
Book 2, Canto 4

“Sri Aurobindo used to write ([Savitri](#)) at night, and in the night I would have the experience; in the morning he would read it to me and I would recognize my experience – I hadn’t said anything to him, he hadn’t said anything to me. Interesting ...

But one always seems to be boasting, that’s the trouble. No, in reality, one can SAY a thing like this, but writing and publishing it is quite another matter.” The Mother-17th January, 1968

“In *Savitri*, the King represents the human aspiration to discover the Earth's secret beyond all already explored spiritual knowledge.” The Mother, 1963

“Q: Why didn't Sri Aurobindo or you make more use of miracles as a means to overcome the resistances of the outer human consciousness? Why this self-effacement towards the outside, this sort of non intervention, as it were, or unobstrusiveness?”

In Sri Aurobindo's case, I only know what he told me several times: what people call "miracles" are just interventions in the physical or **vital worlds**. And those interventions are always mixed with ignorant or arbitrary movements.

But the number of miracles Sri Aurobindo performed in the Mind is incalculable. Of course, only if you had a very honest, sincere and pure vision could you see them – I saw them. Others too saw them. But he refused (this I know), he refused to perform any vital or material miracle, because of the admixture.

My own experience is like this: in the world's present state, a direct miracle (**vital** or material, that is) must necessarily involve a number of fallacious elements which we cannot accept – those miracles are necessarily fallacious miracles. And we cannot accept that. At least I always refused to do so. I've seen what people call miracles. I saw many with Madame Théon, for instance, but it allowed a host of things to exist that to me are inadmissible.

I don't know if that's the true reason, I am not sure if the reason isn't just that we were not supposed to do miracles.

I could say a lot on the subject, but ... At any rate, perhaps I'll tell you one day, but it can't be used for the *Bulletin* – these aren't public matters.

But what people call "miracles" nowadays are almost always performed by **beings of the vital world**, or by **men in relation with such beings**, so there's a mixture – it accepts the reality of certain things, the truth of certain things that aren't true. And it works on that basis. So it's unacceptable.” The Mother/6th March-1963

"Q: I'd like to ask you a question.... I haven't quite understood what you meant by "miracles in the Mind." What are they? "Sri Aurobindo performed miracles in the Mind," you said.

That was when he brought the supramental Force into the mental consciousness. He would bring into the mental consciousness (the mental consciousness that governs all material movements) a supramental formation, or power, or force, that instantly altered the organization. With immediate results ... that appear illogical because the process doesn't follow the course set by mental logic.

He said it himself: it happened when he was in possession or in conscious command of the supramental Force and Power and when he put it on a particular spot for a particular purpose. It was irrevocable, inevitable: the effect was absolute.

That can be called a miracle.

Q: The supramental force he would put in a person's mind was able to...

Take the example of someone ill, even feeling pain. When Sri Aurobindo was in possession of this supramental Power (at certain times he said it was totally under his control, he could do whatever he wanted with it and apply it wherever he wanted), then he would put this Will on some disorder or other, physical or vital, say (or mental, of course), he would put this Force of a superior harmony, a superior, supramental order, keep it there, and it would act instantly. And it was an order – it created an order and harmony superior to natural harmony. Which means that if the object was to cure, for example, the cure was more perfect and total than a cure brought about by the ordinary physical and mental methods.

There were hosts of instances. But people are so blind, you know, so bogged down in their ordinary consciousness, that they always have ready "explanations." They can always explain it away. Only those who had faith and aspiration and something very pure in them, that is, those who really wanted to know, were aware of it.

Which means there is a difference between the miracle taking place through or in the mind, and the miracle taking place directly in the physical and vital. For instance, all those who perform miracles like levitation, moving objects, generating lights ... (*Mother keeps silent for a while, then drops the subject*). It's a field that I don't find very living, it doesn't interest me very much.

But that's how it worked with healing. When the Power was there, he said it was even effortless, all he had to do was to put that Power of order, of supramental harmony, and it would act instantly.

The difference is hard to explain.

(silence)

Oh, listen (this is not meant to be published or told), I don't know if I've told you already. I was nine or ten years old, I was running with some friends in the forest of Fontainebleau (I've told this story somewhere). The forest is rather dense, so you can't see very far ahead. We were running, and speeding along as I was, I didn't see I

was coming to the edge overhanging the road. The place where we were was about ten feet above the road (more than a story high), and the road was paved with stones – freshly paved. And we were running. I was racing ahead, the others were behind. Well, I'd built up such momentum that I couldn't stop – whoosh! I went sailing into the air. I was ten, eleven at the most, mind you, with no notion of the miraculous or the marvelous, nothing, nothing – I was just flung into the air. And I felt something supporting me, holding me up, and I was literally SET DOWN on the ground, on the stones. I got up (I found it perfectly natural, you understand!): not a scratch, not a speck of dust, nothing, absolutely intact. I fell down very, very slowly. Then everyone rushed up to see. "Oh, it's nothing!" I said, "I am all right." And I left it at that. But the impression lingered. That feeling of something carrying me (*gesture of a slow fall, like a leaf falling in stages with slight pauses*): I fell down that slow. And the material proof was there, it was no illusion since I was unscathed – the road was paved with stones (you know the flint stones of France?): not a scratch, nothing. Not a speck of dust.

The soul was very alive at the time, and with all its strength it resisted the intrusion of the material logic of the world – so it seemed to me perfectly natural. I simply thought, "No. Accidents can't happen to me."

But flung like that! ... For a very long time the memory of the SENSATION remained: something that went like this (*same gesture of a leaf falling*) and simply set me down on the road. When I worked with Théon, the memory came back, and I saw it was an entity: what people in Europe call angels (what do they call it?) ... guardian angels, that's right. An entity. Théon had told me of certain worlds (worlds of the higher intellect – I don't remember, he had named all the different planes), and in that world are winged beings – who have wings of their own free choice, because they find it pretty! And Madame Théon had always seen two such beings with me. Yet she knew me more than ten years later. And it appears they were always with me. So I took a look and, sure enough, there they were. One even tried to draw: he asked me to lend him my hand to do drawings. I lent my hand, but when I saw the drawing (he did one), I told him, "The ones I do without you are much better!" So that was the end of the matter!

Q: What did it depict?

Funny drawings. One showed a sea with a rock and a small figure (that one was the best). A high cliff, a tiny figure, and then the sea. It wasn't very good!

I would lend my hand and look elsewhere – I didn't look at what I was drawing to make sure there was no subconscious interference. And I could distinctly feel his hand moving mine. After a while, I said to myself, "I think I'll take a look." I looked – "I say," I told him, "It's not up to much!"

It was in Tlemcen.

That kind of oddity never interested me. I found them simply natural. But these are what people call miracles.

There was another occurrence (less striking), once in a room as long as this one and wider,²⁴ the salon in my family's house. Some little friends had come and we were playing. I told them, "I'll show you how one should dance." I went to a corner of the room to get the longest distance to another corner, and I told them, "One single step in the middle." And I did it! (*Mother laughs*) I sprang (I didn't even feel I was jumping, it was like dancing, you know, like when they dance on point), landed on the tips of my toes, bounced up and reached the other corner – you can't do that alone, even champions cannot. The length of the jump went beyond records, because afterwards I asked here, when we started physical exercises at the Ashram, I asked what the longest jump was – mine was longer! And they take a run up, you see, they run and then jump. But I didn't run: I was standing in the corner, and hop! up I went (I said "hop!" to myself, soundlessly), and frrrt! I landed on the tips of my toes, bounced and landed the other side – quite evidently I was carried.

All this took place before the age of thirteen or fourteen (from eight to thirteen or fourteen). Many things of the kind, all of which seemed to me perfectly natural – it didn't feel as though I was doing something miraculous. Perfectly natural.

I remember also, once, there were iron hoops (I don't know if they still exist) bordering the lawns in the *Bois de Boulogne* – and I used to take a walk on them! It was a challenge I threw to my brother (there was a difference of sixteen months between us, he was older – and much better behaved too!). I told him, "Can you walk on these?" "Leave me alone," he answered, "it's not interesting." "Just watch!" I told him. And I started walking on them, with such ease! As if I had done it all my life. It was the same phenomenon: I felt weightless.

Always the feeling of being carried: something holding me up, carrying me. And now if I compare the movement or the sensation ... it's the same as that vast movement of wings – the same vibration.

After thirteen or fourteen years, it became more difficult. But before that, it was really fine.

(*silence*)

It was the same thing when I made that overmental formation (we were heading for miracles!). One day Sri Aurobindo told me I had brought down into Amrita²⁵ a force of the creative Brahma (it's the creative Word, the Word that realizes itself automatically). And I don't know what happened ... something, I can't recall what, that showed me it was working very well. Then a sort of idea occurred to me: "Why, we could try this power on mosquitoes: let mosquitoes cease to exist! What would happen?" (We were pestered by mosquitoes at the time.) Before doing it (the meditation was over, it would have been for the next time), I said to Sri Aurobindo, "Well, what if we tried with that force which responds; if we said, 'Let mosquitoes cease to exist,' we could at least get rid of them within a certain field of action, a certain field of influence, couldn't we?" So he looked at me (*with a smile*), kept silent, and, after a moment, turned to me and said, *You are in full Overmind. That is not the Truth we want to manifest.... I told you the story. It was on that occasion.*

We could have done things of that sort.

He told me (*Mother speaks with an ironic tone*), "Oh, you can certainly perform miracles! People will be wonderstruck."

(*silence*)

But I found a far lovelier miracle.... It was at Tlemcen, I was playing the piano, I don't recall what (a Beethoven or a Mozart piece). Théon had a piano (because his English secretary used to play the piano), and this piano was in his drawing room, which was on a level with the mountain, halfway up, almost at the top. That is to say, you had to climb two flights of stairs inside the house to reach the drawing room, but the drawing room had large French doors opening out onto the mountainside – it was very beautiful. So then, I used to play in the afternoon, with the French doors wide open. One day, when I finished playing, I turned around to get up, and what did I see but a big toad, all warts – a huge toad – and it was going puff, puff, puff (you know how they inflate and deflate), it was inflating and deflating, inflating and deflating ... as though it were in seventh heaven! It had never heard anything so marvelous! It was all alone, as big as this, all round, all black, all warts, between those high doors – French doors wide open to the sun and light. It sat in the middle. It went on for a little while, then when it saw the music was over, it turned around, hop-hop-hopped ... and vanished.

That admiration of a toad filled me with joy! It was charming.

(*silence*)

Also when I was eleven or twelve, my mother rented a cottage at the edge of a forest: we didn't have to go through the town. I used to go and sit in the forest all alone. I would sit lost in reverie. One day (it happened often), one day some squirrels had come, several birds, and also (*Mother opens her eyes wide*), deer, looking on.... How lovely it was! When I opened my eyes and saw them, I found it charming – they scampered away.

The memory of all these things returned AFTERWARDS, when I met Théon – long afterwards, when I was more than twenty, that is, more than ten years later. I met Théon and got the explanation of these things, I understood. Then I remembered all that had happened to me, and I thought, "Well! ..." Because Madame Théon said to me (I told her all my childhood stories), she said to me, "Oh, but I know, you are THAT, the stamp of THAT is on you." ([This line indicates that Madame Theon, like Sri Aurobindo knew that The Mother was Avatara and the Divine Mother.](#)) I thought over what she had said, and I saw it was indeed true. All those experiences I had were very clear indications that there were certainly people in the invisible looking after me! (*Mother laughs*)

Interestingly there was nothing mental about it: I didn't know the existence of those things, I didn't know what meditation was – I meditated without the least idea of what it was. I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, my mother had kept it all completely taboo: those matters are not to be touched, they drive you crazy!

Later, the memories came back. ” The Mother/9th March-1963

Book-2, Canto 4: The Kingdoms of the Little Life

Summary

The king surveys the first kingdom created by the descent of the Life force on earth in her effort to help with the evolution of earth and in the process also put forth a creature that will restore her to her original lost glory since before her fall. This kingdom evolved from the unconscious and consisted of 3 levels of creation. The first level were the sub-conscious single celled organisms that perished almost as soon as they were born and slow evolution to plants and insects and animals. Then came an ancestor of the current mental man, a standing ape like creature/early man which was almost exclusively vitally driven with little or no reason and higher aptitude, living largely to survive. When Nature reached the apex of her creation with the second creation and found it wanting she called for the help of a higher (mental) power...the descent of this power allowed nature to put forth her 3rd creation, the current mental man, who is ruled by the mind and its instruments of logic and rationality, although a strong undercurrent of the vital force runs beneath him and still drives most of his living.

Detail -

A QUIVERING trepidant uncertain world

Born from that dolorous meeting and eclipse (the eclipse of the original Life force when it came to earth and met the dark unconscious force?) **and also (The Eclipse or the Void was due to fall and separation of Immortal Life from its origin and to mend this fall again the Life from above leaned and descended towards life in the unconscious.)**

Appeared in the emptiness where her feet had trod,

A quick obscurity, a seeking stir.

There was a writhing of half-conscious force (the initial evolution of life from matter)

Hardly awakened from the Inconscient's sleep,

Tied to an instinct-driven Ignorance (not knowledge but ignorance which is still an evolution from inconscience),

To find itself and find its hold on things.

Inheritor of poverty and loss,

Assailed by memories that fled when seized (like pleasure and joy nothing here can be grasped),

Haunted by a forgotten uplifting hope,

It strove with a blindness as of groping hands

To fill the aching and disastrous gap

Between earth-pain and the bliss from which Life fell (Life trying to bridge the gap between her original state which the Lord has referred to in the Synthesis of Yoga as the Universal Life Ocean and her state on Earth).(The

Intermediate planes between earth-pain and bliss are gross vital, subtle vital, universal vital, Supra Vital Plane, Supramental vital plane and the origin Chit of Sachchidananda)

We can refer following Supramental vibration in the physical:

“In the following conversation, (the) Mother gave a very recent example of someone cured by the supramental force acting in the material mind: "After three warnings which he didn't heed, A. [a Paris disciple], one morning, found himself half-paralyzed. And the next day, it started spreading to the other side, the left side. At that point, he gave a call – it struck him to see one side completely paralyzed and the other following suit, he saw himself going down, so he gave a call. And he says that inside a few minutes, a stupendous Force came into him and that Force said, "No!" And almost automatically, everything came to a stop. Nothing came over the left side, and the right side started to improve. And when I received the first telegram informing me that A. had to take to his bed because of an 'attack' (a 'heart attack,' they said, but it wasn't the heart, it was an embolism in the brain), with the telegram in my hands, I saw, written OVER the telegram's words: 'It's nothing, no need to worry!' So I said coolly, 'Oh' it's nothing, no need to worry.' (*Mother laughs*) Then the letter came with all the details: thrombosis, and so on. But he says he feels a Force [near Mother] that's not in his ordinary little life over there, he finds it makes all the difference – it's something which gives a LIFE that's not in his ordinary little life in France. Anyhow, this is something like a miracle." The Mother/1963

**A world that ever seeks for something missed,
Hunts for the joy that earth has failed to keep (Earth was too weak/not ready to hold the force of the Original (Higher) Vital (Plane).)**

“For from the divine Bliss, the original Delight of existence, the Lord of Immortality comes pouring the wine of that Bliss, the mystic *Soma*, into these jars of mentalised living matter; eternal and beautiful, he enters into these sheaths of substance for the integral transformation of the being and nature.” **Sri Aurobindo**

CWSA-21/The Life Divine-275

Too near to our gates its unappeased unrest
For peace to live on the inert solid globe:
It has joined its hunger to the hunger of earth (the hunger of the Vital to rejoin its original state is now joined to the hunger of earth to evolve),
It has given the law of craving to our lives,
It has made our spirit's need a **fathomless gulf**.
An (Divine) Influence entered mortal night and day,
A shadow overcast the time-born race;

In the troubled stream where leaps a blind heart-pulse
And the nerve-beat of feeling wakes in sense
Dividing Matter's sleep from conscious Mind,
There strayed a call that knew not why it came (perhaps it no longer remembers why it answered earth's call...Mother(Maa Krishna) was Life not aware of the darkness of inconscience ruling over earth when she descended? (Initially there was no darkness of falsehood, no Ignorance, no suffering, no death there was only Sachchidananda everywhere) If she was aware of it would she not have known if she could conquer it or not?). (When the Divine attributes of Sat which wanted to manifest as Brahman, Ishwara and Purusha, Chit wanted to manifest as Knowledge and Power of Truth, Ananda wanted to manifest as Love, Delight and Beauty, they separated from each other by losing their original unity and hence Delight became Suffering, Knowledge became Ignorance, Immortal Life became Death and Truth became Falsehood. Now the evolution becomes possible because the original Power of Sachchidananda is still concealed in the core of Ignorance, Suffering, Falsehood and Death.)

A (Supra-vital) Power beyond earth's scope has touched the earth (Vital plane);

The repose that might have been can be no more;

A formless yearning passions in man's heart (of true vital being) (unlike the mind of plants and animals , man has an inner yearning that cannot be quenched by what the world offers and constants pricks at him from within to seek and be dissatisfied with his lot), (Heart is the centre of aspiration to unite with the Divine)

'It yearned to know, to aspire, to enjoy, to live.' (True Vital Being) Savitri-129

A cry is in his blood for happier things:

Else could he roam on a free **sunlit soil**

With the childlike pain-forgetting mind of beasts

Or live happy, unmoved, like flowers and trees.

The Might that came upon the earth to bless (the (Supra) Vital plane),

Has stayed on earth to suffer and aspire (previously there was no aspiration for higher things in this world before Life came).

The **infant laugh** that rang through time is hushed:

Man's natural joy of life is overcast

And sorrow is his nurse of destiny (because he no longer just a dumb animal...the longing/aspiration for higher things has been planted in him).

The animal's thoughtless joy is left behind (Animals are primarily vital creatures with either no or little mental influence, this lack of a proper mind means that they are not burdened with thought and little emotion apart from instinct),

Care and reflection burden his daily walk (thoughts, emotions);

He has risen to greatness (out of the animal) and to discontent (the burden of duality),

He is awake to the Invisible (he can cognise that there are forces that act on him that may not be easily captured by his physical instruments and through his evolution he can contact beings in other planes and know that his current state on earth is very mediocre compared to others). (Best understood.)

Insatiate seeker, he has all to learn (the immanent divine in him pushes him constantly to evolve and learn and the very inadequacy of his instruments which are based in ignorance are always groping and never adequate to the task...this makes his learning /mastery a never ending effort):

He has exhausted now life's surface acts (as man he has evolved and understood many of nature's mysteries as far as the surface being is concerned through science and his inner journeys), (Before entering inner world outer enjoyment of surface life must be exhausted. Or exhaustion of outer life helps to enter within.))

His being's hidden realms remain to explore (our surface being is like the tip of the iceberg (one tenth), a vaster world (nine tenth) remains to be discovered).

He becomes a mind (man is primarily a mental being), he becomes a spirit and self (through (swift) evolution/sadhana);

In his fragile tenement he grows Nature's lord (although his body is fragile and decays and subject to destruction easily, it houses an indestructible being that will one day step out as the Lord of nature). (Yes)

In him Matter wakes from its long obscure trance

Its complementary line:

"Uncoiled from the mystic ring of **Matter's trance**;" Savitri-138

(Nature uses man to help matter evolve), (Matter wakes by the invasion of the Spirit.)

In him earth feels the Godhead drawing near.

An eyeless Power that sees no more its aim,

A restless hungry energy of Will,

Life cast her seed in the body's indolent mould;

It woke from happy torpor a blind Force

Compelling it to sense and seek and feel.

In the enormous labour of the Void

Perturbing with her dreams the vast routine

And dead roll of a slumbering universe

The **mighty prisoner** struggled for release (the psychic being/personality within that evolves from life to life).

Alive with her yearning woke the inert cell,

In the heart she kindled a fire of passion and need,

Amid the deep calm of inanimate things

Arose her great voice of toil and prayer and strife.

“Above all, the **psychic being** imposes on life the law of the sacrifice of all its works as an offering to the Divine and the Eternal. Life becomes a call to that which is beyond Life; its every smallest act enlarges with the sense of the Infinite.” CWSA-23/The Synthesis of Yoga-179

A groping consciousness in a voiceless world (everything is still ignorance so a groping with little light from above is her only recourse...but in the seer/realised man who is guided by higher intuitive light, Nature finds her ideal),

A guideless sense was given her for her road;

Thought was withheld and nothing now she knew,

But all the unknown was hers to feel and clasp.

Obeying the push of unborn things towards birth

Out of her seal of insentient life she broke (from inconscience to sub conscience and beyond):

In her substance of unthinking mute soul-strength

That cannot utter what its depths divine (because the instruments were not sufficient to do so),

Awoke a blind necessity to know (blind to Her but the Soul in Her knows).

The chain that bound her she made her instrument;

Instinct was hers, the chrysalis of Truth (instinct is like a membrane that houses a deeper Truth that is not grasped by the surface mind/vital), (Yes)

And effort and growth and striving nescience.

Inflicting on the body desire and hope (our hopes and desires whip us out of our tamas),

Imposing on inconscience consciousness,

She brought into Matter's dull tenacity(Tamas)

Her anguished claim to her lost sovereign right (to regain her original state),

Her tireless search, her vexed uneasy heart,

Her wandering unsure steps, her cry for change.

In her obscure cathedral of delight

To dim **dwarf gods** she offers secret rites (the lower vital gods who trade small favours for prayers and offerings). **(Yes)(tamasic sacrifice)**

“Sattwic men offer sacrifice to the gods, the rajasic to the Yakshas (the keepers of wealth) and the Rakshasic forces, the others, the tamasic, offer their sacrifice to elemental powers, *pretan*, and grosser spirits, *bhutaganan*.” The Gita-17.4

But vain unending is the sacrifice,

The priest an ignorant mage who only makes (The priest of sacrifice is an ignorant magician)

Futile mutations in the altar’s plan

And casts blind hopes into a powerless flame (the lower vital gods have no power to change the ignorance and lower nature).

A burden of transient gains (passing gains that are elusive) weighs down her steps

And hardly under that load can she advance (the weight of tamas and inconscience);

But the hours cry to her, she travels on

Passing from thought to thought, from want to want;

Her greatest progress is a deepened need.

Matter dissatisfies, she turns to Mind;

She conquers earth, her field, then claims the heavens.

[Its complementary line:](#)

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- “There are brighter earths and wider heavens than ours.”
Savitri-111
- “Heaven’s joys might have been earth’s if **earth were pure**”
Savitri-123
- “She conquers earth, her field, then claims the heavens.”
Savitri-134
- “Earth she would lift to neighbourhood with heaven,”
Savitri-196
- “Earth’s consciousness may marry with the Sun,”
Savitri-256
- “She made earth her home, for whom heaven was too small.”
Savitri-275
- “Earth was the comrade of a happy sun.”
Savitri-351
- “Earth couched alone with her great lover Heaven,”
Savitri-390
- “Earth shall be made a home of Heaven’s light, “
Savitri-451
- “Earth must transform herself and equal Heaven
Or Heaven descend into earth’s mortal state.”
Savitri-486
- “Her Spirit saw the world as living God;”
Savitri-556
- “Heaven ever young and earth too firm and old”
Savitri-603
- “Too far thy heavens for me from suffering men.
Imperfect is the joy not shared by all.”
Savitri-686
- “Make earth almost the mate and peer of heaven,”
Savitri-706

Insensible, breaking the work she has done (she destroys what she has created and starts again always striving for the perfection of her original state)

The stumbling ages over her labour pass,

But still no great transforming light came down (before the supramental

descent, no other force could transform her)

Its complementary line:

“Hard is it to persuade earth nature’s change”	Savitri-7
“But still no great transforming light came down”	Savitri-134
“Our instruments have not that greater light, Our will tunes not with the eternal Will,”	Savitri-161
“Against all higher truth their stuff rebels;”	Savitri-163
“This was the law of things none dreamed to change:”	Savitri-228
“Abhorring change as an audacious sin,”	Savitri-245
“Immutable laws man has no right to change,”	Savitri-246
“A firm shape of Nature never to be changed,”	Savitri-246
“And feels the cold rigid limbs of lifeless Law.”	Savitri-457
“(Death said) Where Nature changes not, man cannot change:”	Savitri-643
“Vain the soul’s hope if changeless Law is all:”	Savitri-651

And no revealing rapture touched her fall.

Only a glimmer sometimes splits mind’s sky (rare touches of spiritual light reaches her)

Justifying the ambiguous providence

That makes of night a path to unknown dawns

Or a dark clue to some diviner state.

In Nescience began her mighty task,

In Ignorance (which is a stage in evolution before knowledge) she pursues the unfinished work,

For knowledge (worldly knowledge not the self revealed knowledge) **(Partial self-revealed knowledge but not the integral Knowledge)** gropes, but meets not Wisdom's face.

Ascending slowly with unconscious steps,

A foundling of the Gods she wanders here

Like a **child-soul** left near the gates of Hell

Fumbling through fog in search of Paradise.

“Hatred and disliking and scorn and repulsion, clinging and attachment and preference are natural, necessary, inevitable at a certain stage: they attend upon or they help to make and maintain Nature's choice in us. But to the Karmayogin they are a survival, a stumbling-block, a process of the Ignorance and, as he progresses, they fall away from his nature. The **child-soul** needs them for its growth; but they drop from an adult in the divine culture. In the God-nature to which we have to rise there can be an adamantine, even a destructive severity but not hatred, a divine irony but not scorn, a calm, clear-seeing and forceful rejection but not repulsion and dislike. Even what we have to destroy, we must not abhor or fail to recognise as a disguised and temporary movement of the Eternal.” CWSA/23/The Synthesis of Yoga-223

Below verse describes the Subconscient evolution

In **this slow ascension** he (man) must follow her pace

Even from her faint and dim subconscious start:

Its complementary line:

“A mystic slow transfiguration works.”	Savitri-632
“A slow reversal’s movement then took place.”	Savitri-101
“In this slow ascension he must follow her pace”	Savitri-135
“Then slowly it gathers mass, looks up at Light.”	Savitri-140
“Planned so to start her slow aeonic game.”	Savitri-141
“And a slow unmasking of the spirit in things,”	Savitri-154
“She forced on life a slow and faltering pace;”	Savitri-223
“Only a slow advance the earth can bear.”	Savitri-244
“He sees the long results of an all-wise Force”	Savitri-457
“Imposing on the slow reluctant years The flaming will that reigns beyond the stars,”	Savitri-588
“Be still and tardy in the slow wise world.”	Savitri-651
“And the slow evolution’s sluggard steps,”	Savitri-693

A slow evolution binds our Soul and Nature to strange uneasy compromise and leads us towards an inevitable doom or through slow ascension we must grow in light and force and rise at last to the higher Spiritual destiny. It limits the mental activities to immediate practical problems and immediate tangible results and learns by failure and progresses by fall. Slow change is generally experienced when our centre of living begins to undulate in between the surface physical Self and subliminal Self. Or when there is a rift created in the surface physical Sheath, either through violent aspiration or through consecration or through purification of the being, a contact is made with our inner Self and Truth vibration infiltrates into the falsehood resulting in slow change of nature.

Like individual evolution in Ignorance, the collective evolution of earth is also a slow process through long ordeal or a slow labour of mind or confident steps through Nature's slow great hands and it cannot bear the intense original flame of the Supreme and earth sinks down into mire with the weight of the Infinite. As long as 'A Nature hostile to the Mother-Force' or 'A Nature that denied the eternal Truth,' to wait for a slow miracle of change is a safe passage or it is better to live for the slow paced omniscient purpose and force the reluctant mould to grow conscious of its Source. It is only impatience towards time that would make splendid haste on Fate's slow road. Then with the long-slow infiltration of Truth vibration we reach a point where 'Nature's plastic and protean change' is realised or 'Matter (becomes) plastic (and passive) to spiritual light' and dull earth is changed to sudden rapture. Then the outer limiting nature is lifted by a happier breath and is ready to be exposed towards high change, total change and instantaneous change demanded by the all-shaping Fire.

So only can earth's **last salvation** come. (**Restoration of Sachchidananda**

Consciousness in the whole of humanity is earth's last salvation.)

Its complementary line:

"Thus came his soul's release from Ignorance,
His mind and body's **first spiritual** change."

Savitri-44

"She knew that **first** she must discover her soul.
Only who save themselves can others save."

Savitri-501

"A **first perfection's stage** is reached at last;"

Savitri-531

"In this slow ascension he must follow her pace
Even from her faint and dim subconscious start:
So only can earth's **last salvation** come."

Savitri-135

"And still the **last inviolate secret** hides...
A large white line has figured as a goal,
But far beyond the ineffable suntracks blaze:
What seemed the **source and end** was a wide gate,
A **last bare step** to eternity."

Savitri-311

"A **last end** of far lines of divinity,
He mounts by a frail thread to his **high source**;
He reaches his fount of immortality,
He calls the Godhead into his mortal life."

Savitri-486

“She climbs to the **summits** where the unborn Idea
Remembering the future that must be”

Savitri-632

“A **few** have dared the **last supreme ascent**
And break through borders of blinding light above,
And feel a breath around of mightier air,
Receive a vaster being’s messages
And bathe in its immense intuitive Ray.”

Savitri-659

“Abandoning the dubious middle Way,
A **few** shall glimpse the miraculous **Origin**
And some shall feel in you (**Savitri**) the secret Force
And they shall turn to meet a nameless tread,
Adventurers into a mightier Day.”

Savitri-704

‘Truth supreme’ is identified as the last *siddhi* of integral Yoga, in that **supreme state of trance** Subconscient and Inconscient sheaths are transformed into Superconscient sheath and there will be no longer any Ignorance, Falsehood, suffering and Death.

“The sacrifice and the divine return for our sacrifice then become a gladly accepted means towards our **last perfection**; for it is recognised now as the road to the fulfilment in us of the eternal purpose.” The Synthesis of Yoga-107

For so only could he know the obscure cause

Of all that holds us back and baffles God

In the jail-delivery of the imprisoned soul.

Along swift paths of (**Spiritual**) **fall** through dangerous gates

He chanced into a grey obscurity (**he enters a new region..the region of the little life**)

“The sadhaka has not only to think and know but to see and feel concretely and intensely even in the moment of the working and in its initiation and whole process that his works are not his at all, but are coming through him from the Supreme Existence. He must be always aware of a Force, a Presence, a Will that acts through his individual nature. But there is in taking this turn the danger that he may confuse his own disguised or sublimated ego or an inferior power with the Lord and substitute its demands for the supreme dictates. He may fall into a common ambush of this lower nature and distort his supposed surrender to a higher Power into an excuse for a magnified and uncontrolled indulgence of his own self-will and even of his desires and passions. A great sincerity is asked for and has to be imposed not only on the conscious mind but still more on the subliminal part of us which is full of

hidden movements. For there is there, especially in our **subliminal vital nature**, an incorrigible charlatan and actor. The sadhaka must first have advanced far in the elimination of desire and in the firm equality of his soul towards all workings and all happenings before he can utterly lay down the burden of his works on the Divine. At every moment he must proceed with a vigilant eye upon the deceits of the ego and the ambushes of the misleading Powers of Darkness who ever represent themselves as the one Source of Light and Truth and take on them a simulacrum of divine forms in order to capture the soul of the seeker.” CWSA/23/The Synthesis of Yoga-229-230

Teeming with instincts (which forms the basis of animals and plants) from the mindless gulfs

That pushed to wear a form and win a place (evolving from inconscience and sub conscience).

Life here was intimate with Death and Night (falsehood, (suffering) and ignorance)

And ate Death's food (one form of life lives off another form of life, for one to live another must die) **that she might breathe awhile** (nature recycles her forms);

She was their inmate and adopted waif.

Accepting subconsciousness, in dumb darkness' reign

A sojourner, she hoped not any more.

There far away from Truth and luminous thought

He saw the original seat, the separate birth

Of the dethroned, deformed and suffering Power (the point where the original vital power lost its lustre).

An unhappy face of falsity made true,

A contradiction of our divine birth,
Indifferent to beauty and to light,
Parading she flaunted her animal disgrace
Unhelped by camouflage, brutal and bare,
An authentic image recognised and signed
Of her outcast force exiled from heaven and hope,
Fallen, glorying in the vileness of her state,
The grovel of a strength once half divine,
The graceless squalor of her beast desires,
The staring visage of her ignorance,
The naked body of her poverty.
Here first she crawled out from her **cabin of mud** (the inert earth)
Where she had lain inconscient, rigid, mute:
Its narrowness and torpor held her still,
A darkness clung to her uneffaced by Light.
There neared no touch redeeming from above:
The upward look was alien to her sight (animals all face down, man was first to
look upwards),
Forgotten the fearless godhead of her walk (She was not in touch with the
souls within, the Psychic being);
Renounced was the glory and felicity,
The **adventure** in the **dangerous** fields of Time:
“A limited mental intelligence enlightening a limited mind of sense and the
capacity not always well used of a considerable extension of it by the use of
the reason are the powers by which he is at present distinguished from all
other terrestrial creatures. This sense mind, this intelligence, this reason,

however inadequate, are the instruments in which he has learned to put his trust and he has erected by their means **certain foundations** which he is not **over willing to disturb** and has traced limits outside of which he feels all to be confusion, uncertainty and **perilous adventure**. Moreover the transition to the higher principle means not only a difficult conversion of his whole mind and reason and intelligence, but in a certain sense a **reversal of their methods**. The soul climbing above a certain **critical line of change** sees all its former operations as an inferior and ignorant action and has to effect another kind of working which sets out from a different starting-point and has another kind of initiation of the energy of the being. If an animal mind were called upon to leave consciently the safe ground of sense impulse, sense understanding and instinct for the **perilous adventure** of a reasoning intelligence, it might well turn back alarmed and unwilling from the effort. The human mind would here be **called upon to make a still greater change** and, although self-conscious and **adventurous** in the circle of its possibility, might well hold this to be beyond the circle and **reject the adventure**. In fact the change is **only possible** if there is first a spiritual development on our present level of consciousness and **it can only be undertaken securely** when the mind has become aware of the greater self within, enamoured of the Infinite and confident of the presence and guidance of the Divine and his Shakti." CWSA/23/The Synthesis of Yoga-800-01

"But if an entire reliance upon the guiding Light and Will and a luminous expression of the truth of the Spirit in life are to be **the law**, that would seem to presuppose a gnostic world, a world in which the consciousness of all its beings was founded on this basis; there it can be understood that the life-interchange of gnostic individuals in a gnostic community or communities would be by its very nature **an understanding and harmonious process**. But here, actually, there would be a life of gnostic beings proceeding within or side by side with a life of beings in the Ignorance, attempting to emerge in it or out of it, and yet the law of the two lives would seem to be contrary and to offend against each other. **A complete seclusion** or separation of the life of a spiritual community from the life of the Ignorance would then seem to

impose itself: for otherwise a compromise between the two lives would be necessary and with the compromise a danger of contamination or incompleteness of the greater existence; two different and incompatible principles of existence would be in contact and, even though the greater would influence the lesser, the smaller life would also have its effect on the greater, since such **mutual impact** is the law of all contiguity (**closeness or contact**) and interchange. It might even be questioned whether conflict and collision would not be **the first rule** of their relation, since in the life of the Ignorance there is present and active the formidable influence of **those forces of Darkness, supporters of evil** and violence, whose interest it is to contaminate or **destroy all higher Light** that enters into the human existence. An opposition and intolerance or even a persecution of all that is new or tries to rise above or break away from **the established order of the human Ignorance**, or if it is victorious, an intrusion of the lower forces into it, an acceptance by the world more **dangerous** than its opposition, and in the end an extinction, a lowering or a contamination of the new principle of life, have been a frequent phenomenon of the past; that opposition might be still more violent and a frustration might be still more likely **if a radically new light or new power were to claim the earth for its heritage**. But it is to be supposed that the new and completer light would bring also a new and completer power. It might not be necessary for it to be entirely separate; it might establish itself in so many islets and from there spread through the old

life, throwing out upon it its own influences and filtration, gaining upon it, binging to it a help and illumination which **a new aspiration in mankind** might after a time begin to understand and welcome.” CWSA/22/The Life Divine-1099-1100

Hardly she availed, wallowing, to bear and live.

A wide unquiet mist of seeking Space,
A rayless region (no light from above) swallowed in vague swathes,
That seemed, unnamed, unbodied and unhoused **Mother (Maa Krishna)** was this the initial formation of the sub conscience from inert matter? are these bodiless vital beings), **(Yes)**

A swaddled visionless and formless mind (Mother(Maa Krishna) is the Lord referring mainly to instinct when He talks about a formless mind? Because did the Mind plane not descend after the vital plane descended to earth ..so at this stage in the early groping of sub conscience would mind have even descended to earth?), **(There is subconscious mind active in plant, physical mind and vital mind which is active in animal. Subconscious mind, physical mind, vital mind have evolved from the subconsciousness of matter and not descended from above. Still they have evolved by the pressure of the mind plane from above.)**

Asked for a body to translate its soul.

Its (weak) prayer denied, it fumbled after thought.

As yet not powered to think, hardly to live (these last few verses suggest that Vital wanted a vessel that is fit enough to hold her original purity and this was

denied to her..so she sought after thought (**Higher manifestation to perfect the action of the vital**)...but is thought not more subtle than a body?) ,
(**Yes, vital is more subtle than body, mind is more subtle than vital or sense, intellect is more subtle than mind and Akshyara Purusha or Spiritual being is more subtle than the intellect.**)

It opened into a weird and pigmy world (**lower vital world?**) Yes world of little life.

Where this unhappy magic had its source. (In Subconscient.)

On dim confines where Life and Matter meet (**true and happy meeting takes place in true physical and true vital being.**)

He wandered among things half-seen, half-guessed,

Pursued by ungrasped beginnings and lost ends.

There life was born but died before it could live (**much like the life of some insects where live span is very short**).

There was no solid ground, no constant drift;

Only some flame of mindless Will (**Mother (Maa Krishna), this suggests that it was not the will of Mind but perhaps the Will of another being?**) had power.

(**The Divine Will, which is responsible for carrying ahead the creation.**)

Himself was dim to himself, half-felt, obscure, (**lower vital plane.**)

As if in a struggle of the Void to be.

In strange domains where all was living sense

But mastering thought was not nor cause nor rule,

Only a crude **child-heart cried** for toys of bliss,

Mind flickered, a disordered **infant glow**,

And random shapeless energies drove towards form

And took each wisp-fire for a guiding sun.

This blindfold force could place no thinking step;

Asking for light she followed darkness' clue.

An **inconscious Power** groped towards consciousness,

Matter smitten by Matter glimmered to sense,

Blind contacts, **slow** reactions beat out sparks

Of instinct from a cloaked subliminal bed,

Sensations crowded, dumb **substitutes** for thought (**vital instinct but no reasoned thought**),

Perception answered Nature's wakening blows (**blows were necessary to awaken any finer instruments, as all was so dominated by tamas**)

But still was a mechanical response (**not driven by a higher light**),

A jerk, a leap, a start in Nature's dream,

And rude unchastened impulses jostling ran

Heedless of every motion but their own

And, darkling, clashed with darker than themselves,

Free in a world of settled anarchy (**cross currents of vital forces all seeking manifestation in matter to do their bidding, Mother (Maa Krishna) this reminds**

me of all the lower vital forces unseen by man that are constantly around us

and clashing to force their influence on us). (Yes, they are the creator of all anarchy, disharmony and suffering.)

The need to exist, the instinct to survive

Engrossed the tense precarious moment's will

And an unseeing desire felt out for food.

The **gusts of Nature** were the only law (**hunger and other lower vital urges**

alone ruled),

Force wrestled with force, but no result remained (much like the lives of most men): (Only a contact with the Divine can bring desired result and Divine manifestation.)

Only were achieved a nescient grasp and drive

And feelings and instincts knowing not their source,

Sense-pleasures and sense-pangs soon caught, soon lost, (Lost because of their transient nature.)

And the brute motion of unthinking lives (again much like the lives of most human beings).

It was a vain unnecessary world (As foreseen by the three gunas.)

Whose (personal) will to be brought poor and sad results (The cause of man's doom or fixed destiny.)

And **meaningless suffering and a grey unease.** (So to this little life divine contact is to be made.)

Nothing seemed worth the labour to become.

But judged not so his spirit's wakened eye (his inner vision knew the reason of the existence of this sorry state).

As shines a solitary witness star

That burns apart, Light's lonely sentinel,

In the drift and teeming of a mindless Night,

A single thinker in an aimless world

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.

Its complementary line:

"Even when we fail to look into our souls

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*

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

"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

The **first writhings** of the cosmic **serpent** Force (Vital pranic force/kundalini?)

(This is King Aswapati's Spiritual experience of opening of six or seven chakras from below as experienced by traditional Yogis. For integral Yogis these chakras open from above downward.)

Uncoiled from the mystic ring of **Matter's trance;** (**Kundalini is coiled in the
inconscious base**)

Its complementary line:

*"In him Matter wakes from its long **obscure trance**" Savitri-133*

It raised its head in the warm air of life.
It could not cast off yet Night's stiffening sleep
Or wear as yet mind's wonder-flecks and streaks (did not rise up to the mental
plane as yet),
Put on its jewelled hood the crown of soul (Opening of anahata chakra or

the Psychic being.)

Or stand erect in the blaze of spirit's sun (snake standing erect with open hood). **(The rise of kundalini to meet the Supramental sun above the head.)**

As yet were only seen foulness and force,

The secret crawl of consciousness to light

Through a fertile slime of lust and battering sense (lust is a force that has helped us evolve, but now is the bar), (Opening of the chakra from below also activates desire Soul of lust. Without purity and without the presence of the Guru one may experience Spiritual fall. So in ancient time, only fit, pure and strong Souls are initiated. In integral Yoga these chakras open from above down ward and so the spiritual being above the head opens first. Then by its pressure other chakras open. In this method the Spiritual fall is avoided and the presence of physical Guru is not required.)

Following extracts give more knowledge on Kundalini:

“One of the very first results of the supramental manifestation was to give the body a freedom and an autonomy it has never before known. And when I say freedom, I don't mean some psychological perception or an inner state of consciousness, but something else and far better – it is a new phenomenon in the body, in the cells of the body. For the first time, the cells themselves have felt that they are free, that they have the power to decide. When the new vibrations came and combined with the old ones, I felt it at once and it showed me that a new world was really taking birth.

In its normal state, the body always feels that it is not its own master: illnesses invade it without its really being able to resist them – a thousand factors impose themselves or exert pressure upon it. Its sole power is the power to defend itself, to react. Once the illness has got in, it can fight and overcome it – even modern medicine has acknowledged that the body is cured only when it decides to get cured; it is not the drugs *per se* that heal, for if the ailment is temporarily suppressed by a drug without the body's will, it grows up again elsewhere in some other form until the body itself has decided to be cured. But this implies only a defensive power, the power to react against an invading enemy – it is not true freedom.

But with the supramental manifestation, something new has taken place in the body: it feels it is its own master, autonomous, with its two feet solidly on the ground, as it were. This gives a physical impression of the whole being suddenly drawing itself up, with its head lifted high – I am my own master.

We live perennially with a burden on our shoulders, something that bows our heads down, and we feel pulled, led by all kinds of external forces, we don't know by whom or what, nor where to – this is what men call Fate, Destiny. When you do yoga, one of the first experiences – the experience of the *kundalini*, as it is called here in India – is precisely one in which the consciousness rises, breaks through this hard 'lid,' here, at the crown of the head, and at last you emerge into the Light. Then you see, you know, you decide and you realize – difficulties may still remain, but truly speaking one is above them. Well, as a result of the supramental manifestation,

it is THIS experience that came into the body. The body straightened its head up and felt its freedom, its independence.

During the flu epidemic, for example, I spent every day in the midst of people who were germ carriers. And one day, I clearly felt that the body had decided not to catch this flu. It asserted its autonomy. You see, it was not a question of the higher Will deciding, no. It didn't take place in the highest consciousness: the body itself decided. When you are way above in your consciousness, you see things, you know things; but in actual fact, once you descend again into matter, it is like water running through sand. In this respect, things have changed, the body has a DIRECT power, independent of any outer intervention. Even though it is barely visible, I consider this to be a very important result.

And this new vibration in the body has allowed me to understand the mechanism of the transformation. It is not something that comes from a higher Will, not a higher consciousness that imposes itself upon the body: it is the body itself awakening in its cells, a freedom of the cells themselves, an absolutely new vibration that sets disorders right – even disorders that existed prior to the supramental manifestation.

Naturally, all this is a gradual process, but I am hopeful that little by little this new consciousness will grow, gain ground and victoriously resist the old forces of destruction and annihilation, and this Fatality we believed to be so inexorable.” The Mother/17th October, 1957

“The Muladhara is the centre of the physical consciousness proper, and all below in the body is the sheer physical, which as it goes downward becomes increasingly subconscious, but the real seat of the subconscious is below the body, as the real seat of the higher consciousness (superconscious) is above the body.” Sri Aurobindo/(*Bases of Yoga*, p. 133)

“This “rising of the **kundalini**,” I had it in ... I was still in Paris. It was before I came to India. I had read Vivekananda's books about it.... And when the Force rose, it emerged from the head through here (*gesture at the top of the head*); the [classic] experience was never described in that way. The Force came out and the consciousness settled here (*gesture about eight inches above the head*). So when I came here, I told Sri Aurobindo about it; he told me it had been the same thing with him, and that according to the teaching of [ancient] texts, you “cannot” live when that takes place: you die! So ... (*laughing*) he told me, “Here are two who haven't died!”

The consciousness has remained there (*gesture above*), it didn't come down again; it's there, its always there.

Q: But I often feel it there. I don't know if it's an illusion, but I feel it there much more often than below.

Yes. Oh, but it must be communicable.

Here, slightly above the head (*same gesture about eight inches*), like this.

Whenever I try to know something, it's always the same: everything stops and I listen there (*gesture above*), that's where I listen.

(*silence*)

And then, when I went back from here [to France, in 1915] ... I did something deliberately: all the energies of the last center [at the base of the spine] were drawn up here (*gesture to the heart*).

But I felt centers BELOW the feet.

I felt a center below the feet....

(There was one below the feet, one at the knees, one here (*gesture at the base of the spine*), and all of it (*Mother gestures, drawing the energies upward*), like this, drawn up, and it came here (*gesture to the heart*).

Does Sri Aurobindo speak of that transformation of the subconscious and its becoming conscious?

Q: Yes, Mother, he speaks of it.

That's what took place when the energies were drawn here: it was the result.

(*long silence*)

The moment I came here, I no longer concerned myself with the body: I concerned myself with the Work; but before coming here, especially between my departure from here and my return, it was ... (how much time?... I came back in 1920; I came here in 1914 and left from here in 1915, I think – from '16 to '20 I was in Japan, but I came in '14 and I think I left in 1915), from that time on, there were all those experiences [*kundalini*, etc.], in France and in Japan.

(*Mother goes into a contemplation*)

Q: But, Mother, what I'd like to understand, it's that since you withdrew to this room [in 1962] for the body's transformation, you've never mentioned the role of the chakras, while in The Supramental Manifestation, Sri Aurobindo seems to attach to them a decisive importance in the body's transformation. He frequently refers to them, as if they were a key element.

(*after a silence*)

What I am conscious of is the Consciousness there (*gesture above*); that's something unchanging. This (*gesture to the forehead*): blank. If it starts stirring, its very uncomfortable, but generally it doesn't stir at all – one day it stirred for a few minutes, and it was extremely unpleasant. It's like this (*gesture like a motionless bar*), blank: a blank feeling, like blank paper.... This (*gesture from the throat to the mouth*) is the connection with people, and that's EXTREMELY unpleasant, really extremely unpleasant (I can't say), and materially it results in the deterioration of teeth and ... Very unpleasant. Here (*gesture to the heart*) ... I told you, all energies, from below the feet (*Mother gestures as if pulling it all upward*), all that was brought up to here. Here (*gesture to the heart*), it's like a sun, always. It's like a

radiant sun: that's where I work; that's where I work from.... But with the centers there (*gesture to the base of the spine*), all the energies have been as if brought up to the heart.

And that's so natural.... This and this (*gesture to the heart and above the head*), it's so natural that I don't even observe it anymore: it's my way of being. But the consciousness isn't centered in the body, and the body is felt ... almost like a transmitting pipe!" The Mother/11th July 1970

"There is something interesting (not the faintings!). You know that Z has started a yoga in the body (I didn't ask her to do anything, she did it spontaneously); she wrote to me her first experiences, and there were observations quite similar to those I had made and with an accuracy that interested me – I have encouraged her. She is going on. I don't have the time to read her letters: they're piling up there. But what I found very interesting is that yesterday I was read a letter from an English writer (a lady): she has a little group there, they meditate together, and they had a sort of Indian guru (I don't know who) who was teaching them meditation. Then they came across Sri Aurobindo's writings, and they began to study and follow his indications and try to understand. As it happened (about a year ago now), during their meditation, instead of their making an effort of ascent to awaken the Kundalini and rise towards the heights, all of a sudden the Force – the Power, the Shakti – began to descend from above downward. They informed their guru, who told them, "Very bad! Very dangerous, stop it, terrible things are going to happen to you!" That was about a year ago. They weren't quite sure that the gentleman was right and they went on, with very good results. Then, yesterday, that lady wrote, giving a detailed notation of their experiences – almost the SAME WORDS as Z! Now that's beginning to be interesting. Because it represents an impersonalization of the Action, in other words it doesn't express itself subjectively according to each individual: it has a WAY of acting.

I was very happy, I wrote her a note to congratulate her.

And I notice – from letters I receive, from remarks made to me – that the Action is becoming truly general all over the earth, and with SIMILAR effects (a slight coloration according to each individual, but that's nothing), similar effects. And it's a whole discipline, a sadhana of the body – not a mental one: of the body. So it is concrete.

(silence)

There is this phenomenon: as soon as the physical organism, with its crystallization and habits, is put in the presence of a new experience without being carefully forewarned ("Now be careful, this is a new experience!"), it is afraid. It's afraid, it panics, it worries. It depends on the person, but at the very least, in the most courageous, in the most trusting, it creates an uneasiness – it begins with a slight pain or a slight uneasiness. Some are afraid immediately; then it's all over: the experience stops, it has to be started all over again; others (like those English people I was talking about, or like Z) hold on and observe, wait, and then the "unpleasant"

effects, one may say, slowly die down, stop and turn into something else, and the experience begins to take on its own value or color.

With those faintings of sorts I told you about the other day, I observed (it went on the whole day), and I saw (saw with the inner vision): it is like the travel – at times as quick as a flash, at other times slow and very measured – of a force that starts from one point to reach another one. That force travels along a precise route, which isn't always the same and seems to include certain cells on its way: the starting point and the arrival point (*Mother draws a curve in the air*). If you aren't on your guard, if you are taken by surprise, during the passage of the force (whether long or short) you feel the same sensation ("you," meaning the body), the same sensation as before fainting: it's the phenomenon that precedes fainting. But if you are attentive, if you stay still and look, you see that it starts from one point, reaches another point, and then it's over – what that force had to do has been done, and there is no APPARENT consequence in the rest of the body.

I mentioned (not with so many details) the fact to the doctor, not in the hope that he would know, but because (it's amusing) when I speak to him, he tries to understand, of course, and then there is the mirror of his mental knowledge, and in that mirror, sometimes I find the key! (*Laughing*) You understand, the scientific key of what's going on.

As a matter of fact, it was after I spoke to him (I mentioned it to him as a sort of dizzy spell) that I was able to perceive precisely those "routes." I wondered if it wasn't the projection on a magnifying screen of phenomena taking place between different brain cells? Because those sorts of dizzy spells always follow (today there hasn't been anything at all), they always follow a moment or a day of intense aspiration for the transformation of the brain. It may be that.... You know, all those brain cells in there are hitched together, and if those "hitchings" are disturbed, generally people become deranged; and it gave me the impression of a magnifying projection enabling me to follow the connections established between certain brain cells, so that the functioning may not be the automatic, semiconscious functioning of the old state anymore and the brain may truly become the instrument of the higher Force. Because the formula of my aspiration is always, "Lord, take possession of this brain," and it's always after this intense aspiration that those kinds of phenomena occur. So it is to prepare the brain to be the direct expression of the higher Force.

This is what I have learned these last few days.

I also noted something down, an experience I had this morning. It lasted half an hour, and during that half-hour ... (*Mother looks for her notes among a series of little scraps of paper*) ... You know that with people who have a revelation, their state of consciousness changes all at once, and at that moment they have the feeling that everything is changed; then, the next moment, or after a certain time, they realize that all the work ... (how should I put it?) of working out the experience remains to be done; that it was only like a flash lasting a certain length of time and that they have to *work it out* through a process of transformation. This is the usual idea.

And all of a sudden, I saw – that's not it at all! When they have the experience, at the time of the experience, it is the thing ITSELF, the perfection ITSELF that has

been reached, and they are in a state of perfection; and it is because they COME OUT of it that they feel they have to slowly prepare themselves for the result.... I don't know if I am expressing myself clearly, but my notation was like this: perfection is there, always, coexisting with imperfection – perfection and imperfection are coexistent, always, and not only simultaneous, but in the SAME PLACE (*Mother presses her two hands together*), I don't know how to put it – coexistent. Which means that at any second and in any conditions, you can attain perfection: it isn't something that has to be gained little by little, through successive progress; perfection is THERE, and YOU change states, from the state of imperfection to the state of perfection; and it is the capacity to remain in that state of perfection that grows for some reason or other and gives you the feeling that you must "prepare" yourself or "transform" yourself.

That was very real and very concrete.

(Mother gives the text of her note:)

The perfection is there coexistent with the imperfection and attainable at each and any moment.

Yes, it isn't something that becomes: perfection is an absolute state that can be attained at any moment.

And then, the conclusion is very interesting (*Mother looks for another scrap of paper*).... You remember, I told you that for the body consciousness, the problem that remains hard to solve is that notion (to me, it has become just a notion, it isn't a truth), of the pre-existence of all things: of the state in which each thing IS, even in its unfolding.... You understand, it would be as if all the POINTS of the unfolding were preexistent.

I was on the threshold of an understanding (an "understanding": I am not talking about a mental understanding, I am talking about the experience of the fact). The experience of the fact is the experience of the coexistence of the static state and the state of development – of the eternal static state and the state of eternal unfolding (indefinite, rather, not to use the same word). Then, at that point, there was this vision (*Mother holds out a note*):

"When the truth manifests, the false vibration disappears ...

Disappears, it is CANCELED ("CANCELED" is the word).

"... as if it had never existed, before the vibration of truth that replaces it. This is the real basis of the theory of Illusion."

Yes, all of a sudden I understood what they really meant when they said that the physical world as it is is illusory.

You can say it is illusory only if it has no lasting existence, of course. And this experience – which I saw, felt, lived – is that the vibration of truth literally CANCELS the vibration of falsehood, which doesn't exist – it existed only as an illusion for the false consciousness we have.

I don't know if I am making myself understood, but it's very interesting." The Mother/12th November-1964

"I have something to tell you now.... We'll work later.

In the middle of the night before last, I woke up (or rather I returned to an external consciousness) with the feeling of having a much larger (by larger I mean more voluminous) and much more powerful being in my body than I usually have. it was as if it could scarcely be held inside me but was spilling over; and SO COMPACTLY POWERFUL that it was almost uncomfortable. The feeling of: what to do with all this?

It lasted the remainder of the night and all day long I had considerable trouble containing an overwhelming power that spontaneously created reactions utterly disproportionate to a human body and made me speak in a way that.... When something was not going well: wham! Such an instantaneous and strong reply that it looked like anger. And I found it difficult to control the movement – it had happened already in the morning and it very nearly happened again in the afternoon. 'That last attack has weakened me terribly!' I told myself, I don't have the strength to contain this Power; it's difficult to remain calm and controlled.' That was my first thought, so I insisted upon calm.

Then yesterday afternoon, when I went upstairs to walk, a couple of things occurred – not personal, but of a general nature – concerning, for instance, certain old-fashioned conventions having to do with women and their particular nature (not psychological, physical) – old ideas like that which had always seemed utterly stupid to me suddenly provoked a kind of reprobation completely out of proportion to the fact itself.

Then one or two other things happened in regard to certain people, certain circumstances (nothing to do with me personally: it came from here and there). Then suddenly, I saw a Force coming ('coming,' well, 'manifesting') which was the same as that 'thing' I had felt within me but even bigger; it began whirling upon the earth and within circumstances ... oh, like a cyclone of compact power moving forward with the intention of changing all this! It had to change. At all costs, it must change!

I was above, as usual (*Mother points above her head, indicating the higher consciousness*), and I looked at that (*Mother bends over, as if looking down at the earth*), and said to myself, 'Hmm, this is getting dangerous. If it continues like this, it will result in ... in a war or a revolution or some catastrophe – a tidal wave or an earthquake.' So I tried to counteract it by applying the highest consciousness to it, that of a perfect serenity. And I saw especially that this consciousness has been missioned to transform the earth through the Supermind and by the supramental Force, avoiding all catastrophes as far as possible: the Work is to be done as luminously and harmoniously as the earth would allow, even by going at a slower

pace if need be. That was the idea. And I tried to counteract that whirlwind power with this consciousness.

(long silence)

I must say that after this, when I read *The Secret of the Veda* as I do each evening.... In fact, I am in very close contact with the entire Vedic world since I've been reading that book: I see beings, hear phrases.... It comes up in a sort of subliminal consciousness, a lot of things are from the ancient Vedic tradition. (By the way, I have even come to see that the pink marble bathtub I told you about last time, which Nature had offered me, belongs to the Vedic world, to a civilization of that epoch.) There were – there are always – Sanskrit words coming up, sentences, bits of dialogue.... This is of interest, because I realized that what I had seen the other day (I told you about it) and then what I saw yesterday – that whole domain – was connected to what the Vedas call the dasyus – the *panis* and the dasyus – the enemies of the Light. And this Force that came was very clearly a power like Indra's²³ (though something far, far greater), and at war with darkness everywhere, like this (*Mother sketches in space a whirling force touching points here and there throughout the world*), this Force attacked all darkness: ideas, people, movements, events, whatever made stains, patches of shadow. And it kept on going, a formidable power, so great that my hands were like this (*Mother clenches her fists*). Later when I read (I happened to be reading just the chapter concerning the fight against the *dasyus*), this proximity to my own experience became interesting, for it was not at all intellectual or mental – there was no idea, no thought involved.

The remainder of the evening passed as usual. I went to bed, and at exactly a quarter to twelve I got up with the feeling that this 'presence' in me had increased even further and really become rather formidable.... I had to instill a great deal of peace and confidence into my body, which felt as though ... it wasn't so easy to bear. So I concentrated, I told my body to be calm and to let itself go completely. At midnight I was lying in bed. (And I remained there from midnight until I o'clock fully awake. I don't know if my eyes were open or closed, but I was wide awake, NOT IN TRANCE – I could hear all the noises, the clocks, and so forth.) Then, lying flat, my entire body (but a slightly enlarged body, exceeding the purely physical form) became ONE vibration, extremely rapid and intense but immobile. I don't know how to explain this, because it did not move in space but was a vibration (that is, it wasn't motionless); yet it was motionless in space. And the exact form of my body was absolutely the most brilliant white Light of the supreme Consciousness, the consciousness OF the Supreme. It was IN the body and it was as though in EACH cell there was a vibration, and it was all part of a single BLOCK of vibration. It extended this much beyond the body (*gesture indicating about six centimeters*). I was absolutely immobile in my bed. Then, WITHOUT MOVING, without shifting, it began consciously to rise up – without moving, you understand: I remained like this (*Mother holds her two joined and motionless hands at the level of her forehead, as if her entire body were mounting in prayer*) – consciously ... like an ascension of this consciousness²⁴ towards the supreme Consciousness.

The body was stretched out flat.

And for a quarter of an hour, the consciousness rose, rose, without moving. It kept rising up, up, up – until ... the junction was made.

A conscious junction, absolutely awake, NO TRANCE.

Thus the consciousness became the ONE Consciousness: perfect, eternal, outside time, outside space, outside movement ... beyond everything, in ... I don't know, in an ecstasy, a beatitude, something ineffable.

(silence)

It was the consciousness OF THE BODY.

I have had this experience before in exteriorization and trance, but this time it was THE BODY, the consciousness of the body.

It remained like that for a certain time (I knew it was a quarter of an hour because the clock chimed), but it was completely outside time. It was an eternity.

Then, with the same precision, the same calm, the same deliberate, clear and concentrated consciousness (absolutely NOTHING MENTAL), I began to come back down. And as I was descending, I realized that all the difficulty I had been fighting the other day and which had created this illness was absolutely ended, ANNULLED – mastered. Actually, it was not even mastery but the non-existence of anything to be mastered: Simply THE vibration from top to bottom; yet there was neither high nor low nor any direction. And it went on like that. After this, Slowly, Still WITHOUT MOVING, everything went back into each of the different centers of the being. [41] (Ah, let me say parenthetically that it wasn't AT ALL the ascent of a force like the ascent of the Kundalini! It had absolutely nothing to do with the Kundalini movement and the centers, it wasn't that at all.) But while re-descending, it was as though WITHOUT LEAVING THIS STATE, without leaving this state which remained conscious ALL the time, this supreme Consciousness began to reactivate the different centers: first here (*Mother points to the center above the head and then touches the crown of the head, the forehead, throat, chest, etc.*) then there, there, there. At each there was a pause while this new realization organized everything. It organized and made the necessary decisions, sometimes down to the most minute details: what had to be done in this case or said in that case; and all of that TOGETHER, at once, not one by one but seen entirely as a whole. It kept on descending – I noted many things, it was extremely interesting – down and down, farther and farther, right to the depths. Everything went on at the same time, simultaneously, and at the same time this supreme Consciousness was organizing everything separately.

This descending reorganization ended exactly when the clock struck one. At that moment I knew that I had to go into trance for the work to be perfected, but until then I was wide awake.

So I slipped into trance.

I came out of this trance two hours later, at 3 a.m. And during these two hours I saw ... with a new consciousness, a new vision, and above all a NEW POWER – I had a vision of the entire Work: all the people, all the things, all the systems, all of it.

And it was ... it was different in appearance (this is only because appearances depend upon the needs of the moment), but mainly it differed IN POWER – A considerable difference. Considerable. The power itself was no longer the same.²⁷

A truly ESSENTIAL change in the body has occurred.

I see that the body will have to – how can I express it? ... It will have to accustom itself to this new Power. But essentially the change has been accomplished.

It's not ... it is far, very far from being the final change, there's a lot more to be done. But we may say that it's the conscious and total presence of the supramental Force in the body.

(silence)

When I got up today, I was going over all this to myself, and my first instinct was not to speak of it, to observe and see what would happen; but then I received a distinct and precise Command to tell it to you this morning. The experience had to be noted down just as it occurred, recorded in its exact form.

In the body now, there is a very clear ... not only a certitude, but a *feeling* that a certain omnipotence is not far away, and that very soon when it sees ('it' sees ... 'it'! There is only one 'It' in this whole affair, which is neither 'he' nor 'she' nor ...), when it sees that something must be, it automatically will be.

There is still a long, long way to go. But the first step on the way has been taken." The Mother/ **January 24, 1961**

"Q: But then what is this consciousness we feel like a force inside us? For instance, sometimes in meditation it rises, then descends; it's not fixed anywhere. What is this consciousness?"

The Shakti!

Some receive it from above; for others, it rises from below (*gesture to the base of the spine*). As I once told you, the old system always proceeds from below upwards, while Sri Aurobindo pulls from above downwards. This becomes very clear in meditation (well, in yoga, in yogic experience): for those who follow the old system, it's invariably the *kundalini* at the base [of the spine] rising from center to center, center to center, until the lotus (*in an ironic tone*) bursts open here *gesture at the crown of the head*). With Sri Aurobindo, it comes like this (*gesture of descending Force*) and then settles here (*above the head*); it enters, and from there it comes down, down, down, everywhere, to the very bottom, and even below the feet – the subconscious – and lower still, the inconscient. It's the Shakti. He said, you know (I am still translating it), that the shakti drawn up from below (this is what happens in the individual process) is already what could be called a "veiled" shakti (it has power, but it is veiled). While the Shakti drawn down from above is a PURE Shakti; and if it can be brought down carefully and slowly enough so that it isn't (how shall I put it?) polluted or, in any case, obscured as it enters matter, then the result is immediately much better. As he has explained, if you start out with this feeling of a great power in yourself it's always a great power no matter where it awakens), there's

inevitably of the ego meddling in. But if it comes pure and you are very careful to keep it pure, not to rush the movement but let it purify as it descends, then half the work is done.

Q: It's a problem. When you contact the Superconscious and the Shakti emerges at the crown of the head, it is something rising from below, is not it? Is it then another movement, an ascending movement...?

That is the consciousness of the *jiva* [soul], the personal, individual consciousness.

Q: It's something that grows...

It is the individual consciousness. Aspiration is almost always an expression of the psychic being – the part of us that's organized around the divine center, the small divine flame deep within human beings. You see, this divine flame exists inside each human being, and little by little, through all the incarnations and karma and so on, a being takes shape around it, which Théon called the "psychic being." And when the psychic being reaches its full development, it becomes a kind of bodily or at any rate individual raiment of the soul. The soul is a portion of the Supreme – the *jiva* is the Supreme in individual form. And since there is only one Supreme, there is only one *jiva*, but with millions of individual forms. This *jiva* begins as a divine spark – immutable, eternal and infinite too (infinite in possibility rather than dimension). And through all the incarnations, whatever has received and responded to the divine Influence progressively crystallizes around the *jiva*, which becomes more and more conscious as well as more and more organized. Ultimately it becomes a completely conscious individual being, master of itself and moved exclusively by the divine Will. That is to say an individual expression of the Supreme. This is what we call the "psychic being."

Generally speaking, those who practice yoga have either a fully developed, independent psychic being which has taken birth again to do the Divine's work, or else a psychic being in its last incarnation wanting to complete its development and realize itself.

This is what aspires, this is what has the contact.

So, when you're told "become conscious of your psychic being," it's for the being formed by external Nature to contact the divine Presence through the psychic being. Then the psychic takes charge of the whole being; in fact, it is the inner Guide.... Well, when I was a little child, this "person" (which wasn't a person, but an expression of a certain consciousness and will) was actually the psychic presence; there was something else behind, but that's a rather special case. And what happened to me happens to everyone whose psychic being has deliberately incarnated: the psychic being guides your life, and if you let it act freely, it arranges ALL circumstances---it is truly wonderful!...I have seen – no only for myself but for so many people who also had conscious psychic beings – that everything is arranged with a view to ... not at all your personal egoistic satisfaction, but your ultimate

progress and realization. And all circumstances of life, even those you call "disastrous," are there to lead you where you have to go as swiftly as possible.

Yours (Satprem's) is more than a psychic being. As I have told you, your psychic being is accompanied by something which has come for a special purpose, with a particular intellectual power – a luminous, conscious power – which has come from regions higher than the mind, regions Sri Aurobindo calls the Overmind, to do a special work. It is here (gesture enveloping the chest and head) and, along with the psychic, it is trying to organise everything. This, in your psychic, is what you are feeling. It must have great power...Don't you feel a luminous force?" The

Mother/25th July-1962

Beneath the body's crust of thickened self (Mother (Maa Krishna) is this the subtle matter or ego?) (**Subtle matter, which is not free from physical ego.**)

A tardy fervent working in the dark,

The turbid yeast (like fermentation takes time) of Nature's passionate change,
Ferment of the soul's creation out of mire.

A heavenly process donned this **grey disguise**,

A fallen ignorance in its covert night

Laboured to achieve its dumb unseemly work (the descent of the Divine Mother's force into matter) ,

A camouflage of the Inconscient's need

To release the glory of God in Nature's mud. (When Sri K. Anurakta was there he told us that he had the Subconscious vision in which he was trying to come out of mud and mire. During that time we had shown him this passage

and also some other passages from Savitri.)

His sight, spiritual in embodying orbs,

Could pierce through the grey phosphorescent haze

And scan the secrets of the shifting flux

That animates **these mute and solid cells**

And leads the thought and **longing of the flesh**

And the keen lust and hunger of its will. (The above passage hints cellular transformation experience of the King.)

Its complementary lines:

“Our **body’s cells** must hold the Immortal’s flame.”

Savitri-35

“Alive with her yearning woke the **inert cell**,”

Savitri-133

“His sight, spiritual in embodying orbs,
Could pierce through the grey phosphorescent haze
And scan the secrets of the shifting flux
That animates these **mute and solid cells**
And leads the thought and **longing of the flesh**
And the keen lust and hunger of its will.”

Savitri-138

“In our **body’s cells** there sits a hidden Power
That sees the unseen and plans eternity,
Our smallest parts have room for deepest needs;
There too the golden Messengers can come:”

Savitri-169-70

“The **body’s tissues** thrill apotheosised,
Its **cells** sustain bright metamorphosis.”

Savitri-171

“And the slow Godhead shut within **the cell**

Climbs from the plasm to immortality.”

Savitri-272

“But even the **life of flesh** and nerve was changed

And grew one flesh and nerve with all that lives;”
Savitri-318

“A divinising stream possessed his veins,
His **body’s cells** awoke to spirit sense,
Each nerve became a burning thread of joy:
Tissue and flesh partook beatitude.”

Savitri-334

“A Power arose out of **my slumber’s cell.**”

Savitri-343

“Lived guarded in her spirit’s **luminous cell,**”

Savitri-355

“And **quivers** inwardly with mystic rain.”

Savitri-356

“Almighty powers are shut **in Nature’s cells.**”

Savitri-370

“And came back quivering with a nameless Force

Drunk with a wine of **lightning in their cells;**”

Savitri-383

“It (Light) waits to be kindled in our **secret cells;**”

Savitri-626

“Her body **quivered** with eternity’s touch,
Her soul stood close to the founts of the **infinite.**
Infinity’s finite fronts she lived in, new
For ever to an everliving sight.”

Savitri-671

“Even the **body** shall remember God,
Nature shall draw back from mortality”

Savitri-707

“A divine force shall flow through **tissue and cell**
And take the charge of breath and speech and act”

Savitri-710

This too he tracked along its hidden stream

And traced its acts to a miraculous fount.

A mystic Presence none can probe nor rule (The **jivatma** as the Soul)

within), (Here it is the Divine Love which will descend into vital sheath,
Pranamaya Kosha)

Creator of this game of ray and shade

In this sweet and bitter paradoxical life,

Asks from the body the soul's intimacies

And by the swift vibration of a nerve (**vital**)

Links its mechanic throbs to light and love.

It (**Divine Love**) summons the spirit's sleeping memories

Up from subconscious depths beneath Time's foam (**the vital feeling emanate from a deeper source the spirit but is scarcely recognised by the time they are cognised...usually distorted**);

Oblivious of their flame of happy truth (**distorted**),

Arriving with heavy eyes that hardly see,

They come disguised as feelings and desires (**degradation of the original spirit's impulses and desire of delight**),

Like **weeds** upon the surface float awhile

And rise and sink on a somnambulist tide.

"In the egoistic human being, the mental person emergent out of the dim shell of matter, delight of existence is neutral, semi- latent, still in the shadow of the subconscious, hardly more than a concealed soil of plenty covered by desire with a luxuriant growth of **poisonous weeds** and hardly less poisonous flow- ers, the pains and pleasures of our egoistic existence. When the divine conscious-force working secretly in us has devoured these growths of desire, when in the image of the Rig Veda the fire of God has burnt up the shoots of earth, that which is concealed at the roots of these pains and pleasures, their cause and secret being, the sap of delight in them, will emerge in new forms not of desire, but of self-existent satisfaction which will replace mortal pleasure by the Immortal's ecstasy. And this transformation is possible because these growths of sensation and emotion are in their essential being, the pains no less than the pleasures, that

delight of existence which they seek but fail to reveal, — fail because of division, ignorance of self and egoism.” The Life Divine-106-107

Impure, degraded though her motions are,

Always a heaven-truth broods in life’s deeps (the original spirit’s true emanations);

In her obscurest members burns that fire. (Subconscient sheath.)

A touch of God’s rapture in creation’s acts,

A lost remembrance of felicity

Lurks still in the dumb roots of death and birth,

The world’s senseless beauty mirrors God’s delight.

That rapture’s smile is secret everywhere;

It flows in the wind’s breath, in the tree’s sap,

Its hued magnificence blooms in leaves and flowers.

When life broke through its half-drowse in the plant

That feels and suffers but cannot move or cry,

In beast and in winged bird and thinking man

It made of the heart’s rhythm its music’s beat;

It forced the **unconscious tissues to awake**

And ask for happiness and earn the pang

And thrill with pleasure and laughter of brief delight (pleasure and pain were the goads used to help us evolve and are now the bar),

And quiver with pain and crave for ecstasy.

Imperative, voiceless, ill-understood,

Too far from light, too close to being’s core (too far from (spiritual light) the supramental light but still very close to the Soul within or Pranamaya

Purusha...what a sad contradiction),

Born strangely in Time from the eternal Bliss (the Divine experiencing itself in a limited manner),

It presses on heart's core and vibrant nerve;

Its sharp self-seeking tears our consciousness;

Our pain and pleasure have that sting for cause:

Instinct with it, but blind to its true joy

The soul's desire leaps out towards passing things.

All Nature's longing drive none can resist,

Comes surging through the blood and quickened sense (lust, anger and all emotions that take over us are forces of the earth and universal nature that most human beings are simple puppets of);

An ecstasy of the infinite is her cause.

It turns in us to finite loves and lusts (the universal forces have their original in the Divine, but these forces when they act on the limited consciousness of man translate themselves into perversions...much like when white light is passed through a red lens, the light becomes red), (Yes, a distortion through limitation of consciousness)

"... No error can be more perilous than to accept the immixture of the sexual desire and some kind of subtle satisfaction of it and look on this as a part of the sadhana. It would be the most effective way to head straight towards spiritual downfall and throw into the atmosphere forces that would block the supramental descent, bringing instead the descent of adverse vital powers to disseminate disturbance and disaster. This deviation must be absolutely thrown away, should it try to occur and expunged from the consciousness, if the Truth is to be brought down and the work is to be done.

It is an error too to imagine that, although the physical sexual action is to be abandoned, yet some inward reproduction of it is part of the transformation of the sex-centre. The action of the animal sex-energy in Nature is a device for a particular purpose in the economy of the material creation in the Ignorance. But the vital

excitement that accompanies it makes the most favourable opportunity and vibration in the atmosphere for the inrush of those very vital forces and beings whose whole business is to prevent the descent of the supramental Light. The pleasure attached to it is a degradation and not a true form of the divine Ananda. The true divine Ananda in the physical has a different quality and movement and substance; self-existent in its essence, its manifestation is dependent only on an inner union with the Divine. You have spoken of Divine Love; but Divine Love, when it touches the physical, does not awaken the gross lower vital propensities; indulgence of them would only repel it and make it withdraw again to the heights from which it is already difficult enough to draw it down into the coarseness of the material creation which it alone can transform. Seek the Divine Love through the only gate through which it will consent to enter, the gate of the psychic being, and cast away the lower vital error." Sri Aurobindo/ SABCL-24/Letters on Yoga-1507-08

The will to conquer and have, to seize and keep (this too is an evolved state from constant almost immediate death),
To enlarge life's room and scope and pleasure's range,
To battle and overcome and make one's own,
The hope to mix one's joy with others' joy (the interchange of vital emotions and energies), (Universalisation of the subtle vital body)
A yearning to possess and be possessed,
To enjoy and be enjoyed, to feel, to live (these verses summarise the surface living of most human beings).
Here was its early brief attempt **to be**,
Its rapid end of momentary delight
Whose stamp of failure haunts **all ignorant life**. (The story of all life.)
Inflicting still its habit on the cells (the cells are habituated to respond to vital emotions and to the laws of inconscience and death)
The phantom of a dark and evil start
Ghostlike pursues all that we dream and do.
Although on earth are firm established lives,
A working of habit or a sense of law,
A steady repetition in the flux,
Yet are its roots of will ever the same;
These passions are the stuff of which we are made.
This was **the first cry** of the awaking world.
It clings around us still and clamps the god (suffocates the growing Divine within us).
Even when reason is born and soul takes form (Mother (Maa Krishna) is reason an evolution from the mental plane?), (Yes mind evolves to develop the subtlety of the reason and through education or mental education the reason can be developed and also the psychic being evolves from birth to birth and goes through long formative period before it is fully formed or evolved.)
In beast and reptile and in thinking man
It lasts and is the fount of **all their life** (The story of all life.) (inspite of the evolution of life into the thinking man...he is still driven primarily by the

passions of the vital rather than his reasoning mind...his reasoning mind only has a tenuous hold on things...underneath that fragile surface runs subconscious layers full of the vital stuff...Mother (Maa Krishna) I am reminded her of the lashing of the vital forces I received over the last few weeks when you said the purification of my vital has commenced and it needs to work through several layers).

This too was needed that breath and living might be (The Lord explains that even such vital passions and forces were a necessity as it is the essence of lower vital living.).

The spirit in a finite ignorant world (Pranamaya Purusha) Must rescue so its prisoned consciousness (Rajasic mind is prisoned Consciousness.)

Forced out in little jets at quivering points (reminds me of the magma under a volcano that looks for gaps and cracks in the surface to come up) (Yes)

From the **Inconscient's sealed infinitude.**

Then **slowly** it gathers mass, looks up at Light.

This Nature lives tied to her origin (Mother (Maa Krishna) does origin here refer to her original inconscience?), (Yes)

A clutch of nether force is on her still;

Out of unconscious depths her instincts leap;

A neighbour is her life to insentient Nought (beautiful way of saying that life lives with the absence of life..so intimately so).

Under this law (is this the inconscient's (Iron) law that arose when the 4 original divine beings fell and Sat turned to inert matter) an ignorant world was made. (Yes)

The below verse describes the continuation of evolution in Subconscience (first creation).)

In the enigma of the darkened Vasts,
In the passion and self-loss of the Infinite
When all was plunged in the negating Void,
Non-Being's night could never have been saved
If Being (The holocaust of the Divine Mother's descent) had not plunged into the dark
Carrying with it its triple (triple ..is this sat-chit-ananda?) mystic cross. **(Yes, Bliss, (Ananda), Knowledge of the Self (here Sat) and God's force, (Here Chit))**

Invoking in world-time the timeless truth,

(1) Bliss changed to sorrow, (2) knowledge made ignorant,

(3) God's force turned into a child's helplessness

Can bring down heaven by their sacrifice (Mother(Maa Krishna) does this sacrifice refer to the Divine Mother's dear children who have taken birth in matter to raise it?). (Yes, that is one possibility.) (Here 'their sacrifice' mean sacrifice of sorrow, Ignorance and child's helplessness.)

“The later religions endeavour to fix the type of a supreme truth of conduct, erect a system and declare God's law through the mouth of Avatar or prophet. These

systems, more powerful and dynamic than the dry ethical idea, are yet for the most part no more than idealistic glorifications of the moral principle sanctified by religious emotion and the label of a superhuman origin. Some, like the extreme Christian ethic, are rejected by Nature because they insist unworkably on an impracticable absolute rule. Others prove in the end to be evolutionary compromises and become obsolete in the march of Time. The true divine law, unlike these mental counterfeits, cannot be a system of rigid ethical determinations that press into their cast-iron moulds all our life-movements. **The Law divine is truth of life and truth of the spirit and must take up with a free living plasticity and inspire with the direct touch of its eternal light each step of our action and all the complexity of our life issues.** It must act not as a rule and formula but as an enveloping and penetrating conscious presence that determines all our thoughts, activities, feelings, impulses of will by its infallible power and knowledge.” CWSA-23/The Synthesis of Yoga-203

“88 – This world was built by Death that he might live. Wilt thou abolish death? Then life too will perish. Thou canst not abolish death, but thou mayst transform it into a greater living.

89 – This world was built by Cruelty that she might love. Wilt thou abolish cruelty? Then love too will perish. Thou canst not abolish cruelty, but thou mayst transfigure it into its opposite, into a fierce Love and Delightfulness.

90 – This world was built by Ignorance and Error that they might know. Wilt thou abolish ignorance and error? Then knowledge too will perish. Thou canst not abolish ignorance and error, but thou mayst transmute them into the utter and effulgent reason.

91 – If Life alone were and not death, there could be no immortality; if love were alone and not cruelty, joy would be only a tepid and ephemeral rapture; if reason were alone and not ignorance, our highest attainment would not exceed a limited rationality and worldly wisdom.

92 – Death transformed becomes Life that is Immortality; Cruelty trans. figured becomes Love that is intolerable ecstasy; Ignorance transmuted becomes Light that leaps beyond wisdom and knowledge.” Sri Aurobindo/Thoughts and Aphorisms

A contradiction founds the base of life:

The eternal, the divine Reality

Has faced itself with its own contraries;

Being became the Void and Conscious-Force (Sat and Asat?) (**Being became Spiritual being and Psychic being**)

Nescience and walk of a blind Energy (all pairs of opposites)

And Ecstasy took the figure of world-pain (so that it may raise the world...so once the world is sufficiently developed/evolved there is no longer any need for this disfiguration of the original ananda and it can shine with its original state) .

In a mysterious dispensation's law

A Wisdom that prepares its far-off ends (which is no clear to our short sightedness)

Planned so to start her **slow** aeonic game (as my Sweet Mother (Maa Krishna) would say..Her Eternal Work...). (**Yes, Her (the Divine Mother's) Eternal unfinished work.**)

A blindfold search and wrestle and fumbling clasp

Of a half-seen Nature and a hidden Soul, (meeting between Untransformed Nature and Psychic being.) (description of Psychic transformation)

A game of hide-and-seek in **twilit** rooms (I am reminded of how Sri

Ramakrishna Paramahansa used to say that the Divine Mother is playing with us a game where we are blindfolded and need to catch her...the moment we touch her..the game is over for that person and we are removed from the game), (all mind's twilight must be lighted.)

A play of love and hate and fear and hope

Continues in the **nursery of mind** (Mind is a nursery for the growth of our being) (mind is a part of untransformed Nature or three gunas)

Its hard and heavy romp of self-born **twins** (Mother (Maa Krishna) who are the twins...are they the pairs of opposites..love and hate, joy and sorrow?). (twins: half seen Nature and hidden soul.) (untransformed three gunas and the Psychic being)

At last the struggling Energy can emerge (once it moves into the higher regions of the mind after it ripens into a being transcending the basic vital emotions)

And meet the voiceless Being (Spiritual being) in wider fields; (Psychic transformation becomes perfect by the descent of Spiritual being.)

Then can they see and speak and, breast to breast, (Here they means untransformed Nature, Psychic Being and Spiritual being.)

In a **larger consciousness**, a clearer light, (of Spiritual being.)

The Two embrace and strive and each know each (is this the energy from below meeting the original energy from above? (Psychic and Spiritual Being) or is it the lower consciousness meeting the Jivatman above or the psychic being in the heart?) (**It is another way of meeting the Divine**)

(The union between dynamic Spirit and Nature is identified as fourth marriage of Spiritual man.)

~~This movement of ascending and descending Consciousness can be realised in~~
four stages through either of the *Vedantic* or *Vedic* sacrifice. They are:

- 1) Soul's union with static Divine.
- 2) Soul's union with Dynamic Divine.
- 3) Static Divine's union with dynamic Divine.
- 4) Dynamic Divine's union with static Matter.

The Soul, static Divine, dynamic Divine and static Matter are known as *Jivatama* (*Psychic being*), *Paramatma* (*static Spiritual being*), *Para-prakriti* (*dynamic Spiritual being*) and *Apara-prakriti* respectively.

"The soul's pregnant meeting with infinity" Savitri-682, (first marriage of a Spiritual man)

"His Soul breaks out to join the Oversoul," Savitri-24, (first marriage of a Spiritual man)

"The finite self mated with infinity." Savitri-25, (first marriage of a Spiritual man)

"The calm delight that weds one soul to all," Savitri-6, (second marriage of a Spiritual man)

"His inner self grew near to others' selves

And bore a kinship's weight, a common tie,

Yet stood untouched, king of itself, alone." Savitri-27, (second marriage of a Spiritual man)

"A virgin unity, a luminous spouse,

Housing a multitudinous embrace

To marry all in God's immense delight," (Savitri-695) (second marriage of a Spiritual man)

"And fills his (King's) days with her celestial clasp, (Meeting of Jivatma with Paraprakriti.) Savitri-130, (second marriage of a Spiritual man)

"Movement (Para-prakriti) was married to the immobile Vast (Paramatma);" Savitri-34, (Third marriage of a Spiritual man)

"Inscribe the long romance of Thee (Para prakriti) and Me (Paramatma)." Savitri-699, (Third marriage of a Spiritual man)

"A static Oneness (*Paramatma*) and dynamic Power (*Para-prakriti*)

Descend in him, the integral Godhead's seals; (Third marriage)

His soul and body take that splendid stamp." Savitri-24 (first and fourth marriage of a Spiritual man)

"And Matter is the Spirit's willing bride' Savitri-538, (Fourth marriage of a Spiritual man)

'Matter and spirit mingled and were one.' Savitri-232, (Fourth marriage of a Spiritual man)

"A mystery of married Earth (Matter) and Heaven (dynamic Spirit)

Annexed divinity to the mortal scheme.” Savitri-25, (fourth marriage of a Spiritual man)

“It (Infinity) marries the earth to screened eternities.” Savitri-98, (fourth marriage of a Spiritual man)

“The Two (Spirit and Nature) embrace and strive and each know each” Savitri-141, (fourth marriage of a Spiritual man)

“In its antechambers of splendid privacy

Matter and soul (Annamaya Purusha) in conscious union meet

Like lovers in a lonely secret place:” Savitri-105(fifth marriage of a Spiritual man)

“Man dared and thought and met with his soul (Pranamaya Purusha) the world.” Savitri-130(fifth marriage of a Spiritual man)

“What liberty has the soul which feels not free (freedom and liberation come by Soul’s (Jivatma) union with the Divine (Paramatma).)

Unless stripped bare and cannot kiss the bonds

The Lover winds around his playmate’s limbs, (Marriage between dynamic Spirit and static Matter.)

Choosing his tyranny, crushed in his embrace? (Inrush of large Divine Force is like a tyranny which can crush the material substance.)

To seize him better with her boundless heart

She accepts the limiting circle of his arms, (Matter accepts and possesses the limiting circle of dynamic Spirit.)

Bows full of bliss beneath his mastering hands (imperfect Matter consecrates itself before Perfect Spirit.)

And laughs in his rich constraints, most bound, most free. (Matter is delighted by meeting and handling the Spirit’s constraints.)

This is my answer to thy lures, O Death.” Savitri-653, (This is also the relation

between *Paramatma Satyavan* (static Spirit) and *Para-prakriti Savitri* (the dynamic Spirit).)

Regarding closer now the playmate’s face.

Even in these formless coilings he could feel

Matter’s response to an infant stir of soul.

In Nature he saw the mighty Spirit concealed(immanent divine), (true vital being, Pranamaya Purusha)

Watched the weak birth of a tremendous Force,

Pursued the riddle of Godhead’s tentative pace,

Heard the faint rhythms of a great unborn Muse.

(The verses below describes the second creation of evolution in life plane)

Then came a fierier breath of **waking Life**,

And there arose from the dim **gulf** of things

The verses below describe the evolution of life through its various forms

(evolution in vital plane)

The strange creations of a thinking sense,

Existences half-real and half-dream.

A life was there that hoped not to survive (because of the pain and hopelessness of its dire existence):

Beings were born who perished without trace (like bacteria and viruses and other small cellular life forms),

Events that were a formless drama's limbs

And actions driven by a blind creature will.

A **seeking Power** found out its road to form, (Seeking power is true vital being.)

Patterns were built of love and joy and pain

And symbol figures for the moods of Life.

An insect hedonism fluttered and crawled

And basked in a **sunlit Nature's** surface thrills,

And dragon raptures, python agonies

Crawled in the marsh and mire and licked the sun.

Huge armoured strengths shook a frail quaking ground,

Great puissant creatures with a **dwarfish brain**, (Elephant, Mastodon, Dinosaur)

And pigmy tribes imposed their small life-drift.

The early ape like/pigmy man arrives.....

In a dwarf model of humanity

Nature now launched the extreme experience

And master-point of her design's caprice,

Luminous result of her half-conscious climb

On rungs twixt her sublimities and grotesques

To massive from infinitesimal shapes,

To a **subtle** balancing of body and soul,

To an order of intelligent littleness.

Around him in the moment-beats of Time

The kingdom of the **animal self** arose,

Where deed is all and mind is still half-born

And the heart obeys a dumb unseen control.

The Force that works by the light of Ignorance,

Her animal experiment began (moving higher from plant and insects),

Crowding with conscious creatures her world-scheme;

But to the outward only were they alive,

Only they replied to touches and surfaces

And to the prick of need that drove their lives (purely instinct driven).

A body that knew not its own soul within, (annamaya purusha)

There lived and longed, had wrath and joy and grief (but only passing with little

or no memory);

A (tamasic) mind was there that met the objective world

As if a stranger or enemy at its door:

Its thoughts were kneaded by the shocks of sense;

It captured not the spirit in the form,

It entered not the heart of what it saw;

It looked not for the power behind the act,

It studied not the hidden motive in things

Nor strove to find the meaning of it all.

Beings were there who wore a human form (the early human neanderthals who came from our ape ancestors);

Absorbed they lived in the passion of the scene,

But knew not who they were or why they lived:

Content to breathe, to feel, to sense, to act,

Life had for them no aim save Nature's joy

And the stimulus and delight of **outer things**;

Identified with the spirit's outward shell,

They worked for the body's wants, they craved no more.

The veiled spectator (The psychic being) watching from their depths

Fixed not his inward eye upon himself

Nor turned to find the author of the plot,

He saw the drama only and the stage (not the director behind the drama).

There was no brooding stress of deeper sense,

The burden of reflection was not borne (to understand why things are the way they are or why):

Mind looked on Nature with unknowing eyes (nature was an enigma or a God to early man),

Adored her boons and feared her monstrous strokes (The early man worshipped nature's elements like fire and lightning fearfully because he did not understand them and had no control over them...made offerings to small vital gods).

~~Man was content with life's small pleasure and filling his stomach..he rarely~~
ventured further to understand the forces behind... (Yes)

It pondered not on the magic of her laws,

It thirsted not for the secret wells of Truth,

But made a register of crowding facts

And strung sensations on a vivid thread:

It hunted and it fled and sniffed the winds,

Or slothed inert in sunshine and soft air:

It sought the engrossing contacts of the world (small vital pleasures),

But only to feed the **surface sense** with bliss.

These felt life's quiver in the outward touch,

They could not feel behind the touch the soul.

To guard their form of self from Nature's harm, (Soul can guard the body.)

To enjoy and to survive was all their care.

The early man formed communities and villages, still though content with his lot
and little more than a thinking animal...

The narrow horizon of their days was filled

With things and creatures that could help and hurt:

The world's values hung upon their **little self**.

King Aswapati's exploration of Surface Physical Self:-

"He at length must cast from him his **surface soul**
And be the ungarbed entity within:"

Savitri-11

"A need to call back **small familiar selves**,"

Savitri-34

"Our spirit tires of of being's surfaces,"

Savitri-115

"The kingdom of the **animal self** rose,"

Savitri-142

"The world's values hung upon their **little self**."

Saviri-144

“It saw an image of the external world
And saw its **surface self**, but knew no more.”

Savitri-150

“And in a **small body self** is all that counts,”

Savitri-153

“Thought, vision, feeling, sense, the **body’s self**
Are seized unutterably and he endures
An ecstasy and an immortal change;”

Savitri-375

Isolated, cramped in the vast unknown,
To save their small lives from surrounding Death
They made a tiny circle of defence (the early communities and villagers)
Against the siege of the huge universe:
They preyed upon the world and were its prey (hunters and gatherers),
But never dreamed to conquer and be free (their mind was not evolved to even
comprehend they could be masters of this life).
Obeying the World-Power’s hints and firm taboos
A scanty part they drew from her rich store;
There was no conscious code and no life-plan:
The patterns of thinking of a little group
Fixed a traditional behaviour’s law.
Ignorant of soul save as a wraith within,
Tied to a mechanism of unchanging lives
And to a dull usual sense and feeling’s beat,
They turned in grooves of animal desire (lower vital desires whipped them to
move).
In walls of stone fenced round they worked and warred,
Did by a banded selfishness a small good (mutual good/beneficial acts, the
opposite of bad was a selfish tool used to hold a community together) (Yes)

Or wrought a dreadful wrong and cruel pain

On sentient lives and thought they did no ill.

Ardent from the sack of happy peaceful homes

And gorged with slaughter, plunder, rape and fire (the early civilizations who travelled continents and conquered them, the early religious missionaries who used force to convert others etc all under the guise of educating/liberating others),

They made of human selves their helpless prey (like the slave trade in Africa),

A drove of captives led to lifelong woe,

Or torture a spectacle made and holiday,

Mocking or thrilled by their torn victims' pangs;

Admiring themselves as titans and as gods

Proudly they sang their high and glorious deeds

And praised their victory and their splendid force.

An animal in the instinctive herd (for all of our high civilizations man was nothing more than a pack animal preying upon his weaker kind)

Pushed by life impulses, forced by common needs,

Each in his own kind saw his ego's glass;

All served the aim and action of the pack.

Those like himself, by blood or custom kin,

To him were parts of his life, his adjunct selves (he did not have a universal outlook towards his human kind, only considered those in his family or skin colour to be his and other were to be feared or conquered),

His personal nebula's constituent stars,

Satellite companions of his solar I (everything revolved around his ego - which was the center of his universe).

A master of his life's environment,

A **leader** of a huddled human mass

Herding for safety on a dangerous earth,

He gathered them round him as if minor Powers

To make a common front against the world,

Or, weak and sole on an indifferent earth,

As a **fortress** for his undefended heart (a fortress due his fear of perishability),

Or else to heal his body's loneliness (we seek human company to assuage but not cure our loneliness in this world..it does not work).

In others than his kind he sensed a foe (like Hitler etc),

An alien unlike force to shun and fear,

A stranger and adversary to hate and slay.

Or he lived as lives the solitary brute;

At war with all he bore his single fate.

Absorbed in the present act, the fleeting days, (Absorbed in second exclusive concentration.)

Education through Second Exclusive Concentration:

“Inheritor of the brief animal mind,
Man, still a child in Nature's mighty hands
In the succession of the moments lives;
To a changing present is his narrow right;
His memory stares back at phantom past,
The future flees before him as he moves;
He sees imagined garments, not a face.”

Savitri-53

“He is a puppet of the dance of Time;
He is driven by the hours, the moment's call
Compels him with the thronging of life's need
And the babel of the voices of the world.”

Savitri-478

“(Death said) Hope not to call God down into his life.
How shalt thou (Savitri) bring the Everlasting here?
There is no house for him in hurrying Time”

Savitri-644

“I (Savitri) claim from Time my will’s eternity,
God from his moments.”

Savitri-652

“And love and joy overtake fleeing Time.”

Savitri-664

“Absorbed no more in the moment-ridden flux
Where mind incessantly drifts as on a raft
Hurried from phenomenon to phenomenon,
He abode at rest in indivisible Time.
As if a story long written but acted now,
In his present he held his future and his
past,
Felt in the seconds the uncounted years
And saw the hours like dots upon a page.”

Savitri-33

Then there is development of second exclusive concentration, which is defined as to preoccupy and limit oneself with the mental knowledge of the present which is hurriedly changing from moment to moment in a helpless succession of events, forms, phenomena and actions, oblivious of the successive past and future happenings except that of memory that holds little and vague inference of future; 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; future is withheld from his possession; identifies himself solely in the name and personality of the present narrow existence, lives only in his immediate and outward work and problem and ignorant of his limitation of past births and Spirit’s unending future or put aside the whole infinite course of Time and his rest of total Self and Nature. 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 mental construction for the purposes of the superficial movement of his life and within its limits and he recovers partially from this restriction by linking together the succession of moments, the succession of points of Space, the successions of forms and movements in Time and Space which are beyond his control and comprehension. 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 and become patient trustee of the slow eternal Time. The real truth of his being is a time transcending eternity and living in the whole infinite course of triple Time, but not to a definite succession of moments and all the past, present and future are perfectly stored in every detail in the all-retaining integral Consciousness within him. He utilises this second exclusive concentration towards calling down the Timeless Eternity to the slipping moments.

None thought to look beyond the **hour's gains**,

Or dreamed to make this earth a fairer world,

Or felt some **touch divine** surprise his heart.

The gladness that the **fugitive moment** gave,

The desire grasped, the bliss, the experience won,

Movement and speed and strength were joy enough

And bodily longings shared and quarrel and play,

And tears and laughter and the need called love.

In war and clasp these life-wants joined **the All-Life** (these highlighted verses summarise the bulk of human existence even today), (the story of all life.) (the memory of this birth is stored in subliminal sheath and accumulates for the next birth.)

Wrestlings of a divided unity

Inflicting mutual grief and happiness

In ignorance of the Self for ever one.

Arming its creatures with delight and hope

A half-awakened Nescience struggled there

To know by sight and touch the outside of things. (Sight and touch make life extrovert. In Spiritual life (Jnana Yoga) they are forbidden.)

Instinct was formed; in memory's crowded sleep

The past lived on as in a bottomless sea:

Inverting into half-thought the quickened sense

She felt around for **truth** with fumbling hands,

Clutched to her the little she could reach and seize

And put aside in her subconscious cave (Nature was using the evolving human being to gather what little she could of the higher Truth which was still very elusive to her inspite of man having been created...she gathered these few drops of Truths and saved them as extremely precious treasures in her secret cave...all this a slow tedious effort to gather something of that glorious plane from which descended)

So must **the dim being** (early man) grow in light and force

And rise to his **higher (Spiritual) destiny** at last,

Look up to God and round at the universe,

And learn by failure and progress by (Spiritual) fall

And battle with environment and doom,

By suffering discover his deep soul

And by possession (of the Psychic Being) grow to his own vast.

Half-way she stopped and found her path no more (the early man driven largely by a vital force was the best nature could do...but she could not better it or proceed further...the intervention of a higher force was necessary).

Its complementary line:

"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...

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." Savitri-46-47

Still nothing was achieved but to begin,
Yet finished seemed the circle of her force.
Only she had beaten out sparks of ignorance;
Only the life could think and not the mind (Mother(Maa Krishna) this suggests
that the mental plane proper had not descended on earth?), (Life could think
with vital mind or rajasic mind.)
Only the sense could feel and not the soul. (Sense is vital mind.)
Only was lit some heat of the flame of Life, (true vital being or Pranamaya
Purusha)
Some joy to be, some rapturous leaps of sense.
All was an impetus of half-conscious Force,
A spirit (true vital being) sprawling drowned in dense life-foam,
A vague self (true vital being) grasping at the shape of things.

“It is when there is this death of desire and this calm equal wideness in the
consciousness everywhere, that **the true vital being** within us comes out from the veil
and reveals its own calm, intense and potent presence. For such is the **true nature of
the vital being**, *pranamaya purusa*; it is a projection of the Divine Purusha into life,
— tranquil, strong, luminous, many-energied, obedient to the Divine Will, egoless, yet
or rather therefore capable of all action, achievement, highest or largest enterprise.
The **true Life-Force** too reveals itself as no longer this troubled harassed divided
striving surface energy, but a great and radiant Divine Power, full of peace and
strength and bliss, a wide-wayed Angel of Life with its wings of Might enfolding the
universe.” CWSA-23/The Synthesis of Yoga-178

Behind all moved seeking for vessels to hold
A first raw vintage of the grapes of God (a first attempt to excel...),
On **earth's mud** a spilth of the supernal Bliss,
Intoxicating the stupefied soul and mind
A heady wine of rapture dark and crude,
Dim, uncast yet into spiritual form,
Obscure inhabitant of the world's blind core,
An unborn godhead's will (Inconscient Self), a mute Desire.

After the 1st creation of plants and animals (Evolution in Subconscience) and the
second higher creation of the vital dominated man, nature had reached her

~~limits and need now something more ...finer ...to better reflect the godhead~~
within...for this she need the intervention of the thought/mental power...so a
3rd creation ...the mental man was born... (Evolution in Ignorance)

A **third** creation now revealed its face.

A mould of body's early mind was made.

A glint of light kindled the obscure World-Force;

It dowered a driven world with the seeing Idea

And armed the act with thought's dynamic point:

A **small thinking being** watched the works of Time.

A difficult evolution from below

Called a masked intervention from above (Mother(Maa Krishna) is this Life
calling on the higher mental plane to descend?); **and also (the descent of
Spiritual and Supramental Force to transform life.)**

Else this great, blind inscient universe

Could never have disclosed its hidden mind,

Or even in blinkers worked in beast and man

The (Supramental) Intelligence that devised the cosmic scheme.

At first he saw a dim obscure mind-power (the early workings of the mind power
in creation)

Moving concealed by Matter and dumb life.

A current thin, it streamed in life's vast flow

Tossing and drifting under a drifting sky

Amid the surge and glimmering tremulous wash,

Released in splash of sense and feeling's waves.

In the deep midst of an insentient world

Its huddled waves and foam of consciousness ran

Pressing and eddying through a narrow strait,

Carrying experience in its crowded pace.

It ([consciousness](#)) flowed emerging into upper light

From the deep pool of its **subliminal** birth

To reach some high existence still unknown.

There was no **thinking self**, aim there was none:

All was unorganised stress and seekings vague.

Only to the unstable surface rose

Sensations, stabs and edges of desire

And passion's leaps and brief emotion's cries,

A casual colloquy of flesh with flesh,

A murmur of heart to longing wordless heart,

Glimmerings of knowledge with no shape of thought

And jets of **subconscious** will or hunger's pulls.

All was dim sparkle on a foaming top:

It whirled around a drifting **shadow-self**

On an **inconscious flood** of Force ([Inconscious Self](#)) in Time.

Then came the pressure of a **seeing (Supramental) Power**

That drew all into a dancing turbid mass

Circling around a single luminous point,

Centre of reference in a conscious field,

Figure of a **unitary Light within**.

It lit the impulse of the half-sentient flood,

Even an illusion gave of fixity

As if a sea could serve as a firm soil.

That strange observing **Power** imposed its sight.

It forced on flux a limit and a shape,

It gave its stream a lower narrow bank,

Drew lines to snare the spirit's formlessness.

It fashioned the life-mind of bird and beast,

The answer of the reptile and the fish,

The primitive pattern of the thoughts of man.

A finite movement of the **Infinite**

Came winging its way through a wide air of Time;

A march of knowledge moved in Nescience

And guarded in the form **a separate soul**.

Its right to be immortal it reserved,

But built a wall against the siege of death

And threw a hook to clutch eternity.

A thinking entity appeared in Space (Mother (Maa Krishna) is this the descent of the thought plane on earth?). Yes

The descent of mind created greater order, a sense of focus/fixity/order where there had been none..

A little ordered world broke into view (Mind can partially order the life.)

Where being had prison-room for act and sight,

A floor to walk, a clear but scanty range.

An instrument-personality was born,

And a restricted clamped intelligence

Consented to confine in narrow bounds

Its (Mental) seeking; it tied the thought to visible things (the emergence of logic and rationality),

Prohibiting the adventure of the Unseen (but logic/rationality although a helper for the undisciplined vital was a bar for deeper inner journeys....all our earlier instruments have helped us and are now a bar to us) Yes (So a traditional Shudra, driven by lower Nature cannot dare the adventure of Spiritual life of unknown infinities.)

And the soul's tread through unknown infinities.

A reflex reason, Nature-habit's glass

Illumined life to know and fix its field,

Accept a dangerous ignorant brevity

And the inconclusive purpose of its walk

And profit by the hour's precarious chance

The successful *Ashram* living emerges when one gives the first priority to the Divine, the force of unity, with whom he has direct contact, the second priority to the Law of Divine living, which makes his life harmonious and the third priority is given to the fellowship with whom the Law is manifested, the collectivity, the source of mutuality. In integral *Bhakti Yoga*, the desire for oneness of the heart towards divided and diverse individuals 'can arrive at their self-existent motiveless joy of being for the sake of love alone.' A true individual includes all and has an eternal relation with all other individuals, a practical mutuality founded in essential unity which is the basis of perfect Divine life. During the days of difficulties of *Ashram* living, he can extend Spiritual help in overcoming it and remains united with the Divine during critical hour. Those who compromise or violate the above three order or sequences meet on their path endless falsehood, ingratitude and they do harm to individual and collective body by activating the divisible physical mind

and vital mind. They always wait to draw profit from individual and *Ashram* difficulties. Whoever wants to lead a comfortable collective life without waging war against *adharma*, and without destroying desire, ego and ignorance within, 'strives vainly against the greater will of the World-Spirit.' **Those who try to draw benefit from the Spiritual fall of an individual or community are identified as the greatest enemy of human race.** Those who try to measure the surface wave symbolising defect of *Ashram* living deprive themselves of its contact with the Oceanic depth of Consciousness. An *Ashramite Sadhaka* should have no yearning for a separate identity, (separation from Self, World and Divine) his self-giving of soul, life, time, work and wealth must be entire in every respect and in return whatever the Divine gives him, he will accept joyfully with deep gratitude, without ego and without finding fault. His inner living can 'contact, penetrate (and) englobe the life of all' and extends himself to embrace the world.

In the allotted boundaries of its fate.

A little joy and knowledge satisfied

This **little being** tied into a knot

And hung on a bulge of its environment,

A little curve cut off in measureless Space,

The verses below reflects the emergence of logic and reason and rationality into the human race...

A little span of (this) life in all vast Time (of all Life).

A thought was there that planned, a will that strove,

But for small aims within a narrow scope,

Wasting unmeasured toil on transient things.

It knew itself a creature of the **mud**;

It asked no larger law, no loftier aim;

It had **no inward look, no upward gaze**. (This is the perfection of mundane life.)

A backward scholar on logic's rickety bench

Indoctrinated by the erring sense,

It took appearance for the face of God,

For casual lights the marching of the suns,

For heaven a starry strip of doubtful blue;

Aspects of being feigned to be the whole (partial knowledge was accepted as doctrine and as whole).

The thinking/mental man was born but he still busied his life with debates, trivial acts and thoughts with no inner journeys...still driven by the under current of his vital desires and emotions that ran beneath his semblance of a disciplined civilized mind.

There was a voice of busy interchange,

A market-place of trivial thoughts and acts:

A life soon spent, a mind the body's slave

Here seemed the brilliant crown of Nature's work,

And tiny egos took the world as means

To sate awhile **dwarf lusts** and brief desires,

In a death-closed passage saw life's start and end

As though a blind alley were creation's sign,

As if for this the soul had coveted birth

In the wonderland of a self-creating world

And the opportunities of cosmic Space.

This creature passionate only to survive (man just wanted to survive **(by money earning)** and **procreate** (create a family and its maintenance)...nothing more (in this life)),

Fettered to puny thoughts with no wide range

And to the body's needs and pangs and joys,

This fire growing by its fuel's death,

Increased by what it seized and made its own:

It gathered and grew and gave itself to none.

Only it hoped for greatness in its den

And pleasure and victory in small fields of power

And conquest of life-room for self and kin,

An animal limited by its feeding-space.

It knew not the Immortal in its house (oblivious to the divine within);

It had no greater deeper cause to live.

In limits only it was powerful;

Acute to capture truth for outward use,

Its knowledge was the body's instrument;

Absorbed in the little works of its prison-house

It turned around the same unchanging points

In the same circle of interest and desire (**punarapi jananam punarapi maranam**),

But thought itself the master of its jail.

Although for action, not for wisdom made,

Thought was its apex—or its gutter's rim:

It saw an image of the external world

And saw its **surface self**, but knew no more (**thought** (undeveloped mind) **was**

~~an instrument that could see the externalities but was not used or could not~~
reveal the divine within).

Out of a **slow** confused embroiled self-search

Mind grew to a clarity cut out, precise,

A gleam enclosed in a stone ignorance (the chiselling of the mind by time and the lashes of nature) .

In this bound thinking's **narrow leadership**

Tied to the soil, inspired by common things,

Attached to a confined familiar world,

Amid the multitude of her motivated plots,

Her changing actors and her million masks,

Life was a play **monotonously the same** (the mind was learning about the limits of life).

“But, apart from that, even the domain of pure spiritual self-realisation and self-expression need not be **a single white monotone**, there can be a great diversity in the fundamental unity; the supreme Self is one, but the souls of the Self are many and, as is the soul's formation of nature, so will be its spiritual self-expression. A diversity in oneness is the law of the manifestation; the supramental unification and integration must harmonise these diversities, but to abolish them is not the intention of the Spirit in Nature.” The Life Divine-921

There were no vast perspectives of the spirit,

No swift invasions of unknown delight,

No **golden** distances of wide release.

This petty state resembled our human days

But fixed to eternity of changeless type,

A moment's movement doomed to last through Time.

Existence bridge-like spanned the **inconscious gulfs,**

A half-illuminated building in a mist,

Which from a void of Form arose to sight (Mother (Maa Krishna) does this mean that the concept of Existence or recognition of existence as something more permanent and everlasting was slowly beginning to appear to the sight of mental man?) (Yes, mind has the capacity to develop reason, buddhi, the reason has the capacity penetrate and catch the still subtle spiritual being, *buddhi grahyam atindriam.*)

And jutted out into a void of Soul.

A little light in a great darkness born,

Life knew not where it went nor whence it came (is this life becoming aware of the light of existence because she now has the additional equipment of mind to be able to perceive it?). (open towards a ray of Superconscious Light.)

Around all floated still the nescient haze.

END OF CANTO FOUR

My sweet child,

My all love & blessings to you. I am offering my child in all the moment at the feet of The Divine Mother.....I am with you forever.....

With my eternal love...

Your loving mother

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 of Unknowable.

The Important Secret of this chapter:

“The **mighty prisoner** struggled for release (the psychic being/personality within that evolves from life to life).

Alive with her yearning woke the inert cell,

In the heart she kindled a fire of passion and need,

Amid the deep calm of inanimate things

Arose her great voice of toil and prayer and strife.” Savitri-133

“Impure, degraded though her motions are,
Always a heaven-truth broods in life’s deeps;

In her obscurest members burns that fire.” (True vital being.) Savitri-139

“Whose stamp of failure haunts **all ignorant life.**” (The story of all life.) Savitri-140

“It lasts and is the fount of **all their life**” (The story of all life.) Savitri-140

“In war and clasp these life-wants joined the **All-Life**” Savitri-145

“So must the dim being (early man) grow in light and force

And rise to his **higher (Spiritual) 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 vasts.” Savitri-146

“**Only was lit some heat of the flame of Life,** (true vital being or Pranamaya Purusha)

Some joy to be, some rapturous leaps of sense.

All was an impetus of half-conscious Force,

A spirit (true vital being) sprawling drowned in dense life-foam,

A vague self (true vital being) grasping at the shape of things.” Savitri-146

“Its (**Mental**) seeking; it tied the thought to visible things,

Prohibiting the adventure of the Unseen

And the soul’s tread through unknown infinities.” Savitri-148

“A little span of life in all vast Time.” Savitri-149

The More Important Secret of this chapter:

“The spirit in a finite ignorant world

Must rescue so its prisoned consciousness

Forced out in little jets at quivering points

From the **Inconscient’s sealed infinitude.**” Savitri- 140

“At last the struggling Energy can emerge

And meet the voiceless Being in wider fields; (**Spiritual being**)

Then can they see and speak and, breast to breast,

In a **larger consciousness**, a clearer light,

The Two (**Spirit and Nature**) embrace and strive and each know each

Regarding closer now the playmate’s face.” Savitri-141

The Most Important Secret of this chapter:

“A difficult evolution from below

Called a masked intervention from above (**Mother(Maa Krishna) is this Life calling on the higher mental plane to descend?**); **and also (the descent of Spiritual and Supramental Force to transform life.)**

Else this great, blind inconscient universe

Could never have disclosed its hidden mind,

Or even in blinkers worked in beast and man

The (**Supramental**) Intelligence that devised the cosmic scheme.” Savitri-146-147

Om Namo Bhagavateh

“A **groping consciousness** in a voiceless world” Savitri-133

“Inflicting on the body desire and hope,

Imposing on inconscience **consciousness**,

She brought into Matter’s dull tenacity

Her anguished claim to her lost sovereign right,

Her tireless search, her vexed uneasy heart,

Her wandering unsure steps, her cry for change.” Savitri-134

“An inconscient Power groped towards **consciousness**,” Savitri-137

“The secret crawl of **consciousness** to light” Savitri-138

“Born strangely in Time from the eternal Bliss,

It presses on heart’s core and vibrant nerve;

Its sharp self-seeking tears our **consciousness**,” Savitri-139

“The spirit in a finite ignorant world

Must rescue so its prisoned **consciousness**” Savitri-140

“At last the struggling Energy can emerge
And meet the voiceless Being in wider fields;
Then can they see and speak and, breast to breast,
In a **larger consciousness**, a clearer light,
The Two embrace and strive and each know each
Regarding closer now the playmate’s face.” Savitri-141

“In the deep midst of an insentient world
Its huddled waves and **foam of consciousness** ran
Pressing and eddying through a narrow strait,
Carrying experience in its crowded pace.
It (**consciousness**) flowed emerging into upper light
From the deep pool of its subliminal birth
To reach some high existence still unknown.” Savitri-147

Om Namō Bhagavathe

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

02.09.2020

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. This Book two Canto-4 speaks of triple creation, where the first creation is subconscious evolution, the second creation is the evolution of lower/little life and the third creation (not the last) is identified as ‘body’s early (evolution of) mind.’ This small thinking man (of third creation) has no upward gaze, no inward look, no loftier aim, no deeper cause to live, interested to utilize truth and power only for outward use. His life is limited like animal’s feeding space and he opposes all adventure of the Unseen and Soul’s journey through unknown infinity.

In Savitri, the slow evolution starts from the Subconscient plane from the beginning of the creation and when the earth will be ready for Divine life then the ‘last salvation’ is experienced which is identified as total transformation of earth’s Subconscient and Inconscient plane. In Savitri, the first Spiritual experience of the evolving man is identified as discovery of Soul either Psychic or Spiritual Being and the last Siddhi of an integral Yogi is ‘Truth supreme.’ This is the transformation of universal Inconscient and there would be no longer any Ignorance, suffering, falsehood and death. This Yoga will continue through all life and all Time before which this present life is a very small fragment.

This Canto also hints King’s opening of six or seven chakras known as Kundalini from below the feet. The Mother said, “The tantrics recognize **seven chakras**, I believe. Theon said he knew of more, specifically **two below the body and three above** (the head). That is my experience as well – I know of

~~twelve chakras. And really, the contact with the Divine Consciousness is there (Mother motions above the head), not here (at the top of the head). One must surge up above.”~~ These twelve centres define the twelve Selves, twelve Sheaths or twelve subtle bodies to which one can visit consciously in trance.

In integral Yoga, the gulf created between lower life and the Supramental life is bridged by (1) purification, (2) transformation and (3) perfection of lower Nature. All the above three activities are possible by a movement of Consciousness in twelve planes.

This Canto foresees the coming of ‘a tremendous dawn of God’ where King saw the purpose of Divine Work in Time and also in the aimlessness of lower life a Divine work, magic will and Divine transformation was worked out.

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

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.

Sri Matriniketan Ashram Sri Aurobindo Centre,
Managed by The Mother’s International Centre Trust,
Regd.No-146/24.11.97. Vill: Ramachandrapur, PO: Kukudakhandi-761100,
Via: Brahmapur, Dist: Ganjam, State: Odisha, India
www.srimatriniketanashram.org