

Book 2 Canto 6

“Q: While waiting to become ready for a spiritual discipline, what should I do, apart from aspiring that the Mother may pull me out of the slumber and awaken my psychic consciousness?”

Answer: To develop your intelligence read regularly and very attentively the teachings of Sri Aurobindo. To **develop and master your vital**, observe attentively your movements and reactions with the will to overcome desires, and **aspire to find your psychic being and unite yourself with it**. Physically, continue to do as you are doing, develop and control your body methodically, make yourself useful by working in the Playground and in the place you work, and try to do it in as selfless a way as possible.

If you are sincere and scrupulously honest, my help is certainly with you and one day you will become conscious of it.” The Mother/TMCW-12/396
22 July 1964

The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Greater Life

“In knowledge to sum up omniscience,
In action to erect the Omnipotent,
To create her Creator here was her heart’s conceit,
To invade the cosmic scene with utter God.” Savitri-195

“Her task no ending knows; she serves no aim
But labours driven by a nameless Will
That came from some unknowable formless Vast.
This is her secret and impossible task
To catch the boundless in a net of birth
To lend speech and thought to the Ineffable;
She is pushed to reveal the ever Unmanifest.
Yet by her skill the impossible has been done:” Savitri-177

“Although she is ever in him and he in her,

As if unaware of the eternal tie,
Her will is to shut God into her works
And keep him as her cherished prisoner
That never they may part again in Time” Savitri-181-182

Summary:

The King continues his journey in the subtle vital planes moving higher now to the kingdom of the Greater /Universal Vital. This plane is especially marked by its strong openness to the Soul in the Vital or Pranamaya Purusha (as my Mother (Maa Krishna) has noted in the lines below)

**“This greater life is enamoured of the unseen;
It calls to some highest light beyond its reach,
It can feel the Silence that absolves the soul;
It feels a saviour touch, a ray divine: (Not direct contact with Sun-light,
representing Supramental.)
Beauty and good and truth its godheads are.” Savitri-179**

Although the influence of the Soul is clear on this plane and not confused and hidden by other lower influences like it is on earth, beings on this world can still choose to submit to that influence or disregard it. In doing so they make a conscious choice. For on this plane another power of falsehood also presents itself and some beings choose to align themselves to this falsehood

“Or to the truth of Darkness they subscribe
Worship the shadow of a crooked God,
Admit the black Idea that twists the brain
Or lie with the harlot Power that slays the soul” Savitri-185

*“In the egoistic human being, the mental person emergent out of the dim shell of matter, delight of existence is neutral, semi latent, still in the shadow of the subconscious, hardly more than a concealed soil of plenty covered by desire with a luxuriant growth of **poisonous weeds** and hardly less poisonous flowers, the pains and pleasures of our egoistic existence.”*The Life Divine-106
(The harlot powers of Savitri can be compared with the poisonous weeds of The Life Divine which will produce the less poisonous fruit which slowly kills a soul.)

In the “Essays on the Gita’ it is identified that if a woman (or man) is driven by Para-prakriti, higher Nature, then she is known as virgin Mother. Similarly if a woman (or man) is driven by Apara-prakriti, lower Nature, then she is known as harlot (Mother).

“But above, on a plane within us but now superconscient to us, called heaven by the ancient mystics, the Lord and the *Jiva* stand together revealed as of one essence of being, the Father and the Son of certain symbolisms, the Divine Being and the divine Man who comes forth from Him born of the higher divine Nature, **the virgin Mother**, *para prakriti*, *para maya*, into the lower or human nature.” **Sri Aurobindo/** CWSA/19/Essays on the Gita-162,
“A divine compassion for the ignorance of the struggling mind, a divine will to pour forth on it all light and power and happiness there will be, indeed, for the apparent man; but for the divine Soul within him there will be more, there will be adoration and love. For from all, from the thief and the **harlot** and the outcaste as from the saint and the sage, the Beloved looks forth and cries to

us, "This is I." "He who loves Me in all beings," — what greater word of power for the utmost intensities and profundities of divine and universal love, has been uttered by any philosophy or any religion?" CWSA/19/Essays on the Gita-208.

"If Narayana is without difficulty visible in the sage and the saint, how shall he be easily visible to us in the sinner, the criminal, the **harlot** and the outcaste?" CWSA/19/Essays on the Gita-359

"Awaits him armed with **soul-slaying word:**" Savitri-336,
"Or lie with the **harlot** Power that **slays the soul.**" Savitri-185,
"A strong and fallen goddess without hope,
Obscured, deformed by some dire Gorgon spell,
As might a **harlot** empress in a bouge,
Nude, unashamed, exulting she upraised
Her evil face of perilous beauty and charm
And, drawing panic to a shuddering kiss
Twixt the magnificence of her fatal breasts,
Allured to their **abyss the spirit's fall.**" CWSA/33/Savitri-212
"O Death, thou speakest truth but **truth that slays,**
I answer to thee with the **Truth that saves.**" Savitri-621.

*"(Regarding the New Year message (of 1967): "Men, countries, continents! The choice is imperative: **Truth** or **the abyss.**" A disciple asks Mother, "What is the meaning of 'abyss' in your New Year Message?" Mother's reply, in English:)*

Right now there is a great tension. They have all taken positions as if to start war. It is the blind passion that men put into their international relations.

At the base of it all there is (1) fear, (2) general distrust, and what they believe to be their (3) "interests" (money, business) – a combination of these three things. When these three lowest passions of humanity are brought into play, that is what I call "the abyss."

When someone has decided to consecrate his life to the seeking for the Divine, if he is sincere, that is to say, if the resolution is sincere and carried out sincerely, there is **absolutely nothing to fear**, because all that happens or will happen to him will lead him by the shortest way to this realisation.

That is the response of the Grace. People believe that the Grace means making everything smooth for all your life. It is not true.

The Grace works for the realisation of your aspiration and everything is arranged to gain the most prompt, the quickest realisation – so there is nothing to fear.

Fear comes with insincerity. If you want a comfortable life, agreeable circumstances, etc., you are putting conditions and restrictions, and **then you can fear.**

But it has no business in the sadhana!” The Mother/ **May 26, 1967**

From the above message it is clear that in integral Yoga there is no intermediate resting place between Truth and the abyss. One has to choose either of them. Similarly the message of ‘Essays on the Gita’ and ‘Savitri’ and also ‘the Gita’ (refer 9.31 and 10.34) there is no intermediate resting place between virgin Mother Force and harlot mother force, one has to choose of becoming either of them. If one’s life is guided by para Prakriti or Soul saving Truth, then know him (or her) as virgin Mother force. If one’s life is guided by Apara-para Prakriti or Soul slaying Truth, then know him (or her) as harlot Mother force. This is the Spiritual perception towards life symbolically written in the Shastra. This truth is disturbing to ordinary people so spiritual symbol is not understood by him.

As such there are extremes of hell and heaven on this plane and a battle rages on between those who are aligned to light and other to darkness.

Nevertheless at its heights this plane reflects something of the **(partial)** Truth, it marks the transition plane, perhaps the first plane between the highest supramentals and the lowest inconscience where man gets a taste of Truth....for this plane reflects the light of Truth **(a ray)** much like the moon reflects the light of the sun.

Here the seeking divinity is only half blind (unlike earth where is almost completely blind)...so there is a greater seeking for perfection and manifestation of the Truth. All the goodness and greatness we see on earth find their origins here. Even though the influence of the ignorance of inconscience is found here as well, **even this ignorance is plastic and open to the light of the soul in the vital.**

In spite of the brilliances of this plane, as the King unites his consciousness with the Greater Life/Universal Nature he finds the heart of nature unsatisfied, longing, yearning and sobbing for the Truth. She is unsatisfied with **the partial, reflected light that manifests on this plane** and remembers her origin of Sachchidananda and always attempts are met with failure (on this plane). He finds the Mother of this plane hides this sorrow deep in her heart and it is oblivious to the children on this plane (My sweet Mother..(Maa Krishna) I know you are Divine ...so forgive me for this comparison, but I feel of all the difficulties and challenges in the process of your work you harbour secretly in your heart which your children including myself know little or nothing about...my pranams at your feet...I will try and be better each day) **Yes, my sweet child, neither my family members nor my mission(ashramites) knows me...But some of my children are following my footsteps and collaborating in THEIR(The Mother & Sri Aurobindo) work to fulfil Their Supramental vision.....My child, always I remember all these lines.....**

**“ 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-p-55**

Detail:

AS ONE who between dim receding walls

Towards the far gleam of a tunnel's mouth (feeling of walking through a dark tunnel moving closer to the end of it),

Hoping for light, walks now with freer pace

And feels approach a breath of wider air (the emergence of a higher plane than

that of the previous plane...Mother(Maa Krishna) you have previously commented as follows

“(The Intermediate planes between earth-pain and bliss are gross vital, subtle vital, universal vital, Supra Vital Plane, Supramental vital plane and the origin Chit of Sachchidananda)” ...perhaps these are planes above the subtle vital? **Yes, and also interpenetration of higher ranges of physical and mental planes.**

The king enters this country (I have used the term 'country' as the Lord uses this term to describe the regions that Savitri encounter in her inner journeys) to be met initially with a land of mixed non progressive nature...the attempt for stability of Being, doubt (it seems to be that this region is polluted by the influence of the Inconscient **and Subconscient** Plane) and beings that find themselves lost...hazy plane.

So he escaped from that grey anarchy (**of impure subtle vital**).

Into an ineffectual world he came (this suggests that this world is also typical world of ascending and descending order),

A purposeless region of arrested birth (**It seems not evolutionary...at least not under the pressure of evolution by ignorance**)

Where being from non-being fled and dared

To live but had no strength long to abide (this again was a region of flux, where Being/Life seems to want to manifest/exist but is haunted by Death?). (Being unable to reconcile with non-being gives birth to escapist Spirituality.)

Above there gleamed a pondering brow of sky (higher subtler sheaths)

Tormented, crossed by wings of doubtful haze

Adventuring with a voice of roaming winds

And crying for a direction in the void

Like **blind souls** (or desire Soul) looking for the selves they lost **(there are ten selves as realised in integral Yoga.)**

And wandering through unfamiliar worlds; **(these represent lower five sheaths.)**

Wings of vague questioning met the query of Space.

As he walks through this country he slowly finds a bit more stability but still a region of experimentation, the successful results of which manifest in our world.

After denial dawned a dubious hope,

A hope of self and form and leave to live

And the birth of that which never yet could be (attempts made but manifestation not possible – implying not pure enough or not under sufficient control/influence of the higher planes), **(Manifestation is always the outcome of the intervention of the higher planes.)**

And joy of the mind's hazard, the heart's choice,

Grace of the unknown and hands of sudden surprise

And a **touch** of sure delight in unsure things: **(Because in the unsure finite thing is there the possibility of manifestation of the Infinite.) (Here it is spoken the touch of delight and not the embrace of delight.)**

To a strange uncertain tract his journey came

Where consciousness played with unconscious self (This suggests the attempts of (higher) consciousness to permeate inert/unconsciousness that occurred in Nature/matter first occurred on this plane...) **(Consciousness, which is the real creative Power, the universal Witness, the force of awareness, a play of Energy, an infinite, indivisible Existence moves out**

of its fundamental purity into the varied play of Force.)

“When the divine conscious-force working secretly in us has devoured these growths of desire, when in the image of the Rig Veda the fire of God has burnt up the shoots of earth, that which is concealed at the roots of these pains and pleasures, their cause and secret being, the sap of delight in them, will emerge in new forms not of desire, but of self-existent satisfaction which will replace mortal pleasure by the Immortal’s ecstasy.” The Life Divine-107

And birth was an attempt or episode.

A charm drew near that could not keep its spell,

An eager Power that could not find its way,

A Chance that chose a strange arithmetic (perhaps the laws of Nature, arithmetic etc are first attempted here?) **(An arithmetic that could reconcile form and formless.)**

But could not bind with it the forms it made,

A multitude that could not guard its sum

Which less than zero grew and more than one.

Arriving at a large and shadowy sense

That cared not to define its fleeting drift,

Life worked without the influence of her original higher powers, attempting various marvellous creations but nothing substantial being created...it was like a plane of dreams/ideas where everything was in a state of flux, a plane of various attractions but no progress or goal.

Life laboured in a strange and mythic air

Denuded (discard) of her sweet magnificent suns (her glory here is much diminished compared to the Suns of the Supramental and higher planes).

In worlds imagined, never yet made true, (higher planes which were not possible to dynamise.)

A lingering glimmer on creation's verge,

One strayed and dreamed and never stopped to achieve (on this plane one can only imagine but cannot manifest):

To achieve would have destroyed that magic Space.

The marvels of a **twilight** wonderland

Full of a beauty strangely, vainly made,

A surge of fanciful realities,

Dim tokens of a Splendour **sealed above** (a very small and partial glimmer of the Divine Splendour in the planes above..but not open to fully to this plane), In that twilight wonder world the Supramental Splendour is sealed.

Awoke the passion of the eyes' desire,

Compelled belief on the enamoured thought

And drew the heart but led it to **no goal**.

A magic flowed as if of moving scenes

That kept awhile their fugitive delicacy

Of sparing lines limned by an abstract art

In a rare scanted light with faint dream-brush

On a silver background of incertitude.

An **infant glow** of heavens near to morn,

A fire intense conceived but never lit (again the birth of idea but not its physical manifestation), (Again description of the limitation of a child Soul.)

Caressed the air with ardent hints of day.

There seems to be some harmonious mix of consciousness with un consciousness...a charm to the interplay of these polar extremes...

The perfect longing for imperfection's charm ,

The illumined caught by the snare of Ignorance (Ignorance has its influence on this plane extending from the Inconscient/subconscient planes...and it presents temptation to various higher beings to partake in the ignorance and submit to the idea of being embodied),

Ethereal creatures drawn by body's lure (Godheads of greater life?)

To that region of promise, beating invisible wings,

Came hungry for the joy of finite life (beings that were not mortal seem to be attracted to the possibility of experiencing mortality... the charm of

ignorance...Mother (Maa Krishna) is this action of Maya/Lower Prakriti?) **(The**

later Vedantic Maya of the Illusionist belongs to the domain of mind

which is again a barren mother, who dreams of creation but always

gives birth to an unreal child. Every plane of consciousness are having

respective invisible beings and higher planes of consciousness are

represented by ethereal beings who do good not harm of earthly

creatures. They are positive entity responsible for carrying ahead the

creation like the negative entity of lower planes who carry ahead the

evolution through negation of pain, horror and torture etc.)

But these beings were too Divine to manifest and experience the limitation of this plane and share in the polar opposites of joy and sorrow....

But too divine to tread created soil

And share the fate of perishable things.

The **Children** of the unembodied Gleam (Sweet Mother(Maa Krishna)...are these supramental beings? They don't seem to be the dear children of the Mother who have taken birth in matter to raise it) **(Beings of higher vital planes who live**

in the twilight)

Arisen from a formless thought in the soul

And chased by an imperishable desire,

Traversed the field of the pursuing gaze.

A Will that unpersisting failed, worked there (A will in Ignornace):

Life was a search but finding (of the Absolute) never came.

There nothing satisfied, but all allured (much like the physical world),

Things seemed to be that never wholly are,

Images were seen that looked like living acts (but mere apparitions)

And symbols hid the sense they claimed to show,

Pale dreams grew real to the dreamer's eyes. (not the bright dreams)

The (dead) souls came there **that vainly strive for birth** (Mother (Maa

Krishna) this seems like a plane that higher beings enter in an effort to take birth on earth or manifest themselves but do not always succeed in their goal...is

that because manifestation on earth is always a play of opposing forces and to

manifest one must wade through a great deal of counteracting forces...especially

if that which seeks to manifest is a higher Truth?) (Yes.) (Dead Souls can

take rebirth after having training in the universal Self/Sheath. There

movement in higher vital plane is also a part of internatal training, but

from that pane rebirth is not possible.

(After death the soul wanders in different planes of subtle physical, vital and mental, Psychic planes and the rebirth is not possible from the vital planes. When the soul enters the cosmic consciousness, from there the soul can return to earth and takes rebirth.)

And spirits entrapped might wander through all time ...(Mother (Maa Krishna) is this another Intermediate zone ?(twilight of vital world or the border of higher and lower vital world), that the Lord has written about...a plane of mirages) (It seems to wander through all life but by Divine's grace they (dead souls) take rebirth and return to normal evolution.)

Yet never find the truth by which they live.

(Apart from inner significance of the above lines there is also outer significance. An earth bound soul can wander away from higher Light forfeiting the grace of the great Mother and the souls, who have not received the Divine's Call are the 'spirits entrapped' or 'lost souls' and they 'might wander through all time, yet never find the truth by which they live' or they are 'blind wanderers mid the perils of Time.')

All ran like hopes that hunt a lurking chance;

Nothing was solid, nothing felt complete:

All was unsafe, miraculous and half-true. (the truth of vital plane.)

It seemed a realm of lives that had no base.

The king then enters a new world....of wider life and greater stability. A world touched by the Illumed/Intuitive Plane of existence

Then dawned a greater seeking, broadened sky,

A journey under wings of brooding Force.

First came the kingdom of the morning star (entry into a higher plane):

A **twilight** beauty trembled under its spear

And the throb of promise of a wider Life (each succeeding higher plane presents a higher/wider Truth).

Then slowly rose a great and doubting sun

And in its light she made of self a world. (Discovery of pranamaya Purusha, true vital being. (faint Light from the Supreme due to distortion is also necessary for manifestation)

A spirit was there that sought for its own deep self, (**Spiritual being's seeking after Psychic being.**)

“Still we can conceive a life mind or life being which has got beyond the evolutionary necessity of this absorption and is able to see and even experience itself assuming body after body and not created separately in each body and ending with it; for it is only the physical impress of mind on matter, only the corporeal mentality that is so created, not the whole mental being. This corporeal mentality is merely our surface of mind, merely the front which it presents to physical experience. Behind, even in our terrestrial being, there is this other, subconscious or subliminal to us, which knows itself as more than the body and is capable of a less materialised action. To this **we owe immediately most of the larger, deeper and more forceful dynamic action of our surface mind**; this, when we become conscious of it or of its impress on us, is our first idea or our first realisation of a soul or inner being, Purusha.” (Perceived as the life being or **vital being, pranamaya purusa.**) CWSA/21/The Life Divine-180

Yet was content with fragments pushed in front

And parts of living that belied the whole

But, pieced together, might one day be true.

Yet something seemed to be achieved at last (**a region of some stability allowing manifestation**).

A growing volume of **the will-to-be**, (Not the manifestation of Divine Will)

A text of living and a graph of force,

A script of acts, a song of conscious forms

Burdened with meanings fugitive from thought's grasp

And crowded with undertones of life's rhythmic cry,

Could **write** itself on the hearts of living things.

In an outbreak of the might of secret Spirit,

In Life and Matter's answer of delight,

Some face of deathless beauty could be caught
That gave immortality to a moment's joy,
Some word that could incarnate highest Truth (The Divine Word, allowing the
manifestation into the physical)
Leaped out from **a chance tension of the soul,**
Some hue of the **Absolute could fall on life,**
Some glory of knowledge and intuitive sight,
Some passion of the rapturous heart of Love.
A hierophant of the bodiless Secrecy
Interned in an unseen **spiritual sheath,**
The Will that pushes sense beyond its scope (the secret (Divine Will above the
head) will within that pushes our members to evolve.)
To feel the light and joy intangible,
Half found its way into the Ineffable's peace,
Half captured **a sealed sweetness** of desire
That yearned from a bosom of mysterious Bliss,
Half manifested veiled Reality.
A soul not wrapped into its cloak of mind (this plane transcends the lower mental
sphere)
Could glimpse the true sense of a world of forms;
Illumined by a vision in the thought (Mother (Maa Krishna) is this the Illumined
or Intuitive plane?), (Yes, also Higher Mind)
Upbuoyed by the heart's understanding flame,
It could hold in the conscious ether of the spirit
The divinity of a symbol universe.
This realm inspires us with our vaster hopes;

Its forces have made landings on our globe,
Its signs have traced their pattern in our lives:
It lends a sovereign movement to our fate,
Its errant waves motive our life's high surge.
All that we seek for is prefigured there **(in the subtle vital and Psychic sheath)** (our seeking for joy and happiness find their home ready made there)
And all we have not known nor ever sought
Which yet one day must be born in human hearts
That the Timeless may fulfil itself in things. **(through the intermediate subtle vital plane.)**

Its complementary line:

“He abode at rest in indivisible Time.
As if a story long written but acted now,
In his present he held his future and his past,
Felt in the seconds the uncounted years
And saw the hours like dots upon a page.”

Savitri-33

Incarnate in the mystery of the days,
Eternal in an unclosed Infinite,
A mounting endless possibility
Climbs high upon a topless ladder of dream **(intense non-waking trance)**
For ever in the Being's conscious trance. **(Intense waking trance.)**
All on that ladder mounts to an unseen end.
An Energy of perpetual transience makes
The journey from which no return is sure **(the inward plunge of Nirvikalpa Samadhi or cataleptic trance where the heart stops),**
The pilgrimage of Nature to the Unknown.

As if in her ascent to her **lost source**

She hoped to unroll all that could ever be,

Its Complementary line:

“Some watched no more merged in a lonely Self,
Absorbed in **the trance from which no soul returns**,
All the occult world-lines for ever closed,
The chains of birth and person cast away:
Some unaccompanied reached the Ineffable.”

Savitri-384

Her high procession moves from stage to stage,

A progress leap from sight to greater sight,

A process march from form to ampler form,

A caravan of the inexhaustible

Formations of a boundless Thought and Force.

Her timeless Power that lay once on the lap

Of a beginningless and endless Calm,

Now severed from the Spirit's immortal bliss,

Erects the type of all the joys she has lost;

Compelling transient substance into shape,

She hopes by the creative act's release

To o'erleap sometimes the gulf she cannot fill (She hopes via her creation to bridge the gap, the fall and regain her lost glory), (the gulf between Spirit and Matter, Truth and Abyss)

To heal awhile the wound of severance (the pangs of separation), (177)

Its complementary line:

“A spirit wounded by life sobs in her breast;” Book-2, Canto-6

“And (King) bore the fierce inner wounds that are sow to heal.” Savitri-

230

Escape from the moment’s prison of littleness (our bodies and egos and time bound entities)

And meet the Eternal’s wide sublimities

In the uncertain time-field portioned here.

Its complementary line:

“This world of bliss he (King) saw and felt its call,
But found no way to enter into its joy;
Across the conscious gulf there was no bridge.” Savitri-128,

Almost she nears what never can be attained;

She shuts eternity into an hour

And fills a little soul with the Infinite;

The **Immobile** leans to the magic of her call;

She stands on a shore in the **Illimitable**,

Perceives the **formless Dweller** in all forms (the Atma) (Spiritual being)

And feels around her infinity’s embrace. (Universal Self)

Her task no ending knows; she serves no aim

But labours driven by a nameless Will (**Divine Will**)

That came from some unknowable formless Vast.

This is her secret and **impossible** task (**the unfinished task of the Divine Mother.**)

To catch the boundless in a net of birth (**limitation of birth and death**) (to draw the Divine into inconscience so that the inconscience may be Divinised),

To cast the spirit into physical form, (**The descent of the Spirit into Matter.**)

To lend speech and thought to the Ineffable;

She is pushed to reveal the ever Unmanifest.

Yet by her skill the **impossible** has been done:

She follows her sublime irrational plan, (supra-rational plan which appears as irrational plan.)

Invents devices of her magic art

To find new bodies for the Infinite (the human (**perishable**) body is so far the apex of her creation, in the future there will others including a superhuman (**Imperishable**) body...while so far these bodies have evolved from the pressure of ignorance from below...perhaps in the future they will evolve from the pressure from knowledge (**Divine Love, Force, Ananda**) above)

And images of the Unimaginable;

She has lured the Eternal into the arms of Time. (**That is the Divine Mother's constant work.**)

Even now herself she knows not what she has done (because it is the secret indweller who does all through her).

For all is wrought beneath a baffling mask:

A semblance other than its hidden truth

The aspect wears of an illusion's trick,

A feigned time-driven unreality,

The **unfinished creation** of a changing soul

In a body changing with the inhabitant (the inhabitant changes ..the Psychic being evolves from a presence to a fully fledged personality ...as such the bodies it takes also changes to suit its growth).

Insignificant her means, infinite her work;

On a great field of **shapeless consciousness**

In little finite strokes of mind and sense

An endless Truth she endlessly unfolds;

A timeless mystery works out in Time.

“Lured at each turn by a new vicissitudes
To self-discovery that could never cease.” Savitri-328,

“She passed beyond Time into eternity,
Slipped out of space and became the Infinite;
Her being rose into unreachable heights
And found no end of its journey in the Self.” Savitri-555

The greatness she has dreamed her acts have missed,

Her labour is a passion and a pain,

A rapture and pang, her glory and her curse;

And yet she cannot choose but labours on (“a labour to the Gods impossible”...);

Her mighty heart forbids her to desist.

As long as the world lasts her failure lives (the world that is not divinised is in
her eyes a failure) (**failure and success are the means through which the
evolution proceeds.**)

“Distrust a man who has never failed and suffered; follow not his
fortune, fight not under his banner.”

Sri Aurobindo
SABCL/17/The Hour of God/115

Astonishing and foiling Reason’s gaze (here reason is a development of the
mind, but does not refer to the reason that is sufficiently developed. Mother
(Maa Krishna) you have stated “**reason has the capacity penetrate and
catch the still subtle spiritual being, *buddhi grahyam atindriam*” - such
a developed reason would not be astonished by Nature),**

A folly and a beauty unspeakable,

A superb madness of the will to live,

A daring, a delirium of delight . “(1) Delight is existence, (2) Delight is the secret of creation, (3) Delight is the root of birth, (4) Delight is the cause of remaining in existence, (5) Delight is the end of birth and (6) that into which creation ceases.” The Life Divine-108-109)

“We must first make it clear to ourselves that just as when we speak of universal consciousness we mean something different from, more essential and wider than the waking mental consciousness of the human being, so also when we speak of universal delight of existence we mean something different from, more essential and wider than the ordinary emotional and sensational pleasure of the individual human creature. Pleasure, joy and delight, as man uses the words, are limited and occasional movements which depend on certain habitual causes and emerge, like their opposites pain and grief which are equally limited and occasional movements, from a background other than themselves. Delight of being is universal, illimitable and self-existent, not dependent on particular causes, the background of all backgrounds, from which pleasure, pain and other more natural experiences emerge. When the delight of being seeks to realize itself as delight of becoming, it moves in the movement of force and itself takes different forms of movement of which pleasure and pain are positive and negative currents. Subconscious in Matter, superconscious beyond Mind this delight seeks in Mind and Life to realize itself by emergence in the becoming, in the increasing self-consciousness of the movement. Its first phenomena are dual and impure, move between the poles of pleasure and pain, but it aims at its self-revelation in the purity of a supreme delight of being which is self-existent and independent of objects and causes. Just as Sachchidananda moves towards the realization of the universal existence in the individual and of the form-exceeding consciousness in the form of body and mind, so it moves towards realization of universal, self-existent and objectless delight in the flux of particular experiences and objects. Those objects we now seek as stimulating causes of a transient pleasure and satisfaction; free, possessed of self, we shall not seek but shall possess them as reflectors rather than causes of a delight which eternally exists.” The Life Divine-105-06

This is her being's law, its sole resource;

She sates, though satisfaction never comes,

Her hungry will to lavish everywhere

Her many-imaged fictions of the Self

And thousand fashions of one Reality.

A world she made touched by truth's fleeing hem,

A world cast into a dream of what it seeks,

An icon of truth, a conscious mystery's shape.

It lingered not like the **earth-mind** hemmed in (what drives Nature cannot be understood by the physical mind or vital mind...which is hemmed in by the ego.)

(Yes.)

In solid barriers of apparent fact;

It dared to trust the dream-mind (higher mind (or subtle mental) planes) and the soul.

A hunter of spiritual verities

Still only thought or guessed or held by faith,

It seized in imagination and confined

A painted bird of paradise in a cage.

The superiority of this plane is explained by the Lord in the verses below..its openness and seeking for the higher Truth...

This greater life is enamoured of the Unseen (upwards rather than being drawn downwards to the inertia and lower impulses) ;

It calls to some highest Light beyond its reach,

It can feel the Silence that absolves the soul;

It feels a saviour touch, a ray divine:

Beauty and good and truth its godheads are.

It is near to heavenlier heavens than earth's eyes see, **(Higher vital is open towards Spiritual and Supramental plane.)**

A direr darkness than man's life can bear: **(lower vital is open towards Inconscient darkness.)**

It has kinship with the demon and the god **(beings with vaster powers than man)**. **(Subtle vital with its impure lower vital is open towards dark asuric beings and with its pure higher vital is open towards Overmental Gods and luminous beings of intermediate Higher Mind, Illumined Mind and Intuitive Mind.)**

A strange enthusiasm has moved its heart;

It hungers for heights, it passions for the supreme.

It hunts for the perfect word, the perfect shape, **(perfect word is necessary by whose repetition the Divine will descend.)**

It leaps to the summit thought, the summit light. **(Overmental thought and Light.)**

For by the form the Formless is brought close

And **all perfection** fringes the Absolute.

Its complementary line:

"To seize the absolute in shapes that pass,
To fix the eternal's touch in time-made things,
This is **the law of all perfection** here."

Savitri-108

"This **bright perfection** of her inner state
Poured overflowing into her outward scene,
Made beautiful dull common natural things
And action wonderful and time divine."

Savitri-532

A **child of heaven** who never saw his home, **(home is Supramental world)**

Its impetus meets the eternal at a point:

It can only near and touch, it cannot hold (like a child that gropes but cannot hold...because it lacks the strength and purity); (The child Soul can get brief touch but not the constant embrace of Supramental world)

“There man can visit but there he cannot live.” Savitri-659 (All Man can get Supramental touch or God’s touch but unfit or not prepared to get His embrace.)

“At times I sense there’s an extraordinary secret to discover, just there at my finger tips; I feel that I am going to catch the Thing, to know ...

Sometimes, for a second, I see the Secret; there is an opening, and again it closes. Then once again it is unveiled for a second and I come to know a little more. Yesterday the Secret was there completely clear, wide open. But it’s not something that can be explained: words are silly, it must be experienced.

Sri Aurobindo speaks of this Secret almost everywhere, especially in his *Essays on the Gita*. He tells us that in the *Gita* itself one gets glimpses of this thing which is beyond the Impersonal, beyond even the Personal behind the Impersonal, beyond the Transcendent.

Well, I saw this Secret – I saw that the Supreme only becomes perfect in terrestrial matter, on earth.” The Mother/ April 26, 1960

It can only strain towards some bright extreme:

Its greatness is to **seek and to create.**

On every plane, this Greatness must create (the influence of the greater life must seep into all planes below so that all may strive towards greater light and perfection...otherwise everything will remain in inertia).

On earth, in heaven, in hell she is the same;

Of every fate she takes her mighty part. **(The Divine Prakriti works equally in heaven, earth and hell for the transformation and perfection.)**

A guardian of the fire (the Divine Power) that lights the (ten Selves) suns,

She triumphs in her glory and her might:

Opposed, oppressed she bears God’s urge to be born (much like a pregnant

mother does...bearing the difficulties, kicks and movements of the pending child):

The spirit survives upon non-being's ground (it does not perish),

World-force outlasts world-disillusion's shock:

Dumb, she is still the Word, inert the Power (the Divine Word and Power are immanent in her and drive her).

Here fallen, a slave of death and ignorance (subject to the iron law of inconscience...but which savitri will overturn "She matched with the iron law her sovereign right" Savitri-19),

To things deathless she is driven to aspire

And moved to know even the Unknowable.

Even nescient, null, her sleep creates a world.

When most unseen, most mightily she works(what appears as inert of asleep...behind the veil work goes on); **(Externally when we do not see the Divine Mother in the vision or feel Her conscious Presence, during that time also She works most mightily within us of which we are not aware.)**

Housed in the atom, buried in the clod,

Her quick creative passion cannot cease.

Inconscience is her long gigantic pause,

Her cosmic swoon is a stupendous phase:

Time-born, she hides her immortality;

In death, her bed, she waits the hour to rise (Death is just a temporary station or place where she houses herself before her next adventure).

Sweet Mother (Maa Krishna) the verses below remind me of the difficulties that the Divine Mother had to undergo after the Lord left his body and the difficulties you have had to surmount.

Even with the Light denied that sent her forth
And the hope dead she needed for her **task**,
Even when her brightest stars are quenched in Night,
Nourished by hardship and calamity
And with pain for her body's handmaid, masseuse, nurse,
Her tortured invisible spirit continues still
To toil though in darkness, to create though with pangs;
She **carries crucified God** upon her breast.

Complementary line:

"Each soul is the great Father's crucified Son,"

Savitri-500

"Our error **crucifies** Reality
To force its birth and divine body here,
Compelling, incarnate in a human form
And breathing in limbs that one can touch and clasp,
Its Knowledge to rescue an ancient Ignorance,
Its saviour light the inconscient universe." Savitri, Book-2, Canto-5
"His crucified voice proclaims, 'I, I am God;'
'Yes, all is God,' peals back Heaven's deathless call." Savitri-446

In chill insentient depths where joy is none,
Immured, oppressed by the resisting Void
Where nothing moves and nothing can become,
Still she remembers, still invokes the skill
The **Wonder-worker** gave her at her birth,
Imparts to drowsy formlessness a shape,
Reveals a world where nothing was before.

In realms confined to a prone circle of death (habituated to accept the iron law),
To a dark eternity of Ignorance,
A quiver in an inert inconscient mass,
Or imprisoned in immobilised whorls of Force,
By Matter's blind compulsion deaf and mute

'The Inconscience is superficial like the ignorance of the waking human mind or the Inconscience or subconsciousness of his sleeping mind, and within it is the All-conscient; it is entirely phenomenal, but it is a complete phenomenon. So complete is it that it is only by an impulsion of evolutionary consciousness emerging into other forms less imprisoned by this inconscient method of working that it can come back to itself, recover in the animal a partial awareness then in man at his highest some possibility of approach to a first more complete though still superficial initiation of a truly conscious working. But still, as in the case of the superficial and the real man where there is also a similar though lesser inability, the difference is phenomenal only. Essentially, in the universal order of things, Inconscience of material Nature is the same exclusive concentration, the same absorption in the work and the energy as in the self-limitation of the waking human mind, or the concentration of the self-forgetting mind in its working; it is only that self-limitation carried to a farthest point of self-forgetfulness which becomes, not a temporary action, but the law of its action. Nescience in Nature is the complete self-ignorance; the partial knowledge and general ignorance of man is a partial self-ignorance marking in her evolutionary order a return towards self-knowledge: but both are and all ignorance is, when examined, a superficially exclusive self-forgetful concentration of Tapas, of the

conscious energy of being in a particular line or section of its movement of which alone it is aware or which alone it seems to be on the surface. The ignorance is effective within the bounds of that movement and valid for its purposes, but phenomenal, partial, superficial, not necessarily real, not integral. We have to use the word “real” necessarily in a quite limited and not in its absolute sense; for the ignorance is real enough, but it is not the whole truth of our being and by regarding it by itself even its truth is misrepresented to our outer awareness. In that true truth of itself it (Ignorance) is an involved Consciousness and Knowledge evolving back to itself, but it is dynamically effective as an Inconscience and an Ignorance.’ The Life Divine-610-11

Below the Lord describes that in spite of being cut off from her original state she refuses to lie down and accept the inert state as final and strives for progress...her efforts are rewarded with greater difficulties “ hard mechanic circumstance)...but she continues...carries on creating , improving finding better bodies to house greater powers...

She refuses motionless in the dust to sleep.

Then, for her rebel waking’s punishment

Given only hard mechanic Circumstance

As the enginery of her magic craft,

She fashions godlike marvels **out of mud**;

In the plasm she sets her dumb immortal urge,

Helps the live tissue to think, the closed sense to feel,

Flashes through the frail nerves poignant messages,

In a heart of flesh miraculously loves,

To brute bodies gives a soul, a will, a voice.
Ever she summons as by a sorcerer's wand
Beings and shapes and scenes innumerable,
Torch-bearers of her pomps through **Time and Space**.
This world is her **long journey through the night**,
The suns and planets lamps to light her road,
Our reason (which is a development or ascension of the mental faculty) is the
confidante of her thoughts,
Our senses are her vibrant witnesses.
There drawing her signs from things half true, half false,
She **labours** to replace by realised dreams
The memory of her lost eternity.
She will keep striving with little pause until...One day he shall lift His beauty's
dreadful veil...(sraddha paper) ...she has emanated from Him and till His work is
completed she will continue...
These are her deeds in this huge world-ignorance:
Till the veil is lifted, till the night is dead,
In light or dark she keeps **her tireless search**;
Time is her **road of endless pilgrimage. (It speaks of endless inner
wandering of the soul and journey in the hierarchies of Consciousness.)**
One mighty passion motives all her works.
**Her eternal Lover is her action's cause; (Remember this line always
during the work.)**
For him she leaped forth from the unseen Vasts
To move here in a stark unconscious (**seemingly false**) world.

Its acts are her commerce with her hidden Guest (Jivatma or the Divine's representative in each of the 10 sheaths) , (Yes)

His moods she takes for her heart's **passionate moulds**;

In beauty she treasures the sunlight of his smile.

Ashamed of her rich cosmic poverty (what a beautiful contradiction in terms "rich" and "poverty"...it suggests to me that mighty nature is humble before the Divine...that inspite of all her cosmic riches she acknowledges that before the Lord they are meagre...), (Excellent description of overhead knowledge.)

She cajoles with her small gifts his mightiness (I am reminded of Sudhama/Kuchela's gift of dry puff rice to Lord Krishna),

Holds with her scenes his look's fidelity

And woos his large-eyed wandering thoughts to dwell

In figures of her million-impulsed Force.

Only to attract her veiled companion (all this she does to attract her paramour...He is the only source of Her delight, thought and action...paraphrase from Sraddha paper.)

And keep him close to her breast in her world-cloak

Lest from her arms he turn to his formless peace (She does not want the embodied Divine to depart (escape from) His creation into Brahman), (the divine Mother draws world shunning and heaven seeking liberated souls earth ward to fill in their Nature and Soul the equal Divine Presence.)

Is her heart's business and her **clinging care.**

Yet when he is most near, she feels him far (much like us humans, even though the Divine is present in each of our sheaths we look far for him). (when he is most near without the supreme Consciousness, she feels him far.)

For contradiction is her nature's law.

Although she is ever in him and he in her,
As if unaware of the eternal tie,
Her will is to shut God into her works
And keep him as her cherished prisoner
That never they may part again in Time (outside of Time..they are One..this
leela of apparent separation is only a play in Time).

The awakening of the Divine indweller reveals to us the hidden meaning behind our slow and tardy evolution, which was not apparent to us because our lower instruments clouded the vision. The Psychicization (the coming forward of the Divine within us and it takes control of our being **and Nature.**) constructs the bridge between the Void and the Divine...so that the transformation may take place.

A sumptuous chamber of the spirit's sleep
At first she made, a deep interior room,
Where he slumbers as if a forgotten guest (Mother (Maa Krishna), I am
reminded here of Aniruddha..Krishna's grandson and him being carried away in
his sleep by a spell by Usha). (**This slumber is the experience of the sleep
Self or supramental state.**)

But now she turns to break the oblivious spell,
Awakes the sleeper on the sculptured couch;
She finds again the **Presence** in the form
And in the light that wakes with him recovers
A meaning in **the hurry and trudge of Time,**
And through this mind that once obscured the soul
Passes a glint of unseen deity.
Across a luminous dream of spirit-space

She builds creation like a **rainbow bridge**

Between the original Silence and the Void.

A net is made of the mobile universe;

She weaves a snare for the conscious Infinite (**the manifested universe is sued by Universal Nature to snare the Divine in Her web**).

A knowledge is with her that conceals its steps

And seems a mute omnipotent Ignorance.

A might is with her that makes wonders true;

The incredible is her stuff of common fact.

Her purposes, her workings riddles prove;

Examined, they grow other than they were,

Explained, they seem yet more inexplicable.

Even in our world a mystery has reigned

Earth's cunning screen of trivial plainness hides;

Her larger levels are of sorceries made.

There the enigma shows its splendid prism,

There is no deep disguise of commonness;

Occult, profound comes all experience,

Marvel is ever new, miracle divine.

There is a screened burden, a mysterious touch,

There is a secrecy of hidden sense. (**subtle, Psychic , Spiritual and Supramental sense.**)

Although no earthen mask weighs on her face,

Into herself she flees from her own sight.

All forms are tokens of some veiled idea (**attempted imperfect manifestations**)

Whose covert purpose lurks from mind's pursuit (the design behind these manifestation are hidden from our surface mind),

Yet is a womb of sovereign consequence.

There every thought and feeling is an act,

And every act a symbol and a sign,

And every symbol hides a living power.

A universe she builds from **truths and myths,**

“Truth made the world, not a blind Nature-Force.” Savitri-484

“The world is not cut off from Truth and God.” Savitri-648

But what she needed most she cannot build; (conscious emergence of full Sachchidananda in its own creation.)

All shown is a figure or copy of the Truth,

But the Real veils from her its mystic face.

All else she finds, there lacks eternity;

All is sought out, but **missed the Infinite.**

A **consciousness** lit by a Truth above (a reflected Truth consciousness was this plane...still above ignorance) (**Also there is a nether truth that can rise from below. This happens after the Inconscient and Subconscient Selves are made open.**)

Was felt; it saw the light but not the Truth (just like the sun's light is seen reflected on the moon but the sun itself is not seen): (This Supramental is nearer to Light and not so nearer to Truth supreme.)

This line can be compared with the Soul slaying truth revealed by Death:

“A blind Force, not Truth has made this ignorant world,
A blind Force, not Truth orders the lives of men:
By Power, not Light, the great Gods rule the world;

Power is the arm of God, the seal of Fate.” Savitri-664

It caught the Idea (**the Divine Knowledge that seeks to manifest**) (the reflected light) and built from it a world;

It made an Image there and called it God (The beings/Gods of the Greater life can be compared to Moon while beings of the Supramental can be compared to the Sun...the former have no real light of their own only reflected light).

How the idea and action of God revealed in Savitri?

A comprehensive picture of a devotee’s relation with the Divine is observed in the epic *Savitri*:

(King Aswapati said) “Too hard the gods are with man’s fragile race;

In their large heavens they dwell exempt from Fate

And they forget the wounded feet of man,” Savitri-425,

(Queen said) “Perhaps the soul we feel is only a dream,

Eternal self a fiction sensed in trance.” Savitri-442,

(Narad said) “O queen, thy thought is a light of the Ignorance,

Its brilliant curtain hides from thee God’s face.” Savitri-443,

(Multiple inner entities said) “Nay, it is her spirit she seeks.

A splendid shadow of the name of God,” Savitri-500,

(Death said) “Truth comes not there but only the thought of Truth,

God is not there but only the name of God.” Savitri-646,

(Divine said) “Where God is unseen and only is heard a Name” Savitri-702

(Savitri said) “If the chamber’s door is even a little ajar,

What then can hinder God from stealing in

Or who forbid his kiss on the sleeping soul?” Savitri-649

Yet something true and inward harboured there (the presence of these Gods pointed to a higher light...a higher Truth).

The **beings** of that world of greater life,

Tenants of a larger air and freer space (compared to earth and lower planes),

Live not by the body or in outward things: (**they are invisible beings helping human endeavour and seeking.**)

A deeper living was their seat of self.

In that intense domain of intimacy

Objects dwell as companions of the soul (I am reminded here of Salokya Mukti);

(Matter becomes one with the Spirit by Their help.)

The body's actions are a minor script (in other words the needs and wants of physical bodies in this world do not drive the beings...they live driven by a higher purpose) ,

The surface rendering of a life within.

All forces are Life's retinue in that world

And thought and body as her handmaids move (This is world of a higher Vital...Universal vital...where body and mind **and surface vital** have a subordinate role).

The universal widenesses give her room: **(This rise into cosmic consciousness is the next immediate need of the humanity.)**

All feel the cosmic movement in their acts

And are the instruments of her **cosmic** might.

Or their own self they make their universe.

In all who have risen to **a greater Life,**

A voice of unborn things **whispers** to the ear,

To their eyes visited by some **high sunlight**

Aspiration shows the image of a crown: (183)

Its complementary line:

"Even in all that life and man have marred,

A **whisper** of divinity still is heard,

A breath is felt from the eternal spheres." Savitri-612-13

To work out a seed that she has thrown within,

"We reap the fruit of our forgotten deeds." Savitri, book-4, Canto-4

To achieve her power in them her creatures live.
Each is a greatness growing towards the heights
Or from his **inner centre** oceans out;
In circling ripples of concentric power
They swallow, gluttoned, their environment.
Even of that largeness many a cabin make (some of these beings grow so vast
that even the cosmic , universal life seems a cabin...such is their growth);
In narrower breadths and briefer vistas pent
They live content with some small greatness won.
To rule the little empire of themselves,
To be a figure in their private world
And make the milieu's joys and griefs their own
And satisfy their life-motives and life-wants (all driven by Life/Vital force)
Is charge enough and office for this strength (they do not seek beyond),
A steward of the Person and his fate (they govern mortals and his fate).
This was transition-line and starting-point (this plane marks the transitioning line
between the higher planes of the Gods and the lower planes),
A first immigration into heavenliness,
For all who cross into that brilliant sphere:
These are the kinsmen of our earthly race (these beings are harmonious and it is
in this world that or inspirations for greater freedom, love, joy come from);
This region borders on our mortal state.
This wider world our greater movements gives,
Its strong formations build our growing selves;
Its creatures are our brighter replicas (the beings on this plane seem to
have features and characteristics that are a heightened/brighter version of what

is seen on earth),

Complete the types we only initiate

And are securely what we strive to be.

As if thought-out eternal characters,

Entire, not pulled as we by contrary tides (the human personality is a being in flux moved by and at the mercy of so many influences),

They follow the unseen leader in the heart (they are governed by the Pranamaya Purusha...the True Vital),

Their lives obey the inner nature's law (the spiritual law not the iron law of inconscience).

There is kept grandeur's store, the hero's mould (the hero on earthly plane is influenced by this higher vital plane) ;

(Kshatriya or Soul of Strength and Power: The heroism, high spirit ambition, resolution, ability, giving, leadership and lordship are the natural work of traditional Kshatriya soul force. These are extended in Integral Yoga to divine fullness, purity and grandeur and expansion of spiritual kingdom within and without and a faith and conviction that nothing can prevent in arriving at the end of Integral Perfection.

The perfection of Kshatriya soul-force is a high nobility of soul and untouched by any littleness or baseness and moving with a certain greatness of step to spiritual victory or the success of the God given work through whatever temporary defeat or obstacle, a spirit never depressed or cast down from faith and confidence in the power that works in the being, adventure of Consciousness in ascending and

descending order capturing the source and all the nether planes of existence. An Integral *Kshatriya* calls down the Divine Mother's splendid strength, irresistible passion, Her warrior mood, overwhelming will, impetus swiftness, healing touch of love and world-shaking force.)

The soul is the watchful builder of its fate (the soul in the vital..the pranamaya purusha has stepped forward on this plane and governs the activities of all the embodied beings here); **(Mind builds fixed fate of doom whereas the soul changes the fixed fate and transforms it into higher spiritual destiny.)**

The complementary line is:

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

“The soul in man is greater than his fate:” Savitri-691

“Sri Aurobindo wrote somewhere, I don't remember in what connection, that in a certain state of consciousness one had the power to CHANGE THE PAST. I found that very striking.” The Mother's Agenda/7/243

None is a spirit indifferent and inert;

They choose their side, they see the god they adore (things are clear...no ambiguity or ignorance to confuse...because the beings are no subject to opposing influences. The rule of the Inner True Vital being is total).

A battle is joined between the true and false,

A pilgrimage sets out to the divine Light.

For even Ignorance there aspires to know (like all lower hemispheres, there is the permeation of ignorance in this plane as well, but unlike earth, on this plane due to the reflection of the Truth light and its influence, here Ignorance as a force seeks to illuminate itself and is open to transformation...it does not resist

like it does on earth)

And shines with the lustre of a distant star (because ignorance receives the touch of the Truth light);

There is a knowledge in the heart of sleep (There develops a discernment of higher truth from lower truth, even in dream and trance.)

And Nature comes to them as a conscious force.

An ideal is their leader and their king:

Aspiring to the monarchy of the sun

They call in Truth for their high government (they are governed by the inner Sun, the Pranamaya Purusha), (Soul saving Truth)

Hold her incarnate in their daily acts (as my Sweet Mother (Maa Krishna) has written about Savitri...

“In all her acts a strange divinity shone:

Into a simplest movement she could bring

A oneness with earth’s glowing robe of light,

A lifting up of common acts by love.”

Savitri-470

And fill their thoughts with her inspired voice

And shape their lives into her breathing form,

Till in her sun-gold godhead they too share.

Or to the truth of Darkness they subscribe (some beings here make a deliberate choice to embrace the lower forces); (Soul slaying truth or Abyss)

We can unite these two lines of Savitri:

“They call in Truth for their high government...

Or to the truth of Darkness they subscribe” Savitri-185
In Savitri Soul saving Truth is identified symbolically as ‘virgin’ and Soul slaying
truth is identified as ‘harlot’.

Whether for Heaven or Hell they must wage war:

The Mother’s New Year message is from above choice:

*The Mother’s New Year declaration of 1967 reads as, “Men, countries and
continents! The choice is imperative: Truth or the abyss.” CWM/15/188, The
Mother’s Agenda-7/302,*

Warriors of Good, they serve a shining cause

Or are Evil’s soldiers in the pay of Sin.

For evil and good an equal tenure keep (Mother (Maa Krishna) this reminds me
of the constant war in the heavens between the devas and Asuras and where
frequently Vishnu or Shiva/higher Divinity intervenes to assist the Devas)

**(When the beings of this higher vital planes choose a human vessel for
help then opulence, name and fame and wisdom visits in his life. He is
known in the society as elite. Most of the growing human beings
consider these higher beings as the Divine and are satisfied in this world
and are having little (endless) spiritual future.)**

Wherever Knowledge is Ignorance’s twin (there seems to be balance between
the forces of Knowledge and Ignorance on this plane...Mother (Maa Krishna) I am
reminded of the puranas where even the Asuras were learned in vedic literature
and were devotees of the Lord **and enter partial realisation of the Divine.)**
(exclusive) Knowledge and (exclusive) Ignorance reconcile in comprehensive
Knowledge, known as Supramental, Vijnana.)

All powers of Life towards their godhead tend
In the wideness and the daring of that air,
Each builds its temple and expands its cult, ([Religion is the birth of Truth of intermediate worlds.](#))
And Sin too there is a divinity.
Affirming the beauty and splendour of her law
She claims life as her natural domain,
Assumes the world's throne or dons the papal robe ([remind me of the heads of many of world's religions](#)):
Her worshippers proclaim her sacred right.
A red-tiaraed Falsehood they revere,
Worship the shadow of a crooked God,
Admit the **black Idea** that twists the brain
Or lie with the harlot Power that slays the soul ([as opposed to Savitri's virgin power that saves the Soul, Life, Mind and Body.](#)).

(In ordinary sense harlot means loss of virginity. In Spiritual sense harlot means to enjoy life with sense and mind. If harlot represents soul slaying ordinary consciousness, then its opposite, a virgin represents Soul saving Psychic and Spiritual Consciousness.) So here the word is used as symbol of Spiritual fall. If a Spiritual man lives in three gunas, then it is understood as Spiritual fall. The three gunas of *apara-prakriti* are representative of Soul slaying truth. Higher consciousness of *para-prakriti* is the symbol of Soul saving truth.

“In spiritual life, one is always a **virgin** every time one awakens to a new love, for in each case it is a new part of the being, a new state of being that awakens to divine Love.”

The Mother

“But above, on a plane within us but now superconscient to us, called heaven by the ancient mystics, the Lord and the *Jiva* stand together revealed

as of one essence of being, the Father and the Son of certain symbolisms, the Divine Being and the divine Man who comes forth from Him born of the higher divine Nature, **the virgin Mother**, *para prakriti, para maya*, into the lower or human nature." Essays on the Gita-162-163

Sri Aurobindo

A mastering virtue statuesques the pose (virtue is used as cover for egoistic/sin),

Or a Titan passion goads to a proud unrest:

At Wisdom's altar they are kings and priests

Or their life a sacrifice to an **idol of Power** (these beings both good/evil worship power...it reminds me of the Divine Mother saying that these beings are not surrendered to the Divine..they are aware only of their own divinity and power).

(Ordinary man worships Divine as Power not as Light, Truth and Wisdom. This is also the Soul slaying vision of Death:

"A blind Force, not Truth has made this ignorant world,
A blind Force, not Truth orders the lives of men:
By Power, not Light, the great Gods rule the world;
Power is the arm of God, the seal of Fate." Savitri-664

Or Beauty shines on them like a wandering star;
Too far to reach, passionate they follow her light;
In Art and life they catch the All-Beautiful's ray
And make the world their radiant treasure house:
Even common figures are with marvel robed;
A charm and greatness locked in every hour
Awakes the joy which sleeps in all things made.

A mighty victory or a mighty (Spiritual) fall (extremes), Savitri-186

"A huge descent began, a giant fall:" Savitri-456(Avataras call down huge descent of Divine force during Their life time and it is followed by Their death which is identified as giant Spiritual fall.) (Or a mighty descent of Spiritual energy into material vessel does not mean Spiritual fall but a great Divine action.)

A throne in heaven or a pit in hell,

The dual Energy they have justified

And marked their souls with her **tremendous seal**:

Again we can remember The Mother's message:

*The Mother's New Year declaration of 1967 reads as, "Men, countries and continents! The choice is imperative: Truth or the abyss." CWM/15/188, The Mother's Agenda-7/302,
"They call in Truth for their high government...
Or to the truth of Darkness they subscribe" Savitri-185*

Whatever Fate may do to them they have earned;

Something they have done, something they have been, they live.

There Matter is soul's result and not its cause.

In a contrary balance to earth's truth of things

The gross weighs less, the subtle counts for more;

On inner values hangs the outer plan (suggests that the level of a beings
consciousness determines his level of success and expansion in this world).

As quivers with the thought the expressive word,

As yearns the act with the passion of the soul

This world's apparent sensible design

Looks vibrant back to some interior might.

A Mind not limited by external sense

Gave figures to the spirit's imponderables,

The world's impacts without channels registered

And turned into the body's **concrete thrill**

The vivid workings of a bodiless Force;

Powers here subliminal that act unseen

Or in ambush crouch waiting behind the wall

Came out in front uncovering their face.

The occult grew there overt, the obvious kept (unlike our world were the occult

forces are hidden from our eyes...on this plane forces are recognisable and overt)

A covert turn and shouldered the unknown;

The unseen was felt and jostled visible shapes.

In the communion of **two meeting minds**

Thought looked at thought and had no need of speech (mental telepathy for communication);

Emotion clasped emotion in two hearts,

They felt each other's thrill in the flesh and nerves

Or melted each in each and grew immense (**The experience of higher vital love.**)

As when two houses burn and fire joins fire:

Hate grappled hate and love broke in on love,

Will wrestled with will on mind's invisible ground;

Others' sensations passing through like waves (in our world the feeling, thoughts of others are not felt tangibly...here all such emanations are felt as tangible vibrations)

These beings were cosmic in proportion and so were their feelings...intertwined with other...no separated from the shell of ego like humans are...

Left quivering the subtle body's frame,

Om Namo Bhagavateh

"In the communion of **two meeting minds**

Thought looked at thought and had no need of speech; (thoughts of higher Consciousness and lower consciousness)

Emotion clasped emotion in two hearts,(Emotion of Psychic Being within clasps emotion of desire soul without)
They felt each other's thrill in the flesh and nerves (Higher consciousness penetrates the lower consciousness and generates intense Ananda)
Or melted each in each and grew immense (Spirit reconciled with Matter makes matter plastic, malleable, expandable)
As when two houses burn and fire joins fire: (Psychic fire joins with the fire of inconscient world)
Hate grappled hate and love broke in on love, (description of lower mental emotional love and higher Spiritual/psychic Divine love.)
Will wrestled with will on mind's invisible ground (Divine will and personal human will)
Others' sensations passing through like waves
Left quivering the subtle body's frame," (With these double actions of higher and lower mind subtle body quivers.)

Savitri-186-187

Sri Matriniketan Ashram
27.10.2018

Divine Amar Atman!

Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. Your question in Savitri study was, "Which two meeting minds?" Here they represent (a hierarchy of) mind of lower consciousness and mind of higher consciousness. In traditional Yoga lower minds are defined as three inconscient negative energy that of *tamasic mind*, *rajasic mind* and *sattwic mind*. In integral Yoga they are defined as physical mind, vital mind, sensory mind, emotional mind and intellectual mind. Similarly mind of higher consciousness are higher mind, illumined mind, intuitive mind, universal mind, overmind and super mind. In higher mind, truth living will predominate over falsehood. In illumined mind the third eye of vision opens and one can know past, present and future through vision. In intuitive mind the four activities of truth hearing, truth seeing, truth discernment and truth touch attains perfection and replaces the imperfect activities of intellect. In universal and overmind, the subtle body is universalised and one lives in global consciousness. Beyond them is the higher hemisphere of Supermind where Spirit and Matter are perfectly reconciled by three Spiritual experiences of Indwelling, Overdwelling and Identity.

If you can open towards *Savitri's* Love force then 'hardness of the way diminishes, the tension is lightened, there is a sweetness and joy even in the core of difficulty and struggle.'

My child, always do your sadhana and prepare yourself for His work and manifestation....

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother
S.A.Maa Krishna

Their anger rushed galloping in brute attack,
A charge of trampling hooves on shaken soil;
One felt another's grief invade the breast,
Another's joy exulting ran through the blood:
Hearts could draw close through distance, voices near
That spoke upon the shore of alien seas.
There beat a throb of living interchange:

Being felt being even when afar (physical separation was not an issue due to the universal nature of these beings) There are three grades of universalisation; in the first stage Yogin is identified with lower sheaths of universal mind, life and body; he is depressed by the cosmic suffering and elated by cosmic joy and 'this oneness can be carried even to the body, as in the story of the Indian saint who, seeing a bullock tortured in the field by its cruel owner, cried out with the creature's pain and the weal of the lash was found reproduced on his own flesh.' CWSA/23/The Synthesis of Yoga-416 **In the second stage this subjection of the lower sheath to the reaction of Prakriti is added with new faculty of freedom and oneness with Sachchidananda. The soul becomes 'free and superior to the cosmic reactions; the soul understands, accepts the experience, sympathises, but is not overpowered or affected, so that at last even mind and body learn also**

to accept without being overpowered or even affected except on their surface.' CWSA/23/The Synthesis of Yoga-416-17 **In the third stage the yogin attains a 'spiritual supremacy and freedom which enables him to understand perfectly, put the right values on things, and heal from above instead of struggling from below. It does not inhibit the divine compassion and helpfulness, but it does inhibit the human and animal sorrow and suffering.'** CWSA/23/The Synthesis of Yoga-417

And consciousness replied to consciousness.

And yet the ultimate oneness was not there (a lacking). (In the higher vital world oneness was not there; it can be retained by calling down the Supramental world.)

There was a separateness of soul from soul (there was the presence of a universal vital self that all were part of but not a universal soul contact):

An inner wall of silence could be built,

An armour of conscious might protect and shield;

The being could be closed in and solitary; (**the problem of the world can visit that secluded life for transformation instead of complete isolation of the soul.**)

One could remain apart in self, alone.

Identity was not yet nor union's peace.

All was imperfect still, half-known, half-done:

The miracle of Inconscience overpassed (they were not inconscient nor were they superconscient...an intermediate typical plane...but with the possibility of evolving under the pressure of the Truth light...),

The miracle of the Superconscient still,

Unknown, self-wrapped, unfelt, unknowable,
Looked down on them, origin of all they were. **(The superconscious must descend to the lower vital and physical world to uncover the true vital and true physical being and their pure sheaths.)**

As forms they came of the formless Infinite,
As names lived of a nameless Eternity.
The beginning and the end were there occult;
A middle term worked unexplained, abrupt:
They were words that spoke to a vast wordless Truth,
They were figures crowding an unfinished sum.
None truly knew himself or knew the world
Or the Reality living there enshrined **(much like on earth):**
Only they knew what Mind could take and build
Out of the secret **Supermind's** huge store. **(Science, Arts, Occult Science, Spiritual thought and Spiritual experience draw all their new discoveries, invention, inspiration and wisdom from the 'secret Supermind's huge store.'**

Its complementary line:

***"A borrower of Supernature's gold,
He paves his road to Immortality." Savitri-339***

"Q: In line with this idea of things 'in their place,' another question comes to me: with the descent of the Supermind, what exactly are the very first things that the supramental force will want to or is trying to dislodge?"

The first things it will dislodge?

Q: Yes, individually and cosmically, so that everything is in its place.

Will it dislodge anything?... If we accept Sri Aurobindo's idea, it will put each thing in its place, that's all. One thing must inevitably cease: the Deformation, the veil of falsehood covering Truth, because all we see existing here is due to that. If the veil is removed, things will necessarily be completely different, completely: they will be as we experience them when we emerge individually from that deformed consciousness.

When one comes out of that consciousness and enters the Truth-Consciousness, one is incredulous that such things as suffering, misery and death can exist; it's amazing, in the sense that (when one is truly on the other side) ... one doesn't understand how all this can be happening. And, although this state of consciousness is habitually associated with the experience of the unreality of the world as we know it, Sri Aurobindo tells us that this perception of the world's unreality need not exist for the supramental consciousness: **only Falsehood is unreal**, not the world. And this is most interesting – the world has its own reality, independent of Falsehood.

I suppose this will be the first effect of the Supermind – perhaps even its first effect in the individual, because it will begin in individuals first.

This state of consciousness probably has to become constant, but that would pose a problem: how could one then keep in contact with the world as it is in its deformation? Because I have noticed that when this state is very strong in me, very strong, so strong that it can withstand everything bombarding it from outside, people don't understand a thing I say, NOTHING! Therefore, it would seem to cut off a useful contact.

What would it be like, for instance, to have a small supramental creation as a nucleus of action and influence radiating upon earth (to limit it to the earth)? Is it possible? It's easy to conceive of a superhuman nucleus – a creation of supermen, that is, of men who by virtue of evolution and transformation (in the true sense of the word) have succeeded in manifesting the supramental forces; yet since their origin is human, there is inevitably a contact; even if everything is transformed, even if their organs are transformed into centers of force, a sort of human coloration still remains. These are the beings who, according to tradition, will discover the secret of direct, supramental creation, bypassing the process of ordinary Nature. Then through them the true supramental beings will be born, who will necessarily have to live in a supramental world. But how would contact be made between these beings and the ordinary world? How to conceive of a transformation of nature sufficient to enable this supramental creation to take place on earth? I don't know.

Of course, we know that such a thing will require a considerable amount of time to be done, and it will probably go by stages, by degrees, with faculties appearing that at the moment we can't know or imagine, and which will change the conditions of the earth – this is looking ahead **a few thousand years**.

There is still this problem: is it possible to make use of the notion of space – I mean space on the planet earth? Is it possible to find a place where the embryo or seed of the future supramental world might be created?

What I myself have seen ... was a plan that came complete in all details, but that doesn't at all conform in spirit and consciousness with what is possible on earth now (although, in its most material manifestation, the plan was based on existing terrestrial conditions). It was the idea of an ideal city, the nucleus of a small ideal country, having only superficial and extremely limited contacts with the old world. One would already have to conceive (it's possible) of a Power sufficient to be at once a protection against aggression or bad will (this would not be the most difficult protection to provide) and a protection (which can just barely be imagined) against infiltration and admixture.... From the social or organizational standpoint, these problems are not difficult, nor from the standpoint of inner life; the problem is the relationship with

what is not supramentalized – preventing infiltration or admixture, keeping the nucleus from falling back into an inferior creation during the transitional period.

(silence)

All who have considered the problem have always imagined some place like a Himalayan gorge, unknown to the rest of humanity, but this is no solution. No solution at all.

No, the only solution is occult power. But that.... Before anything at all can be done, it already demands a certain number of individuals who have reached a great perfection of realization. Granting this, a place is conceivable (set apart from the outside world – no actual contacts) where each thing is exactly in its place, setting an example. Each thing exactly in its place, each person exactly in his place, each movement in its place, and all in its place in an ascending, progressive movement without relapse (that is, the very opposite of what goes on in ordinary life). Naturally, this also means a sort of perfection, it means a sort of unity; it means that the different aspects of the Supreme can be manifested; and, necessarily, an exceptional beauty, a total harmony; and a power sufficient to keep the forces of Nature obedient: even if this place were encircled by destructive forces, for example, these forces would be powerless to act – the protection would be sufficient.

It would all require the utmost perfection in the individuals organizing such a thing.

(long silence)

It must be similar to what happened when the first men appeared.

Have we ever really known how the first humans were formed, the first mental realization? Were they isolated individuals, or were they in groups – did the phenomenon take place in a collective milieu or in isolation? I don't know. It may be analogous to the case of the coming supramental creation.

It isn't difficult to conceive of an individual in the solitude of the Himalayas or in a virgin forest beginning to create around himself his miniature supramental world – this is easy to imagine. But the same thing would be necessary: he would need to have attained such perfection that his power would act automatically to prevent any outside intrusion.

Q: Because such beings would automatically become the target of outside attacks?

They would need to be automatically protected; that is, any foreign or opposing element should be kept from approaching.

There are stories like this, you know, about people who lived in an ideal solitude, and it's not at all impossible to imagine. When one is in contact with this Power, when it is within you, you can see that such things are ... child's play! It even reaches the point where there is the possibility of changing certain things, of influencing vibrations and forms in the surrounding environment by contagion, so that automatically they begin to be supramentalized. All that is possible – but confined to the individual scale. While if we take the example of what is happening here, where the individual remains right in the midst of all this chaos.... That's the difficulty!

Doesn't this very fact make a certain perfection in realization impossible to attain? But the other case, the individual isolated in the forest, is always the same thing – an example giving no proof that the rest will be able to follow; while what's happening here should already have a much broader radiating influence. At some point this has to happen – it **MUST** happen. But the problem still remains: can it happen simultaneously with or even before the supramentalization of the single individual?

(silence)

The realization under community or group conditions would clearly be far more complete, integral, total and probably more perfect than any individual realization, which is always, necessarily – necessarily – extremely limited on the external material level, because it's only one way of being, one mode of manifestation, one microscopic set of vibrations that is touched.

But for the facility of the work, I believe there's no comparison!

(silence)

But the problem remains: Buddha and all the rest have **FIRST** realized, then resumed contact with the world. That makes it very simple. But for the total realization of what I envisage, isn't it indispensable to remain in the world? ...

(Mother is absorbed for a while, gazing into the distance)

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." The Mother/ **July 18, 1961**

A darkness under them, a bright Void above,
Uncertain they lived in a great climbing Space;
By mysteries they explained a Mystery,
A riddling answer met the riddle of things.
As he moved in this ether of ambiguous life,
Himself was soon a riddle to himself; (because of the interference
of physical and vital mind.)
As symbols he saw all and sought their sense.

Across the leaping springs of death and birth
And over shifting borders of soul-change,
A hunter on the spirit's creative track,
He followed in life's fine and mighty trails
Pursuing her sealed formidable delight
In a perilous adventure without close.
At first no aim appeared in those large steps:
Only the wide source he saw of all things here
Looking towards a wider source beyond.
For as she drew away from earthly lines,
A tenser drag was felt from the Unknown,
A higher context of delivering thought
Drove her towards marvel and discovery;

There came a high release from pettier cares,
A mightier image of desire and hope,

“Desire is the root of all sorrow, disappointment, affliction, for though it has a feverish joy of pursuit and satisfaction, yet because it is always a straining of the being, it carries into its pursuit and its getting a labour, hunger, struggle, a rapid subjection to fatigue, a sense of limitation, dissatisfaction and early disappointment with all its gains, a ceaseless morbid stimulation, trouble, disquiet, asanti. To get rid of desire is one firm indispensable purification of the psychical prana, -- for so we can replace the soul of desire with its pervading immiscence in all our instruments by a mental soul of calm delight and its clear and limpid possession of ourselves and world and Nature which is the crystal basis of the mental life and its perfection.” The Synthesis of Yoga-657

A vaster formula, a greater scene.
Ever she circled towards some far-off Light:
Her signs still covered more than they revealed;
But tied to some immediate sight and will
They lost their purport in the joy of use,
Till stripped of their infinite meaning they became
A cipher gleaming with unreal sense.
Armed with a magical and haunted bow
She aimed at a target kept invisible
And ever deemed remote though always near (as the True being/Purusha in each plane).
As one who spells illumined characters,
The key-book of a crabbed magician text,
He scanned her subtle tangled weird designs
And the screened difficult theorem of her clues,
Traced in the monstrous sands of desert Time
The thread beginnings of her titan works,
Watched her charade of action for some hint,
Read the No⁻ gestures of her silhouettes,
And strove to capture in their burdened drift
The dance-fantasia of her sequences
Escaping into rhythmic mystery,
A glimmer of fugitive feet on fleeing soil.
In the labyrinth pattern of her thoughts and hopes
And the byways of her intimate desires,
In the complex corners crowded with her dreams
And rounds crossed by an intrigue of irrelevant rounds,
A wanderer straying amid fugitive scenes,
He lost its signs and chased each failing guess.
Ever he met key-words, ignorant of their key.

A sun that dazzled its own eye of sight,
A luminous enigma's **brilliant hood**
Lit the dense purple barrier of thought's sky:
A dim large trance showed to the night her stars. (It seems to be waking trance.)
As if sitting near an open window's gap,
He read by lightning-flash on crowding flash
Chapters of her metaphysical romance
Of the soul's search for lost Reality
And her fictions drawn from spirit's authentic fact,
Her caprices and conceits and meanings locked,
Her rash unseizable freaks and mystified turns.
The magnificent wrappings of her secrecy
That fold her desirable body out of sight,
The strange significant forms woven on her robe,
Her meaningful outlines of the souls of things
He saw, her **false transparencies of thought-hue,**
Her rich brocades with imaged fancies sewn
And mutable masks and broideries of disguise.
A thousand baffling faces of the Truth

"There will be **plenty of stumblings and errors** and imperfections of adjustment of the instruments to their **new working**, but the increasingly equal soul will not be troubled overmuch or grieve at these things, since, delivered to the guidance of the Light and Power within self and above mind, it will proceed on its way with a firm assurance and await with a growing calm the vicissitudes and completion of the process of transformation." The Synthesis of Yoga-706
Looked at him from her forms with unknown eyes (**all embodiments of the one universal life**)

And wordless mouths unrecognisable,
Spoke from the figures of her masquerade,
Or peered from the recondite magnificence
And **subtle** splendour of her draperies.
In sudden scintillations of the Unknown,
Inexpressive sounds became veridical,
Ideas that seemed unmeaning flashed out truth; **(The Intuition)**
Voices that came from unseen waiting worlds

Uttered the syllables of the Unmanifest

To clothe the body of the mystic Word,

“The intuitive mind is not yet the wide sunlight of truth, but a constant play of flashes of it keeping lighted up a basic state of ignorance or of half-knowledge and indirect knowledge. As long as it is imperfect, it is invaded by a mixture of ignorant mentality which crosses its truth with a strain of error. After it has acquired a larger native action more free from this intermixture, even then so long as the stuff of mind in which it works is capable of the old intellectual or lower mental habit, it is subject to accretion of error, to clouding, to many kinds of relapse. Moreover the individual mind does not live alone and to itself but in the general mind and all that it has rejected is discharged into the general mind atmosphere around it and tends to return upon and invade it with the old suggestions and many promptings of the old mental character. The intuitive mind, growing or grown, has therefore to be constantly on guard against invasion and accretion, on the watch to reject and eliminate immixtures, busy intuitivising more and still more the whole stuff of mind, and this can only end by itself being enlightened, transformed, lifted up into the full light of the Supramental being.” The Synthesis of Yoga-809

And wizard diagrams of the **occult Law**

Sealed some precise unreadable harmony,

Or used hue and figure to reconstitute

The herald blazon of Time’s secret things.

In her green wildernesses and lurking depths,

In her thickets of joy where danger clasps delight,

He glimpsed the hidden wings of her songster hopes,
A glimmer of blue and gold and scarlet fire.

In her covert lanes, bordering her chance field-paths
And by her singing rivulets and calm lakes

He found the glow of her golden fruits of bliss

And the beauty of her flowers of dream and muse.

As if a miracle of **heart's change** by joy

He watched in the alchemist radiance of her suns

The crimson outburst of one secular flower

On the tree-of-sacrifice of spiritual love.

In the sleepy splendour of her noons he saw,

A perpetual repetition through the hours,

Thought's dance of dragonflies on mystery's stream

"For in this vital ego there is frequently a mixture of the **charlatan** and mountebank, the poser and actor; it is constantly taking up a role and playing it to itself and to others as its public. An **organised self-deception** is thus added to an organised self-ignorance; it is **only** by going within and seeing these things at their source that we can get out of this obscurity and tangle." The Life Divine-552

That skim but never test its murmurs' race,

And heard the laughter of her **rose desires**

'...then Consciousness has to struggle back to itself by a fragmentary evolution which necessitates error and makes falsehood inevitable.

Nevertheless, these things too are not illusions that have sprung out of an original Non-Existence; they are, we might say, the unavoidable truths of a

world born out of Inconscience. For the Ignorance is still in reality a knowledge seeking for itself behind the original mask of Inconscience; it misses and finds; its results, natural and even inevitable on their own line, are the true consequence of the lapse, --in a way, even, the right working of the recovery from the lapse. Existence plunging into an apparent Non-Existence, Consciousness into an apparent Inconscience, Delight of existence into a vast cosmic insensibility are the first result of the fall and, in the return from it by a struggling fragmentary experience, the rendering of Consciousness into the dual terms of truth and falsehood, knowledge and error, of Existence into the dual terms of life and death, of Delight of existence into the dual terms of pain and pleasure are the necessary process of the labour of self-discovery. A pure experience of Truth, Knowledge, Delight, imperishable existence would here be itself a contradiction of the truth of things. It could only be otherwise if all beings in the evolution were quiescently responsive to the psychic element within them and to the Supermind underlying Nature's operations; but here there comes in the Overmind law of each Force working out its own possibilities. The natural possibilities of a world in which an original Inconscience and a division of consciousness are the main principles, would be the emergence of Forces of Darkness impelled to maintain the Ignorance by which they live, an ignorant struggle to know originative of falsehood and error, an ignorant struggle to live engendering wrong and evil, an egoistic struggle to enjoy, parent of fragmentary joys and pains and sufferings; these are therefore the inevitable first-imprinted characters, though not the sole possibilities of our evolutionary existence. Still, because the Non-Existence is a concealed Existence, the Inconscience a concealed Consciousness, the

insensibility a masked and dormant Ananda, these secret realities must emerge; the hidden Overmind and Supermind too must in the end fulfil themselves in this apparently opposite organization from a dark infinite.'

CWSA/21/The Life Divine-301-302

Running as if to escape from longed-for hands,

Jingling sweet anklet-bells of fantasy.

Amidst live symbols of her occult power

He moved and felt them as close real forms:

In that life more concrete than the lives of men **(subtle vital is more concrete and true than surface vital.)**

Throbbled heart-beats of the hidden reality:

Embodied was there what we but think and feel,

Self-framed what here takes outward borrowed shapes.

A comrade of Silence on her austere heights

Accepted by her mighty loneliness,

He stood with her on meditating peaks (Experience of Transcendence)

Where life and being are a sacrament

Offered to the Reality beyond,

And saw her loose into infinity

Her hooded eagles of significance,

Messengers of Thought to the Unknowable.

Identified in soul-vision and soul-sense,

Entering into her depths as into a house,

All he became that she was or longed to be,

He thought with her thoughts and journeyed with her steps **(the king identified**

himself with universal nature),

Lived with her breath and scanned all with her eyes

That so he might learn the secret of her soul.

A witness overmastered by his scene,

He admired her splendid front of pomp and play

And the marvels of her rich and delicate craft,

And thrilled to the insistence of her cry;

Impassioned he bore the sorceries of her might,

Felt laid on him her abrupt mysterious will,

Her hands that knead fate in their violent grasp,

Her touch that moves, her powers that seize and drive.

The limitations of this plane are revealed to the King when he merges his consciousness with the Universal Vital...and he understands Nature's true deep longing and agony behind all the power and pomp of this plane....reminds me of how we build grand castles in the air even though our real lives are so mundane, **limited** and inadequate.

But this too he saw, her soul that wept within,

Her seekings vain that clutch at fleeing truth,

Her hopes whose sombre gaze mates with despair,

The passion that possessed her longing limbs,

The trouble and rapture of her yearning breasts,

Her mind that toils unsatisfied with its fruits,

Her heart that captures not the one Beloved.

Always he met a veiled and seeking Force (not the Spiritual Force),

An exiled goddess building mimic (copy cat not original) heavens,

A Sphinx whose eyes look up to a hidden Sun.

Ever he felt near a spirit in her forms (the immanent divine):

Its passive presence was her nature's strength (is her support);

The Lord describes that unlike the Vital world which feels the strong influence of its underlying divinity (as the True Vital Purusha), on Earth, the life principle does not feel it so. Here the vital sheath is dominated lower vital due to the corruption of the inconscience (which is not open easily to the Divine's influence). Our efforts to find the meaning of the true vital eludes us here...

This sole is real in apparent things,

Even upon earth the spirit is life's key (on our earthly plane as well, the pranamaya purusha is the Vital's support),

“Behind (corporeal mind) even in our terrestrial being, there is this other, subconscious or subliminal to us, which knows itself as more than the body and is capable of a less materialised action. To this we owe immediately most of the larger, deeper and more forceful dynamic action of our surface mind; this, when we become conscious of it or if its impress on us, is our first idea or our first realisation of a soul or inner being, Purusha (Pranamaya Purusha).” The Life Divine-180

But her solid outsides nowhere bear its trace (on earth, the influence of this purusha is not felt like it is in the higher vital worlds).

Its stamp on her acts is undiscoverable (to man who seeks outwardly).

A pathos of lost heights is its appeal.

Only sometimes is caught a shadowy line

That seems a hint of veiled reality.

Life stared at him with vague confused outlines

Offering a picture the eyes could not keep,

A story that was yet not written there.

As in a fragmentary half-lost design

Life's meanings fled from the pursuing eye.

Life's visage hides life's real self from sight;

Life's secret sense is written within, above. (which is immortality and imperishability of material substance.)

The thought that gives it sense lives far beyond;

It is not seen in its half-finished design.

In vain we hope to read the baffling signs

Or find the word of the half-played charade.

The Lord states below that the Truth eludes us on earth...this can be found only by an inward plunge and we get glimpses of that higher Truth in that greater life plane...only here do we get some understanding (not whole) of the reasons behind the manifestation on earth...

Only in that greater life a cryptic thought

Is found, is hinted some interpreting word

That makes the earth-myth a tale intelligible.

Something was seen at last that looked like truth (when one enters the higher/universal vital world).

In a half-lit air of hazardous mystery

The eye that looks at the dark half of truth

Made out an image mid a vivid blur

And peering through a mist of subtle tints

As the king seeks to understand the Truth behind this plane and peers throughs

its mists and darkness...he sees an evolving "half blind chained divinity." This Divinity is still more evolved than our completely blind earthly vital plane where Our heart's sight is too blind and passionate

On this plane, the evolving entity is conscious of the call of the psychic being and searches for that Divine...through the mazes and signs...but being half blind is buffeted in different directions...drawn and repelled...and the Truth still escapes him...

He saw a half-blind chained divinity
Bewildered by the world in which he moved,
Yet conscious of some light prompting his soul.
Attracted to strange far-off shimmerings,

Led by the fluting of a distant Player (Mother (Maa Krishna) - Sri Krishna in the Psychic plane or still Pranamaya Purusha?) (The Vaishnava Bhakti movements in India is vital and emotional turning it self God ward or discovery of the Pranamaya Purusha. They stayed there and never moved farther to discover the Psychic being. In India most of the Bhakti movements are pranic and not Psychic. The child Krishna represents the Psychic being whose fluting into rapture ascends the Psychic fire to merge in the Spiritual being above the head, who represents the Sri Krishna of the Gita or Kurukhetra. When Psychic Being further ascends by the thrust of the union of the Psychic and Spiritual Being, it enters the Supramental world crossing the border of Overmind, where Sri Krishna is revealed as Purushottama of the Supramental status through the passage of Viswarupa Darshana (preliminary Supermind) of Chapter-11 of The Gita. Through Sri Aurobindo, Sri Krishna wears the

Supramental Consciousness.)

(The Gita informs us that the all pervading *Brahman, Vasudeva* is endless in His self extension in the universe, *nastyonto vistarasya me*, and the highest power of Supreme manifestation is only a very partial revelation of the Infinite; even the whole universe is preoccupied by only one degree of His greatness, illumined by one ray of His splendour and it will still remain the perennial Source of 'birth of all that shall come into the being'.)

“This ambiguity, these opposing appearances of depth and blindness are created by the double character of the human **emotive being**. For there is in front in man a heart of vital emotion similar to the animal's, if more variously developed; its emotions are governed by egoistic passion, blind instinctive affections and all the play of the life-impulses with their imperfections, perversions, often sordid degradations, — a heart besieged and given over to the lusts, desires, wraths, intense or fierce demands or little greeds and mean pettinesses of an obscure and fallen life force and debased by its slavery to any and every impulse. This mixture of the emotive heart and the sensational hungering vital creates in **man a false soul of desire**; it is this that is the crude and dangerous element which the reason rightly distrusts and feels a need to control, even though the actual control or rather coercion it succeeds in establishing over our raw and insistent vital nature remains always very uncertain and deceptive. But the true soul of man is not there; it is in the true invisible heart hidden in some luminous cave of the nature: there under some infiltration of the divine Light is our soul, **a silent inmost being of which few are even aware**; for if all have a soul, few are conscious of their true soul or feel its direct impulse. There dwells the little spark of the Divine which supports the obscure mass of our nature and around it grows the **psychic being**, the formed soul or the real Man within us. It is as this psychic being in him grows and the movements of the heart reflect its divinations and impulsions that man becomes more and more aware of his soul, ceases to be a superior animal and, awakening to glimpses of the godhead within him, admits more and more its intimations of a deeper life and consciousness and an impulse towards things divine. It is one of the decisive moments of the integral Yoga when this psychic being, liberated, brought out from the veil to the front, can pour the full flood of its divinations, seeings and impulsions on the mind, life and body of man and begins to prepare the upbuilding of divinity in the earthly nature.”CWSA/23/The Synthesis of Yoga-150

He sought his way amid life's laughter and call

And the index chaos of her myriad steps

Towards some total deep infinitude.

Around crowded the forest of her signs:
At hazard he read by arrow-leaps of Thought
That hit the mark by guess or luminous chance,
Her changing coloured road-lights of idea
And her signals of uncertain swift event,
The hieroglyphs of her symbol pageantries
And her landmarks in the tangled paths of Time.
In her mazes of approach and of retreat (the ascending and descending steps of this plane)

To every side she draws him and repels,
But drawn too near escapes from his embrace; (The play of Ishwara and Ishwari.)

All ways she leads him but no way is sure. (Always she leads him to arrive at total transformation of nature and unsureness comes due to the missing link, void in consciousness.) A passage to Supramental can be built by bridging the gulf between different planes of Consciousness.

Its complementary line:

"In Nature's endless lines is lost the God." Savitri-195

Allured by the many-toned marvel of her chant,
Attracted by the witchcraft of her moods
And moved by her **casual** touch to joy and grief,
He loses himself in her but wins her not. (complete union is possible in Supramental.)

A fugitive paradise smiles at him from her eyes:
He dreams of her beauty made for ever his,
He dreams of his mastery her limbs shall bear,

He dreams of the magic of her breasts of bliss.

In her illumined script, her fanciful

Translation of God's pure original text,

He thinks to read the Scripture Wonderful,

Hieratic key to unknown beatitudes.

But the Word of (Divine) Life is hidden in its script,

The chant of (earthly) Life has lost its divine note.

Unseen, a captive in a house of sound,

The spirit lost in the splendour of a dream

Listens to a thousand-voiced illusion's ode.

A delicate weft of sorcery steals the heart

Or a fiery magic tints her tones and hues,

Yet they but wake a thrill of transient grace;

A vagrant march struck by the wanderer Time,

They call to a brief unsatisfied delight

Or wallow in ravishments of **mind and sense,**

But miss the luminous answer of the soul.

A blind heart-throb that reaches joy through tears (irony that to know and appreciate joy on earth we must find it through its counterpart pain),

“That which is common to all is, we have seen, the satisfaction of conscious-force of existence developing itself into forms and seeking in that development its delight. From that satisfaction or delight of self-existence it evidently began; for it is that which is normal to it, to which it clings, which it makes its base; but it seeks new forms of itself and in the passage to higher forms there intervenes the phenomenon of pain and suffering which seems to contradict the fundamental nature of its being. This and this

alone is the root-problem.” The Life Divine-105

*A yearning towards peaks for ever unreached,
An ecstasy of unfulfilled desire
Track the last heavenward climbings of her voice.*

Transmuted are past suffering’s memories (Subconscious transformation)

*Into an old sadness’s sweet escaping trail:
Turned are her tears to gems of diamond pain,
Her sorrow into a magic crown of song. (Transformation of suffering into ecstasy.)*

Brief are her snatches of felicity

That touch the surface, then escape or die:

A lost remembrance echoes in her depths,

A deathless longing is hers, a veiled self’s call (Sweet Mother (Maa Krishna), I feel quite sad as I read this....); (This is the description of all life and not this life only and all Her suffering and pain visits from the past for transforming it into ecstasy. The Day Bringer must walk in the darkest night and must bear the suffering of the world that covers all life.)

A prisoner in the mortal’s limiting world,

A spirit wounded by life sobs in her breast;

Its complementary line:

“And (King) bore the fierce inner wounds that are slow to heal.”

Savitri-230

A cherished suffering is her deepest cry.

A wanderer on forlorn despairing routes,

Along the roads of sound a frustrated voice

Forsaken cries to a forgotten bliss.

Astray in the echo caverns of Desire,

“In the conscious mind that which was still only a vital hunger in subconscious life, transforms itself into higher forms; hunger in the vital parts becomes craving of Desire in the mentalised life, straining of Will in the intellectual or thinking life. This movement of desire must and ought to continue until the individual has grown sufficiently so that he can

now at last become master of himself and by increasing union with the Infinite possessor of his universe. Desire is the lever by which the divine Life-principle effects its end of self-affirmation in the universe and the attempt to extinguish it in the interests of inertia is a denial of the divine Life-principle, a Will-not-to-be which is necessarily ignorance; for one cannot cease to be individually except by being infinitely. Desire too can only cease rightly by becoming the desire of the infinite and satisfying itself with a supernal fulfilment and an infinite satisfaction in the all-possessing bliss of the Infinite. Meanwhile it has to progress from the type of a mutual devouring hunger to the type of a mutual giving, of an increasingly joyous sacrifice of interchange;--the individual gives himself to other individuals and receives them back in exchange; the lower gives itself to the higher and the higher to the lower so that they may be fulfilled in each other; the human gives itself to the Divine and the Divine to the human; the All in the individual gives itself to the All in the universe and receives its realised universality as a divine recompense. Thus the law of Hunger must give place progressively to the law of Love, the law of Division to the law of Unity, the law of Death to the law of Immortality. Such is the necessity, such the justification, such the culmination and self-fulfilment of the Desire that is at work in the universe." The Life Divine-207-08

It guards the phantoms of a soul's dead hopes

And keeps alive the voice of perished things

Or lingers upon sweet and errant notes

Hunting for pleasure in the heart of pain.

A fateful hand has touched the cosmic chords

And the intrusion of a troubled strain (the noises of our senses and outer worlds
drown out the inner beings notes/call)

Covers the inner music's hidden key

That guides unheard the surface cadences.

Yet is it joy to live and to create

And joy to love and labour though all fails,

And joy to seek though all we find deceives

**And all on which we lean betrays our trust;
Yet something in its depths was worth the pain,
A passionate memory haunts with ecstasy's fire.**

*“Man desires self-expression, self-development, in other words, the progressing play in himself of the conscious-force of existence; that is his fundamental delight. Whatever hurts that self-expression, self-development, satisfaction of his progressing self, is for him evil; what ever helps, confirms, raises, aggrandizes, ennobles it is his good. Only, his conception of self development changes, becomes higher and wider, begins to exceed his limited personality, to embrace others, to embrace all in its scope (through **Universalisation of physical, vital and mental sheath.**)”* The Life Divine-

104

Even grief has joy hidden beneath its roots (**Asat still has Sat as its substratum for nothing even Asat cannot exist without Truth**):

For nothing is truly vain the One has made:

In our defeated hearts God's strength survives

And victory's star still lights our desperate road;

Our death is made a passage to new worlds. (Through death, the internal training of a Soul begins. He travels in different planes of consciousness and gathers Soul experiences till his new birth becomes decreed from Universal plane.)

Its complementary line:

“Death is a passage, not the goal of our walk:” Savitri-197

This to Life's music gives its anthem swell.

To all she lends the glory of her voice;

Heaven's raptures whisper to her heart and pass, (194)

[Its complementary line:](#)

"A voice of unborn things **whispers** to the ear,

To their eyes visited by some **high sunlight**

Aspiration shows the image of a crown:" Savitri-183

"Even in all that life and man have marred,

A **whisper** of divinity still is heard,

A breath is felt from the eternal spheres." Savitri-612-13

Earth's transient yearnings cry from her lips and fade.

Alone the God-given hymn escapes her art

That came with her from her spiritual home

But stopped half-way and failed, a silent word

Awake in some deep pause of waiting worlds,

A murmur suspended in eternity's hush:

But no breath comes from the supernal peace:

A sumptuous interlude occupies the ear

And the heart listens and the soul consents;

An evanescent music it repeats

Wasting on transience Time's eternity.

A tremolo of the voices of the hours

Oblivious screens the high intended theme

The self-embodying spirit came to play

On the vast clavichord of Nature-Force.

Only a mighty murmur here and there

Of the eternal Word, the blissful Voice

Or Beauty's touch transfiguring heart and sense,

A wandering splendour and a mystic cry,

Recalls the strength and sweetness heard no more.

The Chit force has descended through the rungs of the golden ladder to fill creation with the Divine... "to create her Creator here was her heart's conceit".

Here is the gap, here stops or sinks life's force;

This deficit paupers the magician's skill:

This want makes all the rest seem thin and bare.

A half-sight draws the horizon of her acts:

Her **depths remember** what she came to do, (In surface consciousness the objective of life is forgotten.)

But the **mind has forgotten or the heart mistakes:**

In Nature's endless lines is lost the God. (195)

"He has in him not a single mentality, but a double and a triple, (1) the mind material (physical mind) and nervous (vital mind), (2) the pure intellectual mind which liberates itself from the illusions of body and senses, and (3) a divine mind above intellect which in its turn liberates itself from the imperfect modes of the logically discriminative and imaginative reason." The Synthesis of Yoga-12

In knowledge to sum up omniscience, (Jnana Yoga)

In action to erect the Omnipotent, (Karma Yoga)

To create her Creator here was her heart's conceit, (Bhakti Yoga)

To invade the cosmic scene with utter God. **Yoga of Self-perfection)**

Toiling to transform the still far Absolute

Into an all-fulfilling epiphany,

Into an utterance of the Ineffable,

She would bring the glory here of the Absolute's force,

Change poise into creation's rhythmic swing,

Marry with a sky of calm a sea of bliss.

A fire to call eternity into Time,

Make body's joy as vivid as the soul's, **(The secret of physical transformation.)**

The complementary of above line:

"**Bodies made beautiful** by the spirit's light," Savitri-344

"The **body's self** taste immortality." Savitri-451

"An unseen Presence moulds the **oblivious clay.**" Savitri-60

"Then life beat pure in the **corporeal frame**" Savitri-232

"Her **body quivered** with eternity's touch" Savitri-671

"Outlined by the pressure of this new descent

A **lovelier body** formed than earth had known. " Savitri-354

Earth she would lift to neighbourhood with heaven **(what the Universal vital has attempted the Mother as Savitri brings to fruition),**

The complementary of above line is:

"Heaven's joys might have been earth's if **earth were pure**" Savitri-123

"Make earth almost the mate and peer of heaven," Savitri-706

"Earth shall be made a home of Heaven's light," Savitri-451

"Too far thy heavens for me from suffering men.

Imperfect is the joy not shared by all." Savitri-686

Labours life to equate with the Supreme

And reconcile the Eternal (Truth) and the Abyss.

*"(Regarding the New Year message (of 1967): "Men, countries, continents! The choice is imperative: **Truth** or **the abyss**." A disciple asks (the) Mother, "What is the meaning of 'abyss' in your New Year Message?" (The) Mother's reply, in English:)*

Right now there is a great tension. They have all taken positions as if to start war. It is the blind passion that men put into their international relations.

At the base of it all there is (1) fear, (2) general distrust, and what they believe to be their (3) "interests" (money, business) – a combination of these three things. When these three lowest passions of humanity are brought into play, that is what I call "the abyss."

When someone has decided to consecrate his life to the seeking for the Divine, if he is sincere, that is to say, if the resolution is sincere and carried out sincerely, there is **absolutely nothing to fear**, because all that happens or will happen to him will lead him by the shortest way to this realisation.

That is the response of the Grace. People believe that the Grace means making everything smooth for all your life. It is not true.

The Grace works for the realisation of your aspiration and everything is arranged to gain the most prompt, the quickest realisation – so there is nothing to fear.

Fear comes with insincerity. If you want a comfortable life, agreeable circumstances, etc., you are putting conditions and restrictions, and **then you can fear**.

But it has no business in the sadhana!" The Mother/ **May 26, 1967**

This is the labour of the Supermind which can labour to reconcile eternal and abyss:

"For there is still the veil created by Avidya between the mental and supramental action; an image of Truth gets through, not the Truth itself. It is only when the veil is rent and the divided mind over-powered, silent and

passive to a supramental action that mind itself get back to the Truth of things. There we find a luminous mentality reflective, obedient and instrumental to the divine Real-Idea. There we perceive what the world really is; we know in every way ourselves in others and as others, others as our-selves and all as the universal and self-multiplied One.” The Life Divine-181-82

Her pragmatism of the transcendent Truth

Fills silence with the voices of the gods,

But in the cry the single Voice is lost. (If one will worship the Gods, one will lose the Supreme.)

“Even those who sacrifice to other godheads with devotion and faith, they also sacrifice to Me, O son of Kunti, though not according to the true law.” The Gita-9.23

For Nature’s vision climbs beyond her acts.

A life of gods in heaven she sees above,

A demigod emerging from an ape (the evolution of man)

Is all she can in our mortal element.

Here the half-god, the half-titan are her peak:

This greater life wavers twixt earth and sky.

A poignant paradox pursues her dreams:

Her **hooded energy** moves an ignorant world (serpent power.)

To look for a joy her own strong clasp puts off:

In her embrace it cannot turn to its source.

Immense her power, endless her act’s vast drive,

Astray is its significance and lost.

Although she carries in her secret breast

The law and journeying curve of all things born
Her knowledge partial seems, her purpose small;
On a soil of yearning tread her sumptuous hours.
A leaden Nescience weighs the wings of Thought,
Her power oppresses the being with its garbs,
Her actions prison its immortal gaze.

A sense of limit haunts her masteries
And nowhere is assured content or peace:
For all the depth and beauty of her work
A wisdom lacks that sets the spirit free.

An old and faded charm had now her face
And palled for him her quick and curious lore;

His wide soul asked a deeper joy than hers. (This means the soul's demand is more than the higher nature.)

Out of her daedal lines he sought escape;
But neither gate of horn nor ivory
He found nor postern of spiritual sight,
There was no issue from that dreamlike space.

Our being must move eternally through Time;

Death helps us not, vain is the hope to cease;
A secret Will compels us to endure.

Our life's repose is in the Infinite;
It cannot end, its end is Life supreme.

Death is a passage, not the goal of our walk:

“Death is imposed on the individual life both by the conditions of its own existence and by its relation to All-Force which manifests itself in the

universe. For the individual life is a particular play of energy specialised to constitute, maintain, energise and finally to dissolve, when its utility is over, one of myriad forms which all serve, each in its own place, time and scope, the whole play of the universe. The energy of life in the body has to support the attack of the energies external to it in the universe; it has to draw them in and feed upon them and is itself being constantly devoured by them.” The Life Divine-204

Some ancient deep impulsion labours on:

Our **souls are dragged** as with a hidden leash,

Leash: The chain of a dog.

Carried from birth to birth, from world to world,

Our acts prolong after the body’s fall (Supramental action can continue through centuries after the body’s death)

The old perpetual journey without pause.

No silent peak is found where Time can rest. (There is a Consciousness in which the movement of time can be arrested.)

(The **future ‘high task’** of integral Yoga is to call down the Supreme Lord and His magic Will in its entirety that can break down all established laws, all the limitations of mortal life instantly; search for that fire of Love which can bring dead back to life; that Power which can cancel the things once done; that supreme Consciousness which can arrest the advance of time and slipping moments and that Bliss which can persuade the past perfect hours to live again with greater intensity (“Earth keeps for man some short and perfect hours” Savitri-421). If we examine deeply into the problem of existence we conclude that every physical law and resistances are nothing for Him. But this

kind of comprehensive direct Divine intervention can take place only at the extreme limit of ascension and descent of Consciousness in a universalised subtle and causal body and all are pressed towards the very last second to reach an apex fire of Consciousness of world destiny where all is won and saved by dynamic Divine intervention or all is lost and destroyed by static Divine non-intervention or Divine's witness state for the race.)

This was a magic stream that reached no sea.

However far he went, wherever turned,

The wheel of works (**karma**) ran with him and outstripped;

“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

“This seeming driver of her **wheel of works**
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:” Savitri-158

Always a farther task was left to do.

“The true consciousness within is not unaware of its past; it holds it there, not necessarily in

memory but in being, still active, living, ready with its fruits, and sends it up from time to time in memory or more concretely in result of past action or past causes to the superficial conscious being, —that is indeed the true rationale of what is called *Karma*. It is or can be aware too of the future, **for there is somewhere in the inner being a field of cognition open to future knowledge**, a prospective as well as a retrospective Time-sense, Time-vision, Time-perception; something in it lives indivisibly in the three times and contains all their apparent divisions, holds the future ready for manifestation within it. Here, then, in this habit of living in the present, we have a second absorption, a second exclusive concentration which complicates and farther limits the being, but simplifies the apparent course of the action by relating it not to the whole infinite course of Time, but to a definite succession of moments.” CWSA/21/The Life Divine-606

A beat of action and a cry of search

For ever grew in that unquiet world;

A busy murmur filled the heart of Time.

All was contrivance and unceasing stir.

A hundred ways to live were tried in vain:

(Because of the presence of physical and vital mind.)

“Here (physical mind is absorbed in the body and vital mind is absorbed in the life) we do not yet get back to the meeting-place of the mind and supermind and the point at which they originally separated.) The Life Divine-181

A sameness that assumed a thousand forms

Strove to escape from its long monotone

And made new things that soon were like the old. **(Due to the presence of untransformed physical and vital mind.)**

A curious decoration lured the eye
And novel values furbished ancient themes
To cheat the mind with the idea of change.
A different picture that was still the same
Appeared upon the cosmic vague background.

Only another labyrinthine house
Of creatures and their doings and events,

A city of the traffic of **bound souls,**

“Desire, it is thought, is the real motive power of human living and to cast it out would be to stop the springs of life, satisfaction of desire is man’s only enjoyment and to eliminate it would be to extinguish the impulse of life by a quietistic asceticism. But the real motive power of the life of the soul is Will; desire is only a deformation of will in the dominant bodily life and physical mind.” **The Synthesis of Yoga-658**

A market of creation and her wares,
Was offered to the labouring mind and heart.

A circuit ending where it first began
Is dubbed the forward and eternal march

Of progress on perfection’s unknown road.

Each final scheme leads to a sequel plan.

Yet every new departure seems the last,

Inspired evangel, theory’s ultimate peak,

Proclaiming a panacea for all Time’s ills Savitri-198

*‘But if and when Mind in man becomes capable of being free,
unegoistic, in harmony with all other beings and with the play of the*

universal forces, the use and office of suffering diminishes, its raison d'etre must finally cease to be and it can only continue as an atavism of Nature, a habit that has survived its use, a persistence of the lower in the as yet imperfect organization of the higher. Its eventual elimination must be an essential point in the destined conquest of the soul over subjection to Matter and egoistic limitation in Mind.' The Life Divine-116

“A burning Love from white spiritual founts
Annulled the sorrow of the ignorant depths;
Suffering was lost in her immortal smile.” Savitri-314

“(This conversation is about Dr. S., who left for the U.S.A. for a brain operation. The operation consists in introducing a needle into the diseased spot and injecting liquid oxygen to destroy the group of affected cells. The first operation took place three months earlier, and the second was scheduled for this month.)

I've just received a long letter from Dr. S.... You know that one side was operated on and that ... To make it interesting, I should tell you the story from the beginning.

Before his departure for America, when he spoke to me about the operation, I immediately saw not only that it was dangerous (that was obvious, he himself knew it), but that it couldn't be conclusive, and that at any rate one operation wasn't enough. When he spoke to me with the enthusiasm of someone who at last sees his salvation, I asked him, "Are you really sure it will be conclusive? That one operation is enough and the disease won't come again?" He almost got angry! He thought I was ... (*laughing*) an atheist of medical science!

Anyhow, he left.

Once he arrived there, they immediately told him that as the disease was affecting both sides, both sides would have to be operated on: they would perform the first operation on the right side to cure the left, and six months to a year later they would perform the second operation on the left side to cure the right – the first blow.

Then, the operation was extremely painful, it lasted four hours, and the result was as I had perceived: the result is paralysis. (All they can do is paralyze, then they have to reeducate.) Anyway, it seems his reeducation has gone well. And the American doctor told him it was only a question of will. You see how hazardous that operation is which was claimed to be definitive and absolute. Well.

Anyhow, the American doctor told him, "At any rate, there's nothing else I can do for another three months." So he has waited there for three months. And I, all that time – all the time, almost constantly – I kept seeing death written over the second operation. But I knew that if I sent a letter, it would be useless, it would only create an atmosphere of *distrust*, that's all. So I made formation upon formation, formation upon formation, on the American doctor. Finally, S. asked me for a

talisman for the second operation – I sent it immediately, with a great concentration of force so that nothing fatal should happen.

Recently, on July 20, S. enters the hospital for the second operation. The American doctor keeps him two days, three days, then tells him, "I can't, I won't run that risk...." It seems that during those three months, he had operated on several people for whom it was also a second operation, on the other side, as for S., and all of them ended in hemorrhage, paralysis, or death. So the American doctor declared, "I won't run the risk." S. replied, "It doesn't matter to me, I'd rather die than be crippled." But this American very cleverly told him, "I won't do anything without the permission of your 'Mother'!" So they sent me a telegram saying that the American doctor refused to operate because it was too dangerous, and they asked for my opinion. I answered, *No operation*.

At the same time, there was a telegram from E. (who wanted to be present at the operation), an exultant telegram saying that for her (E.), it was proof that S. would be cured not by surgery, but by a supramental intervention. She said it to S. too, who was rather unhappy (!) Anyway, he is coming back.

But in this case, there was such a precise action of the Force.... And at the same time I had another experience (but a much more personal and subjective one), which confirmed me in my perception ... Did you read *Rodogune* by Sri Aurobindo? In *Rodogune*, there is a scene in which an eremite meets a young prince and utters these words, "This man has around him the atmosphere of someone who is going to die." (The prince had just won a great victory, anyway all was for the best, and he had decided to go to such and such a place; that's when the eremite uttered those words.) When I read that, I tried to make contact with that vibration the eremite called "the atmosphere of a man who is going to die." And when I received S.'s letter telling me that with the talisman, he was sure all would be well – exactly the same vibration. That sort of exultation, of assertion of power and force, and, behind, there was exactly the same vibration. So it confirmed for me what I had seen.

But I was very happy with the American doctor's receptivity.

And when I received E.'s telegram saying it was proof that S. would be cured by a supramental intervention and not by surgery, in her telegram there was a light – E. is a very impassioned person, but suddenly I saw the light of a revelation. So I thought, "That's why."

But (*laughing*) S. isn't too enthusiastic! He doesn't have faith, you see. He says he will be "very glad ... *to be worthy of this Grace*," instead of saying, "I have faith that the Grace will ..." It's a polite way of saying (*Mother laughs*), "I don't believe in it."

So he is coming back, crippled.

One side is cured.

The left side. And the American doctor isn't quite happy about the extent of the cure. Which means, as always, that however things seem to be in the world, when they are brought into contact with the Light, that is to say, a concentration of Truth, they appear in their stark reality: all the ballyhoo about that operation and all the illusion gathered around that miraculous power of surgical cure, it all vanished into thin air. The American doctor himself, according to Dr. S.'s letter, was

shaken and lost trust in the absoluteness of his system. But from the first minute, you know, I saw that there wasn't even sixty percent of truth in it. There is an entire obscure field, which they deliberately ignore and which showed itself in broad daylight in order to make itself known. And for Dr. S., it's the same thing: "A doctor COULD NOT be deluded," and he didn't want to admit it. When I told him that one operation might not be enough, he almost got angry: "Why do you say such things!" (*Mother laughs*) He knew it as well as I did, but he didn't want to admit it.

He will have gone through a terrible experience.

Oh yes, and very, very dangerous – he knew it. But to some extent I can understand: a surgeon who can no longer use his hands ...

But from the beginning, I've seen that he couldn't be cured, because he doesn't really have faith. He has a sort of diluted knowledge that there are "forces behind" the material forces, but still, for him, the concrete reality is Matter and its mechanism, and so remedies must be mechanical. Because I tried to cure him several times, but there was no receptivity, none – like a stone, you know.

Maybe it will be better now?...

In any case, if he is to be cured in a supramental way, I don't feel called upon to do it, because he has no trust in me – he likes me, he has a sort of ... "worship" is too big a word, a *worshipful feeling* for a god who's very nice (!), but (*laughing*) from whom you shouldn't expect too much: "He's rather ignorant of the things of this world; now and then he may perform some miracles (*Mother laughs out loud*), but that's miraculous!"

It's strange that, with that kind of attitude, he came here.

Oh, he left everything to come here.

That's strange.

No, it's very strong inside him; the inner call is very strong: it's the outer reason that veils everything.

He left everything, but he knows darn well that he left everything! He's very conscious of his "sacrifice," which means that in his consciousness there's no correspondence between what he gave and what he has received – what he gave, as when you stake everything on a future benefit.

Anyway, he's coming back." The Mother/ July 28, 1964

Or carrying thought in its ultimate zenith flight
And trumpeting supreme discovery;
Each brief idea, a structure perishable,
Publishes the immortality of its rule,
Its claim to be the perfect form of things (***much like every religion
in the world proclaims their absoluteness***),
Truth's last epitome, Time's golden best.

But nothing has been achieved of infinite worth:

A world made ever anew, never complete,
Piled always half-attempts on lost attempts
And saw a fragment as the eternal Whole.
In the aimless mounting total of things done
Existence seemed a vain necessity's act,
A wrestle of eternal opposites
In a clasped antagonism's close-locked embrace,
A play without denouement or idea,
A hunger march of lives without a goal,
Or, written on a bare blackboard of Space,
A futile and recurring sum of souls,
A hope that failed, a light that never **shone**,
The labour of an unaccomplished Force
Tied to its acts in a dim eternity.

There is no end or none can yet be seen:

Although defeated, life must struggle on;

“For even if from the beginning we recognise in mind and heart the Supreme, there are elements of nature which long prevent the recognition from becoming the realisation. But without realisation our mental belief cannot become a dynamic reality; it is still only a figure of knowledge, not a living truth, an idea, not yet a power. And even if realisation has begun, it may be dangerous to imagine or to assume too soon that we are altogether in the hands of the Supreme or are acting as his instrument. That assumption may introduce calamitous falsity; it may produce a helpless inertia or, magnifying the movements of the ego with the Divine Name, it may disastrously distort and ruin the whole course of the Yoga. There is a period, more or less prolonged, of internal effort and struggle in which the individual will has to reject the darkness and distortions of the lower nature and to put itself resolutely or vehemently on the side of the divine Light. The mental energies, the heart's emotions, the vital desires, the very physical being have to be compelled into the right attitude or trained to admit and answer to the right influences. It is only then, only when this has been truly done, that the surrender of the lower to the higher can be effected, because the sacrifice has become acceptable.” The Synthesis of Yoga-60

Always she sees a crown she cannot grasp;
Her eyes are fixed beyond her fallen state.

There quivers still within her breast and ours
A glory that was once and is no more,
Or there calls to us from some unfulfilled beyond
A greatness yet unreached by the halting world.
In a memory behind our mortal sense
A dream persists of larger happier air
Breathing around free hearts of joy and love,
Forgotten by us, immortal in lost Time.
A ghost of bliss pursues her haunted depths;
For she remembers still, though now so far,
**Her realm of golden (*Supramental and higher planes*) ease and
glad desire**
And the beauty and strength and happiness that were hers
In the sweetness of her glowing paradise,
In her kingdom of immortal ecstasy (*ananda plane*)
Half-way between God's silence and the Abyss.
This knowledge in our hidden parts we keep (*we are at the mid
point between the supramental and the inconscient*);
Awake to a vague mystery's appeal,
We meet a deep unseen Reality
Far truer than the world's face of present truth:
We are chased by a self we cannot now recall
And moved by a Spirit we must still become.
As one who has lost the kingdom of his soul, (*Spiritual fall*)
We look back to some god-phase of our birth
Other than this imperfect creature here
And hope in this or a diviner world
To recover yet from Heaven's patient guard
What by our mind's forgetfulness we miss,
Our being's natural felicity,
Our heart's delight we have exchanged for grief,
The body's thrill we bartered for mere pain,
The bliss for which our mortal nature yearns
As yearns an obscure moth to blazing Light.
Our life is a march to a victory never won.
This wave of being longing for delight,
This eager turmoil of unsatisfied strengths,
These long far files of forward-striving hopes

Lift worshipping eyes to the blue Void called heaven

Looking for the golden Hand that never came, (This comes after the discovery of the Supramental Self.)

The advent for which all creation waits,

The beautiful visage of Eternity

That shall appear upon the roads of Time.

“This predominance of a greater diviner leading, **not personal to ourselves**, indicates the nature’s increasing **ripeness** for a total spiritual transformation. It is the unmistakable sign that the self-consecration has not only been accepted in principle but is fulfilled in act and power. The Supreme has **laid his luminous hand** upon a chosen human vessel of his miraculous Light and Power and Ananda.” CWSA/23/The Synthesis of Yoga-88

“The Mother used to say that when Sri Aurobindo cured some body, one often saw a subtle hand come with a current of blue force and seize, as it were, the vibration of illness or disorder between its fingertips.” The Mother/24th February-1962

“And to a certain extent it has a healing power (to a certain extent). But it’s not that supramental thing Sri Aurobindo had: he would pass his hand like this (*gesture*), and the disorder would be gone completely!

I have never seen anyone but Sri Aurobindo do that.” The Mother’s Agenda/ **June 20, 1961,**

“Do you know the story of the two simultaneous operations of E. and of T.? T. is that vice-admiral who came here and became quite enthusiastic – he had a kind of inner revelation here. The two of them were operated on for a similar complaint, a dangerous ulcer in the digestive system. He was in one town and she was in another, and they were operated on a day apart – both serious operations. And in each case, after a few days had gone by, the surgeon who did the operation said, ‘I congratulate you.’ Practically the same phrase in both cases. And they both protested: ‘Why are you congratulating me?’ (Each one wrote me about this separately; they were living far from one another and only met afterwards.) ‘Why? You did the operation – you should be congratulated for my quick recovery.’ And in both cases the doctor replied, ‘No, no; we only operate, the body does the healing; you have healed yourself in a way which can qualify as miraculous, and I genuinely congratulate you.’ And then the two of them had the same reaction – they wrote to me saying, ‘We know where the miracle comes from.’ And they had both called me. Moreover, E. had

written me a remarkable letter a few days before her operation, where she quoted **the Gita** as if it were quite natural for her, and told me, ‘I know that the operation is ALREADY done, that the Lord has already done it, and so I am calm.’

Things like that, everywhere – and PRECISE! Something quite precise. Of course, to say that I work consciously is almost silly, it’s commonplace. But in many cases one may work consciously for long years without getting that precision in the result – the action enters a hazy atmosphere and makes a kind of stir, and out of it comes the best that can, but no more than that. But now it’s exact, precise – it’s becoming interesting.

And now I know why this sort of impersonalization of the material individuality is so important. It is very important for the exactness of this action, so that it is only – ONLY – the purest divine Will (if it can be put that way), expressing itself with a minimum of admixture. Any individualization or personalization results in admixture. But the divine Will acts like this (*direct gesture*).” The Mother’s Agenda/ **June 24, 1961**,

“This morning, I suddenly looked at my body (usually, I don’t look at it – I am inside it, working), I looked at my body and said to myself, ‘Let’s see, what would a witness say about this body?’ – the witness Sri Aurobindo speaks of in *The Synthesis of Yoga*. Nothing very remarkable. So I formulated it like this (*Mother reads a written note*):

‘This body has neither the uncontested authority of a god nor the imperturbable calm of the sage.’

So, what then?

‘It is as yet only an apprentice in supermanhood.’

That is all it is trying to be.

I saw and understood very well that by concentrating, I could have given it the attitude of the absolute authority of the eternal Mother. When Sri Aurobindo told me, ‘You are She,’ at the same time he bestowed upon my body this attitude of **absolute authority**. But as I had the inner vision of this truth, I concerned myself very little with the imperfections of the physical body – I didn’t bother about that, I only used it as an instrument. Sri Aurobindo did the sadhana for this body, which had only to remain constantly open to his action.’

Afterwards, when he left and I had to do the Yoga myself, to be able to take his physical place, I could have adopted the attitude of the sage, which is what I did since I was in an unparalleled state of calm when he left. As he left his body and entered into mine, he told me, ‘You will continue, you will go right to the end of the work.’ It was then that I imposed a calm upon this body – the calm of total detachment. And I could have remained like that.

But in a way, absolute calm implies withdrawal from action, so a choice had to be made between one or the other. I said to myself, ‘I am neither exclusively this nor exclusively that.’ **And actually, to do Sri Aurobindo’s work is to realize the**

Supramental on earth. So I began that work and, as a matter of fact, this was the only thing I asked of my body. I told it, ‘Now you shall set right everything which is out of order and gradually realize this intermediate supermanhood between man and the supramental being or, in other words, what I call the superman.’

And this is what I have been doing for the last eight years, and even much more during the past two years, since 1956. Now it is the work of each day, each minute.

That’s where I am. **I have renounced the uncontested authority of a god, I have renounced the unshakable calm of the sage ... in order to become the superman.** I have concentrated everything upon that.

We shall see.

I am learning to work. I am only an apprentice, simply an apprentice – I am learning the trade!” The Mother’s Agenda/ May 10, 1958

Yet still to ourselves we say rekindling faith,

“Oh, surely one day he shall come to our cry,

One day he shall create our life anew

And utter the magic formula of peace

And bring perfection to the scheme of things.

One day he shall descend to life and earth,

Leaving the secrecy of the eternal doors,

Into a world that cries to him for help,

And bring the truth that sets the spirit free,

The joy that is the baptism of the soul,

The strength that is the outstretched arm of Love.

One day he shall lift his beauty’s dreadful veil,

Impose delight on the world’s beating heart

And bare his secret body of light and bliss.” (Fulfilled in Supramental life.)

The Lord describes the plight of evolution of man...seeking for the infinite...

But now we strain to reach an unknown goal:

There is no end of seeking and of birth,

There is no end of dying and return;

The life that wins its aim asks greater aims,

The life that fails and dies must live again;

Till it has found itself it cannot cease.

All must be done for which life and death were made.

Its complementary line:

“All can be done if the god-touch is there.” Savitri-3

“All shall be done by the long act of time.” Savitri-691

But who shall say that even then is rest?

Or there repose and action are the same

In the deep breast of God’s supreme delight.

In a high state where ignorance is no more (SAT), (Jnana yoga)

Each movement is a wave of peace and bliss (ANANDA), (Bhakti Yoga)

Repose God’s motionless creative force (CHIT), (Karma Yoga)

Action a ripple in the Infinite

*And birth a gesture of Eternity.
A sun of transfiguration still can shine
And Night can bare its core of mystic light; (the experience of opening of
Inconscient and subconscious Self.)
The self-cancelling, self-afflicting paradox
Into a self-luminous mystery might change,
The imbroglia into a joyful miracle.
Then God could be visible here, here take a shape; (Supramental state.)
Disclosed would be the spirit's identity;
Life would reveal her true immortal face. (Cellular transformation.)*

“There is a certain truth in what you say about the empty cup – a certain emptying of the consciousness of old things is necessary before anything positive can settle itself. It is what is happening in your physical consciousness, the old movements are being emptied out and you fall quiet, but they press in again and the cup has to be repeatedly emptied. If there is a firm and persistent rejection, then this repeated return of the old movements will cease to be so persistent; the periods of quiet can be established and permanent. It is not however a fact that the whole nature has to be emptied of the old things before there can be the Light and Grace. It is done usually in different parts of the nature at different times. You had your former experiences because the mind and **higher vital** were sufficiently emptied and quiet to receive some experiences of a new consciousness. Now it is the physical mind, physical vital and body that have to be emptied – these always take longer than the others because the physical is more full of old habits, more slow to receive anything new or to change. But by the detachment and steady rejection and reliance on the Mother's force, this obstinacy can be overcome and the cup emptied for filling with the Divine Light.” January 15, 1937 Sri Aurobindo/The Mother's Agenda-12th June-1971

But now a termless labour is her fate:
In its recurrent decimal of events
Birth, death are a ceaseless iteration's points;
The old question-mark margins each finished page,
Each volume of her effort's history.

**A limping Yes through the aeons journeys still
Accompanied by an eternal No.**

All seems in vain, yet endless is the game.
Impassive turns the ever-circling Wheel,
Life has no issue, death brings no release.
A prisoner of itself the being lives
And keeps its futile immortality;
Extinction is denied, its sole escape.
An error of the gods has made the world.
Or indifferent the Eternal watches Time.

*Here King Aswapati entered the mental negation where the creation is
realised as the error of the God. This negation has to be transformed into*

complete affirmation where this existence is accepted as proclaimed by the heavenly sage Narad:

“Time’s unforeseen event, **God’s secret plan.**
This world was not built with random bricks of Chance,
A blind god is not destiny’s architect;
A conscious power has drawn the plan of life,
There is a meaning in each curve and line.” Savitri-459
END OF CANTO SIX

Divine Amar Atman!

My Dearest Divine Child,

‘Auroprem’

My sweet child,

Always you will be able to find the mother in work as well as in concentration and silence. It is quite possible even if there is the silence within you and no restless movement, to move and act and do all that is actual needful. My child, it is in fact when all within is silent, free from desire and with no restless movement that the Mother’s force can act best and do things in the right way. Now I am making my child as Divine and I can use as my own for HER work and manifestation.....

-“ The Divine Grace and Power can do everything, but with the full assent of the sadhak. To learn to give that full assent is the whole meaning of the sadhana.”- Sri Aurobindo

My sweet child, You are my true child.....But I have to wait for you patiently.....I know it well...

With my Eternal love & special blessings.....

Your loving mother

At Their Feet

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:

“All that we seek for is prefigured there **(in the subtle vital and Psychic sheath)** (our seeking for joy and happiness find their home ready made there)

And all we have not known nor ever sought

Which yet one day must be born in human hearts

That the Timeless may fulfil itself in things.” Savitri-176

“The beings of that world of greater life,
Tenants of a larger air and freer space (compared to earth and lower planes),
Live not by the body or in outward things: **(they are invisible beings helping human endeavour and seeking.)**

A deeper living was their seat of self.” Savitri-183

“Identified in soul-vision and soul-sense,
Entering into her depths as into a house,
All he became that she was or longed to be,
He thought with her thoughts and journeyed with her steps,
Lived with her breath and scanned all with her eyes
That so he might learn the secret of her soul.” Savitri-191

“In her mazes of approach and of retreat **(the ascending and descending steps of this plane)**

To every side she draws him and repels,
But drawn too near escapes from his embrace; **(The play of Ishwara and Ishwari.)**

All ways she leads him but no way is sure.” Savitri-193

“Only a mighty murmur here and there

Of the eternal Word, the blissful Voice

Or Beauty’s touch transfiguring heart and sense,

A wandering splendour and a mystic cry,

Recalls the strength and sweetness heard no more.” Savitri-195

**“We are chased by a self we cannot now recall
And moved by a Spirit we must still become.**

***As one who has lost the kingdom of his soul,
We look back to some god-phase of our birth
Other than this imperfect creature here
And hope in this or a diviner world
To recover yet from Heaven's patient guard
What by our mind's forgetfulness we miss,
Our being's natural felicity,
Our heart's delight we have exchanged for grief,
The body's thrill we bartered for mere pain,
The bliss for which our mortal nature yearns
As yearns an obscure moth to blazing Light."* Savitri-199**

The More Important Secret of this chapter:

"She shuts eternity into an hour

And fills a little soul with the Infinite;

The Immobile leans to the magic of her call;

She stands on a shore in the Illimitable,

Perceives the formless Dweller in all forms (the Atma)

And feels around her infinity's embrace." Savitri-177

"He stood with her on meditating peaks (Experience of Transcendence)

Where life and being are a sacrament

Offered to the Reality beyond,

And saw her loose into infinity" Savitri-191

The Most Important Secret of this chapter:

"A fire to call eternity into Time,

Make body's joy as vivid as the soul's,

Earth she would lift to neighbourhood with heaven,

Labours life to equate with the Supreme

And reconcile the Eternal and the Abyss." Savitri-196

"Our life's repose is in the Infinite;

It cannot end, its end is Life supreme." Savitri-197

"A sun of transfiguration still can shine

And Night can bare its core of mystic light; (the experience of opening of Inconscient and

subconscious Self.)

**The self-cancelling, self-afflicting paradox
Into a self-luminous mystery might change,
The imbroglio into a joyful miracle.
Then God could be visible here, here take a shape; (Supramental state.)
Disclosed would be the spirit's identity;
Life would reveal her true immortal face.” Savitri-200-01 (Cellular transformation.)**

Om Namo Bhagavateh

“And a **touch** of sure delight in unsure things:” Savitri-174
“Some hue of the **Absolute could fall on life**,” Savitri-176
“A world she made touched by truth’s fleeing hem,” Savitri-178
“**It feels a saviour touch, a ray divine:**” Savitri-179
“It (child Soul) can only near and touch (the Supramental), it cannot hold” Savitri-179
“In Art and life they catch the All-Beautiful’s ray” Savitri-185
“Her touch that moves, her powers that seize and drive.” Savitri-191
“And moved by her **casual** touch to joy and grief,
He loses himself in her but wins her not. **(complete union is possible in
Supramental.)**
A fugitive paradise smiles at him from her eyes:
He dreams of her beauty made for ever his,
He dreams of his mastery her limbs shall bear,
He dreams of the magic of her breasts of bliss.” Savitri-193
“**Brief are her snatches of felicity
That touch the surface, then escape or die:**” Savitri-194
“A fateful hand has touched the cosmic chords” Savitri-194
“**Or Beauty’s touch transfiguring heart and sense,**” Savitri-195

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

25.10.2020

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. Happy Vijaya Dashami to you and Auroprem. This Book-2, Canto-6 gives us input regarding the action of higher vital beings, action of higher Nature of Para-prakriti which can give us Divine’s touch and not His embrace; in this plane twilight is not entirely abolished, hence its door is open to both gods and Beings of higher planes and hostile agencies of Subconscious world; the greatness of this world is to seek Soul saving Truth tirelessly and create and manifest new forms. For him (King) this higher ‘Life was a search but finding (of the Absolute) never came.’

It speaks of primarily of self-concentration through endless unfolding of Truth, utilize subjective time as endless pilgrimage and secondarily of self expansion of working out timeless mystery in Time and utilize objective space for Divine creation and manifestation.

In that higher plane, from every thought and feeling an action is born and every action is a symbol and means of descent of higher Divine Power and this universe is built by this descended truth and myth. **‘But what she needed most (of conscious emergence of full *Sachchidananda* in its own creation) she cannot build.’** From the truth of this intermediate world the Religion and Modern Science and other creative forces of Mother Nature are born.

This Canto gives hint to learn the lesson to open towards Divine’s constant touch or the New Consciousness that is now active in earth’s atmosphere or as Satyavan spoke to Savitri in the early period of his Sadhana, ‘I lived in the ray but faced not the sun.’ (Savitri-407) This will help in the long run to open towards Supramental Sunlight. There are still many more secrets and missing links which I am now not able to explore.

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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