystical; (Subliminal Self)*

*It needs the intuitive **heart**, the inward turn, (Psychic being)*

*It needs the power of a spiritual gaze." (Spiritual being)*

*"The One keeps in his heart and knows alone." (Supramental Mother in King's heart centre.)*

**"Our outward happenings have their seed within,"**

**"Yet a foreseeing Knowledge might be ours, [a foreseeing knowledge develops after the psychic opening.]**

*If we could take our spirit's stand within,*

*If we could hear the muffled **daemon** voice."*

### The More Important Secret of this chapter:



**"Our souls can visit in great lonely hours**

*Still regions of imperishable Light,  
All-seeing eagle-peaks of silent Power  
And moon-flame oceans of swift fathomless Bliss  
And calm immensities of spirit space."*

"A greater Personality sometimes  
Possesses us which yet we know is ours:  
Or we adore the Master of our souls.  
Then the small bodily ego thins and falls;  
No more insisting on its separate self,  
Losing the punctilio of its separate birth,  
It leaves us one with Nature and with God."

*"A wider consciousness opens then its doors;  
Invading from spiritual silences  
A ray of the timeless Glory stoops awhile  
To commune with our seized illumined clay  
And leaves its huge white stamp upon our lives."*

**The Most Important Secret of this chapter:**

**"The Spirit's bare and absolute potencies** (*Last perfection of integral Yoga.*)  
**Burn in the solitude of the thoughts of God."**

*"In this compromise of a stark absolute Truth  
With the Light that dwells near the dark end of things," [The Light of  
Subconscious and Inconscious Self.]*

**"An unseen Presence moulds the oblivious clay."**

*"A secret spirit (Inconscious Self) in the Inconscious's sleep,  
A shapeless Energy, a voiceless Word,  
He (Inconscious Self) was here before the elements could emerge,  
Before there was light of mind or life could breathe."*

*"With the Truth-Light strike earth's massive roots of trance, (Supramental light  
will strike the Inconscious sheath and penetrates into it.)*

*Wake a dumb self (Inconscient Self) in the inconscient depths  
And raise a lost Power from its python sleep (lost Power is the Inconscient Self.)  
That the eyes of the Timeless might look out from Time  
And the world manifest the unveiled Divine."*

### Om Namō Bhagavateh

(Savitri quotations and The Mother's translation in French.)

"And earth grow unexpectedly divine."

«Et sans s'y attendre la terre deviendra divine. »

'God shall grow up while the wise man talk and sleep;'

«Dieu grandira tandis que les hommes sages parleront et dormiront; »

"The Immanent lives in man as in his house;"

«L'Immanent vit dans l'homme comme dans sa maison; »

"For the key (of Immortality) is hid and by the Inconscient kept;"

«Car la clef (de l'immortalité) est cachée et gardée par l'Inconscient; »

"With the Truth-Light strike earth's massive roots of trance,

Wake a dumb self in the Inconscient depths"

«de la Lumière de Vérité frapper les massives racines de transe de la terre,

éveiller un moi muet dans les profondeurs inconscientes »

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

04.06.2020

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. This Book-1, Canto-4, here the secret knowledge is divided into four parts.

First part: Beginning of Spiritual life through Psychic and Spiritual opening. This Canto gives hint that when we are unconscious and feel ourselves stagnant, during that period also there are parts of being which grow towards Divine. There is much guidance here for the beginners of Yoga which is identified as the first secret of Sadhana.

Second part: Awareness on the Guardians of Supramental world or world-creators who oversee (1) Fate, (2) Chance, (3) Divine Work through Divine Will. If we will do this Yoga, then these invisible Guardians from Supramental world will come down to help us, help in our ascent of the Soul, give protection to our Sadhana life, they will help to change our destiny, transform chance into decreed Spiritual life and will expedite the Divine work, Divine Purification, transformation, and perfection.

Third part: The relation between Creator and creation and Creator's blind love and care for the creation without seeing any of her defects, limitations and faults. This is also Prakriti Yajna, Vedic Sacrifice, more powerful than Purusha Yajna, Vedantic sacrifice. Prakriti Yajna is a very important sadhana for developed Souls. How the Creator is taking care of creation, how He has made Himself a slave of her are most beautifully and most profoundly described by Sri Aurobindo, very rare in earth's Spiritual history. This is identified as third secret of Sadhana which culminates in discovering the relation of dual Avatara in our heart centre. We can practice this

surrender literally as described in this Canto and will be most benefitted by this exercise.

Fourth part: A seeker of truth is an adventurer and voyager of multiple unknown oceans representing ten subtle bodies or sheaths. A Sadhaka must be a Kshetriya Soul force, having courage to fight outer and inner endless war and ready to bear inner and outer wounds that are slow to heal till he will discover the Supramental world with new or transformed body and mind. In our Ashram most of the members are Shudra Soul force, they can give service and hold Ashram living but they recoil from any great adventure. So we are waiting for the arrival of a few more Kshetriya Soul Force and with their help the Divine work and the Divine adventure will be expedited.

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

04.07.2021

Om Namo Bhagavate

Dear Mother

Pranams. (with my love and blessings) Hope your health has recovered and you are comfortably enjoying darshan. I have read through this canto (Book-1, Canto-4) and appended your comments from this and a previous email. The file size is too large to attach so a link is included.

In your response below you have indicated 4 parts to the canto. Is it possible to identify a line from the canto for each part so that I can see how they relate. (Yes)

Love (with my eternal love and blessings)

Guruprasad

On Fri, 5 Jun 2020 at 03:21, SA MAA KRISHNA <[samaakrishna@gmail.com](mailto:samaakrishna@gmail.com)> wrote:

**Om Namo Bhagavateh**

(Savitri quotations and The Mother's translation in French.)

“And earth grow unexpectedly divine.”

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éveiller un moi muet dans les profondeurs inconscientes »

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

04.06.2020

(This letter is amended in violet colour on 04.07.2021 in order to meet Guruprasad's requirement. Today is important because of the Independence Day of the United States of America.)

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. This Book-1, Canto-4, here the secret knowledge is divided into four parts.

**First part:** Beginning of Spiritual life through Psychic and Spiritual opening. This Canto gives hints that when we are unconscious and feel ourselves stagnant, during that period also there are parts of being which grow towards Divine. There is much guidance here for the beginners of Yoga which is identified as the first secret of Sadhana.

“Even when we fail to look into our souls

Or lie embedded in earthly consciousness,

**Still have we parts that grow towards the light,**

Yet are there luminous tracts and heavens serene

And Eldorados of splendour and ecstasy

And temples to the godhead none can see.” Savitri-46-47

**Second part:** Awareness of the Guardians of the Supramental world or world-creators who oversee (1) Fate, (2) Chance, (3) Divine Work through Divine Will. If we will do this Yoga, then these invisible Guardians from Supramental world will come down to help us, help in our ascent of the Soul, give protection to our Sadhana life, they will help to change our destiny, transform chance into decreed Spiritual life and will expedite the Divine work, Divine Purification, transformation, and perfection.

“A greater Personality sometimes Possesses us which yet we know is ours:” Savitri-47

“He (man) is ignorant of the meaning of his life,

He is ignorant of his high and splendid fate.

Only the **Immortals** on their deathless heights

Dwelling beyond the walls of Time and Space,

Masters of living, free from the bonds of Thought,

Who are overseers of Fate and Chance and Will

And experts of the theorem of world-need,

Can see the Idea, the Might that change Time’s course,

Come maned with light from undiscovered worlds,

Hear, while the world toils on with its deep blind heart,

The galloping hooves of the unforeseen event,

Bearing the superhuman Rider, near

And, impassive to earth’s din and startled cry,

Return to the silence of the hills of God;

As lightning leaps, as thunder sweeps, they pass

And leave their mark on the trampled breast of Life.” Savitri-53-54

“Immaculate in self-knowledge and self-power,  
 Calm they (Immortals) repose on the eternal Will.  
 Only his (Divine Will) law they count and him obey;  
 They have no goal to reach, no aim to serve.  
 Implacable in their timeless purity,  
 All barter or bribe of worship they refuse;  
 Unmoved by cry of revolt and ignorant prayer  
 They reckon not our virtue and our sin;  
 They bend not to the voices that implore,  
 They hold no traffic with error and its reign;  
 They are guardians of the silence of the Truth,  
 They are keepers of the immutable decree.  
 A deep surrender is their source of might,  
 A still identity their way to know,  
 Motionless is their action like a sleep.” Savitri-57

**Third part:** The relation between Creator and creation and Creator’s blind love and care for the creation without seeing any of her defects, limitations and faults. This is also Prakriti Yajna, Vedic Sacrifice, more powerful than Purusha Yajna, Vedantic sacrifice. Prakriti Yajna is a very important sadhana for developed Souls. How the Creator is taking care of creation, how He has made Himself a slave of her are most beautifully and most profoundly described by Sri Aurobindo, very rare in earth’s Spiritual history. This is identified as third secret of Sadhana which culminates in discovering the relation of dual Avatara in our heart centre. We can practice this surrender literally as described in this Canto and will be most benefited by this exercise.

“As one too great for him he (Divine) worships her (Creation);  
 He (Divine) adores her (Creation) as his regent of desire...” Savitri-62

“This whole wide world is only he and she.” Savitri-63

**Fourth part:** A seeker of truth is an adventurer and voyager of multiple unknown oceans representing ten subtle bodies or sheaths. A Sadhaka must be a Kshetriya Soul force, having courage to fight outer and inner endless war and ready to bear inner and outer wounds that are slow to heal till he will discover the Supramental world with a new or transformed body and mind. In our Ashram most of the members are Shudra Soul force, they can give service and hold Ashram living but they recoil from any great adventure. So we are waiting for the arrival of a few more Kshetriya Soul Force and with their help the Divine work and the Divine adventure will be expedited.

“This is the sailor on the flow of Time,

This is World-Matter’s slow discoverer,

Who, launched into this small corporeal birth,

Has learned his craft in tiny bays of self,

But **dares** at last unplumbed infinitudes,

A voyager upon eternity’s seas.

In his world-adventure’s crude initial start

Behold him ignorant of his godhead’s force,

Timid initiate of its vast design.

An expert captain of a fragile craft,

A trafficker in small impermanent wares,

At first he hugs the shore and shuns the breadths,

**Dares** not to affront the far-off perilous main.” Savitri-69-70

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

05.07.2021

Om Namo Bhagavate

Dear Mother.

Nice to see your additions and grateful for the time and care you have taken with this. I've read this and can see the connections between your summary and the lines from Savitri. I will update the file with this additional information.

Love

Guruprasad

N.B. In this study *Auroprem's* observations are marked red, Guruprasad's observations are marked maroon and S.A. *Maa Krishna's* observations are marked in blue script.

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