

Book 2

Canto 5 – The Godheads of the Little Life

“One thing seems clear: humanity has reached such a generalized state of tension – tension in effort, tension in action, tension even in daily life – with such an excessive hyperactivity, such an overall restlessness, that the species as a whole seems to have reached a point where it must either (1) burst through the resistance and surge forth into a new consciousness, or (2) else sink back into an abyss of obscurity and inertia.

This tension is so total and so generalized that obviously something must break. It cannot go on like this. Yet all this is a sure sign that a new principle of force, consciousness and power has been infused into matter and by its very pressure has produced this acute state. Outwardly, we might expect to see the old habitual means used by Nature whenever she wants to bring about an upheaval; but here there is a new phenomenon, which is evidently visible only in **a select few**, although even these few are widespread enough – this phenomenon is not localized in one point or one place in the world, for the signs are to be found in every country all over the earth: (1) the will to find a new, a higher, an ascending solution, (2) an effort to surge forth into a vaster, more encompassing perfection.

Certain ideas of a more general, more extensive, more collective nature, as it were, are being worked out and are at work in the world. And the two go together: a greater and more total possibility of destruction and an inventiveness that unrestrainedly increases the possibility of catastrophe, a catastrophe that would be much more massive than it has ever been; and at the same time, the birth, or rather the manifestation, of much higher and more comprehensive ideas and wills which, when heard, will bring a vaster, more extensive, more complete and more perfect solution than before.

This struggle, this conflict between the constructive forces of an ascending evolution, of an increasingly perfect and divine realization, and the more and more destructive forces – powerfully destructive, forces of an uncontrollable madness – is becoming more obvious, unmistakably visible, and it is a kind of race or battle as to which will be first to reach its goal. (1) **All the hostile, anti-divine forces, these forces of the vital world, seem to have descended upon earth and are using it as their field of action;** and (2) at the same time, a new, higher, more powerful spiritual force has also descended upon earth to bring a new life to it. This renders the battle more bitter, violent and visible, but apparently more decisive, too, which is why we may hope to arrive at an early solution.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when man’s spiritual aspiration was turned towards a silent, inactive peace, detached from all the things of this world, an evasion of life to avoid the struggle, precisely, to rise above the battle, to be liberated from effort. It was a spiritual peace where, along with the cessation of tension, struggle and effort, suffering in all its forms also ceased, and this was considered the true and unique expression of the spiritual and divine life. This is what was considered divine grace, divine succour, divine intervention. And even now, in this age of anguish, tension and hypertension, this sovereign peace is of all help the best received, the most

welcome, the relief asked and hoped for. For many, it is still the true sign of divine intervention, of divine grace.

In fact, no matter what you wish to realize, you must begin by establishing this perfect and immutable peace – it is the necessary basis for any work; but unless you are thinking of an exclusive or personal and egoistic liberation, you cannot stop there. There is yet another aspect to the divine grace, the aspect of progress that will be victorious over all obstacles, the aspect that will propel humanity into a new realization, open the doors unto a new world, enable not only a select few to benefit from the divine realization, but through their influence, their example and their power, bring a new and better condition to the rest of humanity.

It opens vistas of realization into the future and already foreseen possibilities through which an entire section of humanity, which is consciously or unconsciously open to the new forces, will be lifted up, as it were, towards a higher, more harmonious, more perfect life ... and even if individual transformations are not permissible nor possible in all cases, at least there will be a kind of uplifting of the whole, a harmonization of everything, enabling a new order, a new harmony to be established and the anguish of disorder and the present strife to disappear and be replaced by an order that will allow for the harmonious working of the whole.

There will be other consequences that by opposite means will tend to eradicate the perversion and ugliness created in life due to the intervention of the mind, a whole range of deformations that have aggravated suffering, misery, moral poverty, a whole zone of sordid and repugnant miseries that makes an entire portion of human life so hideous. That must disappear. That is what in many respects makes humanity infinitely inferior to animal life, with its simplicity and its natural spontaneity, and which in spite of everything is harmonious. Suffering among animals is never as miserable and sordid as it is in a whole section of humanity perverted by a mentality exclusively turned towards egoistic needs.

One must rise above, surge forth into the Light and the Harmony, or sink back down into the simplicity of a wholesome, unperverted animal life.” The Mother/June-1958

Summary

The king continues on his journey on the astral/vital plane which is home to all sorts of beings fairies, goblins, geni...all of whom are still creatures of ignorance and not Divine. These creatures have many powers and are invisible to men. They are responsible for the thoughts/suggestions especially of the lower vital nature (like lust, anger etc) and play with the lives of men like a toy for their amusement. Helping man to evolve and ascend is not their motive. These are

the **small gods that early man used to offer sacrifices to try to please**...they are not spiritual nor do they have any interest in endowing man with any true knowledge. They are a powerful force to be recognised and understood in the world and their influence rejected and transcended.

Detail:

A FIXED and **narrow power** with **rigid forms**,
He saw the **empire** of the **little life**,
An unhappy corner in eternity. (Here the gulf between dynamic Spirit and the little and narrow life is to be bridged.)
It lived upon the margin of the Idea
Protected by Ignorance as in a shell.
Then, hoping to learn the secret of this world
He peered across its scanty fringe of sight,
To disengage from its **surface-clear obscurity**
The Force that moved it and the Idea that made,
Imposing smallness on the Infinite,
The ruling spirit of its littleness,
The divine law that gave it right to be,
Its claim on Nature and its need in Time.
He plunged his gaze into the siege of mist
That held this ill-lit **straitened** continent
Straitened: impoverished
Ringed with the skies and seas of ignorance
And kept it safe from Truth and Self and Light.
As when a searchlight (his inner gaze of Truth vision was like a search light that

disturbed this world...like shining light on nocturnal creatures that live deep in the ocean where light reaches them or bats in a cave) stabs the Night's blind breast

And dwellings and trees and figures of men appear

As if revealed to an eye in Nothingness,

All lurking things were torn out of their veils (Mother (Maa Krishna) are these lower vital beings that cause the lust, anger, massacre, suicide, accident and disease etc in men?)

Yes. These tamasic and rajasic beings are responsible for dividing and destroying everything in this world. They become powerless more and more when one becomes open towards the truth of his Being, swadharma and truth of one's Nature, swabhava. Similarly in the event of disease of most difficult kind also is an attack of these dark world and they can be removed by occult means or Yogic power/Subconscient purification and transformation without the aid of any medicine. Occult means are activated through mantra and japa and pranayama and Yogic Spiritual powers are activated through the power of consecration.

Another observation:

Through intervention of Spiritual or Supramental energy one can get great relief but it does not cure the ailment. The cure is possible only by Subconscient purification and transformation. Or 'one can cure only if the disease is not necessary to the individual's development.' (Ref: The Mother's Agenda/10/470) With wrong attitude pain turns into illness and by restoring the right attitude 'pain can be taken away in few seconds.' So one has to teach and educate the body to open itself to some affirmative vibration or Divine Presence.

“Q: Yes, for all those in contact with you, it's a different case.

Yes. But I can see, that's what Sri Aurobindo also had: there is a certain power that comes from the contact with the supramental forces, which Sri Aurobindo had, and which I have experienced (when I said, “He takes things away as one would do

with one's hand," and nothing remains) (The Mother used to say that when Sri Aurobindo cured somebody, one often saw a subtle hand come with a current of blue force and seize, as it were, the vibration of the illness or disorder between its fingertips. (The Mother's Agenda-3/p-86)), but it's not cured, in the sense that out of weakness one lets the ailment come back. I clearly see that, I have the same experience now, but ... that's not what I call "cure"; and I clearly see that to cure, something else would be needed. Something else would be needed. Ultimately to put it quite tritely, one can cure only if the disease isn't necessary to the individual's development.

One can give the body an indication of the direction it should follow in order to be cured, but ... ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it won't do it.

Yes, people call them miracles, but to me, they are incomplete miracles! ... In all the transfers (what I call "transfer of power"), at the time of the transfer, there is in the body a sort of disequilibrium, and if you aren't VERY attentive, or if the disequilibrium is a bit stronger than usual, it results in a pain. If you make the mistake of taking the wrong attitude, the pain turns into an illness. But with the true attitude, the pain can be taken away in a few seconds – that experience occurs almost every day, which is to say that I've had it hundreds of times. And for others, it's the same thing – you can do it for someone else. But all that you can do is ... to teach the body the way to cure itself-but it doesn't learn! (Mother laughs)

(silence)

Q: There's a practical problem there: one can see that one would like to do away with certain movements because one realizes there's a flaw, but one doesn't know how to do it. Should it be done from above? ... One puts the light on it every time such a movement comes, and then ...

It depends on the kind of movement, mon petit, in which part of the being and the kind of movement.

I am convinced that every difficulty is a special problem. We can't make a general rule.

Q: The other day, for instance, you said that birth is a purge ...

(Mother laughs)

Q: You remember, you said that with people who have repressed everything, it comes out again in the children.

Yes, Yes!

Q: And you said it gives the key of what shouldn't be done.

Yes.

Q: So I would like to know what's the key to the cure WITHOUT REPRESSION. Because usually, as a matter of fact, one puts the Light, and the wrong movement sinks below.

Ah, yes, that's the general rule. What's needed is the opposite! Instead of repelling it, to offer it. It's to put the thing, the movement itself, to CAST it into the Light Generally, it squirms and refuses! But ... (laughing) it's the only way. That's why this Consciousness is so precious You understand, what caused the repression is the idea of good and evil – a sort of contempt or shame at what's regarded as evil – and so one goes like this (gesture of repelling), one doesn't want to see it, doesn't want to let it be. What's needed ... The first thing – the first thing to be realized is that the infirmity of our consciousness is what creates this division, and that there is a Consciousness (I am sure of it now), there is a Consciousness in which that doesn't exist, in which what we call "evil" is as necessary as what we call "good," and if we could cast our sensation – or our activity or perception – cast it into this Light, that's what cures. Instead of repressing or repelling it as something one wants to destroy (it can't be destroyed!), one must cast it into the Light. I had in fact several days of an experience which for that reason was very interesting; instead of trying to drive far away from yourself certain things (which you don't accept or which cause a disequilibrium in the being), instead of that, accept them, take them as a part of yourself, and ... (Mother opens her hands) offer them – they don't want to be offered, but there's a way to compel them. A way to compel them: the resistance is lessened to the extent that we can lessen in us the sense of disapproval. If we can replace that sense of disapproval with a higher understanding, then we can do it. It's much easier.

I had a whole baggage which remained like that, of things I did when I was young; it remained like that (gesture on the side), and in fact, after that supramental experience, I was able to gather all of it, and all of a sudden, it got entirely clarified, I understood everything, and ... it evaporated. Things I had been dragging along for a very long time – I didn't want to know, you understand, didn't want to have anything to do with them anymore – and then it was all over. It melted, it was clarified like ... Well, it was in its place.

I think that's it. All, all the movements that pull downward, we must put them in contact with the higher understanding." The Mother/ **December 13, 1969**

"And when it came to others ... he (Sri Aurobindo) could remove an illness like that (*gesture, as if Mother were calmly extracting an illness from the body with her fingertips*). That happened to you once, didn't it? You said that I had done this for you – but it wasn't me; he was the one who did it ... He could give you peace in the mind in the same way (*Mother brushes her hand across her forehead*). You see, his actions were absolutely ... On others, it had all the characteristics of a total mastery ... Absolutely superhuman.

One day, he'll tell you all this himself.'

Now I understand it.

It's tre-men-dous." The Mother/ **October 19, 1960**

And held up in his vision's sun-white blaze.

A busy restless uncouth populace (*like flies and fleas over a garbage dump*)

Teemed in their dusky unnoted thousands there.

In a mist of secrecy wrapping the world-scene (*this world is hidden from human sight*)

The **little deities** of Time's nether act
Who work remote from Heaven's controlling eye,
Plotted, unknown to the creatures whom they move (these creatures move human beings and are responsible for many emotions and thoughts that human think are self generated but are instigated by these creatures),
The small conspiracies of this petty reign
Amused with the small contrivings, the brief hopes (these creatures amuse themselves with this way of life controlling/influencing the actions and events of humans.)

And little eager steps and little ways
And reptile wallowings in the dark and dust,
And the crouch and **ignominy** of creeping life.

Ignominy: Public shame or disgrace

A trepidant and motley multitude (mix of all varieties),
A strange pell-mell of magic artisans (fairies?),
Was seen moulding the plastic clay of life,
An **elfin** brood, an elemental kind.

Astonished by the unaccustomed glow (of the King's piercing sight),
As if immanent in the shadows started up

Imps with wry limbs and carved beast visages,
Sprite-prompters **goblin**-wizened or **faery**-small,

Goblin: A mischievous, ugly creature resembling a dwarf

Similar creatures: hobgoblin, gnome, dwarf, troll, imp, elf, sprite, brownie, fairy, pixie, kelpie, leprechaun, pooka, bugbear, hob.

Faery: A small being, human in form

Other meaning of faery: (1) the land of fairies, (2) enchantment, (3) a variant of fairy.

"And trolls and gnomes and goblins scowled and stared" Savitri, Book-7, Canto-3

"He heard the goblin Voice that guides to slay," Savitri, Book-2, Canto-8

"Tread down a million goblin obstacles." Savitri, Book-7, Canto-4

"The demon and the goblin and the ghoul." Savitri, Book-2, Canto-7

"The kingdom of subtle Matter's faery craft" Savitri, Book-2, Canto-2

"This faery artistry could not keep his will:" Savitri, Book-2, Canto-2

"A golden bridge spanning a faery flood," Savitri, Book-4, Canto-1

"In faery woods, led down the gleaming slopes" Savitri, Book-6, Canto-1

"Came floating shipped through ripples of faery air." Savitri, Book-7, Canto-6

"Of faery beauty and ungrasped delight" Savitri, Book-10, Canto-1

"A glimmering Eden crossed by faery gleams," Savitri, Book-10, Canto-1

"Who imitates with verve a faery dance." Savitri, Book-10, Canto-2

"Faery flower-masses looked with laughing eyes." Savitri, Book-11,

"And gleaming footfalls treading faery swords," Savitri, Book-11,

(The Mother's reply)

April 11, 1957

My dear child (Satprem),

I read your letter yesterday, and here is the answer that immediately came to me. I add to it the assurance that nothing has changed, nor can change, in my relationship with you, and that you are and always will be my child – for that is the truth of your being.

Here is what I wrote:

In your ignorance, you created a phantom of your destiny, and then, out of this non-existent ghost, you made a **hobgoblin** around which all the resistances of your outer nature have crystallized.

It is a double ignorance:

- in the universe, there are not – there cannot be – two similar destinies.
- each one's destiny is inevitably fulfilled, but the nearer one is to the Divine, the more does this destiny assume its divine qualities.

I am saying all this so that you do not hypnotize yourself further with some imaginary and groundless possibility.

I am with you always.

Signed: The Mother

And **genii** fairer but unsouled and poor

Genii: plural of genie: A spirit of Arabian folklore, as depicted traditionally imprisoned within a bottle or oil lamp.

"Summoned the **genii** of their wakeful sleep,"Savitri-, Book-11,

And **fallen beings**, their heavenly portion lost (**Sweet Mother (Maa Krishna) where have these creatures fallen from? Are they the result of the fall of Life, these were originally Life's beings but have since been warped due to contact with inconscience), (all these Subconscient beings on earth are fallen beings and King Aswapati foresaw the coming god in worm.) (elfin, imps, goblin, faery are beings or entities of lower vital planes and they take shelter in our twilight untransformed nature.)**

"I spent a night – a night of battle – when, for some reason or other, a multitude of vital formations of all kinds entered into the room: beings, things, embryos of beings, residues of beings – all kinds of things ... And it was a frightful assault, absolutely disgusting.

In this swarming mass, I noticed the presence of some slightly more conscious wills – wills of the vital plane – and I saw how they try to awaken a reaction in the consciousness of human beings to make them think or want, or if possible, do certain things.

For example, I saw one of them trying to incite anger in someone so that this person would deliver a blow – a spiritual blow. And this formation had a dagger in his hand (a vital dagger, you see, it was a vital being: gray and slimy, horrible), he was holding a very sharp dagger which he was flaunting, saying, 'When a person has done something like that (pretending that someone had done an unforgivable thing), this is what he deserves ...' and the scenario was complete: the being rushed forward, vitally, with his dagger.

I, who know the consequences of these things, stopped him just in time – I gave him a blow. Then I had enough of all this and it was over, I cleaned the place out. It was almost a physical cleaning, for I had my hands clasped together (I was in a semi-trance) and I threw them apart in an abrupt movement, left and right, powerfully, as if to sweep something away, and frt! ... immediately everything was gone.

But had that not happened ... I was watching, not exactly with curiosity, but in order to learn – to learn what kind of atmosphere people live in! And it is ALWAYS like that! They are always pestered by HORDES of little formations that are absolutely swarming and disgusting, each one making its ... nasty little suggestion.

Take these movements of anger, for example, when someone is carried away by his passion and does things which, in his normal state, he would never do: *he is* not doing it, it is done by these little formations which are there, swarming in the atmosphere, just waiting for an occasion ... to rush in. When you see them, oh! it's ... suffocating. When you're in contact with that ... Really, you wonder how anyone can breathe in such an atmosphere. And yet people CONSTANTLY live in that atmosphere! They live in it. Only when they rise above are they NOT in it. Or else there are those who are entirely below; but those are the toys of these things, and their reactions are sometimes not only unexpected but absolutely dreadful – because they are puppets in the hands of these things.

Those who rise above, who enter into a slightly intellectual region, can see all this from above; they can look down at it all, keep their heads above and breathe; but those who live in this realm ...

Sri Aurobindo calls this realm the 'intermediate zone,' a zone in which, he says, you can have all the experiences you wish if you enter into it. But it isn't (*laughing*) very advisable! – and I understand why! I had that experience because I had just read what Sri Aurobindo says on this subject in a letter in this latest book, *On Yoga; I* wanted to see for myself what it was. Ah, I understood!

And I express this in my own way when I say 'that thoughts 'come and go, flow in and out.' But thoughts concerning material things are formations originating in that world, they are kinds of wills coming from the vital plane which try to express themselves, and most often they are truly deadly. If you are annoyed, for example, if someone says something unpleasant to you and you react ... It always happens in the same way; these little entities are there waiting, and when they feel it's the right moment, they introduce their influence and their suggestions. This is what is vitally symbolized by the being with his dagger rushing forward to stab you – and in the back, at that! Not even face to face! This then expresses itself in the human consciousness by a movement of anger or rage or indignation: 'How intolerable! How ... !' And the other fellow says, 'Yes! We shall put an end to it!'" The Mother/The Mother's Agenda/1/p-279-80

And errant divinities trapped in Time's dust.

Ignorant and dangerous wills but armed with power,

Half-animal, half-god their mood, their shape (Mother(Maa Krishna) are these

the regions of patala etc...the lower hemispheres/hell below earth?).

I have already written about it before. Now I am repeating the same again. Our ancient seers have divided this unconscious sheaths into seven hells, *sapta narka* and seven big hells, *sapta mahanarka* or *sapta patala*. They are:- *abichi, mahakala, ambariswa, rouraba, maharouraba, mahasutra, andhatamisra* and *mahatala, rasatala, atala, sutala, bitala, talatala, patala*. In these hells fourteen types of devils live. They are *asura, gandharba, kinnara, kingpurusha, jakhya, rakhyasa, bhuta, preta, pisacha, apasmaraka, apsara, brahmarakhyasa, kusmanda, binayaka*. These beings are inferior to human beings and are of *tamasic* and *rajasic* in nature. As the story of Savitri continues, with Narada's arrival these beings wept with joy, foreseeing the end of their long dreadful task of self chosen doom and defeat and return to the One from which they came. These Asuras are the rebellious children of the Divine Mother and their privilege over the Gods are that in the evolution they suffer transformation of Nature.

Out of the greyness of a dim background

Their whispers come, an inarticulate force (they whisper their narrow suggestions to man, **whisper of the lower beings through physical mind and vital mind**),

Awake in mind an echoing thought or word (these suggestions take the form of thought),

To their sting of impulse the heart's sanction draw (which the human heart accepts readily without realising the source and thinks these thoughts are for its good and thinks falteringly that these thoughts are from his soul or

Psychic Being.),

And in that **little Nature** do their work

And fill its powers and creatures with unease (however these thoughts when they appear in us, leave an unease (**because of the distortion of truth**) in our inner being...much like when we give into desire...Mother (Maa Krishna) this reminds me that everytime I have acquiesced to an urge even something as simple as having a sweet or cake etc...there is an unease but we dismiss it quickly and follow through with the suggestion). **Yes. So in Yoga it is asked to observe all thought very minutely and hold on it till some higher suggestions intervene.**

Its seed of joy they curse with sorrow's fruit (however after the urge has been satisfied we are always left with a disgust and sorrow which contradicts the original seed (**of real Joy**) and we are thrown into of apparent - not real joy),

Put out with error's breath its scanty lights (all suggestions and so called clarity these beings put out are sources of error in our lives)

And turn its **surface truths** to falsehood's ends,

Its small emotions spur, its passions drive

To the abyss or through the bog and mire:

Or else with a goad of hard dry lusts (**Their attack decreases with the opening of our psychic and spiritual being.**) they prick (the lusts and passions that drive men wild and never lets them rest),

"In the transition there may well be a period in which we take up **all life** and action and (1) offer them to the Divine for purification, change and deliverance of the truth within them, (2) another period in which we draw back and build a spiritual wall around us admitting through its gates only such activities as

consent to undergo the law of spiritual transformation, (3) a third in which a free and all-embracing action, but with new forms (complete Spiritual life) fit for the utter truth of the Spirit, can again be made possible. These things, however, will be decided by no mental rule but in the light of the soul within us and by the ordaining force and progressive guidance of the Divine Power that (1) secretly or overtly first impels, (2) then begins clearly to control and order and (3) finally takes up the whole burden of the Yoga.” The Synthesis of Yoga-138-139

While jogs on devious ways that nowhere lead

Life’s cart finding no issue (deliverance) from ignorance.

To sport with good and evil is their law (its all a game for them..they have no sense of Truth or even basic morality so they use both opposites to their pleasure);

Luring to failure and meaningless success,

All **models they corrupt**, all measures cheat, (Who is responsible for all corruption of life? They are goblin, hobgoblin, gnome, dwarf, troll, imp, elf, sprite, brownie, fairy, pixie, kelpie, leprechaun, pooka, bugbear, hob.

“Corrupted Truth with her own formulas;” Savitri, Book-2, Canto-7

“Corrupting watched for Life’s maturity” Savitri, Book-2, Canto-7

“And tasted corruption like a high-spiced food.” Savitri, Book-2, Canto-7

Make knowledge a poison, virtue a pattern dull

And lead the endless cycles of desire

Through semblances of sad or happy chance

To an inescapable fatality (after spending a lifetime following these suggestions as most humans do we are left with nothing to show for at the end of our lives).

“The corruption of the best (best Souls of earth) produced the worst (result) by that strange chemistry of the power of life which generates

evil out of good even as it can also generate good out of evil.” The Synthesis of Yoga-140

“I'd rather not talk, because ...

It is a terribly dark labor and without clearly visible effects. There are people who proclaim they perform miracles with my name or my force – bringing dying people back to life, wonderful things, anyway. To me, it immediately smacks of the ego a mile off; and the ego means **vital entities** taking advantage of it. I don't like that.

It's a labor of every minute, without a break, night and day.

Last night again ... I went through strange places with people I know very well and whom I am seeing in that way for the first time. As if I went into all sorts of places I'd never been to before, in which fantastic things occur: in which people, whom I know very well physically, appear there in a light and with activities that are truly unexpected – it's dumbfounding.

Last night, it lasted hours. Unbelievable.

So you wonder, "When will it come to an end?" There's always more and more and more of it.... It is an actual demonstration of new disorders, new ways of seeing things. It's like new aspects of the world.

I go there with full consciousness, I am entirely conscious, conscious with the totality of my consciousness, and I am an outwardly powerless witness of a lot of unbelievable things.

It results materially in all sorts of truly unexpected and rather chaotic circumstances, as if Disorder were going on increasing.

It's undeniably a preparation, but how long will it last?... It's as if there was a will to give me a demonstration – a demonstration in detail – of how absolutely closed the world is to the higher Influence: all that comes down to the world, the minute it touches it, is twisted. Twisted, distorted beyond recognition. Almost as if I were made to touch the rock bottom of insanity, in the root sense of the word. Well ... so might you have anything a little more comforting? (*Mother laughs*)” The Mother/**September 26, 1964**

All by their influence is enacted there.

Nor there alone is their empire or their role (**their influence does not stop there**):

Wherever are soulless minds and guideless lives

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

Wherever love and light and largeness lack,

These crooked fashioners take up their task.

(The complementary of the above line is:)

Wrong could not come where all was light and love. Savitri-314

The above line resolves all our problem and in such atmosphere the tamasic and rajasic beings of the lower world become powerless. To complement above line of Savitri there is another line:

“Virgin who comest perfected by joy,” Savitri-424

With the increase of the purity, the action of the lower world becomes inactive and hence one enjoys the highest beatitude.

To all half-conscious worlds they extend their reign.

Here too these godlings drive our human hearts,

Our nature’s **twilight** (our degenerate or parts that of us not opened to light) is their lurking-place: **(Physical mind, vital mind and sattwic mind are the seat of Nature’s twilight or seat of godheads of little life.)**

Its complementary line:

“A mind delivered from all **twilight** thoughts,” (the symbol of Savitri’s mental virginity.)
Savitri, book-10, Canto-3

“In the **dream twilight** of that symbol world
The dire universal Shadow disappeared
Vanishing into the Void from which it came...
The **twilight** realm passed fading from their souls,
And Satyavan and Savitri were alone.” Savitri-668
“**Twilight** and mist were exiles from that air,
Night was impossible to such radiant heavens.” Savitri, Book-11

Here too the darkened primitive heart obeys

The veiled suggestions of a hidden Mind

That dogs (persistent...much like the lower vital thoughts that repeatedly rise when I do meditation inspite of me rejecting them) **(this experience asks the need of vital purification)** our knowledge with misleading light

And stands between us and the Truth that saves. **(Falsehood that kills.)**

It speaks to us with the voices of the Night:

Our darkened lives to greater darkness move;

Our seekings listen to **calamitous hopes**.

A structure of unseeing thoughts is built

And reason used by an irrational Force (these beings are dexterous at using even reason as a tool to justify their ends).

This earth is not alone our teacher and nurse;

The powers of **all the worlds have entrance here** (The vital world being so close to the Physical , the influence of these unseen beings extend quite strongly to this plane). (The powers of all the (ten) worlds means from **Inconscient darkness to Supramental/Bliss Light have entrance in the vital and physical plane.**)

“The universal Purusha dwells in all these planes in a certain simultaneity and builds upon each of these principles a world or series of worlds with its beings who live in the nature of that principle. Man, the microcosm, has all these planes in his own being, ranged from his subconscious to his superconscient existence. By a developing power of Yoga he can become aware of these **concealed worlds** hidden from his physical, materialised mind and senses which know only the material world, and then he becomes aware that his material existence is not a thing apart and self-existent, as the material universe in which he lives is also not a thing apart and self-existent, but is in constant relation to the higher planes and acted on by their powers and beings. He can open up and increase the action of these higher planes in himself and enjoy some sort of participation in the life of the other worlds, — which, for the rest, are or can be his dwelling place, that is to say, the station of his awareness, *dhama*, after death or between death and rebirth in a

material body. But his most important capacity is that of developing the powers of the higher principles in himself, a greater power of life, a purer light of mind, the illumination of supermind, the infinite being, consciousness and delight of spirit. By an **ascending movement** he can develop his human imperfection towards that greater perfection.” The Synthesis of Yoga-630-31

“For there is a continuous scale of the planes of consciousness, beginning with the psychical and other belts attached to and dependent on the earth plane and proceeding through the true independent vital and psychical worlds to the worlds of the gods and the highest supramental and spiritual planes of existence. And these are in fact always acting upon our subliminal selves unknown to our waking mind and with considerable effect on our life and nature. The physical mind is only a little part of us and there is a much more considerable range of our being in which **the presence, influence and powers of the other planes are active upon us and help to shape our external being and its activities.** The awakening of the psychical consciousness enables us to become aware of these powers, presences and influences in and around us; and while in the impure or yet ignorant and imperfect mind this unveiled contact has its dangers, it enables us too, if rightly used and directed, to be no longer their subject but their master and to come into conscious and self-controlled possession of the inner secrets of our nature. The psychical consciousness reveals this interaction between the inner and the outer planes, this world and others, partly by an awareness, which may be very constant, vast and vivid, of their impacts, suggestions,

communications to our inner thought and conscious being and a capacity of reaction upon them there, partly also through many kinds of symbolic, transcriptive or representative images presented to the different psychical senses." The Synthesis of Yoga-877-78

In their own fields they follow **the wheel of law** (Mother (Maa Krishna) does this mean they follow certain fixed (Iron law or the law of Death) laws in their own plane?) **We are given a chance in this life to break the wheel of law, failing which we become, "Each soul is the great Father's crucified Son," Savitri-500**

And cherish the safety of a settled type (they don't want to change and are happy with fixity...typal in nature?);

On earth out of their changeless orbit thrown
Their law is kept, lost their fixed form of things.

Into a creative chaos they are cast (Mother (Maa Krishna) do these verses suggest that when these beings descend to earth, they lack the seeming harmony and order they have in their world..and they enter into chaos here as they try and compete to manifest in man...each type of being vying with the other to manifest creates a chaos?) **(These beings are forces of division, decay and death, a deformation and distortion from original Source.)**

Where all asks order but is driven by Chance;

Strangers to earth-nature, they must learn earth's ways,

Aliens or opposites, they must unite:

They work and battle and with pain agree:

These join, those part, all parts and joins anew,

But never can we know and truly live (our knowledge is only a semblance of substance but is like foam on water...when touched collapses and our lives only have apparent meaning and order...)

Till **all have** found their **divine harmony** (till we find the divine within we will be subject to these unseen forces).

"The Truth of things that has to emerge out of the phenomenal world's contradictions is declared to be an infinite Bliss and self-conscious Existence, the same everywhere, in all things, in all times and beyond Time, and aware of itself behind all these phenomena by whose intensest vibrations of activity or by whose largest totality it can never be entirely expressed or in any way limited; for it is self-existent and does not depend for its being upon its manifestations."

The Life Divine-48

"(Extracts from a meeting with the school teachers. One of them complains that the first signs of violence are showing up in the children.)"

Violence is necessary as long as men are ruled by their ego and its desires. But violence must be used only as a means of defense when you are attacked. The ideal

towards which humanity is moving and which we want to realize is a state of luminous understanding in which each person's needs as well as the harmony of the whole are taken into account.

The future will have no need of violence because it will be governed by the Divine Consciousness, in which all things are **harmonized** and complement each other.

For the moment, we are still in a stage where weapons are necessary. But it should be understood that this is a transitory stage, not a permanent one, and we must strive for the other one.

Peace ... **peace and harmony** will be a natural outcome of the change of consciousness.

You see, in India there reigns the... concept of nonviolence which has replaced physical violence with moral violence, but it's far worse!

But if you dare speak against..., everyone will immediately ... oh!

You don't need to mention...(any) name, you can explain to the children that replacing physical violence with moral violence is no better. Lying down in front of a train to stop it running is a moral violence that can ultimately cause more disorder than physical violence.

There would be a lot to say.... It depends on each case. I myself very much encouraged the practice of fencing because it gives you skill, control over your movements and discipline in violence – I very much encouraged fencing at one time. I learned how to shoot; I used to shoot with a rifle, because it gives you steadiness and skill and a very good eye; and it forces you to remain calm in the midst of danger. All these things are.... I don't see why one should be *hopelessly nonviolent*, it only makes a spineless character.

Turn it into an art! An art for cultivating calm, skill and self control. There's no need to cry out indignantly... It's useless, useless, absolutely useless – I am not at all in favor of it! One should master the means of self-defense, and one should cultivate them in order to do so.

Above all, make them understand that moral violence is just as bad as physical violence. It can even be worse, that is, at least physical violence forces you to become strong and control yourself, whereas moral violence is.... You may be like this [apparently quiet] and harbor the worst moral violence in yourself.” The Mother/**February 18, 1973**

Our life's uncertain way winds circling on,

Our mind's unquiet search asks always light,

Till they have learned their **secret in their source**,

In the light of the Timeless and its spaceless home (Mother(Maa Krishna) this suggests that these (lower) vital beings will also learn the secret of their source...do they descend to earth in order to evolve and learn this divine

secret?), (compare the above written experience with the Narada's arrival to King Aswapati's palace.

“And as he (Narad) sang the demons wept with joy
Foreseeing the end of their long dreadful task” Savitri-, Book-6, Canto-1

The asuras will experience the transformation of Nature, what the white Gods have missed. When the Supramental Force descends here in Sri Matriniketan Ashram's main building, its effect is also seen in the plants and animals and also in reptiles. Plants grow harmoniously and living creatures loose their aspect of violence. When Supramental force works animate and inanimate beings are opened towards it and are under the subjection of the law of transformation. More and more the supramental force will work more and more the dark and invisible beings will experience transformation action.)

In the joy of the Eternal sole and one.

But now the **Light supreme** is far away:

Its complementary line:

“His soul steps back and sees **the Light supreme.**” Savitri, Book-1, Canto-2,

Our conscious life obeys the Inconscient's laws (the same law that imposed its rule on the original Vital plane that descended here);

To ignorant purposes and blind desires

Our hearts are moved by an ambiguous force;

Even our mind's conquests wear a battered crown (because the conquests are always tenuous and never guaranteed to last and achieved after much effort, and the fall from our achievements is so easy).

“But the Gita discourages any excess violence done to oneself; for the

self within is really the Godhead evolving, it is Krishna, it is the Divine; it has not to be troubled and tortured as the Titans of the world trouble and torture it, but to be increased, fostered, cherished, luminously opened to a divine light and strength and joy and wideness. It not one's self, but the band of the spirit's inner enemies that we have to discourage, expel, slay upon the altar of the growth of the spirit; these can be ruthlessly excised, whose names are desire, wrath, inequality, greed, attachment to outward pleasures and pains, the cohort of usurping demons that are the cause of the soul's errors and sufferings. These should be regarded not as part of oneself but as intruders and perverters of our self's real and diviner nature; these have to be sacrificed in the harsher sense of the word, whatever pain in going they may throw by reflection on the consciousness of the seeker." The Synthesis of Yoga-108-109

A slowly changing order binds our will.

This is our doom until our souls are free. This line suggests that the existing slow mental evolution of our being is the cause of our doom and our fixed doom can be changed to higher spiritual destiny by swift evolution of our being through Psychic and Spiritual intervention.

The complementary lines are:

"And make the soul the artist of its fate." Savitri-465

"The soul is the watchful builder of its fate" Savitri, Book-2, Canto-6

But once our soul is free...

One symptom of swift evolution is that one will travel back either by rolling the mind's firmament back by Divine intervention or by "Her strong far-winged spirit travelled back," (Savitri-9)and it is necessary

to illumine the all life's darkened rooms which we had created in past lives.

A mighty Hand then rolls mind's firmaments back,

Infinity takes up the finite's acts

And Nature steps into the eternal Light.

Then only ends this dream of nether life (thats perhaps why the later vedhantins refer to this life/world as Maya or illusory). **(The later Vedantins were aware of activating the timeless immutable Spirit but unaware to reconcile Matter and Spirit by the link principle of subtle, superconscient and Supramental world. The Nature steps into eternal Light by the intervention of the Supramental Force and transforms the dark and nether forces of the Inconscient world.)**

The complementary lines are:

"A power came in to veil the eternal Light,
A power opposed to the eternal will
Diverts the messages of the infallible Word,
Contorts the contours of the cosmic plan:
A whisper lures to evil the human heart,
It seals up wisdom's eyes, the soul's regard,
It is the origin of our suffering here,
It binds earth to calamity and pain.
This all must conquer who would bring down God's peace.
This **hidden foe** lodged in the human breast
Man must overcome or miss his **higher fate**.
This is the inner war without escape." Savitri-448

At the outset of this enigmatic world

Which seems at once an enormous brute machine

And a **slow unmasking of the spirit in things** (to those who see only the external appearance and live on the surface of things, the world is a tormenter and a place of no rest and joy, but to one who has the inner vision and has been

granted the vision of the secret of the Lila, they see life and world as a progressive revealing of the Immanent divine), **(Not only vital beings will transform but also inanimate matter will also transform by the pressure of Supramental force and action.)**

In this revolving chamber without walls

In which God sits impassive everywhere (as the Purusha)

As if (as if ...because it appears so to us, but in reality he is always aware but waits till the right time) unknown to himself and by us unseen

In a miracle (it is a miracle how the all superconscious divine plays the role of the inconscient) of inconscient secrecy, **(The secret of existence is there in the Inconscience.)**

Yet is all here his action and his will (not a blade of grass moves without the will of Rama..as the saying goes). **Yes. This man often forgets.**

In this whirl and sprawl through infinite vacancy

The Spirit became Matter and lay in the whirl,

A body sleeping without sense or soul (My Sweet Mother(Maa Krishna), these 2 verses suggest a subtle difference between Spirit **(Soul in the mind or the Spiritual being or the Akshara Purusha)**and Soul **(Soul in the heart, the Psychic being, the Kshara Purusha)**...the spirit became matter...but without sense or soul...or perhaps it means that the all superconscious spirit lay without its consciousness...as consciousness is one aspect of the Spirit? so it manifested initially without this aspect and the aspect of consciousness slowly evolved into matter through the descent of the Divine**(Shakti)** Mother and the Vital plane?). **The Spirit (Para prakriti) will descent into Matter (Apara Prarkriti) and Soul (Jivatma) will ascent out of the Matter to the Spirit's home (Paramatma). These double movements are indispensable. The above**

lines describe the state of oblivion of the Soul out of which the body has to emerge.

A mass phenomenon of visible shapes

Supported by the silence of the Void (Silence provides the foundation and support for all outward activities in this manifesting universe) (Silence is the state of realisation of static Brahman, whose prolongation dynamises the dynamic Brahman and hence the outer action is born.)

Appeared in **the eternal Consciousness**

And seemed an outward and insensible world.

There was none there to see and none to feel;

Only the miraculous Inconscient (the descent of the All conscious to a state of inconscience is a miracle..for all things are possible for the Divine...as The Lord has stated somewhere..I am paraphrasing ..God is omnipotent so he can afford to be weak),

A subtle wizard **skilled**, was at its task.

Inventing ways for magical results,

Managing creation's **marvellous device**,

Marking mechanically dumb **wisdom's points**,

Using the **unthought inevitable Idea**,

It did the works of **God's intelligence**

Or wrought the **will of some supreme Unknown** (Sweet Mother (Maa Krishna)..what aspect of the Divine was working behind the scenes in the above verses?).

“Love, Joy and Beauty are the fundamental determinates of the Divine Delight of Existence, and we can see at once that these are of the very stuff and nature of that Delight: they are not alien impositions on the being of the

Absolute or creations supported by it but outside it; they are truths of its being, native to its consciousness, powers of its force of existence. So too is it with the fundamental determinates of the absolute consciousness,-- knowledge and will; they are truths and powers of the original Consciousness-Force and are inherent in its very nature. The authenticity becomes still more evident when we regard the fundamental spiritual determinates of the absolute Existence; they are its triune powers, necessary first postulates for all its self-creation or manifestation, --Self, the Divine, the Conscious Being; Atman, Ishwara, Purusha. If we pursue the process of self-manifestation farther, we shall see that each of these aspects or powers reposes in its first action on a triad or trinity; for Knowledge inevitably takes its stand in the trinity of the Knower, the Known and Knowledge; Love finds itself in a trinity of the Lover, the Beloved and Love; Will is self-fulfilled in a trinity of the Lord of the Will, the object of the Will and the executive Force; Joy has its original and utter gladness in a trinity of the Enjoyer, the Enjoyed and the Delight that unites them; (Beauty restores itself in the trinity of possessor of Beauty, the Beauty possessed and Beauty that holds them together) Self as inevitably appears and founds its manifestation in a trinity of Self as subject, Self as object and self-awareness holding together Self as subject-object.” The Life Divine-329

Your question of what aspect of the Divine is working behind the above verse is Divine Will and Divine Knowledge, which is the fundamental determinates of absolute consciousness. This Will and Wisdom became Will Supreme and Truth Supreme in Supramental Plane, became Mahasaraswati and Maheswari in the

Overmental or Spiritual plane, became Brahma Shakti and Shudra Shakti in the Psychic plane.

Some more examples of Will Supreme and Truth Supreme from Savitri:

“Yet are they instruments of a Will supreme,”

Savitri-378

“It left mind’s distance from the Truth supreme”

Savitri-44

“A Truth supreme has forced the world to be;”

Savitri-658

“Fragments of Truth supreme have lit his soul,”

Savitri-659

“All-ruler, ruled by none, the Truth supreme,”

Savitri-661

“The Truth supreme, vast and impersonal”

Savitri-662

“O Death, if thou couldst touch the Truth supreme”

Savitri-663

“If Truth supreme transcends her shadow here”

Savitri-663

“Then shall the Truth supreme be given to men:”

Savitri-705

Still consciousness (CHIT) was hidden in Nature’s womb,

Unfelt was the Bliss (ANANDA) whose rapture dreamed the worlds.

Being (SAT) was an inert substance driven by Force (The triune aspects of the divine were submerged (in the Inconscient) and not evident in creation).

At first was only an etheric Space:

Its huge vibrations circled round and round
Housing some unconceived initiative:
Upheld by a supreme original Breath
Expansion and contraction's mystic act (reminds me of the saying that universes
are created when Mahavishnu breathes out and universes are remerged with
Him when he breathes in) Yes. Also Self-expansion and self-concentration
Created touch and friction in the void,
Into abstract emptiness brought clash and clasp:
Parent of an **expanding universe**
In a matrix of disintegrating force,
By spending it conserved an endless sum (reminds me of the basic law of
energy..no energy is created or destroyed it is only transformed from one form
to another).
On the hearth of Space it kindled a viewless Fire (this Fire is the primordial
energy that created the kinetic energy that cast the multitude of worlds in
different directions from a single point)
That, scattering worlds as one might scatter seeds,
Whirled out the luminous order of the stars.
An ocean of **electric Energy**
Formlessly formed its strange wave-particles
Constructing by their dance this solid scheme,
Its mightiness in the atom shut to rest (reminds me of the atom bomb that
releases this mightiness);
Masses were forged or feigned and visible shapes;
Light flung the photon's swift revealing spark

And showed, in the minuteness of its flash

Imaged, this cosmos of apparent things.

“One might as well on the same lines have concluded that electricity is only a product or operation of water and cloud matter, because it is in such a field that lightning emerges; but a deeper inquiry has shown that both cloud and water have, on the contrary, the energy of electricity as their foundation, their constituent power or energy-substance: that which seems to be a result is — in its reality, though not in its form — the origin; the effect is in the essence pre-existent to the apparent cause, the principle of the emergent activity precedent to its present field of action. So it is throughout evolutionary Nature; Matter could not have become animate if the principle of life had not been there constituting Matter and emerging as a phenomenon of life in-matter; life-in-matter could not have begun to feel, perceive, think, reason, if the principle of mind had not been there behind life and substance, constituting it as its field of operation and emergent in the phenomenon of a thinking life and body: so too spirituality emerging in mind is the sign of a power which itself has founded and constituted life, mind and body and is now emerging as a spiritual being in a living and thinking body.” CWSA/22/The Life Divine-885

Thus has been made this real impossible world,

An obvious miracle or convincing show (it is sometimes one or the other...depending on the way man’s mind views things...).

Or so it seems to man’s audacious mind

Who seats his thought as the arbiter of truth (although his thought is generated by an instrument of ignorance),

His personal vision as impersonal fact (we see what we want to see in the world and not things as they are),

As witnesses of an objective world

His erring sense and his instruments' artifice.

Thus must he work life's tangible riddle out

In a doubtful light, by error seize on Truth

And **slowly** part the visage and the veil (all his instruments are of the stuff of ignorance, yet using these he must attempt to seize the Truth...Mother (Maa Krishna) this seems like an impossible task does it not?). **(This is a long action of Ignorance, overseen, overruled and Guided by the Unseen and for our impatience seem impossible.)**

Or else, forlorn of faith in mind and sense (after all his groping in the dark, he sometimes tires and considers this creation nothing more than a mistake or illusion) **(Where impatience is there, doubt and fear will accompany and cannot leave.)**

His knowledge a **bright body of ignorance,**

"O queen, thy thought is a **light of the Ignorance,** (not the light of Knowledge) Its **brilliant curtain** hides from thee God's face." Savitri-442 (The brilliant curtain is the sattwic mind.)

"(1) At first there may have to be a prolonged, often tedious and painful period of preparation and purification of all our being till it is ready and fit for an opening to a greater Truth and Light or to the Divine Influence and Presence. (2) Even when centrally fitted, prepared, open already, it will still be long before all our movements of mind, life and body, all the multiple and conflicting members and elements of our personality consent or, consenting, are able to bear the difficult and exacting process of the transformation. (3) And hardest of all, even if all in us is willing, is the struggle we shall have to carry through against the universal forces attached to the present unstable creation (as now discussed in Savitri of the lower tamasic and rajasic beings) when we seek to make the final Supramental conversion and reversal in us in its plenitude and not merely what

they would more readily permit, **an illumined Ignorance.**" The Synthesis of Yoga-132-133

He sees in all things strangely fashioned here
The unwelcome jest of a deceiving Force,
A parable of Maya and her might.

This vast perpetual motion caught and held
In the mysterious and unchanging change

Of the persistent movement we call Time (Time is the succession of passing moments.)

And ever renewing its recurrent beat,
These mobile rounds that stereotype a flux,
These static objects in the cosmic dance
That are but Energy's self-repeating whorls
Prolonged by the spirit of the brooding Void,
Awaited life and sense and **waking Mind.**

A little the Dreamer changed his pose of stone (the Divine within changes his pose a little because now there were Life and Mind that allowed a little pliability rather than the fixity of the unconscious). **(Mind, Life and Body are instruments of slow evolutionary change.)**

But when the Inconscient's scrupulous work was done **(Conscious sadhana can be pursued in the Inconscient sheath after the discovery of the Supramental Self.)**

And Chance coerced by fixed immutable laws,
A scene was set for Nature's conscious play.
Then stirred the Spirit's mute immobile sleep;

The **Force** concealed broke dumbly, slowly out. (revelation of Inconscient Self)

A dream of living woke in Matter's heart,
A will to live moved the Inconscient's dust,

A freak of living startled vacant Time (the first manifestation of life),
Ephemeral in a blank eternity,
Infinitesimal in a dead Infinite.

A subtler breath quickened dead Matter's forms;

The world's set rhythm changed to a conscious cry (like when a new baby is born into the world);

A **serpent Power** twinned the insensible Force. (double movements.)

Islands of living dotted lifeless Space

And germs of living formed in formless air (the initial single celled organisms like bacteria and amoeba).

A Life was born that followed Matter's law (but not the Divine's - it was a law of **Inconscience or the law of mutation, decay and death**),

Ignorant of the motives of its steps;

Ever inconstant, yet for ever the same,

It repeated the paradox that gave it birth (cycle of birth and death):

Its restless and unstable stabilities

Recurred incessantly in the flow of Time
And purposeful movements in unthinking forms
Betrayed the heavings of an imprisoned Will.
Waking and sleep lay locked in mutual arms;
Helpless and indistinct came pleasure and pain

Trembling with the first faint thrills of a World-Soul. (Opening of cosmic self.)

Its complementary line:

“As so he grew into his **larger self**,
Humanity framed his movements (outer wandering) less and less
A greater being saw a greater world.”

Savitri-26

“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

“Images in a supernal consciousness
Embodying the Unborn who never dies,
The structured visions of the **cosmic Self**
Alive with the touch of being’s eternity
Looked at him like form-bound spiritual thoughts
Figuring the movements of the Ineffable.”

Savitri-96

“Trembling with the first faint thrills of a **World-Soul.**”

Savitri-157

“Obeying the Eternal’s deep command
They (King-children) have built in the material front of things
This wide world-kindergarten of young souls
Where the infant spirit learns through mind and sense
To read the letters of the cosmic script
And study the body of the **cosmic self**
And search for the secret meaning of the whole.”

Savtri-266

“The psycho-analysis of **cosmic Self**
Was traced, its secrets hunted down, and read
The unknown pathology of the Unique.”

Savitri-269

“The great world-rhythms were heart-beats of **one Soul**,
To feel was a flame-discovery of God,
All mind was a single harp of many strings,
All life a song of many meeting lives;
For worlds were many, but the Self was one.”

A strength of life that could not cry or move,
 Yet broke into beauty signing some deep delight:
 An inarticulate sensibility,
 Throbs of the heart of an unknowing world,
 Ran through its somnolent torpor and there stirred
 A vague uncertain thrill, a wandering beat,
 A dim unclosing as of secret eyes.
Infant self-feeling grew and birth was born.
 A godhead woke but lay with dreaming limbs;
 Her house refused to open its **sealed doors**.
 Insentient to our eyes that only see
 The form, the act and not the imprisoned God (*our vision is limited to external forms only but cannot see the residing Divine within*),
 Life hid in her pulse occult of growth and power
 A **consciousness** with mute stifled beats of sense,
 A mind suppressed that knew not yet of thought,
 An **inert spirit** that could only be (*but could not become or manifest itself in all its glory...ie only a witness state*).
 At first she raised no voice, no motion dared:
 Charged with world-power, instinct with living force,
 Only she clung with her roots to the safe earth (*ie. clung to her inconscient heritage*),
 Thrilled dumbly to the shocks of ray and breeze
 And put out tendril fingers of desire (*desire is an ignorant rajasic force that has evolved from original inconscience...a step above*);
 The strength in her yearning for sun and light
 Felt not the embrace that made her breathe and live;
 Absorbed she dreamed content with beauty and hue.
 At last the charmed Immensity looked forth:
 Astir, vibrant, hungering, she groped for mind (*from vital she then looked to a higher plane...the mind*);
 Then slowly sense quivered and thought peered out;
 She forced the reluctant mould (*our tamas is always reluctant to evolve...it is happy just to be*) to grow aware.
 The magic was chiselled of a conscious form;
 Its tranced vibrations rhythmmed a quick response,
 And luminous stirrings prompted brain and nerve,
 Awoke in Matter spirit's identity
 And in a body lit the miracle
 Of the heart's love and the soul's witness gaze.
 Impelled by an unseen Will there could break out
 Fragments of some vast impulse to become
 And vivid glimpses of **a secret self**, (*Inconscient self*)

And the doubtful seeds and force of shapes to be
Awoke from the unconscious swoon of things.
An animal creation crept and ran (various animals)
And flew and called between the earth and sky (birds),
Hunted by death but hoping still to live (predator and prey...a life spend solely
searching for food and avoiding being killed)
And glad to breathe if only for a while.
Then man was moulded from the original brute.
A thinking mind had come to lift life's moods (descent of the mental plane),
The keen-edged tool of a Nature mixed and vague,
An intelligence half-witness, half-machine.
This seeming driver of her **wheel of works**

“From Matter, *anna*, creatures come into being, from rain is the birth of Matter
(food), from sacrifice comes into being the rain, sacrifice is born of work; work
know to be born of *Brahman*, *Brahman* is born of Immutable, therefore is the
all-pervading *Brahman* Consciousness is established in Matter by continuous
sacrifice, *nitya Yajna*. He who follows not here the **wheel of works**, *evam
pravartitam chakram*, thus set in movement, evil is his being, sensual is his
delight, in vain, O *Partha* that man lives.” The Gita-3.14, 15,16

“A vision shall compel thy coursing breath,
Thy heart shall drive thee on the wheel of works,
Thy mind shall urge thee through the flames of thought,
To meet me in the abyss and on the heights,
To feel me in the tempest and the calm,
And love me in the noble and the vile,
In beautiful things and terrible desire.” Savitri-700
“However far he went, wherever turned,
The wheel of works ran with him and outstripped;
Always a farther task was left to do.
A beat of action and a cry of search
For ever grew in that unquiet world;
A busy murmur filled the heart of Time.” Savitri-197

Missioned to motive and record her drift
And fix its law on her inconstant powers,
This master-spring of a delicate enginery,
Aspired to enlighten its user and refine
Lifting to a vision of the indwelling Power
The absorbed mechanic's crude initiative:
He raised his eyes; Heaven-light mirrored a Face.
Amazed at the works wrought in her mystic sleep,
She looked upon the world that she had made:
Wondering now seized the great automaton;
She paused to understand her self and aim,

Pondering **she learned to act by conscious rule,**
A visioned measure guided her rhythmic steps;

In Spiritual life dream vision is identified as more real than the earth-fact.

05.09.2020

Om Namo Bhagavate

Dear Mother

Hope you are well.

It was nice to join the meeting today. Last night I had a dream with you and Auroprem was there as well. I can't remember too much but I remember that we were in Prashanthi Nilayam but there was a sense of Sri Aurobindo there as well. You were standing on some rocks and I approached to do pranams. You said not to as the rocks may hurt me. That is as much as I can remember.

On this auspicious day wish you a very happy Teacher's day. I aspire that one day I will be the love and light that you are to me.

With all my love and gratitude.

Guruprasad

05.09.2020

OM NAMO BHAGAVATE

Divine Amar Atman!

My loving blessed child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you always...

Lord has given you as HIS PRASAD....means Guruprasad..

You are always in me and Her with the Lord....

I am glad that you saw me and Auroprem with also Lord Sri Aurobindo...

Your soul is still moving in Prasanti Nilayam.....

It is good sign and when you will be free from your past then move towards the luminous future and that isPondicherry....

It is the place of CAVE OF TAPASYA of our Beloved Lord Sri Aurobindo....

You know it is a big story in my preliminary spiritual life.....

Actually Lord Satya Sai was my first GURU....

And I started my life from HIM.....

And I was conducting Bhajan class in all Thursdays evening and in Friday morning we all see the honey will come from His Picture and it was a large Picture and my father was supporting me to do all these spiritual activities at home....

And all family members will sit during Bhajan class....

Because they will see the miracle in next morning by their direct vision....

So it was continuing from 1984 to till 1987....

And also Baba had helped me physically during my Graduation final exam and it was also direct miracle scene in my life....

But one day I saw a vision that -" I am in Prasanti Nilayam and waiting for HIS PHYSICAL

DARSHAN....

And He came and gave Darshan to all and received all letters from other devotees hand....

I was there and eagerly waiting to do pranams with full of tears in my eyes....

But He didn't look at me and returned back to His room"

And very surprisingly He left me in the Hand of the Divine Mother.....

And after that night I moved towards the unknown future and Lord and Divine Mother came to me

That's all for this life....

But you know Baba is doing all works for the Divine Mother through Auroprem and also through you now....

Because He was my first GURU...

I didn't visit Prashanti Nilayam once before and when Auroprem came first to Pondicherry; I went there only with him..

It is wonderfully connected with each other.....

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings...

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

Thought bordered her instincts with a frame of will (birth of sattwa.)

And lit with the idea her blinded urge.

On her mass of impulses, her reflex acts,

On the Inconscient's pushed or guided drift

And mystery of unthinking accurate steps

She stuck the specious image of a self,

A living idol of disfigured spirit;

On Matter's acts she imposed a patterned law (a step higher than the incosncients law..but still a law of ignorance) ;

She made a thinking body from chemic cells (the creation of the human body) (birth of intellect.)

And moulded a being out of a driven force.

To be what she was not inflamed her hope (seeking her greater self):

She turned her dream towards some high Unknown; (Supreme Self)

A breath was felt below of One supreme (the brief touch of the Supreme). (Inconscient Self)

An opening looked up to spheres above (the increased receptivity of Earth)

And coloured shadows limned on mortal ground

The passing figures of **immortal things** (the passing visits of higher beings now that Earth was more capable of holding Diviner beings);

A quick celestial flash (of Divine Love) could sometimes come:

The illumined soul-ray fell on heart and flesh

And touched with semblances of ideal light (intuitive touches from higher planes) (reason, intellect or spiritualised intellect.)

The stuff of which our earthly dreams are made.

A **fragile human love** that could not last (this is the love that most human live

all their lives but find that never satisfies...in spite of that we seek it),

“But **vain** are human power and **human love**
To break earth’s seal of ignorance and death;...
Man, sole awake in an unconscious world,
Aspires in **vain** to change the cosmic dream.” Savitri-315, 316,

Ego’s moth-wings to lift the seraph soul (**Ego’s wings are insufficient to lift the consciousness to higher planes**)

Appeared, a surface glamour of brief date
Extinguished by a scanty breath of Time;

Joy that forgot mortality for a while (with the aid of **fragile human love** one forgets death for a brief time.)

Came, **a rare visitor** who left betimes,

And made all things seem beautiful for an **hour**, (sattwic energy behind human love or sattwic beings have limited capacity to beautify life.)

(After one hour one becomes tired)

Hopes that soon fade to drab realities

And passions that crumble to ashes while they blaze (the blaze of sattwic energy can crumble the rajasic passion to ashes.)

Kindled the common earth with **their brief flame**. (limitation of sattwic mind)

“Her (Mother of light of sattwic mind) smile could persuade a dead lacerated heart
To live again and feel the hands of calm.” Savitri-514,

“Only a little lifted is Mind’s (three gunas) screen;

The Wise (sattwic men) who know see but one half of Truth,

The strong (tamasic men) climb hardly to a low-peaked height,

The hearts (rajasic men) that yearn are given **one hour to love**.”

Savitri-372

A creature (human love) insignificant and small

Visited, uplifted by an unknown Power (**sweet Mother (Maa Krishna), who is this**

rare visitor (fragile human love) that visits the slow moving man? Is it the

coming forward of the psychic being on some occasions?), **Higher powers**

above the body, sattwic energy. This sattwic energy can be uplifted by

unknown Divine Power. Or above passage hints that human love can be

uplifted and transformed into Divine Love.

Man laboured on his little patch of earth
For means to last, to enjoy, to suffer and die.

A spirit (Psychic Being) that perished not with the body and breath

Was there like a shadow of the Unmanifest (Spiritual Being)(Psychic being is a shadow of Spiritual being)

And stood behind the little personal form

But claimed not yet this earthly embodiment (for the human embodiment is not yet prepared for the Purusha to step forward...). (Because of the static realisation of Psychic being)

Assenting to Nature's **long slow-moving** toil,

Watching the works of his own Ignorance,

Unknown, unfelt the mighty **Witness lives** (presence of static Spiritual Self)

And nothing shows the Glory that is here.

A Wisdom governing the mystic world,

A Silence (the higher consciousness) listening to the cry of Life (the lower prakriti),

It (Spiritual Being) sees the hurrying crowd of moments stream

Towards the still greatness of a distant hour. (Timeless state)

This huge world unintelligibly turns

In the shadow of a mused Inconscience;

It **hides a key** to inner meanings missed,

It locks in our hearts a voice we cannot hear.

An enigmatic labour of the spirit,

An exact machine of which none knows the use,

An art and ingenuity without sense,

This minute elaborate **orchestrated life**

For ever plays its motiveless symphonies.

The mind learns and knows not (**what we learn is (separative indirect knowledge) reflected knowledge..it gives us no true understanding of the object of knowledge (Or knowledge with distortion of truth) that we learn about**), turning its back to truth;

It studies surface laws by surface thought, (**Oblivious of the truth within**)

Life's steps surveys and Nature's process sees,

Not seeing for what she acts or why we live;

It marks her tireless care of just device,

Her patient intricacy of fine detail,

The ingenious spirit's brave inventive plan

In her great futile mass of endless works,

Adds **purposeful figures** to her purposeless sum,

Its gabled storeys piles, its climbing roofs

Gabled: Having a triangular, vertical wall at the end of a pitched roof running from the eaves to the summit.

On the close-carved foundations she has laid,

Imagined citadels reared in mythic air

Or mounts a stair of dream to a mystic moon:

Transient creations point and hit the sky:

A world-conjecture's scheme is laboured out

On the dim floor of mind's incertitude,

Or painfully built **a fragmentary whole.**

Impenetrable, a mystery recondite

Is the vast plan of which we are a part;

Its harmonies are discords to our (mental) view

Because we know not the great theme they serve (the secret of creation and evolution is hidden from us, so everything seems a meaningless, never ending toil).

The Life Divine proposes that, that which is an apparent discord and undivine to the mind of a developing soul who 'hastens to condemn this or that phenomenon as inconsistent with the nature of the divine being', because he sees in fragments without realizing the secret essence, 'is an element of the general ever-present and ever-developing harmony' (TLD-144) to the developed soul because he is aware of the Divine in the world in its entirety and views all things in a multiple unity, and the nature of his consciousness is the One knowing itself as Many and Many knowing themselves as One and the law of unity and diversity are harmonized and fulfilled in his universal Consciousness.

Integral Yoga further hints that in this existence whatever happens, whether it seems good or bad to divisible mental eye and 'even what we consider to be the worst adversaries are still a form of the Supreme...' or 'even the most diverse and contradictory things, point at some truth in this infinity...' All contraries between Ignorance and Knowledge are aspects and portions of Divine wisdom; all suffering and hatred are a distortion of Divine Delight and Love and all events are moved by a Divine Will and does help in the general transformation. Divine is the ruler and over-ruler and approver of all happening of this existence. This perception of Divine Oneness and totality comes by coexistence and reconciliation of all the opposites.

Inscrutable work the cosmic agencies (the work of the great cosmic power like Maheswari, Mahakali...).

Only the fringe of a wide surge we see;

Our instruments have not that greater light (they are instruments of ignorance),
(greater light of Jnana Yoga)

Our will tunes not with the eternal Will, (eternal Will of Karma Yoga)

Our heart's sight is too blind and passionate. (Heart is the seat of Divine Love of
Bhakti Yoga) A perfect and integral instrument of the Divine will have all the
above three Divine attributes.

Its complementary line::

"Thy mind's light hides from thee the Eternal's thought,
Thy heart's hopes hide from thee the Eternal's will,
Earth's joys shut from thee the Immortal's bliss." Savitri-443

(Reason is) Impotent to share in Nature's mystic tact,

Its complementary line:

"A mind **impotent** to reconcile heaven and earth
And tied to matter with a thousand bonds." Savitri-338

Inapt to feel the pulse and core of things,

Our reason cannot sound life's mighty sea

And only counts its waves and scans its foam (our instruments help us live on
the surface of things and the world...there is no entry to deeper of higher

realms..) ; Mind cannot travel back and ahead of time, it is not conscious of all
life, limited its activity within this life.

It knows not whence these motions touch and pass (the occult worlds are hidden
from the reach of these instruments),

It sees not whither sweeps the hurrying flood:

Only it strives to canalise its (sattwic) powers

And hopes to turn its course to human ends (we always seek to profit from nature and others for petty ends):

But all its means come from the Inconscient's store (not from the Divine's above us).

Unseen here act **dim** huge world-energies (the cosmic gods and supramental beings are not dim huge world energies and the forces that act are 'the universal (dark) forces attached to the present unstable creation.' TSY-133)

"I am constantly seeing images! Not images, living things – like answers to questions. A magnificent peacock was taking shape (it's the symbol of victory here in India) and its tail opened out, and on it a construction appeared, like this construction of an ideal place.... It's a pity this subtle world can't be photographed! There ought to be photographic plates sensitive enough to do it. It has been tried. It would be interesting because it moves, it's like a movie.

All right, then. What did you want to ask?

Q: I think you've already answered!

No, I don't remember; I went off – wandering.

Q: I asked you about your Force, or the supramental Force; what initial action is it taking now?

Ah yes.

Q: Is it putting things in their places?

In my experience, it is; and it has come to the point where the more concentrated the Force, the more things turn up at the very moment they ought to, people come just when they should and do just what they ought to be doing, the things around me fall into place naturally – and this goes for the LEAST little detail. And simultaneously it brings with it a sense of harmony and rhythm, a joy – a very smiling joy in organization, as if everything were joyously participating in this restructuring. For example, you want to tell someone something and he comes to you; you need someone to do a particular work and he appears; something has to be organized – all the required elements are at hand. All with a kind of miraculous harmony, but nothing

miraculous about it! Essentially it's simply the inner force meeting with a minimum of obstacles, and so things get molded by its action. This happens to me very often, VERY often; and sometimes it goes on for hours.

But it's rather delicate, like a very, very delicate clockwork, like a precision machine, and the least little thing throws everything out of gear. When someone has a bad reaction, for instance, or a bad thought, or an agitated vibration, or an anxiety – anything of this nature is enough to dissolve all the harmony. For me, it's translated straight-away into a malaise in my body, a very particular type of malaise; then disorder sets in, and the ordinary routine returns. So again I have to gather up, as it were, the Presence of the Lord and begin to infuse it everywhere. Sometimes it goes quickly, sometimes it takes longer; when the disorganization is a little more radical, it takes a little longer. This eye [hemorrhage], for instance, resulted from such a disorder, **a very dark force** that someone allowed to enter, not deliberately, not knowingly, but through weakness and ignorance, always mingled, of course, with desire and ego and all the rest. (Without desire and ego, such things would find no access – but desire and ego are very widespread.) At any rate, that was plainly the cause and I sensed it immediately. Sometimes when it comes, it creeps up like this (*Mother brings her hand to her throat*), a black shadow strangling you. Yet inwardly nothing is affected at all, to such an extent that if I didn't pay attention to the purely external reaction, I wouldn't know anything had happened (it's the great Play); but externally the indication is immediate: half an hour later I had this eye hemorrhage. I was struggling against a wholly undesirable intrusion, and I knew it – although from an outer point of view, the cause was insignificant. It's not always the events we consider serious or important that produce the most harmful effects – far from it. Sometimes it's an altogether INSIGNIFICANT intrusion of falsehood, for some quite insignificant reason – what is commonly labeled a stupidity. This stems from the fact that **the adverse forces are always lying in wait**, ready to rush in at the least sign of weakness.

The incomprehension generated by doubt (the kind of doubt that always results from an egoistic movement) is very dangerous. Very dangerous. It's not even necessary to be in a psychic consciousness – even for an enlightened vital consciousness, it produces no effect; but HERE, in this material swarm....

But I don't see how all this work could be done in the solitude of the Himalayas or the forest. There's a great risk of entering into that very impersonal, universal consciousness where things are relatively easy – the material consequences are so far below that it doesn't much matter! One can act directly only in the MIDST of things.

Anyway, at the moment I have no choice – and I am not looking for any. Things are what they are and as they are; and taking them as they are, the work has to be done. The manner of working depends on the way things are.

But it's so lovely when this Harmony comes. You know, pattering about, arranging papers, setting a drawer in order.... It all sings, it's lovely, so joyous and luminous ... so delightful! And all, all, all.... All material things, all activities, eating, dressing, everything becomes delightful when this harmony is there, delightful. Everything works out smoothly, it's so harmonious, there's no friction. You see ... you see a joyous, luminous Grace manifesting in all things, ALL things, even those we normally regard as utterly unimportant. But then, if this Harmony withdraws,

everything – exactly the SAME conditions, the SAME things, the SAME circumstances – becomes painful, tiresome, drawn out, difficult, laborious, oh! ... It's like this, and like that (*Mother tilts her hand from side to side as on a narrow frontier*) like this, like that.

It makes you sense so clearly that things in themselves don't count. What we call 'things in themselves' are of no true importance! What really counts is the relationship of consciousness to these things. And there's a formidable power in this, since in one instance you touch something and drop or mishandle it, while in the other it's so lovely, it works so smoothly. Even the most difficult movements are made without difficulty. It's an unheard-of power! We don't give it importance because it has no grandiose effects, it's not spectacular. Yes, there are indeed states of grace when one is in the presence of a great difficulty and suddenly has all the power needed to face it – yes, but that's something else. I am speaking of a power active in ordinary life.

There was an instance of this the other day: someone in a completely detestable mood wrote me a letter; it was impossible, I couldn't reply – I didn't know what to say. **I simply applied the Force** and remained like this (*gesture of an offering to the Light*). I said, 'We shall see.' Several hours later (I knew I was going to see this person) I didn't even know if I was going to say I had read the letter – or rather if what I was going to say would result from having read it. I had come to that point – nothing. But that very morning a little circumstance occurred that ... changed everything! And when I met the person I knew immediately what had to be said, what had to be done, and everything worked out.

That is ONE example. I mention it because it happened the day before yesterday, but this goes on all the time.

I have made it a habit to always do this (*gesture of abandonment to the Light*). When a problem comes up, I offer it to the Lord and then leave it. And the moment the solution is required, it comes – it comes in facts, in deeds, in movements.

I would be satisfied only if.... Can one ever be satisfied? At any rate, I would begin to be satisfied only if this were a constant and total condition, active in all circumstances and at every moment, day and night. But is it possible with this INUNDATION pouring in from outside? Constantly! While walking this morning I was (how to put it?) something of a witness, watching what was coming in from outside. One thing after another, one thing after another – what a mixture! From all sides, from everyone and everything and everywhere. And not only from here, but from far, far away on the earth and sometimes from far back in time, back into the past – things out of the past coming up, presenting themselves to the new Light to be put in their place. It's always that: each thing wanting to be put in its place. And **this work has to be done constantly**.... It's as if one keeps catching a new illness to be cured.

A fresh disorder to be straightened out.

Actually, we are very lazy.

Sri Aurobindo wrote that he was very lazy – that consoled me! We are very lazy. We would like (*laughing*) to settle back and blissfully enjoy the fruit of our labors!

So there, mon petit; it's time to go." The Mother/ **July 18, 1961**

And only trickles and currents are our share (we can only hold a little of that energy).

Our mind lives far off from the authentic Light (due to limitation of Consciousness of mind)

Catching at little fragments of the Truth

In a small corner of infinity,

Our lives are inlets of an ocean's force.

Our conscious movements have **sealed origins** (we are unable to see or know the origin of our actions) Thus we live with original Ignorance.

The sign of original Ignorance is that we feel ourselves as if the centre point of the whole existence and hence infinitely important to All, but to us all existence is negligible, not fit to receive our care and attention. We are ignorant of our Source, origin and support and secret Reality of all things, *Sachchidananda, Purushottama, the Para-Brahman*, the source of all Being and Becoming; we take partial realisation of Being and temporal relation of the Becoming as the whole truth of existence; that is Original Ignorance.

But with those shadowy seats no converse hold;

No understanding binds our comrade parts (we have many parts and selves within us...none of them are coordinated or work in harmony...each go in their own direction);

Our acts emerge from a crypt our minds ignore.

Our deepest depths are ignorant of themselves;

Even our body is a mystery shop;

As our earth's roots lurk screened below our earth,

So lie unseen our roots of mind and life.

Our **springs** are kept close hid beneath, within; (161)

Our souls are moved by **powers** behind the wall (**ten occult forces**). ((Integral Yoga recognises ten selves.)

The transformation of lower Nature, *apara Prakriti*, is also divided into ten fragments which *Savitri* met during the passage of her inner journey from surface Nature to the inner most Psychic Being. They are identified as (1) world of titans and *asuras*, (2) the world of lower nature of forbidden joy, (3) the world of vital mind surrounding the vital self, (4) the world of physical mind, (5) the world of schoolman mind, (6) the world of fixed mind, (7) the world of outer mind, (8) the mother of seven Sorrows, (9) the mother of (limited) Might and (10) the mother of (limited) Light respectively.

“I found my message for the 1st of January (1959) ... It was quite unforeseen. Yesterday morning, I thought, ‘All the same, I have to find my message, but what?’ I was absolutely ... like that, neutral, nothing. Then yesterday evening at the class (*of Friday, November 7*) I noticed that these children who had had a whole week to prepare their questions on the text had not found a single one! A terrible lethargy! A total lack of interest. And when I had finished speaking, I thought to myself, ‘But what IS there in these people who are interested in nothing but their personal little affairs?’ So I began descending into their mental atmosphere, in search of the little light, of that which responds ... And it literally pulled me downwards as into a hole, but in such a material way; my hand, which was on the arm of the chair, began slipping down, my other hand went like this (*to the ground*), my head, too! I thought it was going to touch my knees!

And I had the impression ... It was not an impression – I saw it. I was descending into a crevasse between two steep rocks, rocks that appeared to be made of something harder than basalt, BLACK, but metallic at the same time, with such sharp edges – it seemed that a mere touch would lacerate you. It appeared endless and bottomless, and it kept getting narrower, narrower and narrower, narrower and narrower, like a funnel, so narrow that there was almost no more room – not even for the consciousness – to pass through. And the bottom was invisible, a black hole. And it went down, down, down, like that, without air, without light, except for a sort of glimmer that enabled me to make out the rock edges. They seemed to be cut so steeply, so sharply ... Finally, when my head began touching my knees, I asked myself, ‘But what is there at the bottom of this ... this hole?’

And as soon as I had uttered, ‘What is there at the bottom of this hole?’ I seemed to touch a **spring** that was in the very depths – a spring I didn’t see but that acted instantly with a tremendous power – and it cast me up forthwith, hurled me out of this crevasse into ... (*arms extended, motionless*) a formless, limitless vast which was infinitely comfortable – not exactly warm, but it gave a feeling of ease and of an intimate warmth.

And it was all-powerful, with an infinite richness. It did not have ... no, it didn’t have any kind of form, and it had no limits (naturally, as I was identified with it I knew there was neither limit nor form). It was as if (because it was not visible), as if this vast were made of countless, imperceptible points – points that occupied no place in space (there was no sense of space), that were of a deep warm gold – but this is only a feeling, a transcription. And all this was absolutely LIVING, living with a power that seemed infinite. And yet motionless.

It lasted for quite some time, for the rest of the meditation.

It seemed to contain a whole wealth of possibilities, and all this that was formless had the power to become form.

At the time, I wondered what it meant. Later, of course, I found out, and finally this morning, I said to myself, ‘Ah, so that’s it! It came to give me my message for the new year!’ Then I transcribed the experience – it can’t be described, of course, for it was indescribable; it was a psychological phenomenon and the form it took was only a way of describing the psychological state to oneself. Here is what I wrote down, obviously in a mental way, and I am thinking of using it as my message.

There was a hesitation in the expression, so I brought the paper and I want us to decide upon the final text together.

I have not described anything. I have only stated a fact (*Mother reads*):

‘At the very bottom of the inconscience most hard and rigid and narrow and stifling, I struck upon an almighty **spring** that cast me up forthwith into a formless, limitless Vast, generator of all creation.’

And it is again one more proof. The experience was absolutely ... the English word *genuine* says it.

Genuine and spontaneous?

Yes, it was not a willed experience, for I had not decided I would do this. It did not correspond to an inner attitude. In a meditation, one can decide, ‘I will meditate on this or on that or on something else – I will do this or that.’ For meditations, I usually have a kind of inner (or higher) perception of what has to be done, and I do it. But it was not that way. I had decided: nothing, to decide nothing, to be ‘like that’ (*gesture of turning upwards*).

And then it happened.

Suddenly, while I was speaking (it was while I was speaking), I felt, ‘Well really, can anything be done with such material?’ Then, quite naturally, when I stopped speaking, oh! – I felt that I was being pulled! Then I understood.

Because I had asked myself the question, ‘But what is HAPPENING in there behind all those forms? ...’ I can’t say that I was annoyed, but I said to myself, ‘Well really, this has to be shaken up a bit!’ And just as I had finished, something pulled me – it pulled me out of my body, I was literally pulled out of my body.

And then, down into this hole ... I still see what I saw then, this crevasse between two rocks. The sky was not visible, but on the rock summits I saw ... something like the reflection of a glimmer – a glimmer – coming from ‘something’ beyond, which (*laughing*) must have been the sky! But it was invisible. And as I descended, as if I were sliding down the face of this crevasse, I saw the rock edges; and they were really black rocks, as if cut with a chisel, cuts so fresh that they glistened, with edges as sharp as knives. There was one here, one there, another there, everywhere, all around. And I was being pulled, pulled, pulled, I went down and down and down – there was no end to it, and it was becoming more and more compressing.’ It went down and down ...

And so, physically, the body followed. My body has been taught to express the inner experience to a certain extent. In the body there is the body-force or the body-form or the body-spirit (according to the different schools, it bears a different name), and this is what leaves the body last when one dies, usually taking a period of seven days to leave.¹ With special training, it can acquire a conscious life – independent and conscious – to such a degree that not only in a state of trance (in trance, it frequently happens that one can speak and move if one is slightly trained or educated), but even in a cataleptic state it can produce sounds and even make the body move. Thus, through training, the body begins to have somnambulistic capacities – not an ordinary somnambulism, but it can live an autonomous life.’ This is what took place, yesterday evening it was like that – I had gone out of my body, but my body was participating. And then I was pulled downwards: my hand, which had been on the arm of the chair, slipped down, then the other hand, then my head was almost touching my knees! (The consciousness was elsewhere, I saw it from outside – it was not that I didn’t know what I was doing, I saw it from outside.) So I said, ‘In any case, this has to stop somewhere because if it continues, my head (*laughing*) is going to be on the ground!’ And I thought, ‘But what is there at the bottom of this hole? ...’
The Mother/8th November, 1958

“His grasp surprised her mightiest energies’ springs;” Savitri-44

“A living robot moved by her energy’s springs,” Savitri-65

“This master-spring of a delicate enginery,

Aspired to enlighten its user and refine” Savitri-158

“An eager spring to seize and to possess” Savitri-248

“Making earth’s brilliant thoughts a springing-board
To dive into the cosmic vastnesses,” Savitri-359

“His words set free the spring of cosmic Fate” Savitri-429

“The endless hope that made my soul spring forth” Savitri-435
“There springs a harmony of lyric bliss
Striving to leave no heavenly joy unsung,” Savitri-683

In the subterranean reaches of the spirit
A puissance acts and reckes not what it means;
Using unthinking monitors and scribes,
It is the cause of what we think and feel.
The troglodytes of the **subconscious** Mind,
Troglodyte: A prehistoric cave-dwelling human.
Ill-trained slow stammering interpreters
Only of their small task’s routine aware
And busy with the record in our cells,
Concealed in the **subliminal** secrecies
Mid an obscure occult machinery,
Capture the mystic Morse whose measured lilt **(the intimations of the Divine
within are send by code through our various inadequate instruments that
stumble and blunder the original message)**
Transmits the messages of the cosmic **(dark)** Force.
A whisper falls into life’s inner ear **(of vital mind)**
And echoes from the dun subconscious caves,
Speech leaps, thought quivers, the heart vibrates, the will
Answers and tissue and nerve **obey the call.**
Our lives translate these subtle intimacies;
All is the commerce of a secret Power.

A thinking puppet is the mind of life: (vital mind)

Its choice is the work of elemental strengths
That know not their own birth and end and cause
And glimpse not the immense intent they serve (the instruments of mind and life
are ignorant of the purpose they serve).

In this **nether life** of man drab-hued and dull (our life is largely mundane),
Yet filled with poignant small ignoble things,
The conscious Doll is pushed a hundred ways (we are victims and puppets of
many unseen forces)
And feels the push but not the hands that drive (we cannot see or know what
moves us).

For none can see the masked ironic troupe
To whom our figure-selves are marionettes,
Our deeds unwitting movements in their grasp,
Our passionate strife an entertainment's scene (The passions that move us and
our reaction to these passions is a source of entertainment for these unseen
forces that control us like puppets).

(This message is written during world war-II) “The world situation is critical today. India’s fate too is hanging in the balance. There was a time when India was a absolutely secure, there was no danger whatever of her being victim to Asuric aggression. But things have changed. People and forces in India have acted in such a way as to invite Asuric influences upon her: these have worked insidiously and undermined the security that was there.

If India is in danger, Pondicherry cannot be expected to remain outside the danger zone. It will share the fate of the rest of the country. The protection I can give is not unconditional. It is idle to hope that in spite of anything and everything, the protection will be there over all. My protection is there if conditions are fulfilled. It goes without saying that any sympathy or support for the Nazis (or for any ally of theirs) automatically cuts across the circle of protection. Apart from this obvious and external factor, there are more fundamental psychological conditions which demand fulfillment. **The Divine can give protection only to those who are whole-heartedly faithful to the Divine, who live truly in the spirit of sadhana and keep their consciousness and preoccupation fixed upon the Divine and the service of the Divine. Desire, for example, insistence on one’s likes and conveniences, all movements of hypocrisy and insincerity and falsehood, are great obstacles standing in the way of the Divine’s protection. If you seek to impose your will upon the Divine, it is as if you were calling for a bomb to fall upon you.** I do not say that things are bound to happen in this way; but they are very likely to happen, if people do not become conscious and strictly vigilant and act in the true spirit of a spiritual seeker. If the psychological atmosphere remains the same as that of the outside world, there can be no wall of security **against the dark Forces** that are working out in it the ordeal of danger, suffering and destruction entering here.” The Mother/ May 25, 1941/ The Mother’s Agenda/ **December 4, 1971**

Ignorant themselves of their own fount of strength (these unseen forces are also ignorant of their true purpose and strength in the cosmic scene)

They play their part in the enormous whole.

Agents of darkness imitating light (these small gods are agents of ignorance and hostile incoscience),

“(Regarding the message Mother will give for the November 24 darshan:)

"It is certainly a mistake to bring down the light by force – to pull it down. The Supramental cannot be taken by storm. When the time is ready it will open of itself – but first there is a great deal to be done and that must be done patiently and without haste." Sri Aurobindo

That's good for sensible people. They will say, "There, he doesn't promise any miracles."

Q: Why? Are there lots of people who tend to "pull"?

People are in a hurry, they want to see results right away.

So then, they think they are pulling the Supramental down – and they pull some little vital entity that leads them on and afterwards plays nasty tricks on them. That's what happens most often, ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

A little individuality, a **vital entity** that puts on a big show and creates dramatic effects, lighting effects; so the poor devil who has pulled is bedazzled, he says, "Here's the Supramental!" and he falls into a hole.

It's only when you have touched, seen somehow or other, and had a contact with the true Light that you can discern the Vital, and you realize that it's absolutely like lighting effects on a theater stage: theatrical effects, an artificial light. But otherwise people are bedazzled – it's dazzling, it's "magnificent," and so they are misled. It's only when you have SEEN and had a contact with the Truth ... "Ah!" then it makes you smile.

It's showing off, but you have to know the truth in order to discern the showing off.

Basically, it's the same for everything. The Vital is a sort of super-theater giving performances – very alluring, dazzling, deceptive performances – and it's only when you know the True Thing that immediately, instinctively, without reasoning, you discern and say, "No, I don't want that."

And for everything, you know. The one point in human life where it has assumed cardinal importance is love. Vital passions and attractions have almost in every case taken the place of the true feeling, which is tranquil, while that makes you bubble with excitement, it gives you the feeling of something "living".... It's very deceptive. And you can know this, feel it, perceive it clearly only when you know the True Thing; if you have touched true love through the psychic and through divine union, then it [vital love] **appears hollow, thin, empty: an appearance and a drama** – more often a tragedy than a comedy.

All that you can say about it, all that you can explain about it is perfectly useless, because the one who has been caught will instantly say, "Oh, it's not like with others" – what happens to you is never like what happens to others (!) What's needed is the

"Thing," the true experience ... then the whole Vital is seen as a masquerade – not an alluring one.

And when people pull down, oh, it's much more than ninety-nine times out of a hundred – it's one case in a million in which the True Thing happens to be pulled down; which proves the person was ready. Otherwise, what's pulled down is always the Vital: the appearance, the dramatic representation of the Thing, not the Thing itself.

Pulling down is always an egoistic movement. It's a distortion of aspiration. True aspiration involves a giving – a self-giving – while pulling down is wanting for oneself. Even if you have in your thought a vaster aspiration – the earth, the universe – it makes no difference, those are mental activities.

(long silence)

When things are put mentally, all those who have tried to explain things mentally have made an opposition, and so people imagine that one is the very opposite of the other [the True Thing and its distortion]; in that case it would be so easy to discern. But that's not at all how it is! ... I am now studying the way in which Matter, the body, can be in constant harmony with the divine Presence. And it's so interesting: it's not at all an opposition, it's a tiny little microscopic distortion. For instance, there is this frequent experience (and generally people don't know why it is so – now I know): on some days or at certain times all the gestures you make are harmonious, all the things you touch seem to respond harmoniously to the will that touches them, everything works out (I am talking about the very small things of life – of everyday life), each thing seems to be in its place or to find its place naturally: if you fold a paper, it folds itself as though spontaneously, as it should; if you look for something, you seem to spontaneously find the thing you need; you never knock against anything, never upset anything – everything seems harmonious. And then, without any appreciable difference in the overall state of consciousness, at other times, it's the exact opposite: if you want to fold a paper, you fold it the wrong way; if you want to touch some object, you drop it – everything seems disharmonized or off balance or bad-willed. You are yourself more or less in the same state. But now, with the present keen and fine observation, I see that in one case, there is a sort of inner silence in the cells, a PROFOUND quietude, which doesn't prevent movement, even rapid movement, but the movement seems to be founded on an eternal vibration; and in the other case, there is that inner precipitation (*gesture of tremor*), that inner vibration, that inner restlessness, that haste to go from one moment to the next, that constant hurry (why? There's no knowing why), always, always hurrying and scurrying; and everything you do is wrong. And in the other case, with that inner serenity and peace, everything is done harmoniously, and MUCH FASTER in material time: there is no time lost.

And that's why it's so difficult to know how one should be. Because in thought you can be in the same constant state, even in aspiration you can be in the same constant state, in the general goodwill, even in surrender to the Divine, it all can be the same thing, in the same state – it's in here (*Mother touches her body*), and this makes the whole difference. I can very well conceive that there may be people in whom this opposition persists in the mind and the vital, but there it's so obvious.... But I am talking of something absolutely material. Some people say and think, "How come? I

have such goodwill, such a desire to do the right thing, and then nothing works, everything jars – why? I am so good (!) and yet things don't respond." Or those who say, "Oh, I have made my surrender, I have such goodwill, I have an aspiration, I want nothing but the Truth and the Good, and yet I am ill all the time – why am I ill?" And naturally, one small step more, and you begin to doubt the Justice that rules the world, and so on. Then you fall into a hole.... But that's not it, that's not what I mean. It's much simpler and much more difficult at the same time, because it isn't blatant, it isn't evident, it's not an opposition from which you can choose, it's ... truly, totally and integrally leaving the entire responsibility to the Lord.

Of all things, this is the most difficult for man – it's far easier for the plant and even for the animal, far easier. But for man it's very difficult. Because there was a whole period in the evolution when in order to progress he had to take on the responsibility for himself. So the habit has formed, it has taken root in the being.

I have noticed something very interesting. Suppose there is a pain, some sign or other that something in the body is out of order. In the consciousness – in the consciousness – you are absolutely indifferent, which means that whether it's life or death, disease or health, there is equality; but if the body reacts according to its old habit, "What should be done to get over it?" and all that it involves (I am not speaking of a reaction in the mind, but here, in the body), the thing takes root. Why? Because it has to stay there ... (*laughing*) to enable you to study it! If, on the other hand, the cells have learned their lesson and say right away, "Lord, Your presence" (without words – the attitude), pfft! the thing goes.

It's no use if the thought does it, if the psychic consciousness, EVEN THE PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS, does it: it must be the cells that do it. So the one who does it in the thought says, "Here, I give myself to the Divine, I am ready for anything, I am in a state of perfect equality, and still I am ill! So what am I to believe?" That's not the point. In order to have an instantaneous action HERE ("instantaneous," meaning what looks like a miracle, which isn't a miracle at all), there should instantaneously be, wherever a disorder has occurred for some reason or other, this: "Lord – Lord, this is You; Lord, we are You; Lord, You are here" – everything flies away. A sensation, an attitude – instantaneously, hup! it's over.

I have had hundreds upon hundreds of experiences like that.

And the state – the general state of the consciousness – is exactly the same, always like this (*immobile gesture, palms offered to the Heights*), in a sort of conscious bliss of: "Let Your Will be done." But that's no use, it doesn't act HERE – it must happen HERE (*Mother touches her body*).

It's very interesting.

I could talk for hours, but it's no use.

I know so well it's no use that when what I said is read back to me ... I said it while I was IN the experience, but when I read it again, I am in another experience, so I find it quite lacking in power of conviction. If by chance I can recapture the experience, I immediately feel, "Well, yes, that's exactly it." Therefore, unless one has the experience, reading is no use. We still publish the *Bulletin*, but anyway the truth is like that. It's only at the time of having the experience that you can really understand what you read.

It may have the power to convey the experience (mentally that's indisputable: it has a mental effect), but what I am talking about is the work here, in the cells of the body.... You give yourself a nice little mental explanation, but that's not it! While when you have had the vibration, ah, it's obvious. You know, you are in considerable discomfort, out of sorts, unable to breathe, you have a feeling of nausea, of helplessness, you can't even move, or think or do anything ... in a word, quite out of sorts; and then suddenly ... the Consciousness – the bodily consciousness of the Vibration of Love, which is the very essence of the creation, just one second: everything lights up, pfft! gone, it's all gone. Then you look at yourself, amazed – it's all gone. You were in considerable discomfort – it's all gone.

Well, I don't think words can convey this. It's not even a question of living in the atmosphere – what is it? ... Maybe one day it will be a power. The power to pass this on. Then it will be possible for everything to change.

Probably when it's there, permanently established.

When it must be, it will be, no?" The Mother/ **November 23, 1965**

Spirits obscure and moving things obscure,

Unwillingly they serve a mightier Power (Mother (Maa Krishna), I don't understand this verse...do they unwillingly serve the Divine?). **(They are dark instruments to serve the Divine in Ignorance and their torture and oppression are responsible for our evolution in Ignorance.)**

Ananke's engines organising Chance, (Savitri-162)

"Ananke is our being's own decree." Savitri-465

(Ananke: In ancient Greek cosmology, she was the goddess Necessity who organised and implemented the rhythms and processes of cosmic existence and human life.)

Ananke's: Personification of inevitability.

Channels perverse of a stupendous Will,
Tools of the Unknown who use us as their tools,
Invested with power in Nature's nether state,
Into the actions mortals think their own (we think our actions originate from us, but they don't...they originate from these unseen beings)
They bring the incoherencies of Fate,
Or make a doom of Time's slipshod caprice
And toss the lives of men from hand to hand
In an inconsequent and devious game.

Against all higher truth their stuff rebels;

Only to Titan force their will lies prone (they are aligned to Asuric forces).

Inordinate their hold on human hearts,

In all our nature's turns they intervene.

Insignificant architects of low-built lives

And engineers of interest and desire,

Out of crude earthiness and **muddy thrills**

And coarse reactions of material nerve

They build our huddled structures of self-will

And the ill-lighted mansions of our thought,

Or with the ego's factories and marts

Surround the beautiful temple of the soul (their influences create a warped personality around the pristine-ness of our souls) . (This is the description of the desire soul encircling the Psychic being whose more descriptions are found in the Savitri's Yoga in which Savitri met ten layers of desire Soul.

Artists minute of the hues of littleness,

They set the mosaic of our comedy

Or plan the **trivial tragedy of our days,**

Arrange the deed, combine the circumstance

And the fantasia of the moods costume.

These unwise prompters of man's ignorant heart

And tutors of his stumbling speech and will,

Movers of petty wraths and lusts and hates

And changeful thoughts and shallow emotion's starts,

These slight illusion-makers with their masks,

Painters of the decor of a dull-hued stage

And nimble scene-shifters of the human play,

Ever are busy with this **ill-lit scene.**

Ourselves incapable to build our fate (It seems we are not masters of our fate. Our soul has the capacity to change our fate, cancel the fixed doom and when the soul is veiled we become also the author of our own doom.)

Only as actors speak and strut our parts

Until the piece is done and we pass off

Into a **brighter Time and subtler Space.**

Thus they inflict their little **pigmy law**

And curb the mounting slow uprise of man (they present obstacles to the evolution and dominance of man),

Then his too scanty walk **with death they close** (and before he has time to make anything of his life, it is brought to a quick end by death...so in life he is plagued by these forces that lead him astray and he finds death too soon before it amounts to anything). (Death spreads his net in the world catches the weak souls in its net. Those who turn more and

more towards the Divine, their destiny is changed and it is difficult

for the Death to catch in his net. So Death, Yama, is considered as Godhead of the Mundane.)

This is the ephemeral creature's daily life.

*“(Then Satprem reads Mother an old Playground Talk of July 1, 1953, in which Mother speaks about death. Mother begins by asking for the end to be cut....)
(text of the Talk)*

“I have told you many times, and couldn't repeat it too often, that we are not made of a piece. Within ourselves we have lots of states of being, and each state of being has its own life. All that is gathered together in a single body, as long as you have one, and acts through a single body; that's what gives you the sense of a single person, a single being. But there are many of them, and there are in particular concentrations on different planes: just as you have a physical being, you have a vital being, a mental being, a psychic being, and many others with all possible intermediaries.... So when you leave your body, all those beings will scatter. It's only if you are a very advanced yogi and have been capable of unifying your being around the divine center that those beings remain linked together. If you haven't been able to unify yourself, then at the time of death, all that will scatter: every being will go back to its own region. With the vital being, for example, your various desires will separate and each of them will go and chase its realization quite independently, because there will no longer be a physical being to hold them together. While if you have united your consciousness to the psychic consciousness, when you die you will remain conscious of your psychic being, and the psychic being will return to the psychic world which is a world of bliss, joy, peace, tranquillity, and growing knowledge.... But if you have lived in your vital and all its impulses, each impulse will try to realize itself here and there.... For instance, for the miser who was concentrated on his money, when he dies the part of his vital that was concerned with his money will hook on there and will keep watching over the money so no one takes it. People won't see him, but he is there nonetheless, and very unhappy if something happens to his dear money.... Now, if you live exclusively in your physical consciousness (which is difficult, because, after all, you have thoughts and feelings), if you live exclusively in your physical, when the physical being disappears, you disappear along with it, it's over.... There is a spirit of the form: your form has a spirit that lives on for seven days after your death. The doctors have declared you dead, but the spirit of your form is alive, and not only alive but conscious in most cases. It lasts for seven to eight days, and after that, it too dissolves – I am not talking about yogis, I am talking about ordinary people. Yogis have no laws, it's quite different; for them the world is different. I am talking about ordinary people living an ordinary life; for them it's like that. So the conclusion is that if you want to preserve your consciousness, it would be better to center it on a part of

your being which is immortal; otherwise it will evaporate like a flame into thin air. And happily so, because if it were otherwise, there might be gods or kinds of superior men who would create hells and heavens as they do in their material imagination, inside which they would shut you up."

(Question:) *It is said that there is a god of death. Is it true?*

"Yes. As for me, I call him a 'genius of death.' I know him very well. And it's an extraordinary organization. You can't imagine how organized it is! I think there are many of those genii of death, hundreds of them. I met at least two of them. One I met in France, the other in Japan, and they were very different. Which leads me to believe that depending on the mental culture, the education, the countries and beliefs, there must be different genii. But there are genii for all manifestations of Nature: there are genii of fire, genii of air, water, rain, wind; and there are genii of death. Any one genius of death is entitled to a certain number of dead every day. It's truly a fantastic organization. It's a sort of alliance between the vital forces and the forces of Nature. If, for example, he decided, 'Here is the number of people I am entitled to,' say four or five, or six, or one or two (it varies from day to day), if he decided so many people would die, he'll go straight and set himself up near the person who's going to die. But if you (not the person) happen to be conscious, if you see the genius going to the person but do not want him or her to die, then, if you have a certain occult power, you can tell him, 'No, I forbid you to take this person.' That's something which happened, not once but several times, in Japan and here. It wasn't the same genius. Which makes me say there must be many of them.... If you can tell him, 'I forbid you to take this person' and have the power to send him away, there's nothing he can do but go away; but he won't give up his due and will go elsewhere – there will be a death elsewhere...."

(Question:) *Some people, when they are about to die, are aware of it. Why don't they tell the genius to go away?*

"Two things are needed. First, nothing in your being, no part of your being, should wish to die. That doesn't often happen. You always have, somewhere in you, a defeatist: something tired or disgusted, which has had enough, something lazy or which doesn't want to fight and says, 'Ah, well, let it be over, so much the better.' That's enough – you're dead. But it's a fact: if nothing, absolutely nothing in you consents to die, you will not die. For someone to die, there is always a second, if a hundredth part of a second, when he consents. If there isn't that second of consent, he will not die. But who is certain he doesn't have within himself, somewhere, a tiny bit of a defeatist which just yields and says, 'Oh well'? ... Hence the need to unify

oneself. Whatever the path we may follow, the subject we may study, we always reach the same result. The most important thing for an individual is to unify himself around his divine center; that way he becomes a real individual, master of himself and of his destiny. Otherwise, he is a plaything of the forces, which toss him about like a cork in a stream. He goes where he doesn't want to, is made to do what he doesn't want to, and finally he gets lost in a hole without any way to stop himself doing so. But if you are consciously organized, unified around the divine center, governed and led by it, you are the master of your destiny. It's worth trying.... At any rate, I find it's better to be the master rather than the slave. The feeling of being pulled by strings and being made to do things you may or may not want to do is a rather unpleasant sensation.... It's quite irksome. Well, I don't know, I, for one, found it quite irksome even when I was a small child. When I was five, I began finding it wholly intolerable, and I sought a way for it to be otherwise – without anyone being able to tell me anything. Because I knew no one capable of helping me, and I didn't have the luck you have – someone who can tell you, 'Here is what you must do.' There was no one to tell me. I had to find it all by myself. I found it. I began at the age of five. And you, it's a long time since you were five?..." **The Mother/September 7, 1968**

Date: Fri, Sep 18, 2020 at 10:54 AM

Subject: Re: The Mother's Message.....with my all love and blessings...

To: SA MAA KRISHNA <samaakrishna@gmail.com>

Om Namo Bhagavate

Dear Mother

It was good to read this passage; I have been thinking about death recently and in particular what happens after death. (From death to new birth of the body is called a period of internatal training. About this you can refer to Savitri, Book-2, Canto-14, The World Soul.) When I reflect on which being I mostly identify with, it is hard to pinpoint (You have to identify yourself first by opening the Spiritual Being above the head. By the pressure of this Spiritual being other nine selves will open.) The whole composite being seems to be a very complex process but maybe I shouldn't focus on it. (Now during this temporary period of seclusion, you can devote one tenth of time towards development of objective life and nine tenths of time towards developments of subjective life.)

How do we identify with the **Psychic being**. (By first opening the Spiritual Being by practice of Vedantic sacrifice. Then by its pressure the Psychic being will open. There is also another method of Vedic sacrifice or tantric self-discipline or Savitri's Yoga in which one will meet the lure of tenfold desire selves before meeting the true Psychic being. This Psychic being in the

heart is also called Jivatma, Kshara Purusha of our ancient teachings.) **Do we first need to find this being and then identify with it?** (After finding the Psychic being, the next task is to Spiritualise and Supramentalise this being. For this you can refer to Savitri, Book-7, all the seven Cantos. The Psychic being in the heart will be meeting place dark and bright energies, lower and higher hemisphere.)

Love (With my all love and blessings.)
Guruprasad

As long as the human animal is lord **(as long as the psychic being has not stepped forward and our lower nature rules our being...)**
And a **dense nether nature** screens the soul,
As long as intellect's **outward-gazing sight**
Serves earthy interest and creature joys,
An **incurable littleness** pursues his days. **(Only by divine union and heightening of Consciousness, the incurable littleness in man can be healed.)**

“Q: Yes, ugliness seems to begin with man.

I think that even what seems to us ugly in animal and vegetal nature appears so only because of the limitations of our own understanding. But really, as soon as man enters the scene ... phew!

Yes, I have always felt that in Nature one can live in beauty, always. But then once man shows up, something gets thrown out of joint. It's the mind, actually. What gives birth to ugliness is really the intrusion of the mind in life. I wonder if it was necessary, if it could not have been immediately harmonious. But it appears not.

Even stones are beautiful; they are always beautiful in one way or another. When life appeared, there were some forms that were a little 'difficult,' but not to that extent, not like certain human mental creations. Of course, there may have been some animal species which were rather ... but they were more monstrous than actually ugly. And most probably, it only seems like that to our consciousness. But the mind ... And it's the same for all these ideas of sin, of wrong, of ... all that – it's a falsehood. But it was man who invented falsehood, wasn't it? The mind invented falsehood: to deceive! to deceive! And it's a curious fact that animals domesticated by man have also learned to lie!

The curve ...

Anyway, we have to go beyond all that.

Q: Beyond? ... That's quite a task!

So many people are satisfied with their falsehood, their ugliness, their narrowness, all of it. They're quite satisfied. When they're asked to be something else ...

This realm that I'm now investigating, oh! ... I spend whole nights visiting certain places, and there I meet people I know here materially [in the Ashram]. So many are PERFECTLY satisfied with their ... their infirmities, their incapacities, their ugliness, their powerlessness.

And they protest when you want them to change!

Even last night I went down into it ... It was so gray and dull and ... phew! Banal, lifeless. When they are told that, they retort, 'No, not at all! Things are quite all right as they are, it's you who is living in a dreamland!'

We'll get out of it one day.

But you cannot get out as long as it all seems quite natural to you. What's most unfortunate is when you resign yourself to it.

You realize this when you go back to earlier states of consciousness; you see that it all seemed, if not quite natural, at least almost inevitable – 'that's how things are, you must take them as they are.' And you don't even think about it; you take things as they are, you EXPECT them to be what they are; it's the stuff of our daily lives, and it keeps repeating itself endlessly. And the only thing you learn is to hold on, hold on, not let yourself be shaken, to go right through it all – and it feels endless, interminable, almost eternal. (However, once you understand what eternal is, you see that this CANNOT be eternal, for otherwise ...)

But this particular state of endurance – this endurance that nothing can upset – is very dangerous. And yet it's indispensable; for you must first accept everything before having the power to transform anything.

It's what Sri Aurobindo always said: FIRST you must accept EVERYTHING – accept it as coming from the Divine, as the Divine Will; accept without disgust, without regret, without getting upset or impatient. Accept with a perfect equanimity; and only AFTER that can you say, 'Now let's get to work to change it.'

But to work to change it before having attained a perfect equanimity is impossible. That's what I have learned during these last years.

And for every detail, it's the same. First, 'May Thy Will be done'; then, afterwards, 'The Will of tomorrow' – and then those things will disappear. But first, one must accept.

That's why it takes so long. Because those who readily accept are ... they get encrusted and buried under it; they no longer move. And those who see the future and what must be have a hard time accepting; they pull back, they kick and protest – so they don't have any power." The Mother/ **December 17, 1960**

Ever since consciousness was born on earth,

Life is the same in insect, ape and man,

Its stuff unchanged, its way the common route (our life is a routine..day in and day out...nothing of any substance changes...). **The Son of Man is supremely capable of incarnating God through human journey of sacrificial work without which he would be only an insect crawling among all other ephemeral creatures.**

If new designs, if richer details grow

And thought is added and more tangled cares,

If little by little it wears a brighter face,

Still even in man the plot is **mean and poor.**

A gross content prolongs his **fallen** state (we are content with our crude and gross state ...); (A Spiritual fall is prolonged if one lives a surface gross life.)

His small successes are failures of the soul (what our mind considers success are failures for our soul), **(Our small success veils our Divine call)**

“Let us understand that however great may have been our efforts, our struggles, even our victories, compared with the distance yet to be travelled, the one we have already covered is nothing; and that all are equal—infinitesimal grains of dust or identical stars—before Eternity.”

The Mother

Prayers and Meditations-January-8/1914,

“Earthly realisations easily take on a great importance in our eyes, for they are proportionate to our external being with this limited form which makes us men. But what is an earthly realisation beside Thee, before Thee? However perfect, complete, divine it may be, it is nothing but an **indiscernible moment** in Thy eternity; and the results obtained by it, however powerful and marvellous they may be, are nothing but an **imperceptible atom** in the infinite march to Thee. This is what Thy workers must never forget, otherwise they will become **unfit** to serve Thee.”

The Mother

Prayers and Meditations-July-17/1914

His little pleasures punctuate frequent griefs:

Hardship and toil are the heavy price he pays

For the right to live and **his last wages death.**

An inertia sunk towards inconscience,

A sleep that **imitates death** is his repose (when we rest at night we fall in inconscience...like Death...).

A puny splendour of creative force

Is made his spur to fragile human works

Which yet outlast their brief creator's breath.

He dreams sometimes of the revels of the gods

And sees the Dionysian gesture pass,—

A leonine greatness that would tear his soul

If through his failing limbs and **fainting heart**

The sweet and joyful mighty madness swept:

Trivial amusements stimulate and waste (we use our energies on passings pleasures rather than our inward growth)

The energy given to him to grow and be.

His little hour is spent in little things (our brief time in this world is scattered away). (Man in his brief this life is preoccupied with petty issues.)

A brief companionship with many jars (our family and relatives come and go...),

A little love and jealousy and hate,

A touch of friendship mid indifferent crowds

Draw his heart-plan on life's diminutive map.

If something great awakes, too frail his pitch

To reveal its zenith tension of delight,

His thought to eternise its ephemeral soar,

Art's brilliant gleam is a pastime for his eyes,

A thrill that smites the nerves is music's spell.

Amidst his harassed toil and welter of cares,
Pressed by the labour of his crowding thoughts,
He draws sometimes around his aching brow
Nature's **calm mighty hands** to heal his life-pain.
He is saved by her silence from his rack of self;
In her tranquil beauty is his purest bliss (sometimes he attunes himself to
Nature and finds some peace (**Perennial which he may not be able to
hold**)...temporary).
A **new life dawns**, he looks out from vistas wide;
The Spirit's breath moves him but soon retires (his adhara can sustain only brief
period's of the divine energy descent):
His strength was not made to hold that puissant guest.

Its complementary line:

"There are moments when the Spirit moves among men and the breath
of the Lord is abroad (overseas) upon the waters of our being; there are
others when it retires and men are left to act in the strength or the
weakness of their own egoism." Sri Aurobindo/CWSA-12/ Essays Divine
and Human/147-148

All dulls down to convention and routine (back to tamas)
Or a fierce excitement brings him vivid joys (vital excitement):
His days are tinged with the red hue of strife
And lust's hot glare and passion's crimson stain (Mother (Maa Krishna), I have
felt this); (**My sweet child, this lust is coming due to lack of the complete
union with the Divine....When this complete union will be possible then
lust will remain no more.....I hope, one day my love will make you
transformed completely and you will become Divine. My Blessings is
always with you.....**)

Battle and murder are his tribal game.

Time has he none to turn his eyes within (too busy looking outward)
And look for his lost self and his dead soul.

Outward movement and inner movement are part of one Reality but
exclusive dependence on the former is injurious to the Soul, because by that
the mind turns outward and seems to be trapped in the appearances of things;
same thing may repeat if one wide opens the door towards the world while
leading a closed secluded life; this Yoga insists for a calm thought and steady
wisdom that turns the eye inward, sees the Self and attains to immortality; as
per *the Upanishad*, the God has designed man whose doors of
Consciousness is turned outward which is too near to the external world and
universal subconsciousness and not near enough to original Superconsciousness; so
an effective remedy is to turn the eye inward by introducing 'psychological
observation and analysis' or by contemplation, meditation and silencing the

mind; any intoxication like tea, coffee, cold drinks, smoking and alcohol can draw the consciousness of a *Jnana Yogi* outward. These are problem of alienation and are seen among those who do not receive sufficient parental care and love. The modern communication like news paper, television, internet and telephone draw the consciousness towards loss of mental virginity and drag the surface mind downward; so they can be abstained at all stages of *sadhana* of *Jnana Yoga* except for few privileged developed Spiritual Souls absorbed entirely in the Spiritual plane and have capacity to reconcile the Divine Consciousness and ordinary earthly consciousness. They 'will not only alter the forms and sphere of its own external life but leaving nothing around it unchanged or unaffected.' So one must be established in the Superconscient plane which is 'not merely a state withdrawn from the all consciousness of the outward, withdrawn even from all consciousness of the inward'²⁹ but a dynamic Consciousness which can penetrate below to transform Subconscient and Inconscient world and penetrate around to transform life and world.

His motion on too short an axis wheels;

He cannot soar but creeps on his long road

Or if, impatient of the trudge of Time,

He would make a splendid haste on Fate's slow road (hasty moves only give the impression of progress but not real progress), **(fate's slow progress makes him impatient and hasty.)**

His heart that runs soon pants and tires and sinks (the vital energy wears off and sinks back to *tamas*) ;

Or he walks ever on and finds no end.

Hardly a few can climb to greater life (as the Lord said in the Gita .

manuṣyāṅāṁ sahasreṣu

kaścid yatati siddhaye

yatatām api siddhānām

kaścin māṁ vetti tattvataḥ

Out of many thousands among men, one may endeavour for perfection, and of those who have achieved perfection, hardly one knows Me in truth (of My Being and Becoming.)

All tunes to a low scale and conscious pitch.

Its complementary line:

“A fire has come and touched men’s hearts and gone
A **few** have caught flame and risen to greater life.” Savitri-7

“But **few** can look beyond the present state” Savitri-52,

“A **few** shall see what none yet understands;
God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep;
For man shall not know the coming till its hour
And belief shall be not till the work is done.” Savitri-55

“To a **few** is given that godlike rare release.
One among many thousands never touched,
Engrossed in the external world's design,
Is chosen by a secret witness Eye” Savitri-80,

“Hardly a **few** can climb to greater life.
All tunes to a low scale and conscious pitch...
His force nears not even once the Omnipotent,
Rare are his visits of heavenly ecstasy.” Savitri-165

“August and **few** the sovereign Kings of Thought
Have made of Space their wide all-seeing gaze
Surveying the enormous work of Time:
A breadth of all-containing Consciousness
Supported Being in a still embrace.” Savitri-271

“Only a **few** responded to her call:
Still **fewer** felt the screened divinity” Savitri-362

“Immortal Powers sweep flaming past your doors;
Far-off upon your tops the god-chant sounds
While to exceed yourselves thought’s trumpets call,
Heard by a **few**, but **fewer** dare aspire,
The nympholepts of the ecstasy and the blaze.” Savitri-371

“The gods are still **too few** in mortal forms.” Savitri-372

“A **few and fit** inhabitants she called
To share the glad communion of her peace;
The breadth, the summit were their natural home.” Savitri-381

“Or opened the gates of freedom to a **few.**” Savitri-383

“Abrupt, jagged hills only the mighty climb
Are here where **few** dare even think to rise; “Savitri-425

“A **few** are saved, the rest strive on and fail:
A Sun has passed, on earth Night’s shadow falls.
Yes, there are happy ways near to God’s sun;
But few are they who tread the sunlit path;
Only the pure in soul can walk in light.” Savitri-448

“There in the silence **few** have ever reached,
Thou shalt see the Fire burning on the bare stone
And the deep cavern of thy secret soul.” Savitri-501

“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

“Heaven and earth towards each other gaze
Across a gulf that **few** can cross, none touch,” Savitri-688

“A **few** can climb to an unperishing sun,
Or live on the edges of the mystic moon
And channel to earth-mind the wizard ray.
The heroes and the demigods are **few**
To whom the close immortal voices speak
And to their acts the heavenly clan are near.” Savitri-689

“**Few** are the silences in which Truth is heard,
Unveiling the timeless utterance in her deeps;
Few are the splendid moments of the seers.
Heaven’s call is **rare**, rarer the heart that heeds;
The doors of light are sealed to common mind

And earth's needs nail to earth the human mass,
Only in an uplifting hour of stress
Men answer to the touch of greater things:" Savitri-689

"Abandoning the dubious middle Way,
A **few** shall glimpse the miraculous Origin
And some shall feel in you the secret Force
And they shall turn to meet a nameless tread,
Adventurers into a mightier Day." Savitri-704

His **knowledge** dwells in the house of Ignorance (what we know as knowledge and exult in and strut around is only a form of ignorance);

His **force** nears not even once the Omnipotent,

Rare are his visits of heavenly **ecstasy**. (Reconciliation of karma, Jnana and Bhakti Yoga)

The bliss which sleeps in things and tries to wake,

Breaks out in him in a small joy of life (a small vibration of the true bliss reaches his surface being from his heart): (the joy peeping from inconscient Matter.)

This scanty grace is his persistent stay;

It (Bliss) lightens the burden of his many ills

And reconciles him to his little world (for without this pittance of joy, his life would be miserable...it keeps him going and sustain his dull dreary life).

(Through this touch of bliss Spirit and Matter are reconciled.)

He is satisfied with his common average kind (Mother (Maa Krishna), some parts of my being are like this...I feel the weight of these parts as I have to drag them along...no interest in anything...just satisfied to do the same routine day in and out and perhaps some vital excitement here and there...); (**Higher spiritual experience can drag you out of this moderate satisfaction of life.**)

Tomorrow's hopes and his old rounds of thought (our castles in the air, our worries of the unknown and imaginations of things that may or may not go wrong...basically the same concerns day after day just in different forms...and nothing in us actually wants to move on from such a life...inspite of condemning and being uncomfortable we are like a sloth),

His old familiar interests and desires

He has made into a thick and **narrowing hedge** (he is circled by them...only what he calls his own are within the circle/hedge, others are not and he guards himself and his own against them)

Defending his small life from the Invisible;

His being's kinship to infinity

He has shut away from him into inmost self,

Fenced off the greatnesses of hidden God. (The limitation of moderate Spirituality.)

His being was formed to play a trivial part

In a little drama on a petty stage;

In a narrow plot he has pitched his tent of life

Beneath the wide gaze of the starry Vast.

He is the crown of all that has been done (this petty small creature seems to the crown of Natures creation):

Thus is creation's labour justified;

This is the world's result, Nature's **last** poise!

And if this were all and nothing more were meant,

If what now seems were the whole of what must be,

If this were not a stade through which we pass (current man is not the last word in evolution)

On our road from Matter to eternal Self,
To the Light that made the worlds, the Cause of things,
Well might interpret our mind's limited view
Existence as an accident in Time,
Illusion or phenomenon or freak (many masters and teachers have taught
this...in fact some have called creation a mistake as well...this is because they
have not seen past the curve of evolution to the next being to evolve on earth),
**The passionate aspiration of the few upward to unite with the Divine
must be related sufficiently to the descending movement of the Divine,
leaning downward to transform eternally its manifestation or the
descending Divine Force must invade extensively by breaking down the
surface mental, vital and physical sheaths followed by the ascent of
Consciousness in order to lift the earth nature to the Divine height.
These exercises of ancient *Vedantic* and *Vedic* sacrifices respectively
were disturbed in the immediate past extending through many
centuries, as all voices of sacred Saints were joined in one great
consensus of the intermediate interim solution, of individual happiness
in the kingdom of heaven beyond far exceeding the earthly reward and
escape even from kingdom of heaven into self-absorbed bliss in the
impersonal infinity.**

The paradox of a creative Thought
Which moves between unreal opposites,
Inanimate Force struggling to feel and know,
Matter that chanced to read itself by Mind,
Inconscience monstrously engendering soul.

At times all looks unreal and remote:
We seem to live in a fiction of our thoughts
Pieced from sensation's fanciful traveller's tale,
Or caught on the film of the recording brain,
A figment or circumstance in cosmic sleep.
A somnambulist walking under the moon,
An image of ego treads through an ignorant dream
Counting the moments of a spectral Time.
In a false perspective of effect and cause,
Trusting to a specious prospect of world-space,
It drifts incessantly from scene to scene,
Whither it knows not, to what fabulous verge.
All here is dreamed or doubtfully exists,
But who the dreamer is and whence he looks (sometimes we think we are
nothing but the dream of a God but how can the dream know the dreamer)
Is still unknown or only a shadowy guess.
Or the world is real but ourselves too small,
Insufficient for the mightiness of our stage.
A thin life-curve crosses the titan whirl
Of the orbit of a soulless universe,
And in the belly of the sparse rolling mass
A mind looks out from a small casual globe
And wonders what itself and all things are (when man is in a contemplative
mood he looks around and wonders).
And yet to some interned subjective sight
That strangely has formed in Matter's sightless stuff,

A pointillage minute of little self
Takes figure as world-being's conscious base.
Such is our scene in the half-light below.
This is the sign of Matter's infinite,
This the weird purport of the picture shown
To Science the giantess, measurer of her field,
As she pores on the record of her close survey
And mathematizes her huge external world,
To Reason bound within the circle of sense,
Or in Thought's broad impalpable Exchange (**Science, Reason and thought are
our instruments measuring the external world**)
A speculator in tenuous vast ideas,
Abstractions in the void her currency
We know not with what firm values for its base.
Only religion in this bankruptcy
Presents its dubious (**dubious because it can be hijacked and exploited and
corrupted**) riches to our hearts
Or signs unprovisioned cheques (**makes promises that may not be true**) on the
Beyond:
Our poverty shall there have its revenge.
Our spirits depart (**recoil**) discarding a futile life (**at the end of the day we have
nothing to show for**) (**The Spirit is not aware of the transformation of
Nature.**)
Into the blank unknown or with them take (**Emptiness of Nirvana**)
Death's passport into immortality. (**Immortality is attained through all life
of succession of births in which death is considered as passport to**

Immortal journey.)

Yet was this (death) only a provisional scheme (this is not the last word in creation...only a temporary setup...),

A false appearance sketched by limiting sense,

Mind's insufficient self-discovery (mind is not the last word or plane to descend on earth..another higher plane will descend),

An early attempt, a first experiment.

This was a toy to amuse the **infant earth** (but before the higher plane can descend earth herself must mature...and be more than an infant); Yes.

Somewhere it is described earth is older than heaven.

“Heaven ever young and earth too firm and old” Savitri-603

But knowledge ends not in these surface powers

That live upon a ledge in the Ignorance

And dare not look into the dangerous depths

Or to stare upward measuring the Unknown.

There is a deeper seeing from within

And, when we have left these small **purlieus** of mind,

Purlieus: area near or surrounding.

A greater vision meets us on the heights

In the luminous wideness of the spirit's gaze.

At last there wakes in us a witness Soul (Mother (Maa Krishna) is this the emergence of the psychic being) Yes.

That looks at truths unseen and scans the Unknown;

Then all assumes a new and marvellous face:

The world quivers with a God-light at its core,

In Time's deep heart high purposes move and live,

Life's borders crumble and join infinity (the dissolution of the ego).

This broad, confused, yet rigid scheme becomes

A magnificent **imbroglio** of the Gods (higher powers can then descend more freely on earth...and it then becomes a joyful plane),

Imbroglio: confused, complicated, embarrassing situation

A game, a work ambiguously divine.

Our seekings are short-lived experiments (Seekings of the mind are short lived experiment and seeking of the soul is long lived or endless experiment.)

Made by a wordless and inscrutable Power (all our attempts are an experiment of the immanent divine seeking to connect the inconscience with the higher divine...using the various instrumentalities of mind, vital...)

Testing its issues from inconscient Night

To meet its luminous self of Truth and Bliss.

It (Soul) peers at the Real through the apparent form;

It labours in our mortal mind and sense;

Amid the figures of the Ignorance,

In the symbol pictures drawn by word and thought,

It (Soul) seeks the truth to which all figures point;

It looks for the source of Light with vision's lamp;

It works to find the Doer of all works (the divine (Soul) seeks the divine (Spirit)),

The unfelt Self within who is the guide, (Psychic being)

The unknown Self above who is the goal. (Spiritual being and Supramental being.) (A conundrum since the goal should be known to be achieved.)

All is not here a blinded Nature's task:

A Word, a Wisdom watches us from on high,
A Witness sanctioning her will and works (the supreme sanctions nature's work),
An Eye unseen in the unseeing vast;
There is an **Influence** from a Light above,
There are thoughts remote and **sealed eternities**;
A mystic motive drives the stars and suns.
In this passage from a deaf unknowing Force
To **struggling consciousness** and transient breath
A mighty Supernature waits on Time (till earth and nature are ready for the
descent).
The world is other than we now think and see,
Our lives a deeper mystery than we have dreamed;
Our minds are starters (but not the end product) in the race to God,
Our souls deputed selves (**amsa Sanatana**) of the Supreme.
Across the cosmic field through narrow lanes
Asking a scanty dole from Fortune's hands
And garbed in beggar's robes there walks the One (**incognito**).
Even in the theatre of these small lives
Behind the act a secret sweetness breathes,
An urge of miniature divinity (the psychic being...antharyami).
A mystic passion from the **wells of God**
Flows through the guarded spaces of the soul;
A force that helps supports the suffering earth (much like the force that supports
men),
An unseen nearness and a hidden joy (of the immanent divine).
There are muffled throbs of laughter's undertones,

The murmur of an occult happiness,
An exultation in the depths of sleep,
A heart of bliss within a world of pain.
An Infant (the psychic being or Soul...which is the child of the Supreme) nursed
on Nature's covert breast, [Savitri-169](#)
An Infant playing in the magic woods,
Fluting to rapture by the spirit's streams,
Awaits the hour when we shall turn to his call (Bala Krishna...as he appears to
you my Mother). **Yes, many times.....**

[Pondicherry](#)
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OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH

Divine Amar Atman!
My sweet blessed child Auroprem,
My all love & blessings to you...
Yesterday evening during my meditation I heard a sweet voice of my
Kanha,
He is here in my room. He was speaking me -" UTH MAA...UTH MAA"-
means in English - "GET UP MAA...GET UP MAA"...It was so miraculous and
wonderful sweet voice of very small kid. But clearly It was coming from my
little Kanha and from my room. And I was doing meditation on the sofa.

I remained in very deep and long time...vast force descended from
above the headAfter I couldn't come out to the normal state.. I felt
some giddiness and I was unable to come to my room from sofa...and at
11pm I came to my room and still I was not feeling normal...

I got up at 2.30am and was feeling well...

So I couldn't send the file yesterday night..

After many years I heard His voice again in Pondicherry.

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love & blessings...

At Their Feet

Yours ever loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

In this investiture of fleshly life
A soul that is a spark of God survives
And sometimes it breaks through the sordid screen (the emergence of the
psychic being)
And kindles a fire that makes us half-divine.
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 (the descent of the supramental
into even the smallest nooks of the physical):

Its complementary line:

"Its (Supreme Self) absence left the greatest actions dull,

Its presence made the smallest seem divine." Savitri-305

"After a meditation with Satprem

I again saw a square shape, like last time, in front of you, but this time it was different: there was a bright golden light, and that square shape was here (*gesture between the throat and the solar plexus*), in front of you, then it rose and rose and rose like that, slowly, very slowly, above your head, and there it spread out into a great light ... a very quiet light.

I think it's the symbol of your meditation. A square – a perfect square, I mean, about this size, from there to there (*from the top of the head to the solar plexus*): that's you when you meditate. It's quite established, like something firmly established, and then slowly, very slowly, it rose and rose and rose above your head, and there ... not violently, of course, it didn't burst out, but it spread out into an Immensity of light.

The symbol of your consciousness.

It's always a square shape.

Last time, I told you there were those Tantric lights; this time, there was a pale gold, very luminous, very tranquil, and the shape [of the square] was like a somewhat more golden vibration, a little darker (but not "dark"), and it stayed still a very long time, till suddenly I felt in your consciousness as if something were opening out, relaxing and opening out, like a sort of well-being in your consciousness. And no sooner did that happen than the square began to rise and rise and rise above your head, and there ...

Is it the symbol of your meditation or the symbol of your consciousness? ... –
The symbol of your consciousness.

Did you feel, towards the middle of your meditation, a kind of sudden relaxing, an inner well-being?

Yes, I felt it.

Then that's it.

As soon as you felt it, it started rising until ... as though it merged into an infinite.

But it's good.

Very good.

Do you have anything to tell me? We still have a quarter of an hour.

What?

Some things have been very present in my consciousness lately – death.

Death?

Very present.

It's because ... yes.

And you're wondering what it means?

I sense a threat, something lying in wait; like a Fate lying in wait, very close, and as the end of the year draws near, it becomes heavier and heavier.

(silence)

Sujata also felt it these last few months – but I've been feeling it for a long time. I sense something lying in wait, something hanging over her and over me – I don't know which of the two. In the past I didn't often think of death, but now it comes to my mind constantly.

But what do you call death?!

I mean, leaving this body.

As a thing personal to you?

It expresses itself personally, though it may be something more general, I don't know.

(Mother remains silent) Two years ago I used to see it over you very much – much more than now. It seems to have moved away, so that's strange.¹¹²

Two years ago, when I was still going downstairs, when I used to see you in Pavitra's office.

There was a time when I intervened (it was the time of the Swami's activities and all that). It was over you at that time. But lately ... I haven't seen anything special – attacks do come periodically along with the suggestion of all kinds of

catastrophic possibilities: nothing more particular to you than to others. It's part of the work, I don't pay any attention to it.

But as for a quite personal threat to you, things seem much better now than they were two years ago.

Only, it may be that because of the work I am doing, you are brought into contact with a certain *layer* of possibilities and so you become more conscious of that. As for Sujata, she must be unknowingly under your influence, so what you feel she feels too – that's my impression.

I'll look, but I haven't seen anything lately. On the contrary, that thing I used to see over you at that time and drive away deliberately, since the beginning of this year in particular I haven't seen it – I'll look.

I rather feel that a work is going on in the field of your consciousness, something which is awakening, which was less conscious before – it's more that than an impending danger.

How does your body feel? Still tired?

Not too brilliant. Oh, you know, I've always thought that '63 would be a very important date for me. Why, I don't know.

Yes, because we WANT it very important!

One thing has been coming back to me almost obstinately lately, it's the memory (that's what's odd, it comes as a MEMORY, as though it were something I had lived), the memory of your concentration camp. Very odd. It came back to me perhaps two or three weeks ago, I don't know, very strongly. I even looked – studied, rather – what the consequences were for your body. Studied and well, did what was needed.

I don't know, I can't say, because for all these experiences I try to drive all thoughts as far away as possible, because they don't help to get the correct perception. So that I can't say whether or not there was a reason for that "memory" – to tell the truth, the mind always finds reasons for everything, so You know, I am not occupied with those things, I don't try to know, and therefore they don't come – they come of their own accord. There was obviously a necessity: all that comes is necessary, I know that, otherwise it wouldn't come. But that memory didn't bring with it any sense or perception of a danger to your physical life, not in the least. I don't have that perception, while I did have it two years ago. Now I don't have it.

But I remember that for a few days I was occupied with that memory, as part of a vast work on certain physical vibrations, in all the physical domains with which I deal. And it came (strangely, it's always LOCATED, located somewhere ...), and the perception I have is very acute, absolutely like the perception of something that happened to me personally (but all that comes to me now comes in this way). Only, there was the knowledge that it was your own body that had gone through that experience. And then ... yes, I remember, there was a certain quality of vibration (*Mother "looks" silently*), and it was connected with a study on the experience the cells gain in the process of death. I remember, I was studying the cellular experiences (which the cells have more often than not semiconsciously and often unconsciously), those semiconscious experiences that stay in the

subconscious and help to make some cells more and more receptive and prepared for the new Force. And as I was studying that, your experience of the camps came, and I saw in fact that a certain number of your cells, a rather considerable number (cells that are partly in the brain, partly in the throat center and partly here [*gesture to the upper part of the chest*]) have had the preliminary experience of death.

And that gives them a very special capacity of consciousness.

Could this be what gave you that sense of death? ... But you say it has been there for a long time. While, for me, it's recent (it was perhaps ten days ago), my study is recent. It was very interesting.... I can still see them now, they were as if located in certain parts of your body.

But that's a favorable observation, not a dangerous one!

Favorable, how?

Favorable, oh, yes! Favorable in the sense that those cells are far more conscious than cells are ordinarily.

Because they had that experience?

Yes, because they had that experience and survived – because the form survived that experience.

From the standpoint of a higher receptivity, it has a very, very considerable importance – I mean receptivity to the new forces, a preparation to receive the new forces.

(silence)

But things are rather complex. For the body in its ordinary consciousness, its absolutely normal state is when it doesn't feel itself living. When the body doesn't feel itself living, that means it's functioning normally; as soon as it feels itself living in some part of itself, it means that something isn't quite normal, and instinctively (I don't mean the vital or mental consciousness), but its primal consciousness is alarmed, because it's not normal (not what it calls "normal"); and then that sort of alarm (an alarm that's not formulated in thoughts) brings it into contact with a whole world of adverse and defeatist suggestions – oh, there is an INTENSE atmosphere of pessimistic, defeatist, adverse suggestions in which human lives are bathed, as it were. It's even very strong here, very strong – I mean in the Ashram – very strong. People who are very sensitive and whose consciousness isn't firmly rooted in faith are very ... (what shall I say?) very deeply not deeply but intimately attacked by that atmosphere.

And it makes bodies very ill-at-ease.

(silence)

I will look again,¹¹³ but for the moment, it seems to me, it's a period or a stage in the integral development that brings you into contact with death. It's an impersonal thing and I don't see anything ominous about it, I mean I don't consider your feeling as premonitory – except that Death is everywhere in the world, of course! Well, that's all, it boils down to that.

There, mon petit.

That may be it, because there is an interesting work going on within you.

My impression ... If you ask me, my impression is to the contrary: it's that for the moment, I am preparing a new life for you. Voilà.

You should ... I don't even feel the need to tell you, but what's necessary is to fasten one's consciousness imperturbably to something which, in fact, isn't personal – to the New Realization.

And if you feel those defeatist vibrations, know that things are now a battlefield, a field of action, very active. You see, the battle is being waged in the body every minute – all the time, all the time.... I don't expect others to wage it along with me; only, if on their part they hold on to what **MUST BE**, that's all that is needed.” The Mother/ September 4, 1963

A door is cut in the mud wall of self;
Across the lowly threshold with bowed heads
Angels of ecstasy and self-giving pass,
And lodged in an inner sanctuary of dream
The makers of the image of deity live.
Pity is there and fire-winged sacrifice,
And flashes of sympathy and tenderness
Cast heaven-lights from the **heart's secluded shrine.**
A work is done in the deep silences; (Spiritual action)

“(Spiritual action) The passive way is to be inwardly immobile, without effort, wish, expectation or any turn to action, *niscesta, aniha, nirapeksa, nivrta*; the active way is to be thus immobile and impersonal in the mind, but to allow the supreme Will in its spiritual purity to act through the purified instruments. Then, if the soul abides on the level of the spiritualised mentality, it becomes an instrument only, but is itself without initiative or action, *niskriya, sarvarambha parityagi*. (Supramental action) But if it rises to the gnosis, it is at once an instrument and a participant in the bliss of the divine action and the bliss of the divine Ananda; it unifies in itself the *prakriti* and the *purusha*. (Or it unifies *Para-prakriti* with *Purushottama*.)” CWSA/24/The Synthesis of Yoga-676,

“The Immobile stands behind each daily act,” Savitri-662, (Spiritual action)

“Illumine common acts with the Spirit's ray” Savitri-710, (Spiritual action)

A glory and wonder of spiritual sense,
A laughter in beauty's everlasting space
Transforming world-experience into joy,
Inhabit the mystery of the untouched gulfs;
Lulled by Time's beats eternity sleeps in us.
In the **sealed hermetic heart**, the happy core,
Unmoved behind this outer shape of death
The eternal Entity prepares within (**prepares the external instrument through his agent that is Prakriti, before he steps out to rule**)
Its matter of divine felicity,
Its reign of heavenly phenomenon.
Even in our sceptic mind of ignorance
A foresight comes of some immense release,

Our will lifts towards it slow and shaping hands.
Each part in us desires **its absolute**.

Its complementary line:

“That all in thee may reach its absolute.” Savitri, Book-7, Canto-6
‘To see, know, become and fulfil this One in our inner selves and in all our outer nature, was always the secret goal and becomes now the conscious purpose of our embodied existence. To be conscious of him **in all parts of our being and equally in all that the dividing mind sees as outside our being**, is the consummation of the individual consciousness. To be possessed by him and possess him in ourselves and in all things is the term of all empire and mastery. To enjoy him in all experience of passivity and activity, of peace and of power, of unity and of difference is the happiness which the Jiva, the individual soul manifested in the world, is obscurely seeking. This is the entire definition of the aim of integral Yoga; it is the rendering in personal experience of the truth which universal Nature has hidden in herself and which she travails to discover. It is the conversion of the human soul into the divine soul and of natural life into divine living.’ The Synthesis of Yoga-63

Our thoughts covet the everlasting Light,
Our strength derives from an omnipotent Force,
And since from a veiled God-joy the worlds were made (**bliss/Ananda is the true source of all creation ...**)

Its Complementary lines are:

“**The Bliss** that made the world has fallen asleep.”

Savitri-628

“Above was the **brooding bliss** of the Infinite,”

Savitri-682

“**The bliss** that made the world in his body lived,”

Savitri-682

“Know the thrilled bliss with which I made (**all**) the worlds.” Savitri,
Book-11

And since eternal Beauty asks for form (**The Indeterminate determines Himself**)

Even here where all is made of being’s dust,
Our hearts are captured by ensnaring shapes,
Our very senses blindly seek for bliss.

Our error crucifies Reality

To force its (**Reality’s**) birth and divine body here,
Compelling, **incarnate** in a human form (**the birth of Avatara**)

And breathing in limbs that one can touch and clasp,

Its Knowledge to rescue an ancient Ignorance,

Its saviour light the inconscient universe.

And when that greater Self comes sea-like down (**when the divine force and higher self descends into our being...**)

To fill this image of our transience,

All shall be captured by delight, transformed:

In waves of undreamed ecstasy shall roll

Our mind and life and sense and laugh in a light

Other than this hard limited human day,
The body's tissues thrill apotheosised,
Its cells sustain bright metamorphosis (they will lose their habit of degeneration
and death and undergo a change).
This **little being** of Time, this **shadow soul**,
This living **dwarf-figurehead** of darkened spirit
Out of its traffic in petty dreams shall rise.

“(Since early February Mother has been coughing a lot. On the 14th, Mother was unwell and could not see Satprem. The following conversation is very important as it marks the visible beginning of a conflict that might be called “medical” and was going to assume acute proportions with every passing year.)

I've never had such a cold in my whole life! Last night I had a kind of physical nightmare!... Never in my life have I had such things.... I can't say I was quite asleep, but ... How can I explain? It's a mixture between something that tries to find its true inner remedy, and the Doctor who says that if I don't take medicines it'll go on “for months”!

Q: Yes, they always say that.

So ...

Oh, but it would take hours to tell it all. It's certainly in the material world. So then (*laughing*), last night, suddenly I saw two tall figures with human shapes, but all gray and you couldn't make out eyes or nose and so on. They had a human shape and all gray; they were the two “doctors” (what doctors I don't know), and they were discussing. My body was on the bed (though I think I wasn't sitting, yet I wasn't standing!), and they were discussing together but without words. It looked like kinds of beings in a lower vital world, *huge*, tall beings – tall, strong, formidable. Then one of them, in his demonstration, pointed to my heart with his finger, and his finger touched – I let out a scream! A physical scream!

I wasn't happy.

Never, never, never touched, never. Once, I had a very high fever, 108°, it was tremendous (it didn't last long, a few hours); I had caught that when I went to a gathering of workers doing a puja or something. (Mother may be thinking of the epidemic in Japan in January 1919, during which she very nearly died, while the fever caught during the festival of arms was in 1931.) I had caught a fever. But Sri Aurobindo was there. And I saw, I saw all the beings of the most material vital charging (*gesture of onslaught on the body*). I remember that, it was in Sri Aurobindo's time (quite a long time ago). I saw them, and I said to Sri Aurobindo, “So that's what gives people dreadful nightmares.” They would draw near (they would try to), and on touching Sri Aurobindo's presence around me they would draw back, then they would come back again and would be repulsed – it lasted the whole night. But last night, it wasn't that.... Naturally, Sri Aurobindo wasn't there physically, and ... I saw those beings. The main thing is that when that being in his demonstration touched me with his finger, it made me scream – I screamed materially.

Q: Yes, he touched you.

Ah, yes – he was ABLE to touch me.

Q: All that because of the “doctors.”

Yes, they pretended to be doctors.

Ah, materially one isn't well protected, otherwise things wouldn't be like that...
Materially I am protected only when I am not asleep, wholly concentrated and absolutely still, without speaking to anyone, in contact with nothing around and only wrapped, as it were, in the divine Presence. Then it's fine. But things are far from being like that! (*Mother coughs*)

(silence)

You can put it in the *Agenda*, but we shouldn't speak about it. In the *Agenda*, yes, but not otherwise.

(long silence)

Q: But you know, Mother, several times I had that sort of “medical dream” in which a kind of doctor comes under the pretext of curing you and hurts you terribly, or else tries to operate on you, wants to torture the body in order to operate on you. So in the beginning you are quite submissive, you say, “All right, I have to be operated on,” and then finally the consciousness returns and you reject that so-called doctor. It's happened often to me. A being who claims he comes to cure you: a “doctor.”

I think that's it, I think there are beings from the vital who use ... who use what's left of unconsciousness in doctors.

(silence)

But once it happened to Sri Aurobindo: at night – once at night – he screamed. And afterwards he said it was in the material world: beings from the most material vital, but which are in the earth atmosphere, not in the vital atmosphere.

It may be **vital entities** that are the residues of dead people – it's possible. But it may also be kinds of half materializations of beings from the vital itself: beings from the vital.

But my whole life I've had that sort of white light – not transparent white, white like ... like WHITENESS, you understand. That light, which is extremely intense. Never, never did they come near – they couldn't come near that. There was only that night when I had a fever (it was ... I think it was in 1918, something like that ... no, in 1920), but then, I had caught the fever with people. Otherwise, never, never could they come near.” The Mother/ **February 18, 1970**

Its shape of person and its ego-face

Divested of this mortal travesty,

Like a clay troll kneaded into a god (**the transmutation to a diviner being**)

New-made in the image of the eternal Guest (**The superman will be a truer image of the Divine within us...not the distorted darkened image that the current race of men are**),

It shall be caught to the breast of **a white Force** (**The Divine Mother's light is white and it protects all those who are open towards it.**)

“Occasionally some people were slightly conscious. For instance, during the last war (world war-II) I spent all my nights hovering above Paris (not integrally, but a part of myself) so that nothing would happen to the city. Later it came out that several people had seen what seemed to be a **great white Force** with an indistinct form hovering above Paris so that it wouldn’t be destroyed.

Throughout the war Sri Aurobindo and I were in such a **CONSTANT** tension that it completely interrupted the yoga. And that is why the war started in the first place – to stop the Work. At that time there was an extraordinary descent of the Supermind; it was coming like that (*massive gesture*), a descent! Exactly in ‘1939. Then the war broke out and stopped everything cold. For had we personally continued [the work of transformation] we were not sure of having enough time to finish it before ‘the other one’ crushed the earth to a pulp, setting the whole Affair back ... centuries. The **FIRST** thing to be done was stop the action of the Lord of Nations.” The Mother/ **November 5, 1961**

And, flaming with the paradisaal touch
In a rose-fire of sweet spiritual grace,
In the red passion of its infinite change,
Quiver, awake, and shudder with ecstasy.
As if reversing a deformation’s spell (**The descent of the supramental will reverse the inconscient’s law of death and decay**),
Released from **the black magic** of the Night,

*“(This note was written by Mother in English. It concerns an attack of **black magic** that threatened her life and in the end completely changed her outer existence. A new stage begins.)*

Two or three days after I retired to my room upstairs, early in the night I fell into a very heavy sleep and found myself out of the body much more materially than I do usually. This degree of density in which you can see the material surroundings exactly as they are. The part that was out seemed to be under a spell and only half conscious. When I found myself at the first floor where everything was absolutely black, I wanted to go up again, but then I discovered that my hand was held by a young girl whom I could not see in the darkness but whose contact was very familiar. She pulled me by the hand telling me laughingly, ‘No, come, come down with me, we shall kill the young princess.’ I could not understand what she meant by this ‘young princess’ and, rather unwillingly, I followed her to see what it was. Arriving in the anteroom which is at the top of the staircase leading to the ground floor, my attention was drawn in the midst of all this total obscurity to the white figure of Kamala₁ standing in the middle of the passage between the hall and Sri Aurobindo’s room. She was as it were in full light while everything else was black. Then I saw on her face such an expression of intense anxiety that to comfort her I said, ‘I am coming back.’ The sound of my voice shook off from me the semi-trance in which I was before and suddenly I thought, ‘Where am I going?’ and I pushed away from me the dark figure who was pulling me and in whom, while she was running down the steps, I recognized a young girl who lived with Sri Aurobindo and me for many years and died five years back. This girl during her life was under the most diabolical influence. And then I saw very distinctly (as through the walls of the staircase) down below a small black tent

which could scarcely be perceived in the surrounding darkness and standing in the middle of the tent the figure of a man, head and face shaved (like the sannyasin or the Buddhist monks) covered from head to foot with a knitted outfit following tightly the form of his body which was tall and slim. No other cloth or garment could give an indication as to who he could be. He was standing in front of a black pot placed on a dark red fire which was throwing its reddish glow on him. He had his right arm stretched over the pot, holding between two fingers a thin gold chain which looked like one of mine and was unnaturally visible and bright. Shaking gently the chain he was chanting some words which translated in my mind, ‘She must die the young princess, she must pay for all she has done, she must die the young princess’.

Then I suddenly realized that it was I the young Princess and as I burst into laughter, I found myself awake in my bed.

I did not like the idea of something or somebody having the power to pull me like that so materially out of my body without my previous consent. That is why I gave some importance to the experience.” *The Mother/December 1958*

“Last night I had two consecutive experiences showing with extreme precision that **black magic** is at the root of all this (*Mother is speaking of both general and personal difficulties, in the Ashram and in her body*).

First of all, on the mental plane (the physical-mind, the material mind) I saw an individual.... I am not entirely certain of his identity (when I saw him last night I didn’t associate him with anyone in particular) but from his outer appearance he is evidently a sannyasi. He was pursuing me, blocking my way and trying to stop me from doing my work (it was a long, long affair). But I was very conscious and could foresee everything he was about to do, so it had no effect. After a long while I emerged from this – I had something else to do and I left – and on my way home he was everywhere, hiding and trying to catch me; but he didn’t succeed in doing anything. And I knew he had been acting in this manner for a long time.

Then I woke up (I always wake up three or four times during the night) and when I went back to bed I had an attack of what the doctor and I have taken to be filariasis – but a strange type of filariasis, for as soon as I master it in one spot it appears in another, and when I master it there it reappears somewhere else. Last night it was in the arms (it lasted quite a while, between 2:30 and 4 a.m.); but I was fully conscious, and each time the attack came, I went like this (*gestures over the arms, to drive away the attack*) and my arms were not affected at all. When it was over, I consciously entered the most material subtle physical, just beyond the body. I was sitting in ‘my room’ there (an immense, cubic room) reading or writing something, when I heard the door open and close, but I was busy and didn’t pay attention, presuming it was one of the people usually around me. Then suddenly I had such an unpleasant sensation in my body that I raised my head and looked, and I saw someone there. Do you know how the magicians in Europe dress, in short satin breeches and a shirt? ... He was wearing something like that. He was Indian, tall and rather dark, with slicked-down hair – what you would normally call a ‘handsome young man.’ He seemed to have

been ‘drawn’ there because he was standing in front of me staring into space, not looking at me. [133] And the moment I saw him, there was the same sensation in all my cells as I have with what I’ve been calling filariasis (it’s a special, minute kind of pain) and simultaneously all the cells felt disgust – a tremendous will of rejection. Then I sat up straight (I didn’t stand up) and said to him as forcefully as possible, *How do you dare to come in here!* I said it so loudly that the noise woke me up! I don’t know what happened then, but things went much better afterwards.

The moment I saw this person I knew he was only an instrument, but a well-paid instrument – someone paid a great deal to have him do that! I would recognize him again among hundreds ... I can still see him ... I see him more clearly than with physical eyes. He is an unintelligent man with no personal animosity, merely a very well-paid instrument – someone is hiding behind him, using him as a screen.

Before that experience, as part of the attack, I also got a sore throat. I didn’t believe it would manifest, but around 9:30 this morning when I came downstairs for meditation with X, it did. It’s nothing at all, though. The whole time I was with X (and even before, when I was waiting for him), it was halted completely – everything in that room came to a halt. It started up again only after he left and I came here. But it’s nothing.

X told me he has been doing something for me in his *puja* – since December, it seems – so this morning I thought he should know about the experience and I sent Amrita to tell him. He replied to Amrita that this confirmed his certainty that Z has been making black magic against me since December. He had been told that Z was practicing **black magic** in Kashmir. Could this be the same person I saw before [during the December 1958 attack]? Since it was someone who concealed his identity, I can’t say – but this form was robed as a sannyasi. Perhaps it’s he, I don’t know. I reserve my judgment because I don’t know personally. But this is what X said, and he’s going to redouble his efforts.

That’s the situation.

I had a talk with the doctor this morning and he told me, ‘In fact, your case of filariasis has some symptoms missing and others that don’t normally exist.’ He was a bit perplexed because it’s impossible for him to understand what it might be if it’s not filariasis. [134] I said that perhaps (because as I told you, I did have filariasis some years ago, but brought it under control) perhaps it’s being used as a base for this attack.

Of course, there are certain symptoms which never appear with filariasis. And the doctor has been astounded at the control I’ve had over it: it began in the feet, I checked it there; it went higher, I checked it there; then it went higher still and I continued to control it. Finally, the other day, it tried to get into the arms, but it couldn’t hold out – and last night there was a real riot! ... (*Mother laughs*) So perhaps it’s the deformation or transposition of some sort of mantric effort, like last time in ‘58 when there was an attempt to make me throw up all my blood but only food came out! It’s probably something similar. My impression (I’ve had it from the start) is that they have made a try at thrombosis (you know, when something blocks the circulation). Besides, it seems that X asked the doctor if blood-poisoning might be involved, so he must have seen this possibility. There has been absolutely nothing of the kind, but there has been an effort to block the circulation in the veins, probably an ‘adaptation’

of the magic attack. And along with this have come all the usual things: all the usual suggestions, all the usual ‘prophecies’ [about Mother’s departure].... But for me, these are the normal facts of life, that’s all. I am used to it. It has no importance.

Do you really believe Z could be behind this magician you saw?

It could be.

I hadn’t thought of it at all – not at all. I have seen Z’s thoughts several times, but not in this form: very, very angry thoughts but simply trying to ... catch my attention.¹¹³ But this was something else. X said it was Z, that’s what X saw. He doesn’t seem to have attached the slightest importance to my magician – obviously this person was just a screen. It must be someone who knows magic and is being used by another as an instrument. But when I saw it all this morning, I must say I didn’t once think of Z. It’s only X who said so. But Z ... I don’t know how to explain my relationship with him. He is sheltered by a ‘light of benediction,’ so.... [135]When he was here I opened the doors for him to a realization he was incapable of having, something light years beyond him; and it gave him an appalling ambition, totally spoiling everything. From this point of view, it’s a great blessing for him; even if he becomes a dreadful Asura, it will come to a good end! It doesn’t matter, it’s not important. That’s why this morning, even when I heard what X said about Z, it was the same thing: this great Light of the supreme Mother going out towards Z. His magic is not important, but if he indulges in it, too bad for him. It doesn’t concern me: it’s X’s business and X is doing what’s necessary – and I believe (*laughing*) he hits hard!

(silence)

When I came down this morning I didn’t want my cold to disturb the meditation with X, and this immobility came (*Mother brings down her fists, showing a solid mass descending*). It’s what he uses for healing and I must say that the same thing happens to me, even when it doesn’t come from him: a Force that seizes everything, stops everything – no more vibrations, an immobility.

I had told N. to knock at the door when he arrived with X, but he didn’t do it – luckily I heard the door opening. I stood up, still in that state ... and almost fell over! X must have thought I was having a spell of weakness or something, because I was holding onto the arms of the chair, and when I took his flowers, my hands were trembling – I wasn’t in my body. And afterwards, ah, what a concentration! We remained in it for about thirty-five minutes. It was SOLID – an extraordinary solidity! I didn’t want to waste time waiting for it to subside before coming here, and you must have seen how I was when I arrived: like a sleepwalker! I said to the people I passed in the corridor, ‘I’m coming back, I’m coming back!’ That’s all I could say, like an idiot.” The Mother/**March 21, 1961**

*“(Soon afterwards, concerning X, who had stated that the most recent attacks against Mother, and even those of two years earlier when she had been forced to withdraw to her room, were the result of **black magic**, and that certain members*

of the Ashram were DIRECTLY responsible for them, or in any case, had served as intermediaries – as a ‘switchboard,’ to quote him – in connection with an outside magician.)

I have been racking my brains, but really, I can't hit on who, IN THE ASHRAM, could be doing magic against me! Having bad thoughts is very widespread, but that doesn't matter in the least.

Yet I don't understand how someone might be doing something positively evil, to the extent that X says, 'They will repent of it.' I don't understand it, I just don't. Because usually when people are like that, they can't stay, they go. Certain people have left for just that reason. It's like this story of black magic 'performed at the Ashram' the first time I fell ill two years ago; I can't believe it, because it would prove that I am totally unconscious! And I don't think I am.

I know all the people here. I know everything that's going on, I see it night and day. But I haven't seen this. Yes, there are ill-intentioned people, but they are even obliged to tell me so! There are people who ... oh, they almost wish I would leave, because they feel my presence as a constraint! They tell me so very frankly: 'I As long as you're here, we're obliged to do the yoga, but we don't want to do the yoga, we want to live quietly; so if you weren't here, well, we wouldn't have to think about yoga anymore!' But they are a bunch of fools with no power in them at all. As I said, they are even forced to tell me their true feelings.

There are many – many – who think I am going to die and are making preparations so as not to be left completely out on the street when I go. I am aware of all this. But it's childishness – if I leave, they are right; if I don't, it doesn't matter!" The Mother/
April 22, 1961

“For some time (I mean a year or maybe a year and a half), I have quite often been seeing some very ugly faces pass before me, and also all kinds of queer objects – things I didn't use to see formerly. I had seen **ugly beings** only once, when I was with Sri Aurobindo: during the day I caught a sort of influenza (it was more vital than physical), because I had attended and, so to say, presided over the "festival of arms" of the workers here. And they threw all their woes on me, asking to be protected, relieved and so on – there is a sort of spontaneous sincerity in those people, and I answered straightforwardly, without protecting myself. I didn't even think for a minute of protecting myself: I answered all of them (inwardly, of course). I came back inside.... In the night, I had a frightful fever. But in the midst of that fever I was entirely conscious; I had the fever people call delirium, and I saw what delirium is: there were **hordes of beings from the most material vital** rushing at me with such violence! It was a real battle against an **army of beings** from the lowest, most material and also most violent vital – they came in waves and I kept throwing them back (which probably people are unable to do): one wave and I threw them back, another wave and I threw them back, and so on the whole night long. I had a fantastic fever. Sri Aurobindo was there, sitting beside my bed, and I told him, "Well, that's what gives what people call delirium." It attacks the cerebral region, it's really a frightful

battle. The next morning, I had an influenza that looked like typhoid fever – I knew where it was coming from, I had seen it, I saw the whole thing, you understand.

It happened once and then it was over: quite naturally the atmosphere gave protection. This time it had the same character, in the sense that twisted faces, very base instincts, very ugly things come and ENTER, which means there must be some work going on on that level, and for it to be done some contact is necessary (naturally when I have my **white atmosphere** around me, try as they may, they cannot touch it), but this time they entered.

Well, I peered at the thing (*laughing*), not without some curiosity. (The first times, I was surprised, I thought, "Why am I starting to see such ugly things!" But then I soon understood it was because a work had to be done.) I peer at the thing with some curiosity, and I see I just have to do this (*gesture like the flick of a feather duster*), simply a little effortless movement and ... prrt! off it runs with fantastic speed.

But some of the faces I saw had come with the intention of making certain suggestions – I saw that (I don't know what their suggestions were, it didn't interest me and I kept sweeping it all away, so it went away). I didn't attach any importance to it, except that I kept answering in the same way (*the feather duster*), and I thought, "This must be putting order somewhere!" But today, N. read me a letter and told me the story of a boy who was here – a very nice boy who worked well – and who suddenly was overcome by disquiet and fear and got so ill at ease that finally he said, "My family is calling me, they want me, I must go." Then (I don't know when it happened, it was a while ago), he wrote that some time after he came back home (I don't recall the details), he came to know that a magician was regularly doing black magic against him (he was seeing ugly faces, incense burning, all kinds of odd little gestures – he tells the whole story in his letter – and it affected him very much), and that the magician (who I believe was more or less connected with the family!) was doing that regularly to make him leave the Ashram. Then he went to see the magician, or rather someone went to see the magician and told him, "The boy is back now, you need not continue, he is here, so there is no more reason to ..." And from that moment on, everything immediately disappeared: his feeling of disquiet and all his visions. Anyway, it was clear proof that the **magician's work** had put him in that state, and that as soon as the magician stopped his work, everything ceased.

Well, I have lived many years, and we know those things to exist, but I didn't attach any importance to them because to me they seemed powerless.... Indeed, they have never affected me (a few Tantrics did do some magic and succeeded in making me ill, but that had quite another character; this boy's story is in the lowest, most material vital domain, you see), and only lately did I notice those little games. They didn't affect me in the least – it was like images shown on a cinema screen, unsightly images, and I just thought, "What's the point?" Still, I did my cleanup, out of habit. But then, when I heard that story, I thought, "Well, I must be teaching a good lesson or two to all those people who do dirty magic!"

In other words, one domain after another, one difficulty after another, one kind of obstacle after another (obstacles that are either subconscious or in the most material consciousness or the lower vital), it all comes for an ACTION. An action which is very sustained and varied; even when some other thing (some other difficulty or problem) is in the foreground, predominant in the consciousness, everything is there

[in the surrounding atmosphere], and all the time there is that Light (*Mother makes a gesture of cleaning in the atmosphere*) which has always been with me – of which I became totally conscious with Madame Théon, who told me what it was – a Light I have always kept with me, **a white Light**, absolutely pure, **so dazzlingly white that eyes cannot look at it**, a Light which is ...

(long silence Mother goes off into that Light, her eyes closed)

I will say what it is later.

But at any rate, that is the force Durga wields. And that force is INVINCIBLE for Asuras – it's a fact. What it is ... we will know later.

(silence)

But it isn't total Victory, no. It isn't the power of transformation. The other day, I told you, I think, that one of my present activities consisted of a sort of conscious concentration on one person or another, one thing or another, to obtain the desired result. For years on end, the Will and Force acted from above, and the outer conscious being [of Mother] wasn't concerned with anything further, knowing that it would only make things more complicated instead of helping them, and that the Force left to itself, directly under the supreme Impulsion, worked things out far better and far more accurately. But over these last months, there have come a will and a tendency to make the material being [of Mother] participate consciously in the details of execution. It has a kind of passive obedience, and so, once that was willed [the need for Mother's material intervention], it began to happen. There was a case recently, with a very good friend of the Ashram, a man with an important position who has been very, very useful. He had to be operated on (I won't tell the whole story, it would be too long); we received two or three wires a day, I followed the thing step by step. There was a very powerful force of destruction – it was a very grim battle – and there was a will to keep him, because in this body he had been very useful, he was still very useful and could still be very useful. He had a great faith, a great trust, and he was conscious (his consciousness was very sufficiently developed: I saw him constantly and constantly he came to me). He fell into a butcher's hands; anyway, it was a wretched thing. Still, even though everyone expected him to leave his body, he held on and was constantly saying (we were kept informed by his son) and feeling that it was I who was keeping him alive. I could even see what they should have done and constantly I sent the formation, the thought, "But THIS is what should be done," insistently. Finally they caught my thought, but I think (I can't say, I don't know the details, the small material details), I think probably they didn't do exactly what they should have – that's why I say they must have been butchers. Thus they performed three operations in a row, and after undergoing all that, he came to me (before also he used to come very often – they said he was *drowsy* all the time, in a semi-coma, but that's not it: he was living inwardly), he came to me, totally conscious as usual, but he said, "I am afraid my body is irretrievably ruined, and if I survive now, instead of this body being a help and a tool of work, it will be a hindrance, an impediment, a source of difficulty, so I have come to ask to be freed – I prefer to enter a new body." I answered immediately, "But as you are, you are useful, very useful; the position you occupy makes you very

useful; you are totally conscious; it would be good if you could recover." He listened, again insisted a little, I too insisted, and then he left.

The next morning, he was much better. I was hoping he had decided to stay, but we were without news for about twenty-four hours, till suddenly we were told he had stopped breathing and was being given oxygen. And then he left.

And I saw it so clearly: had he consented ... (naturally, every being's soul is free, it is free to decide), had he consented to stay on, I would have had enough power to keep him, to maintain his body in a condition good enough to keep him alive, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE THE POWER TO UNDO THE DAMAGE DONE – that isn't there yet. That showed me the exact extent. That isn't there yet. The transformation isn't there yet.

I mean it's not something I have at my COMMAND and can pass on to someone. Many other powers are at my command and can be passed on to one or another, but this ...

Now I'll try (I always say "try" because ... there are always ill-intentioned ears listening in!), anyway, the next step is to give him a new dwelling. This belongs to the domain of things that are not only feasible but done all the time.

He was very conscious, with a lovely faith. He was an active man, very energetic (a short man). How active! And very energetic, with great authority, oh! ... The idea of being dependent on people who would have to nurse him ... he preferred to leave. He was conscious enough to know that the essence of his being, of his experience, is not lost – but still there is all that materially one has built painstakingly, and especially in his case, his position is the result of a whole life. I don't know....

Begin again in a little baby? ... (*Mother shakes her head negatively*) There's the rub, you see. When Sri Aurobindo left, he said, "I will return in a being formed supramentally – entirely conscious, with full capacities."” The Mother/ **July 6, 1963**

“Regarding Mother's recent "illness"”

It was what people call "**black magic**" – I don't call it black magic, but it was an adverse formation, which I saw in all its details exactly on December 5. On the 5th itself I saw it, and afterwards I understood. It was extremely interesting, but it's impossible to repeat. On the 5th, at the meditation, I knew what it was (the day after you came). Extremely interesting. Maybe one day I will tell it, but it's very, very private.

On the afternoon of the 5th, after I had understood clearly and seen everything and done everything, suddenly ... (you know how Sri Aurobindo used to take away illnesses: it was like a hand that came and took away the disease), it went away just like that, it was taken away, literally taken away like that, and the body was INSTANTLY fine. Oh, you know, I am still flabbergasted.

Just as if you had a hood over your head, and something comes and removes it: pfft! all the symptoms, all gone. It's wonderful.

When this Power works, we will see something.

Q: But for four or five years, every year around December 5 you have been attacked.

Ah, yes. It's all part of the same thing. It's the same thing.

It's more than four or five years, more than that. Only ... Anyway, when I explain it, it will be clear.

But I saw it not in human thought, not at all, not as one understands it: I saw it as it is, and what permits these attacks – what not only permits them, not only makes them possible, but what makes those things NECESSARY for the body's transformation.

To put it simply, the whole thing is to bear up, that's all. That's all – to endure and bear up.

But just when it left, just half a second before that, there came ... How can I explain? It's so simple and natural and unsophisticated, oh, so simple that it seems childish. It was as though I were told by a voice that would be like Sri Aurobindo's voice, "*You are the stronger and you can send the ball away,*" something of that sort. But the words are nothing; it was the feeling of a sort of ... *buoyancy*, as they say in English, that feeling one has when one is young, full of boldness and enthusiasm – the feeling of absolutely scoffing at them and at their "formidable" formation, as a lion would scoff at a rat. Absolutely that sort of relationship. And that kind of enthusiasm lasted just a flash, and at the same time, just at the same time (*gesture of a hood being removed*), pfft! like night and day.

Oh, it has taught me a lot, a whole lot of things, a world of things.

It was hard. It lasted a long time – the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and the whole 5th till about 6:30 in the evening: three days.

And each day brings something. It seems to be going at a gallop, it's going fast. Yesterday too, I learned something: for the work, the reason for confusions. It was very interesting, a very interesting demonstration. And so forth, every day there is something like that, in the minute details of the material working. Very interesting. Now, let's get on with the work." The Mother/**December 7, 1965**

“Some curious things are happening.... For instance, I take a paper like the one I have just read [the message], and I see very clearly; then comes the old habit (or the idea or memory) that I need a magnifying glass to see – and I can't see anymore! Then I forget about seeing or not seeing, and I can do my work very well, I don't notice that I see or don't see! And it's like that with everything.

With everything, everything. Sometimes for an hour I follow what goes on: there is a minute work of subtle observation of what goes on here [in Mother] and of what goes on in the thought or consciousness of one or two other persons, with a whole detailed observation showing the difference between the fact as it should normally be (which is simply something direct, a movement taking place), and the complication brought in by thought – not higher thought: the physical thought, that is, the observation and all sorts of deductions, along with the memories of similar events and

things heard or seen and all sorts of instances of similar occurrences, of possible hazards – a mishmash, mon petit! Something frightening ... which spoils everything and complicates everything: the slightest thing becomes complicated.

These last few days I have had examples of all the possible complications of the physical world, including practices of hypnotism and so-called **black magic** and all the phenomena that take place in the invisible realm, but just adjoining the physical – like certain materializations, certain disappearances (incidents I saw and was obliged to note; I was obliged to note that they weren't imaginings but things that really took place), but then, with the secret revealed: how they can take place. It's very, very interesting. How it can happen, how the contact with certain distorting vibrations makes certain things possible.

Yesterday evening, after I had written that message (I wrote it in the evening, not in comfort but that was the only time I had; the light wasn't good, but anyway I did it), after I had written, I felt a strong pain here, in my temples. "Ah," I said, "now I know!" Now and then, after having listened to lots of people and especially after having written lots of birthday cards, answers to letters there is a sort of strange heaviness in my temples (and I've never had headaches in my life, that's not like me!), and I say to myself, "What's this new decrepitude?!" Then I noticed it wasn't that: it's my eyes. It's because I haven't yet found the secret of how to use my eyes. As I said just before, at times I see with extraordinary precision: things seem to come towards me to show themselves it's so clear that the minutes' detail is perceived. That's one extreme. The other extreme is what I have already told several times: a sort of veil. I know things, they are in my consciousness, but I see just clearly enough not to bump against them or knock them over; everything, everything seems to be behind a veil; only I know where things are, so I find them, or I don't bump against them or break them, but that's not because I see – I see a picture behind a veil, as it were. That's the other extreme. In between the two, there are all sorts of gradations. And I am convinced it's to show me that my eyes are still capable of seeing accurately – the instrument is still very good, but I don't know how to use it. I don't know how to use it, because previously I used it as everyone uses his eyes, his hands, his feet, out of a sort of habit, more or less consciously – I was very proud of my consciousness! (*[Laughing]* We are always very proud!) Very proud to have such conscious hands; in the past, for instance, I would sometimes say, "I want twelve sheets of paper," then I would stop bothering about it – my hand would go and take, and there were twelve of them. That had been happening for a long, a very long time, but it would happen AT CERTAIN TIMES: when I was in the required state, that is, when there wasn't the intrusion of an arbitrary will. So all this is a field of experiment and study in very small details, absolutely insignificant in themselves, but very instructive. And it goes on all the time, twenty-four hours a day, night and day (at night it's on other planes), but all this takes place in the physical, a more or less subtle physical.

This morning, there was a very amusing story. I was rinsing my eyes and mouth; I do it before daybreak, that is, with electric light. And in my bathroom there is an emergency light. It's one of the latest inventions: it's connected to the power and as long as there is power, the light remains off and a battery inside gets charged; as soon as the power fails, the light turns on and the battery is discharged to keep the light on. It's very well made, they invented it for hospitals and other places where any power

failure must be avoided: as soon as the power goes, the light turns on instantaneously, and when the power returns, it goes off and gets recharged for the next time. They installed it for me in the bathroom. And this morning while I was washing my teeth, poff! the light went off. I continued, naturally, since I had that emergency light. But then, I did a study. The lights in C.'s room (and everywhere) were on, it was only here, in this group of rooms. That was an odd phenomenon to begin with. Then I "looked," and while I looked I noticed something I hadn't taken note of all these last few days: a will to disorganize all my personal life. And causing power failures is one of the known occult methods (I don't know how it's done, in fact, but that man who wrote books and came here a very long time ago, Brunton, said it was one of the tricks known to those who practice occultism: a sudden failure of the lights). There are lots of other such tricks designed to disorganize people's lives with the idea of frightening them or announcing catastrophes to them (I have always found this very childish). But then, I saw that there was (I think I know where, here, it comes from) a will for disorganization, and I saw the path it followed (*winding gesture as if Mother were going back to the source*). It had begun last night, in the middle of the night: when I got up around midnight, I saw a will wanting to preoccupy me with thoughts of money! And it was insisting: the thought that everything was going wrong, and so on. I saw that in the middle of the night. I was busy with other things, but I saw that will: formations; and naturally I dealt with them as they deserved. But I saw that it went on, trying to disturb people, to make them uncomprehending, and then to turn the power off, all sorts of silly things. It's not the first time it has happened – it's not always the same people because generally, when they have tried and got a good knock in return, they don't try a second time, they've had enough! But there are others who think they are very clever and want to prove to me ... (*laughing*) that they are right and I am wrong – because ultimately it always comes to that! So I spent half an hour this morning, before they restored the power and I resumed my usual activities, half an hour having huge fun following the thread (*same winding gesture going back to the source*) wherever there was *mischievousness*, and then I very kindly "answered."

In reality, people who live in the ordinary consciousness know very, very little of what goes on physically – very little. They think they know, but all they know is a very superficial appearance, just like ... like a sheet of paper wrapping a package; there is the whole package underneath with all that it contains, but all they see is an appearance (*gesture of something as thin as cigarette paper*). And they are so used to it that they always give an explanation. I asked, "How is it that just this power connection here gave way?" (Lights were on everywhere, only the connection here, which supplies my room, was off.) I asked "to see." They told me, "Oh, we don't know, maybe the wire was old and it broke"! (*Mother laughs*) I said, "Very well."

That's how it is. And it's very funny. Why do people who are in the habit of being relatively punctual suddenly and at the same time meet with something unexpected and are terribly late? And there is constantly something that comes and prevents things from happening quietly, harmoniously, easily. Then you look inside yourself at the type of vibration present in all that, and you notice that little "quiver" ... because it is a quiver (*Mother gestures to show a microscopic tremor*) caused by the ordinary vibration of the ordinary consciousness. The ordinary consciousness lives in a constant quiver, when you notice it it's frightful! As long as you don't notice it, it's

perfectly natural, but when you notice it, you wonder how people don't go insane, it's a grace. It's a sort of tiny tremor (*same microscopic and very rapid gesture*), oh, how horrible!

So, if for some reason or other there is a disorganization (but I think the reason is one of teaching), one must have the capacity to go like this (*Mother brings her two hands down in a gesture that immobilizes everything*) and to stop all that instantly. But the capacity has been there for a long time, a long time (it hasn't always been used, but it has been there): the Power. And it's the same with EVERYTHING: world events or natural or human upheavals, earthquakes and tidal waves, volcanic eruptions, floods, or else wars, revolutions, people killing each other without even knowing why – as they are doing at the moment: everywhere something pushes them on. Behind this "quiver," there is a will for disorder that tries to prevent Harmony from being established. It's there in the individual, in the collectivity, and in Nature. And then, it's such a painstaking, persistent teaching, which forgets nothing and is repeated every time something isn't totally understood, and is repeated in greater detail for you to better understand ... the working: the working in the hands, in the activity, in the Force going through [Mother] like this, in the use of vibrations – and which teaches the great Lesson: learning how to manifest the divine Force.

It's absolutely wonderful.

And if you look at it from the wrong side, it²⁷ is a tension, it's like something that doesn't leave you a second's respite. And it's true, it doesn't allow you to fall asleep one minute; because in the ordinary consciousness, in the general ordinary life, rest means *tamas*. Rest means falling back into Inertia. So then, instead of a rest that benefits you, it's a rest that stupefies you and then you have to make effort once more to recapture the consciousness you have lost. That's how the vast majority of people sleep. But now, the lesson is different: when I lie down to rest my body and work without moving (work with an activity that doesn't force the body to move), as soon as there is the slightest ... not exactly "fall," but the slightest descent towards the Inconscient, something in the body immediately gives a start – instantly. It has been like that for a long time, two years, but now it's instantaneous, and it very rarely happens – there is true rest, which is an expansion and immensity of the being in full Light. It's magnificent.

But during the day, there are perpetual lessons, all the time, all the time, for everything, all the time. The lesson is least pronounced when I have to write something or see people; but there, too, the exact quality of people's vibration (not their permanent vibration but the vibration in them at that minute), the quality of their consciousness is immediately made known to me through certain reactions in my body (*gesture on different levels of the body*). The nerves began only a few months ago their work of "transfer of power." (What I call "transfer of power" is that instead of the nerves being moved by and obeying complex and organized forces of Nature, of the character, of the material consciousness in the body, they attune themselves to and directly obey the divine Will.) It's the transfer from one to the other that's difficult: there is the entire old habit, and then the new habit to be formed. It was a rather difficult moment. But now there remain enough old vibrations to be able to gauge exactly (and this has nothing to do with thought, it isn't expressed in words or thoughts or anything like all that: just vibrations), to know exactly the state people

near me are in. From that point of view the lesson is going on, it's very interesting. And what's wonderful is that more often than not the most receptive vibration, conforming the most to what it should be, is in children, but the very small ones, the tiny tots.... I see lots of people, but now I understand why: I learn enormously that way, through that contact (with people whom I don't know, sometimes whom I see for the first time, or whom I haven't seen for years). It's very interesting.

But when nobody is there or I am alone, or when I don't speak or I am not busy with other people, it's the inner lesson: the whole change in the vibration and how the world is organized. This morning, it was really extraordinarily amusing to see the mass of things that lie behind this appearance, an appearance that seems complicated enough as it is, but it's nothing! It's thin, flimsy, without complexity in comparison with the MASS of things behind, which ... (*drilling gesture*) which bore their way through to reach the surface. It's amusing. But certainly ninety-nine people in a hundred would be seized with panic if they knew, if they saw. I had always been told (I read it, Sri Aurobindo often said it to me, Théon too often said it to me, so did Madame Théon) that it's the Grace that keeps people from knowing. Because if they knew, they would be terrified! All, but all the things that are constantly there, moving behind – behind the appearances – all the complexities that are the true causes of or the instruments for all those small events, which to us are absolutely unimportant, but because of which one day you feel everything is harmonious, and another day you feel it takes a labor to do anything at all. And that's how it is. And naturally, when you know, you have the key. But if you know before you have the key, it's ... a little frightening. I think that when people take leave of their senses, it's because they are put in contact with the vibrations before having the knowledge, the sufficient knowledge, the sufficient state of consciousness.

There, we've wasted all our time!" The Mother/ **March 26, 1966**

"(For the past eight days, Mother has been "ill," just as the conflict between Israel and Egypt was unfolding.)

A great battle.... I have learned a great many things.

And it's going on.

I've made discoveries.... Diseases, accidents, catastrophes, wars, all of that is because the human material consciousness is so small, so narrow that it has a rabid taste for drama. And of course, there is, behind, **the vital being** having fun, also influences ... anyway all that enjoys an opportunity to delay the divine Work and make things difficult. And all that takes pleasure in that naturally encourages drama. But the seed of the difficulty is that smallness, extreme smallness of the physical consciousness – the material physical consciousness – which has an absolutely perverse taste for drama. Drama – the slightest thing has to make a drama: if you have a toothache, it turns into a drama; if you bang against something, it turns into a drama; if two nations quarrel, it turns into a drama – everything turns into a drama. The taste for drama. If anything in your body is even slightly upset or there is the smallest trouble, which should go completely unnoticed, oh, it makes a big fuss, a drama. The taste for drama. I was deeply disgusted.

Everything, everything ... Like the bedlam at a marketplace.

The attack was apparently violent, so violent that after studying and observing it I was forced to think that some people were having fun doing **black magic**.... Everything took on fantastic proportions. The same teeth I've had for such a long time (in the same state for such a long time, that is!), which for years hadn't given me any trouble, suddenly fancied they too had to make a drama! So, a raging toothache, swelling – absolutely ridiculous, absolutely. And you know, this discovery of drama wasn't thought out, it wasn't an observation: it was an acute experience, caught hold of as you would catch a thief. I caught it. And it's universal, all over the earth. Because EVERYTHING was creating drama – the roars of a marketplace, bedlam, all of it, a big fuss. Like those people out there when they fought each other, the same fuss (*gesture expressing the roaring turmoil of the war*). What a to-do they make! What with "rights" and "duties" and "honor," oh! ... So then, as things were pretty bad (I was almost completely incapacitated), I asked what it meant (*Mother laughs*), and he showed me the picture! Then I understood.

The minute I understood, things started calming down [the raging toothache as well as the raging war in Palestine].

It's profoundly ridiculous, and unhealthy, moreover.

You understand, once the thing had been seen – seen and felt and lived completely – they started slowing down there. I can't say things are quite all right as yet, far from it, but anyway I think a worse catastrophe has been averted.

Grotesque.

Things are somewhat better. There is still some friction.... "Traitors," "enemies," oh!... Now they say that Indonesia and Pakistan are up to something.... And with EVERYTHING, you know, from the biggest to the smallest, from what seems the most important (what disturbs the most things, at any rate) to the least little physical discomfort, it's like that: a very small, such a very small consciousness, petty and limited and narrow, which makes a mountain out of a molehill.

There you are.

(*silence*)

Because what took place is nothing new, it has happened so many times before, but the body's experience was different.... Previously, the consciousness of all the other inner beings was there and would happily counterbalance this idiotic tendency: even the vital, the **vital being** which also loves grand effects, but provided at least they are great, vast, powerful enough to be on a large scale and save it from being ridiculous; and then, positively above all that, all the other beings, with a smile. But this time, this body was left TO ITSELF, so it would learn. And it has learned.

But death, too, is the result of the taste for drama – what a pretty drama, ugh!

(*silence*)

Well, there you are.

And as, naturally, it became impossible to eat, another consequence was that it became impossible to do any work.... The doctor made me take proteins that don't need to be digested, those that are directly injected into the blood, but he made me swallow them. Then I was able to resume some work – I could no longer speak, no longer eat, no longer ...

It went on worsening nicely, till the day (I forget which) when I said with "high indignation" (*Mother takes on a dramatic tone*), "What is this creation in which ..." (I said it in English) "in which living is a suffering, dying is a suffering, everything is a suffering...." (*Mother laughs*) As soon as that was uttered, it was enough. And the consciousness was there, saying, "**There is only one remedy, but the world rejects that remedy.**" Then I was put in the presence of the fact, face to face with it, the thing staring at me – oh, what a pretty drama!

(silence)

I wondered whether it was peculiar to the earth and if the other planets and suns weren't in this idiotic situation? ... On an external level it would be interesting to know. But I am nearly sure that death, for instance, is something that belongs exclusively to earth life – death as we FEEL it, as we understand it. Yet animals take part in it, but they don't have man's mental deformation.... The taste for drama is exclusively human, because those animals that live with man catch the malady, while those that don't don't have it at all.

(silence)

I saw this
child [Sujata] on Sunday; I didn't look too great, did I?

(*Sujata :*) *No, Mother!*

I couldn't speak anymore....

Well, that's more or less something of my experience. Oh, it was ... a lot, a lot more than that.

For two days the sense of not knowing whether you are alive or dead (but these are words on the surface), of not being very sure of the difference it makes.... And then, the body asking this question: "But everyone has his theory: one says death is like this, another says it's like that, yet another says still something different, but what is our OWN experience like? ..." And it was like that (*gesture of hanging between two worlds*).

Then the body suddenly remembered (that was rather interesting; it's more recent, it was yesterday or the day before), the body suddenly remembered that it had once been brought back to life. It said, "But you knew at that time, you knew since you brought me back to life." Then I recollected what I used to know (and had stopped knowing because the knowledge was quite incomplete – it was entirely external and lacked the higher knowledge), I recollected the experience, and the two things joined together [the old knowledge and the new]. "Now," I said, "this is interesting!"

You know, the story of the "soul leaving the body," what childishness! Because I had that experience, too, of leaving (not the soul! It's entirely independent, always and in everyone), of leaving the psychic being, the individual psychic being. When I went away from here (Pondicherry) in 1915, I left my psychic being here deliberately. I left it here, I didn't take it with me. So the body can live without psychic being (it was rather sick, by the way, but that wasn't the reason – it's again the taste for drama! ... Oh, always the taste for drama!).

There we are.

So the problem narrows down more and more.... If your most material vital being goes out, it doesn't make you die – it puts you in catalepsy, but it doesn't make you die. What makes you die? ...

There are two things that make you die. One (the one that precedes the dramatic human existence) is wear and tear. What does wear and tear come from? From Ignorance, obviously. Ignorance and incapacity to renew forces; that's how the whole lower life works: it decomposes, recomposes, decomposes again.... But it's only with animality and the beginning of a mental functioning that there arises (*Mother takes on a grandiloquent tone*) "death," as we conceive it. But that is when the vital element that gives life (what we call "life") breaks down. There are innumerable reasons for that, all of which come from the same source. Of course, looking at it as a whole, it is **the incapacity to follow the movement of progress**: the need to mix everything together again in order to start all over again. But for those who begin to think, that no longer has any reason to exist.

An accident?... An accident to the material combination. But which accident, since the heart can stop and start again? It's a question of how long the accident lasts.

If, for this wear and tear, this deterioration (which comes from the Inconscient and is the result of the RESISTANCE of the Inconscient), if for this we can substitute the aspiration for progress and transformation (not with words – the vibration) ... That experience has been given me several times. Suppose something is quite upset, there is a pain somewhere, something disorganized that no longer works properly; if there is the vision and conception in faith (faith and consecration to the Supreme) that it's deliberate, that the Supreme has allowed it to be (how can I express it? All words are meaningless), has allowed or willed it, or wanted it to be, because to Him it was the best way to transform the thing, to have it make the necessary progress, if the cells that are somewhat disorganized and "sick," as they say, are able to feel this ... then, instantly, it takes a marvelous turn for the better – instantly, in five minutes, ten minutes. I could give concrete, precise examples, with all the details. So that means bringing the two extremes into contact, I might say. And if that can become the normal life of the elements which make up this outer form, then there is no reason why ...

No, there is no need to die, no need whatsoever. There comes a point when death loses all meaning.

And in the small detail, in the little cell or the faint sensation (and when you come to feelings, there is some kind of thing which is the embryo of thought – oh, then ...), you catch the taste for drama. Ah, then everything is explained.

The taste for drama, the need for catastrophe.

That's what was there, pressing and pressing on the earth to bring about all the conditions for a clashing and clangoring grand finale (*Mother shrugs her shoulders*).

And only one remedy: **to broaden into eternal peace ... To break limits, become immense.**

(long silence)

Q: You said just a while ago that your body remembered an earlier death

...

Oh, yes.

Q: But you didn't say what that recollection was.

Yes, everybody knows it: it happened at Tlemcen while I was working with Théon. I had gone out in a wholly material way, the body was in a cataleptic state, and something came, something occurred that cut the link. So the link was cut.

Q: But what was the experience like at that time?

The experience was that ... (laughing) impossible to get back in there! But Théon was there (Théon had a bad scare!), and there was at that time the knowledge – a good deal of knowledge! – of the occult. The knowledge was there as well as the will (*Mother makes a gesture of pushing to reenter the body*), and also an inner faith (but I never used to talk about that), and a concentration. As for him, he was capable, he knew. He was able to "pull." And the body hadn't deteriorated, you see, it wasn't damaged, so it wasn't difficult. It was in a very good condition, but the thread was cut, which means that what gives life had gone out and could not get back in.

I came back in as a result of the power and the will, because ... In fact, simply because I still had something to do on earth.

It happened in 1910, I think.

So it's not because the soul leaves the body, is it?

Oh, that's just words!

The soul may very likely make a resolve, noting that the body is either unworthy or unfit or incapable or unwilling or ... anything, and the soul may decide that the body should die so it may go; but the soul's going isn't what kills the body. **There are innumerable people who are without a soul – they have a soul, but their soul isn't in their body – lots of people.** And they go on living quite well.

It's more difficult to live without the psychic being, on the other hand. The psychic being, of course, is the clothing – the individualized clothing – between the eternal soul and the transitory body; and [from life to life] it grows more formed, individualized, more and more individually conscious. When that leaves the body, the rest generally follows. But I had the experience of doing it deliberately, so I KNOW. One has to know how to do it, but it can be done. My psychic being stayed here with Sri Aurobindo, and I left with my mental, vital and physical beings. It was a ... slightly precarious condition. But as I also kept the contact quite consciously, it could be done.

What people call "death" ... I see loads of people who, to me, are living dead (they are those who are without their psychic being, or even those who have no contact with their soul). But to know that, one must have the inner vision. But what people call "death," that is, the decomposition of the cells and dissolution of the form, is when the most material "vital subdegree," which brings into contact with Life – with vital force, life – goes out. That is how death occurs in animals, for example. And that vital subdegree generally goes away when the external organism is unable to continue – when, for instance, it's cut in two or the heart has been removed, or anyway when something quite radical has happened to it! Because some people have met with accidents and had many parts missing, yet they lived on. But even cardiac arrest, as I said, doesn't necessarily mean death, since after stopping, the heart can start up again.

Those who have the material knowledge tell you that for a few ... I forget whether a few seconds or a few minutes, the heart can start up again; after that, decomposition sets in. With decomposition it's over, naturally.

So we could correctly say that there are kinds of GRADATIONS in death. Gradations in life and gradations in death: some beings are alive to a greater or lesser degree, or if we want to put it negatively, some beings are dead to a greater or lesser degree. But for those who know, oh, for those who know that this material form can manifest a supramental light, well, **those who don't have the supramental light in them are already a little dead.** That's how it is. So there are gradations. What people have conventionally called "death" is just a purely external phenomenon, because it's something they can't deny – the body going to pieces.

But I have seen people who were supposedly dead (not many in my family because it wasn't the custom to let the children see them, and once I was grown-up there were only very few opportunities), but I have seen a few here. And they weren't all in the same state at all – far from it.

(silence)

There was the case of Sri Aurobindo. "He is dead," the doctors decided – he was absolutely alive. Absolutely living. And even after five days, when they put him into ... it was because of (how should I put it?) the pressure of the outside world, and because it was impossible to preserve him. We had to consent. But I cannot say he was dead! He wasn't at all dead, it was perfectly obvious. The body was already beginning to ... (very little, but a little at the end of the fifth day), that is, the skin was losing its color, but ... (*Mother makes a glorious gesture*).

For the first three days, I remained standing there, near his bed, and in an absolutely ... well, to me, it was absolutely visible – all the organized consciousness that was in his body DELIBERATELY came out of it and into mine. And I not only saw it but felt the FRICTION of its entry.

Then people say, "He is dead" – that's ignorance.

(silence)

All that supramental power he had attracted into and organized in his body little by little came into me METHODICALLY.

I didn't say anything to anyone because it was nobody's business, nobody's concern. I remained standing there and ... (*gesture showing the forces passing from Sri Aurobindo into Mother's body*).

You know, people revel in high-sounding words and keep talking and talking – they don't even know what they're talking about.

Not very long ago, I saw one or two photographs of someone, then he came to see me. I said, "He is dead, he's a dead man." And I don't mean a dissolution at all (of course not! Since he came in and spoke – he spoke very loudly, thinking himself very alive, in fact): he was dead. So ...

(silence)

Some time ago, I said that the cells were wondering, "But what is death?" They kept wondering like that. And just yesterday or the day before, because there came a

certain state, the Knowledge that constantly comes from above seemed to be saying to them, "But why do you wonder? You had the experience, you know how it is." Then, to the small central consciousness (there is a small central consciousness, which is now gradually growing and taking shape), this Knowledge said, "Don't you remember? You know how it was." Ah, then all the memory of the experience in all its details came back – they did know.

Why are we so ridiculous?

We think we are ... we think we are so great, so wise, so ... Oh, all the virtues we give ourselves! (*Mother laughs*) So courageous, so enduring, so ... An act we put on for ourselves our whole life long.

(*silence*)

At that time, for a few moments, there was the certitude of such a simplicity! ... A simplicity ... (how can I put it?) whose immensity made it all-powerful.

That's still literature. It's the mind's playacting: pretty sentences.

No words, no sentences, no wonderful gestures, no attitudes ...

(*Mother goes into a contemplation*)

Oh, for those who like definitions, here's another answer to "What is the Divine?" – a smiling and luminous Immensity.

And HERE, you know, it's here. HERE.

Ah, shall we work? Enough chattering!

(*silence*)

What makes me think that there were external adverse wills is that from every side there kept coming fine-sounding sentences – fine-sounding sentences, suggestions (dramatic suggestions, precisely) announcing a considerable number of catastrophes. They come from every side, like this (*swarming gesture, like a rising tide*), like so many snakes waiting there, kept at arm's length, rushing up as soon as they're given the opportunity to do so....

Which shows there's clearly something the matter.

Suggestions like this one, for instance: "Oh, now you're well, you are strong and can speak – ah, but you'll see what happens to you." Suggestions and suggestions.... You understand, **it can only come from rotten human thoughts**. A swarm of things, each one uglier than the other, coming like that. And you see them come (*same gesture like a rising tide of snakes*), you see them come like that.... From the basest to the most violent.

There was also, in relation to those possibilities of magic and also to "adverse forces," a vision of it all as being a part of the great Play (*gesture from below*), but ... This Immensity, luminous and smiling, an immensity ... ("immensity" is a word – "infinite" also is a word), something ... absolutely limitless, which simply goes like this (*gesture of descent*) in a movement of manifestation; then, at a certain point, It encounters a sort of movement from below that seizes hold of It and turns It into ... what we see. In the higher part [of the being], it's a mixture of perverted mind and extremely powerful vital, which obviously enjoys the distortion; as That grows more concrete, It's turned into all those human reactions; and when It draws near the earth,

then ... ah, you have the fine mess men have made with the earth atmosphere. So this Thing, this smiling, luminous, marvelous Immensity, so ... – a living and conscious bliss ... It becomes that.

And if by chance, by miracle, one drop falls without getting completely distorted, it becomes a miracle!

(At the end, the conversation turns to Satprem's health and a certain hemoptysis.)

... Tell your cells not to make a drama and you'll see! If you know how to tell them ...

They aren't bad-willed, they're idiotic (*Mother laughs*), that's not the same thing!"
The Mother/ **June 14, 1967**

“(For the last three days, Mother has been “ill”: violent vomiting, etc. She gasps for breath as she speaks.)

This time it's serious.

I haven't been able to eat – I can't eat (*gesture of vomiting*). The body is reduced to the minimum. We shall see. If it holds on, it will be all right.

But three nights ago, I saw a gigantic tidal wave – a tidal wave submerging everything.

Aah!

When I see that, there's usually a catastrophe the next day. But there was no catastrophe the next day – it seems to have fallen on you. I don't know ... a gigantic tidal wave.

(after a silence)

At night, I don't sleep, you know, but I go into a deep rest, and there remains only the body consciousness. Twice, last night, the body saw all sorts of images and activities showing a widespread incomprehension in people.

The body was in certain situations.... One was taking place here and the other was in Japan. I realized that the body holds certain impressions, impressions of being in a.... It wasn't in the Ashram, but the one in Japan, exactly as I was in Japan (but these are not memories, they were entirely new activities, something entirely new), showing that I was surrounded by people who don't understand. And here, too (it wasn't the Ashram, the situations were symbolic and involved people who are no longer in their bodies), I was surrounded by people and things that didn't understand. And I saw that these impressions are in the body and make things even more difficult.

They weren't actually physical things: they were the transcription of people's attitude and their way of thinking. (*silence*) I have been well aware for a long time

now that there are ... I am not even sure that some people haven't been doing **black magic** against me.

Oh, Mother, that same night, the night I saw the tidal wave, I saw also a sudden image: you were lying down and I was holding tightly onto your feet, and by our side was a tall black being – jet-black – maybe ten feet high, who was all ... it's not that he had black skin, but he was all dressed in black. And he was standing on a kind of black carpet.

Yes, that's it. I have the same impression. I don't say anything (for it sounds ridiculous), but my feeling is that some people have been using **black magic** against me. Naturally, my only recourse is to envelop and surround myself with the Divine. But ... that causes a lot of difficulties. I wanted to see you to tell you that. But speaking is difficult... Would you like some silence? (*meditation*)” The Mother/
March 22, 1972

Renouncing servitude to the **dim Abyss**,
It shall learn at last who lived within unseen,
And seized with marvel in the adoring heart
To the **enthroned Child-Godhead** (**Psychic being**) kneel aware,
Trembling with beauty and delight and love.

But **first the spirit's ascent we must achieve** (before the descent of the Divine Mother's force our consciousness must first rise/ascend) **first the experience of Vedantic sacrifice; second the experience of Vedic sacrifice which is first the descent of Sahkti followed by ascent of the soul.**

Out of the chasm from which our nature rose.

The soul must soar sovereign above the form
And climb to summits beyond mind's half-sleep;

Our hearts we must inform with heavenly strength,
Surprise the animal with the occult god.

Then kindling the gold tongue of sacrifice,
Calling the powers of a bright hemisphere (the upper hemisphere beyond the lower hemisphere of ignorance and beyond the borders of the mind), (**The Descent of Shakti**)

We shall shed the discredit of our mortal state, (**Transformation of lower nature**)

Make the abyss a road for Heaven's descent (**create the bridge that links the lowest depths of matter to the supramental**), **Yes**

Acquaint our depths with the supernal Ray

And cleave the darkness with the mystic Fire (**the psychic being**).

“Yes, a few days ago the consciousness was under attack. All that is petty, sordid, ugly, oh ... poor, helpless, all that – it was such an avalanche! This poor body, it cried over its incapacity to express anything superior. And then, the answer was very simple – it was very clear, very strong – and the experience

came: the only *solution* – *the only way out of the difficulty is* to BECOME divine Love. And *the* experience was there at the same time for a few moments (it lasted long enough, maybe more than half an hour). Then you understand that everything you have to go through, all these ordeals, all this suffering, all these miseries, is nothing in comparison with the experience of what will be (and what is). But we are still incapable, meaning that the cells haven't the strength yet. They are beginning to have the capacity to be, but not the strength to keep That – "That" cannot stay yet.

And That has such an extraordinary power to transform what is! All our notions (and this had become visible), our notions of miracle, of marvelous change, all the stories of miracles that have been told, all of it becomes a child's prattle – it's nothing! Nothing. All that we try to have, all that we aspire to have, all that is childishness.

Only, it was clear that this isn't ready yet.

And it was so extraordinary that the cells felt they couldn't live on without ... without That. That was the impression: That, or else dissolution. And when That had gone away ... It didn't go by accident but deliberately, and with the clear notion: "Now no fuss, you must prepare yourself for That to stay." And it was so categorical (*gesture like a Command from above*), that there was no arguing. When That had left, there was a sort of suffocation. Then the Command came, with the rigidity of a wall: "No fuss, you must prepare yourself."

Then you return to your senses, and it all seems so ... oh!

There is the certitude – the certitude based on experience – that when That is here, it will be ... Or rather, while That is here (since It was here for a while), all the splendors you experience by rising, going out, leaving the body, are nothing. It's nothing, it doesn't have that concrete reality. When you have the experiences up above, you live up above and everything appears lackluster and useless in comparison, but even that appears vague in comparison with HERE. This is truly why the world was created: it's to add to that essential Consciousness something so concrete and so solid, so real, and with such tremendous power!

Only, to the body consciousness it seems long. Up above, of course, there is a smile, but for the body ... And strangely enough, there isn't in the body that joy of the memory of the experience. You have the joy of the memory of the experiences up above, but here, it's not like that! It's not that. The body might say, "It's no use for me to remember: I want to have the thing." Because wherever the mind comes in, the memory is charming, but here, it's not like that. It's not like that: on the contrary, it intensifies the need to be, the aspiration, the need. And life looks like something so stupid, false, artificial, meaningless, without ... "What's all this nonsense we constantly live in!" And yet, when That was there, nothing was destroyed, everything remained, but it was something else altogether." *The Mother/ July 27, 1966*

Adventuring once more in the natal mist

The king moves on into a plane housed by more hostile forces, masters of the
inconscient plane...with only his Psychic being as light and guide.

Across the dangerous haze, the pregnant stir,
He through the astral chaos shore a way
Mid the grey faces of its demon gods,
Questioned by whispers of its flickering ghosts,
Besieged by sorceries of its fluent force.
As one who walks **unguided through strange fields (of subtle vital)**
Tending he knows not where nor with what hope,
He **trod a soil that failed beneath his feet**
And journeyed in stone strength to a fugitive end.
His trail behind him was a vanishing line
Of glimmering points in a vague immensity;
A **bodiless murmur** travelled at his side
In the wounded gloom complaining against light.
A huge obstruction its immobile heart,
The watching opacity multiplied as he moved
Its hostile mass of dead and staring eyes;
The darkness glimmered like a dying torch.
Around him an extinguished phantom glow
Peopled with shadowy and misleading shapes
The vague Inconscient's dark and measureless cave **(the king's descent into the Inconscient planes?)**.
His only sunlight was **his spirit's flame. (the Supramentalised Spiritual Being)**
END OF CANTO FIVE

Subtle Vital draws all its impurity from the Inconscient plane, so for the subtle vital to be transformed, its root in the Inconscient Sheath must be purified, lighted and transformed.

My sweet child Auroprem,

My all intense love & very special blessings to you. With your Savitri sadhana I am also going through it by the direct direction of my Lord Sri Aurobindo.....Today I remained in supreme plane while doing this work....When I start this work I enter in to so many planes of consciousness. Usually, during this time I forget EVERYTHING.....My child, I am all the moment waiting here for Their only That-“To bring God down to the world on earth we came,

To change the earthly life to life divine.”

And-“ To be is not a senseless paradox

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

What hides within her breast she must reveal “p-692/693

My child, try to bring down the Love & Ananda within you through this work.

I am with you forever.....

With my Eternal Love & Blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

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:

“A quick celestial flash could sometimes come:
The illumined soul-ray fell on heart and flesh
And touched with semblances of ideal light (intuitive touches from higher planes)
The stuff of which our earthly dreams are made.” Savitri-159

“Time has he none to turn his eyes within

And look for his lost self and his dead soul.” Savitri-165

“The world quivers with a God-light at its core,” Savitri-168

“Cast heaven-lights from the heart’s secluded shrine.” Savitri-170

The More Important Secret of this chapter:

“A spirit that perished not with the body and breath
Was there like a shadow of the Unmanifest
And stood behind the little personal form
But claimed not yet this earthly embodiment.” Savitri-159

"A greater vision meets us on the heights
In the luminous wideness of the spirit's gaze.
At last there wakes in us a witness Soul
That looks at truths unseen and scans the Unknown;
Then all assumes a new and marvellous face:" Savitri-168

"It (Soul) peers at the Real through the apparent form;
It labours in our mortal mind and sense;
Amid the figures of the Ignorance,
In the symbol pictures drawn by word and thought,
It (Soul) seeks the truth to which all figures point;
It looks for the source of Light with vision's lamp;
It works to find the Doer of all works (the divine (Soul) seeks the divine
(Spirit)),
The unfelt Self within who is the guide, (Psychic being)
**The unknown Self above who is the goal." Savitri-168 (Spiritual being
and Supramental being.)**

**"In this passage from a deaf unknowing Force
To struggling consciousness and transient breath
A mighty Supernature waits on Time.
The world is other than we now think and see,
Our lives a deeper mystery than we have dreamed;
Our minds are starters in the race to God,
Our souls deputed selves of the Supreme." Savitri-169**

"A work is done in the deep silences; (Spiritual action)
A glory and wonder of spiritual sense,
A laughter in beauty's everlasting space
Transforming world-experience into joy,
Inhabit the mystery of the untouched gulfs;
Lulled by Time's beats eternity sleeps in us." Savitri-170

The Most Important Secret of this chapter:

"The magic was chiselled of a conscious form;
Its **tranced vibrations** rhythmmed a quick response,
And luminous stirrings prompted brain and nerve,
Awoke in Matter spirit's identity
And in a body lit the miracle
Of the heart's love and the soul's witness gaze." Savitri-157-58

"Our seekings are short-lived experiments
Made by a wordless and inscrutable Power
Testing its issues from **inconscious** Night

To meet its luminous self of Truth and Bliss.” Savitri-168

“In our body’s cells there sits a hidden Power (**Psychic being**)
That sees the unseen and plans eternity,
Our smallest parts have room for deepest needs;
There too the golden Messengers (**Supramental beings**) can come:” Savitri-169-70

“And when that greater Self comes sea-like down
To fill this image of our transience,
All shall be captured by delight, transformed:
In waves of undreamed ecstasy shall roll
Our mind and life and sense and laugh in a light
Other than this hard limited human day,
The body’s tissues thrill apotheosised,
Its cells sustain bright metamorphosis.” Savitri-171

Om Namo Bhagavateh

“Wherever are soulless minds and guideless lives
And in a small body self is all that counts,
Wherever love and light and largeness lack,
These **crooked fashioners** take up their task...
Our nature’s **twilight** is their lurking-place:” Savitri-153

“At the outset of this enigmatic world
Which seems at once an enormous brute machine
And a slow unmasking of the spirit in things,
In this (earth is a) revolving chamber without walls
In which God sits impassive everywhere
As if unknown to himself and by us unseen
In a miracle of inconscient secrecy,
Yet is all here **his action and his will.**” Savitri-154

“A **spirit that perished** not with the body and breath
Was there like a shadow of the Unmanifest
And stood behind the little personal form
But claimed not yet this earthly embodiment.” Savitri-159

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

21.09.2020

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. This Book-2, Canto-5 gives us input regarding the lower vital beings that dominate largely our untransformed life and are the cause of all disorder, disease, accident, division and disharmony. In the evolution of Nature, they also like Asuras, demons, and Pisachas, wait for the hour of Divine transformation.

This Canto also hints about a 'mighty Hand' that helps us to travel back in time to the past of this life and past births for illumination of Subconscient darkness and Divine transformation and also hints the action of 'golden Messenger' who is responsible for carrying out the cellular transformation. This also hints at our patient waiting for the 'golden Hand that never came'(Savitri-199) and lock up our protected life in Savitri's 'golden hands' (Savitri-723).

This canto also hints about the human love of sattwic mind which can give 'Joy that forgot mortality for a while' and its brief blaze can crumble vital passion into ashes. It can manifest beauty only for an hour and afterward feels tired. Divine Love can uplift the limitations of fragile human love and can lead man towards uninterrupted joy and immortality.

A perfect and integral Divine instrument is at once receiver of overhead Wisdom and Light of Integral Jnana Yoga, his own personal will is tuned and identified with the Divine Will of Integral Karma Yoga and his heart becomes the centre of over flow of Divine Love, Delight and Beauty of Integral Bhakti Yoga.

Here in this study you will get mysteries of lower vital forces that largely dominate earthly existence through the Mother's account of Her Spiritual experiences. These experiences are immensely important in purifying and enlarging our vital sheath.

Our Psychic being is surrounded with ten layers of desire Souls of which this vital plane is one of them. So in order to uncover the Psychic being one has to go beyond the lures of (1) world of titans and *asuras* imitating the Divine, (2) the world of lower nature of forbidden sense enjoyment, (3) the world of vital mind surrounding the vital self, (4) the world of physical mind, (5) the world of schoolman mind, (6) the world of fixed mind, (7) the world of outer mind, (8) the mother of seven Sorrows, (9) the mother of (limited) Might and (10) the mother of (limited) Light respectively. About them you are aware while concentrating on Savitri's Yoga.

Finally you will have to remember that Divine wisdom does not visit man as a guest from outside but it is slowly accumulated through blows of life. Similarly Divine Love does not visit as a guest from outside but it evolves from the disgust of precarious human relation and human love. Both Love and Wisdom are necessary for the fulfilment of life.

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.

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