The Real Awakener

Further Lights on the Path

Words of the Mother – 23

(Selections from Miscellaneous sources)

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In the night as in the day be always with me.

In Sleep as in waking let me feel in me always the reality of your presence.

Let it sustain and make to grow in me Truth, Consciousness and Bliss constantly and at all times.

– Sri Aurobindo
(Champaklal Speaks, P. VII)



"...The One whom we adore as the Mother is the divine Conscious Force that dominates all existence, one and yet so many-sided that to follow her movement is impossible even for the quickest mind and for the freest and most vast intelligence. The Mother is the consciousness and force of the Supreme and far above all she creates...."

– Sri Aurobindo
(CWSA 32, P. 14)

I. Champaklal Speaks

1. Champaklal Becomes a Demigod*

"On 22nd December, Mother told me: "There is something in your nature that has to be removed. It is not an easy task. Leave it to us, we shall do it."

Later, on the day fixed by the Mother, Amrita, Purushottam and I presented ourselves before her in the verandah upstairs. **Mother called Amrita 'the Hound of Heaven'; she often did some of her occult work through Purushottam.*** When we three went upstairs we found Mother seated in Sri Aurobindo's chair. She looked very different that day, really magnificent.

The occult work began. I was made to lie on the floor and went into a half-conscious state. **The Maheshwari aspect of the Mother commenced her work thorough Purushottam. He sat on my body and pummelled and kneaded it thoroughly; I could hear the sound of his blows but, I was completely passive. The pounding went on for almost an hour.** (Hearing the noise, Purani rushed upstairs, but seeing the Mother, he went back quietly.) Also, a lot of hairs were pulled out of my head; later they were offered to Mother who took them in her hand and gave certain instructions regarding them.

Immediately after the work was over I rushed to Mother and embraced her. For a long time she held me close to her

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** The titles marked with an * are from the original. All the unmarked titles in the text are from the editor.*

** Bold letters in the text, used here for emphasis, are from the editor and are not there in the original.*

like a small child and made me a divine child. What can I say about my experiences during that session?

When Mother narrated all that had happened to Sri Aurobindo, he remarked, "Champaklal has become a demigod."

I do not know whether I became a demigod, but I do know that for a long time afterwards I felt very different, as if my very existence had become Their instrument. I felt like I was walking in the air, not on the earth, though my feet were on the ground. It was something peculiar. I felt totally changed. I don't remember when this experience stopped. The whole thing was mysterious and beyond imagination.

I recall another session of the Mother's occult working. One day some of us were meditating around her in the same verandah. Among us was Suvrata. **The meditation began; suddenly, I saw Purushottam getting up, going straight to Suvrata and giving her a resounding slap. Hearing this unexpected sound many opened their eyes and were astonished at what they saw. The Mother's eyes had remained open and steady throughout; she looked majestic. Later she told me that this action had removed some of Suvrata's difficulties.**" (71-72)

2. Two Lotuses*

"I wanted to offer something to the Mother. And I got the idea of painting two lotuses, one white and the other red.

Curiously, I received two beautiful lotuses and took up the painting. But due to other work I could not finish them in a day. These too, like my other paintings, I did during my lunch time as it gave me great joy. It took some days before I

could finish them little by little. Naturally it would have been better if the colouring could have been done in one sitting. However the result was not bad and it was with great joy that I took the paintings to Mother on my birthday on 2 February 1940.

She received them very well indeed and exclaimed: "Oh! Very pretty! Very pretty!" She wondered how I could get time to do them. She took them in both hands and with a broad smile said: "I give them to you, Champaklal! Take them, they are for you. They are very pretty. You keep them."

I did not answer and did not take them. And she repeated: "Take them, Champaklal, I give them to you as my present."

C: "But Mother! I have done them for you."

Seeing the state of my mind she found a way out. She gave another broad smile and said softly, almost in a whisper: "Champaklal, I will take them to Sri Aurobindo and I will ask him to write on them."

I said: "Mother! Are you taking them to Sri Aurobindo? If so, it would be very nice if you ask him to write the significance. Mother! Sri Aurobindo will write on the white lotus and you will write on the red one."

When Mother brought them to Sri Aurobindo I was there. She showed them to him and said: "See, how nice they are! Today is Champaklal's birthday; he has done these paintings for me. If you write the significance on them I will give them to him. He wants you to write on the white lotus and I on the red."

With a beautiful affectionate smile Sri Aurobindo said: "Umm." Then he wrote above the white lotus:

Aditi
The Divine Mother

And under the red lotus he wrote:

To Champaklal
With blessings

2.2.40 **Sri Aurobindo**

After writing, he looked at me and gave a sweet smile. Then above the red lotus Mother wrote:

The Avatar
Sri Aurobindo

And under the white lotus she wrote:

To Champaklal
With blessings to my dear child

2.2.40 **Mother**

Then Mother told me not to show the lotuses to anybody.

But you know that after many years blocks were made out of these paintings and printed for distribution. Do not ask me why I was told not to show them to anybody at one time as later things were changed. Obviously **circumstances changed and the Mother never stood rigidly by what she said on an earlier occasion under different conditions. There are so many instances of this kind.**" (102-06)

3. Disease and Fear*

"10.9.1949

The Mother was speaking to Satyakarma, while Amrita and I were present. She said that once she did not take anything – not even drop of water – for ten full days. Since then she

suffered from acidity and it was still continuing. She looked at Amrita and asked him if he remembered in what year it was. "1920," replied Amrita.

Mother told Satyakarma: "The doctor says you must change your diet. One who normally takes vegetables must take meat and one who is used to meat must change over to vegetables."

C: "Mother, after some time the doctors will find another remedy."

Mother: "Of course they will. The most important thing is not to fear at all – under any condition. Most people suffer due to fear rather than the disease. Even if the heart is bad, or there is appendicitis or liver trouble, the way to cure it is to have absolutely no fear and a strong will. Under no circumstances should you have any fear." " (164-65)

4. Useless to Guide*

"4.11.1949

The Mother came to Sri Aurobindo's room as usual. She told him;

"Today I am going to see X, but I do not feel like seeing him. Every time he says 'Yes, yes', and never does what I say. There are men who are creatures of circumstances, and there are those who master them. This man is ruled by circumstances. What is the use of my guidance? It is useless." " (170)

5. Raman Maharshi*

"20.4.1950

When the Mother came to Sri Aurobindo's room today,

she spoke of Kapali Sastri's devotion and his new opening. She also mentioned the new opening that Ganapati Sastri had.

Mother said: Ramana Maharshi had been coming to me for the last two days. I had not known, at that time, that he had passed away. But I had a very strong feeling."*" (202)

6. Our All in All

"**Take advantage of the circumstances to get rid of all attachment to the members of your family.**

You must learn that you have no more brothers, sister, father, mother, except Sri Aurobindo and myself, and you must feel free and unconcerned whatever happens to them. We are your whole family, your protection, your all in all." (338)

7. Man and the Supermind

"Man must understand that in spite of all his intellectual achievements he is as incapable of perceiving the supramental vibrations as the animal was incapable of perceiving the mental vibrations when they pervaded the earth before the appearance of the human species." (398)

*

* *Raman Maharshi passed away on April 14th. At the time of his departure Mother was sitting outdoors in the Playground taking her French class. When a large shooting star passed through the evening sky, she is reported to have said, "A great soul has passed away."*

II. Guidance in Work

1. Strength and Grace Given for Work

"Here, for each work given, the full strength and Grace are always given at the same time to do the work as it has to be done. If you do not feel the strength and the Grace it proves that there is some mistake in your attitude. The faith is lacking or you have fallen back on old tracks and old creeds and thus you lose all receptivity." (11)

1 October 1952

2. A Good Advice to all the Ashramites

"**When you have nothing pleasant to say about something or somebody in the Ashram, keep silent.**

You must know that this silence is faithfulness to the Divine's work." (21)

October 1962

3. Feeling Miserable in the Ashram

"**People who feel miserable here and find that they have not the comfort they require ought not to stay. We are not in a position to do more than we do, and, after all, our aim is not to give to people a comfortable life but to prepare them for a Divine Life which is quite a different affair.**" (48)

1964

4. The Vital World

"*Mother,*

I have been reading Sri Aurobindo's "Love and Death". Do such vast regions of eternal night and sorrow as described there really exist? And do we go there after death? They seem to be like hell, with all their sorrow, gloom, darkness and the roaring rivers. Which part of the being goes there and why?

The vital world is mostly like that and those who live exclusively in the physical and the vital go there after death. . . But there is the Grace!. . ." (82)

2 August 1966

5. Human Passions in Work

"When human passions guide the work, I can only stand apart as a witness. I am politely informed of what is decided – never asked for what is to be done.

I cannot give orders because if orders were disobeyed it would automatically lead to a catastrophe.

So there is nothing else to do than to wait patiently for the passions to cool down and. .. hope for the best.

Perhaps some people may wake up to the necessity of working hard...

With love and blessings." (92-93)

19 April 1967

6. Bitterness in Life

"**All bitterness in life always comes from the ego refusing to abdicate.**

Blessings." (118)

Undated

III. Sri Aurobindo and Mother to Prithwi Singh

1. The Divine Will and the Present Human Civilisation

"My dear child,

I do not see that the Supramental will act in the way you expect from It. Its action will be to effectuate the Divine's Will upon earth whatever that may be. On men Its action will be to turn their will consciously or unconsciously on their part towards the way in which the Divine's Will wants them to go.

But **I cannot promise you that the Divine's will is to preserve the present human civilisation.**

My love and blessings

Mother
30 August 1945" (136)

2. Translating Savitri

"Prithwi Singh, my dear child,

If you want me to express frankly my view of this affair, I must say that I consider Savitri as untranslatable and will never encourage a translation of it except as a personal exercise for the sake of concentration on this unique marvel; but surely not for publication. That is why I cannot attach any importance to this contention.

With my love and blessings

Mother
14 December 1961

*

Prithwi Singh

Certainly you can continue the translation of Savitri for your own benefit and I am sure that the help from Sri Aurobindo will always be with you.

With love and blessings

Mother

15 December 1961" (165-66)

* * *

3. Comet Ikeya-Seki

"Something amusing has happened. You know that there is a new comet?... This morning around four, I saw the comet, and suddenly I found myself in a state above the earth, and I saw a being who seemed to be associated with this comet. He had red hair (but not an aggressive red), a white body, but not pure white: a golden white, as if he were naked, but he didn't give an impression of being naked, or of wearing any clothes either (I have noticed this several times already), sexless – neither man nor woman. And it was a young being, charming, full of a sort of joy ... and he was spreading in the earth atmosphere a sort of substance that was heavier than Matter – not heavier, but denser – and jelly-like. It was as though he had taken advantage of the comet passing near the earth to spread that substance. And at the same time, I was told it was "to help for the transformation of the earth." And he showed me how to make that substance circulate in the atmosphere.

It was charming: a young being, full of joy, as if dancing, and spreading that substance everywhere.

It lasted a long time. For several hours I remained in it.

*

The other day I told you about that comet, and something amusing has happened. Just for fun I said to myself, "Oh, it would be quite interesting to see this comet as it can be seen through the most powerful telescope ever invented." And barely had the thought come (it was last night) when I heard, "Look." So I opened my eyes, and I saw the comet, big like this, very big, as it could be seen with the most powerful telescope, quite bright, with its tail! And the interesting thing was that just beside it (not like the comet's tail, but just next to it), there was a star, a sort of star, but quite small, and very bright, which seemed to me of a very peculiar interest.

And the effect is going on. That substance I told you about is still acting in the earth atmosphere." (171-72)

* **

IV. Nirodbaran: Twelve Years with Sri Aurobindo

1. Sri Aurobindo's Support to Britain

"When somebody asked the Mother why England was meeting reverses in spite of Sri Aurobindo's support, she replied, **"If he had not helped Britain, she would have been swallowed up by Hitler long ago."** " (140)

20 October, 1940

2. The Mother's Occult Help to Individuals During the Second World War

"It will be interesting to note here how the Mother helped people even individually in her occult manner during the War. I have learnt it from the sadhika whom I have quoted elsewhere. She said, "Once we were having a talk on the Mother's trance in her presence, She was listening to it with an amused smile. Her personal attendant said, 'You don't know what embarrassing situations I had to face sometimes. Holding in her hand a glass of water I had given her to drink, she would go into trance and her body would sway from side to side, while I was waiting and waiting. In this way at any time she would go away somewhere in her trance.' Then the Mother explained, 'During these years of the war, people used to call me in their great distress and I appeared to them at once, leaving everything behind.'

" 'But, Mother,' I said, 'people don't know you.'

"Looking at me she replied, 'That doesn't matter. **Wherever people call the Divine in any form, I answer to**

their call. I shall tell you what happened one day. The Germans were bombing France heavily. Two children, sister and brother, had gone to school. When they returned, they could not find their house nor their parents: they were destroyed. The elder sister clasping the brother began to call her parents and the brother was trembling in fear like a leaf. Suddenly a cry to God reached me surging from the depth of the heart. I had to go immediately. Making some provision for them I returned.' " " (141-42)

20 October, 1940

3. The Mother's Stand on the Cripps Proposal

"…In the evening Sir Stafford Cripps broadcast his Proposals to the Indian people, from Delhi; they were discussed everywhere. In P's room the radio was installed and a connection made to Sri Aurobindo's room so that he might listen to the war-news and reports from all quarters of the globe, except from the Axis zones.

"The next day at about 2 p.m., after the All India Radio news at 1.30, there was a hot discussion among three sadhaks, including P, in his room. P took the standpoint of the purely spiritual man, who judges by looking at what is behind appearances. It seemed that he had already spoken with the Mother and thus was arguing forcefully for the acceptance of the Proposals. The second person was an experienced politician of the Gandhian Congress days and took the negative position. He argued the pros and cons of the Proposals and was of the opinion that the Indian leaders would reject them. The third a novice, with no political experience, was more for its acceptance. The discussion

became hotter and hotter, so much so that the Mother, while going from Her bath-room to Her dressing room, was attracted by the unusual volume of sound. She did not enter Her dressing room, but turned Her steps towards P's room. Before entering there, She heard part of the argument. Then She stepped in and asked, 'What is it all about?' P said that one person argued that Cripps' offer would not be accepted by the Indian leaders. The Mother felt amused and inquired, 'Why?' By then She had sat on the chair that was in front of Her. It was a very unusual and interesting scene; the Mother, still in Her beautiful Japanese kimono just out of the bath, didn't seem to care to change Her dress, and was more interested in the arguments against the acceptance. Then She began to talk with a very calm and distinct voice. One could see that She who had entered a few minutes ago had been transported somewhere else and the voice was coming from that plane....

"She said something to this effect: 'One should leave the matter of the Cripps' offer entirely in the hands of the Divine, with full confidence that the Divine will work everything out. Certainly there were flaws in the offer. Nothing on earth created by man is flawless, because the human mind has a limited capacity. **Yet behind this offer there is the Divine Grace directly present. The Grace is now at the door of India, ready to give its help. In the history of a nation such opportunities do not come often. The Grace presents itself at rare moments, after centuries of preparation of that nation. If it is accepted, the nation will survive and get a new birth in the Divine's consciousness. But if it is rejected the Grace will withdraw and then the nation will suffer terribly, calamity will overtake it.**

" 'Only some months ago, the same Grace presented itself at the door of France, immediately after the fall of Dunkirk, in the form of Churchill's offer to her to have joint nationality with England and fight the enemy. Sri Aurobindo said that it was the right idea, and it would also have helped His work immensely. But France could not raise herself above the ordinary mind, and rejected it. So the Grace withdrew and the Soul of France has gone down. One doesn't know when the real France will be up again.

" 'But India with her background of intense spiritual development through the ages, must realise the Grace that is behind this offer. It is not simply a human offering. Of course its form has been given by the human mind, and it has elements of imperfection in it. But that does not matter at all. Have faith in the Grace and leave everything to the Divine who will surely work it out.

" 'My ardent request to India is that she should not reject it. She must not make the same mistake that France has done recently and that has plunged her into the abyss.'

"As soon as She had finished speaking She hurried back to Her dressing room, without a word or a look at anybody. Later, on the same day, the first of April, 1942, when She returned from the Prosperity after the distribution, She disclosed that, Sri Aurobindo had already sent a telegram to Sir Stafford, and the latter had reciprocated very heartily, and both the telegrams were being put on the notice board by Nolini. We then read the messages and were very much encouraged.

"But the next day or the day after it, the Congress announced that it had rejected the offer. The Mother was quite

unperturbed; She only said, 'Now calamity will befall India.'

"The events that followed in India right up to now need no mention.. We have been paying all along for our mistake."(152-55)

20 October, 1940

V. Nirodbaran: Memorable Contacts with The Mother

1. The Mother's Occult Work in the Abode of Doubt

" "Do you want to hear my story? Well, it was somewhere at the beginning of the year, March or April, I don't remember, because I haven't noted it down. **One night as I had gone into the subconscient – I was working there, I actually went down – I came to a place filled with doubt, depression, etc. It was the abode of Doubt. There in a big public hall I was doing my work. Many people were constantly moving to and fro. I saw people trying hard to throw away their doubts but they were returning again and again.**

"After some time, I saw that there was another hall inside and I was told that Sri Aurobindo was there. So I went in that direction and knocked at the door. I could not see anything inside. When someone came, I told him that I wanted to see Sri Aurobindo. He answered rather rudely, 'You can't see him; he won't see you.' A bit surprised, I came away quietly. After a while I went back and knocked again. This time I could have a glimpse of the interior through a slit in the door. I noticed particularly three people, you, D and S. Somebody came, the same person as before or another, I don't know, and opened the door. When I repeated my desire to see Sri Aurobindo he replied, 'You can never see him and he will never see you. You are insincere; what you are doing is all for power, fame and ambition.' As he said this, I saw a tall figure, taller than Sri Aurobindo; he was thin and appeared to be like Sri Aurobindo, but was really a hostile force. He came and stood in front as if to give support to his statement. He was cruel,

hard, full of rigid principles; no love, no compassion at all. It was, I believe, a sort of distant distorted figure of a part of Sri Aurobindo's mind, or what they believed to be Sri Aurobindo's mind. Looking at that figure I said, 'It is a negation of all spiritual experience.' Till then you were not taking any part in all this; you were sitting somewhere inside. But as soon as I uttered that sentence, you came forward like this (*stretching out her arms*) and exclaimed, 'Mother, you have helped me a lot; you have given Light, Force...' And immediately everything vanished. Sri Aurobindo came out and descended into my body, full of love.

"I uttered my sentence, 'It is a negation of all spiritual experience,' with great power, but you see, it required some exterior support and when you came out with that support, that hostile force could not withstand any longer.

"You remember Sri Aurobindo was writing to X about X's doubt, not to play with it but to throw it away, that it was fatal to harbour it. So perhaps X had made a formation with something from his own mind and mixed it with something of what he thought to be Sri Aurobindo's mind; it is all very complex. He was citing broken phrases and sentences from Sri Aurobindo; you know those sharp, compact expressions, but quite out of the context, they were absolutely false and meaningless.

"I wanted to follow up this experience and see what consequences it would produce. I began to work on it and then saw that a sort of big load was lifted off your head and you appeared luminous. There was a prodigious change in you. Formerly I used to see, while you were working at your table or at other times, this dark load above your head. Now

all that has gone for ever. That is why I said that your prayers were granted. *Voilà*." " (106-08)

2. The Mother and Nishikanta's Illness

"The second topic that I discussed with the Mother was about my old ailing friend Nishikanta. He was at this time suffering from T. B. and had been admitted to the Jipmer hospital. I often used to visit him and inform the Mother about his condition. A new aspect of the poet Nishikanta was revealed to me. Living for days in a T. B. ward among patients from a very ordinary class of people and almost every week one of them going to the other world, amidst the loud lamentations of relatives, Nishikanta remained supremely detached and preserved his native wit and humour. One day, however, something went wrong and all on a sudden his urine stopped flowing. The surgeon wanted to remove his enlarged prostate but he refused to undergo any operation. At last he agreed provided the Mother gave her consent. When I put the case before her, she asked, "What does he say?" "He doesn't want it, Mother," I replied. "Well, then, there is no question," she said in a firm tone. Then looking at me she added in a grave voice, "Do you remember what happened five or six years ago? Nishikanta was dying. All of you brought him to me in that critical state. He took hold of my foot, placed it on his chest and prayed, 'Mother, I want to live.' "

"Yes, I remember, Mother. It is much more than five years. Now, he would like to see Sri Aurobindo's centenary before he passes away. You have to fulfil his prayer," I replied.

"If he has faith," she answered with a smile. And with that faith he carried on till the year 1973, when on 19th May,

leaving behind a lifetime's trail of poetic splendour, he disappeared from our earth.

My visits to the Mother were also cut short as had happened before, owing to her illness. I do not recollect when exactly the contact was re-established. Very probably from the next year, i.e. 1968. I used to see her once a week which again came to a halt because of her ill health.

I may give a brief account of the miraculous intervention to which the Mother is referring here. I have already dwelt upon it at length in my article on Nishikanta. He had fallen seriously ill. It was a matter of life and death. The Mother said to me: "Tell him that I want to see him on the 24th. Gathering all his strength, he must come on that occasion."

The occasion was 24th April, 1956. In 1955 the Mother had spoken to me about the manifestation of the Supermind which, she was expecting, would take place on 24th April, 1956. But then it manifested on 29th February, 1956; and on the 24th of April of that year it was first announced. Nishikanta had written to the Mother to keep him alive till that date and the Mother had given him her word. Now there were only three more days to go and he was on his death-bed. Somehow he survived till the Darshan day. Just after the darshan was over, we brought him on a stretcher for the Mother's darshan. The stretcher was placed at the foot of the staircase. She came down followed by Pranab and others. We raised the stretcher. Nishikanta stretched out his feeble hands. The Mother at once clutched them with both her hands and, drawing them towards herself, silently smiled into his wide open supplicating eyes. Then with her delicate fingers she smoothed his anguished brow, wiping away, as it were, all the dark karmic scripts from

it. Suddenly Nishikanta, pointing to his chest, whispered haltingly, "Mother, your foot here!" The stretcher was put down. The Mother holding Pranab's arm for support placed her right foot gently upon his chest. Nishikanta pressed it with his trembling hands. Sri Aurobindo's mantric verse came to my mind:

Heal with her feet the aching throb of life.

In the evening when I went to see Nishikanta, there was no longer that fevered restlessness; the face and body breathed serenity. In a low voice he said, "That hell-fire within has subsided. Ah! the body has become ice-cool. Every cell is soothed with peace and peace."

This was the miracle that happened before our eyes in 1956. Nishikanta lived on seventeen years more!

To return to my story:

In a talk about my sadhana, I told the Mother, "During meditation I feel some Force coming down to my head, but when I try to bring it further down into my heart, I cannot. What should I do? Will Mother help me?" She said, "I should not disturb the action, it will create a lot of trouble. Let it follow its own natural course."" (118-21)

3. The Two Reasons for the Difficulties

""**…There are two reasons for the difficulties in general. One is the people's inertia. They need blows in order to wake up. The other is more serious; it is a sort of liking, a preference, for dramas, which invites the blows."** Apropos of the subject of inertia, she went on, "When we were working in the physical cells, Sri Aurobindo realised the difficulty of transforming the mind of the physical cells. I am not

speaking of the physical mind or physical consciousness. He thought of leaving the mind of the physical cells alone. Then I saw that their refusal to change was not due to any bad will but to ignorance. The cells have a great aspiration and the progress is steady, there is no vacillation as in the mind or the vital. So Sri Aurobindo, before he left his body, entrusted to me this work and said that I alone could do it, but it takes long and I can't give sufficient time to it. I work upon it only in the first part of the night. In the second part I go about visiting people. Otherwise they go wrong. When the work in the cells will have been finished, there won't be any further difficulty.'" (121-22)

4. Double Attraction for Sri Krishna and the Mother

"A disciple had sent through me a letter to the Mother saying that she had a strong double attraction, one for Sri Krishna and the other for the Mother. She could not leave either. What should she do?

The Mother answered, "Why double attraction? There is no opposition. When I used to walk in the verandah of Sri Aurobindo's first house [the Guest House], Krishna used to walk with me. Sri Aurobindo would see us from his room, but nobody else could.'" (144)

5. Sri Aurobindo – An Emanation of the Supreme

"Another message of the Mother on Sri Aurobindo gave rise to a question which she herself answered. It was given for a collection of original essays by several writers on Sri Aurobindo, which Arabinda edited.* It was published by the Sri Aurobindo Research Institute of which the Mother was

* *Sri Aurobindo, A Garland of Tributes.*

the President and he was the Director. The message was:

"Sri Aurobindo is an emanation of the Supreme who came on earth to announce the manifestation of a new race and a new world: the Supramental.

Let us prepare for it in sincerity and eagerness."

A sadhak asked Arabinda about the phrase "an emanation of the Lord", "Was not Sri Aurobindo the Lord himself?" Arabinda referred the sadhak to me and I took his question to the Mother. She replied, "**There is no essential difference, but the Lord is all and Sri Aurobindo is a part but conscious of the Supreme of whom he is an emanation."**

" Then, is he not all?" I queried.

"*Voyons*," she replied, a bit testily, "the Lord is everywhere. Is Sri Aurobindo everywhere? He has a body by which he is confined to a place, but his consciousness is everywhere."*" (148-49)

6. Pranama – The Attitude of the Indians and the Europeans

"…The Indians believe or have the experience that the Divine lives in the human being. The Europeans don't believe it. For them, he is somewhere above. He has incarnated only in Jesus Christ. So they don't bow down to any human person. But if one bows down to a person who has embodied the Divine Consciousness – of course with faith – then that person can more easily transmit his consciousness or experience to the other." (160)

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* *For a full exposition of the subject, see Amal Kiran's article in* Mother India*, August 1973.*

7. The True Significance of Pranam

"Two or three days later, the Mother explained in French to T, a Frenchman, the significance of the pranam, when he was receiving her blessings before our departure. He did not usually do pranam; he would hold her hand only. Rendered into free English the significance would be explained somewhat as follows:

"This experience, when one has it in all sincerity, is the consecration to the Divine... in the entire creation. And this is the origin of the gesture... it is like a recognition... a surrender to Him in the creation.

"This is the true meaning. Naturally, there is not one in a thousand who does it in this way,... but it is the true meaning of this gesture."

What a deep meaning she revealed in the pranam, something truly wonderful!…" (160-61)

8. The Meaning of Om Namo Bhagwate for the Mother

"The Mother had explained in one of our previous talks what this mantra meant for her. She had said, "These three words, for me they mean:

Om – I implore the Supreme Lord

namo – pranam (obéissance) to him

bhagavaté – make me 'divine'.

This is the translation... it has, for me, the power to make everything calm."*" (162)

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* *Evidently it is not a literal translation, but as the Mother says, it is what it means for her.*

9. The Mother's Withdrawal – What is Expected of Us Now

"…The Mother had made us forget Sri Aurobindo's most painful absence by her all-encompassing divine love and solicitude. But who is there to console us now? Who shall guide and protect us? We have to seek for that consolation within our hearts.

As Nolini says,

"The Mother's physical body was our protection; we did not suffer the full consequences of our Karma because her body acted as a buffer.... Her body bore our burden and relieved us of the misery otherwise due to us. Mankind, the world even, does not know the saving Grace that her material frame brought to them.

"Since we have no longer the support of her body on which we depended most exclusively, we are compelled to seek the true support, the support of her consciousness, the inner reality – her inner presence, her living Person within....

"It is there, living and glorious in its beauty and power and is still at work within us and around us in the world incessantly towards the final consummation of its material embodiment.

"What is expected of us is to see this golden Mother within us and try to become as she always wanted, her golden children, within and without." " (167-68)

VI. Nirodbaran's Correspondence with Sri Aurobindo, Vol. 2

1. The Mother's Comments on the Correspondence

1. "Here is what she said to the disciple:

Nirod is reading out to me his correspondence with Sri Aurobindo, and it contains all the things (it's amusing), the things I said long, long afterwards, and I didn't know that he had written them! – exactly the same thing. I was very much interested.

In this correspondence, **he told Nirod in a letter (he said it several times): "I may take a fancy to leave my body before the supramental realisation…" He said that a few years before he died. He had felt it.**

(Silence)

But he spoke of a transformation that would come before the advent of the first supramental being. And that was what he told me. He told me that his body was not capable of bearing this transformation, that mine was more capable – he repeated it.

But it is difficult. I told you so the other day.

Food, especially, is… it has become a labour." (vi)

January 19, 1972

2. "There are extraordinary things in there. He seems to be joking all the time but… it's extraordinary.

You see, I lived – how many years? Thirty years, I think, with Sri Aurobindo – thirty years from 1920 to 1950. I thought I knew him well, and then when I hear this, I

realise that… (*Mother makes a gesture as if to indicate a breaking of bounds.*)" (vi)

February 16, 1972

3. "According to what Nirod is reading out to me now of his correspondence with Sri Aurobindo, it seems to have been the same thing for Sri Aurobindo. Because, according to what he wrote (you will see when you read it), I am always the doer. He says: "Mother says, Mother does, Mother…" You see, as far as the organisation of the Ashram is concerned (relations with people and all that), it would seem that, quite naturally, all the time, it is all done through me.

And you know, from the point of view of humour, I have never read anything more wonderful, oh! He had a way of looking at things… it's incredible. Incredible. But **it seems that for him, the outside world was something… absurd, you know.**

(…)

Oh! it's very strange. It's very strange. **Since my childhood all my effort has been to (how can I put it?) achieve a total indifference – neither annoying nor pleasant. Since my childhood, I remember a consciousness which tried… That was what Sri Aurobindo meant – an indifference. Oh! it's strange. Now I realise why he said that I was the one who could attempt to effect the transition between the human and the supramental consciousness. He said so. He told me, and he says it, it is recorded in Nirod's thing. And I understand why…**

Ah! I understand.

Yes, I understand." (vi-vii)

April 26, 1972

4. "I am hearing – through Nirod – **things that Sri Aurobindo said, and he himself says that he contradicted himself a considerable number of times … (…) and that, of course, the two or three different ways are true.** So we can be as wide as he!

In fact his understanding was very flexible – very flexible. While listening to the things he said, **I felt that I had understood very little of what he meant. And now that I am more and more in touch with the supramental Consciousness, I can see that it is extremely flexible – flexible and complex – and that it is our narrow human consciousness that sees things… (*Mother draws little squares in the air*) fixed and definite.**

(…)

And I can see that when one goes above the mind, it becomes… it is like waves on the sea." (vii)

February 14, 1973

VII. Dilip Kumar Roy: Sri Aurobindo Came to Me

1. Rules in the Ashram Life

"…one day I asked the Mother who was in charge of our Ashram. She was very kind and explained to me at once, the gist of which was that nowhere in the world could an institution carry on without some laws laid down or codes formulated for general guidance. "But," she added instantly, **"I do mean it when I say that I would have *no* rules at all if the Ashram could be run without them. Also I am wide-awake and hold that all rules should come from within. So I never sanction more codes than are absolutely necessary."**" (8)

2. The Place of the Mother's Divinity in Sri Aurobindo's Yoga

"..none can hope to understand Sri Aurobindo fully without a basic understanding of his estimate of the place of the Mother's divinity in his Yoga. One of his oldest and staunchest disciples, Rajani Palit, wrote to him (in August, 1938): "There are many who hold that the Mother was human once upon a time – to judge from her Prayers – but has outgrown her humanity through her *sadhana*. But to my psychic feeling, she is the Mother Divine herself, putting on the cloak of obscurity and suffering in order that we, humans, may be delivered out of our ignorance into knowledge, and out of our suffering into bliss."

To that Sri Aurobindo replied categorically: "**The Divine puts on an appearance of humanity, assumes the outward human nature in order to tread the path and show it to**

human beings, but does not cease to be the 'Divine". It is a manifestation that takes place, manifestation of a growing Divine consciousness, *not human turning into divine*. The Mother was inwardly above the human even in childhood. So the view held by 'many' is erroneous."' **(210-11)**

3. D. K. Roy's Experience of the Mother's Force

"I shall describe in brief my first experience of her Force since it may help my readers to glimpse in her what we ourselves did intermittently in the course of our day-to-day struggles with our obstinate egos opposing her will. **When I met her for the first time in August 1928, I was struck by her sweet personality and felt a deep exhilaration which I could not account for. The joy left a cadence of music in my heart** though, of course, there could be no question of surrendering my will to hers. The first question I asked her was whether what Sri Aurobindo called the Yogic Force acting through her personality could achieve anything "tangible".

She gave me an amused smile.

"What do you mean by 'tangible' ?"

"You see, Mother," I answered, "I have been praying daily before Sri Ramakrishna's photograph for years – since my adolescence. But though I have often felt an upsurge of *bhakti*, I have never yet felt anything else, far less seen any gardens of gleam, letters of light, figures of flame etc. I have therefore come to the conclusion that I am too opaque to the inward ray of the Spirit. I know really less than nothing about Yogic Force. Let me add that though my interest in life as it is is fast petering out I cannot yet make up my mind to take the

plunge – breaking away from my moorings. To cut a long story short, I would ask you if you could possibly initiate me in your Yoga – for I understand I have to obtain initiation, first and last, from you. I can accept to wait till I feel more sure about your Yogic Force being a living reality. My position is this: I can stake everything I still cherish – but only for something real and concrete, *not something vague and apocryphal.* In short, I cannot take a leap blindfold into the unknown. So I have come to ask you very simply – but trenchantly – whether you can possibly give me a trial so as to convince me about the reality of your Yogic Force. But mind you, I want the Force to speak to me in a way which cannot possibly be explained away as auto suggestion, wishful thinking or hallucination."

Mother smiled once more.

"I can try"' she said simply. "You are at the Hotel? when do you retire for the night? At nine? Meditate at that hour in your room – try to open yourself to me and I will concentrate on you from here. Maybe you will get something which cannot be explained away even by such impressive names scientific or otherwise."

(I have of course given here, as usual, only the gist of our talk. But as we did not talk of anything very profound I can claim to have given a fairly faithful description of what passed between us on the 16th August, 1928.)

The experience came in a most curious way. As, after dinner, I went up to my room in the Hotel, I sat down on the floor. It was quite cool with the fan whirling at top speed. I must here inform the reader that I have never been timid by nature, nor had I, hitherto, ever experienced anything eerie or

even strange during my meditations. An old disciple had indeed once advised me, casually, to take the Mother's name should anything 'untoward' happen. But I had only smiled at the word. How could anything untoward happen to me when I only wanted Krishna? Besides, ghosts and spirits were too fantastic to be able to exist except, of course, as vapours of a heated brain.

So, naturally, I sat down to meditation in a flawlessly confident mood. I did indeed expect to see so many things: lights, colours, some figures, with luck may be even a radiant form – who knows? But then, I told myself, I must be on my guard: strong desires and expectations might very well take shape as forms in one's meditation and auto-suggestion must, above all, be staved off – and so on. In short, in my wise folly, I was unwittingly arming myself with vigilance against my Gurus.

Suddenly I found my body stiffening and I started perspiring profusely; then – to complete my discomfiture – my heart beat so fast that I got scared. What is all this? Suddenly I remembered and took the Mother's name. At once the palpitation ceased. But I was wet all over with perspiration, and the tension in my body increased till my muscles became so stiff that I felt a positive pain.

As soon as the palpitation ceased, my fear left me but not my astonishment. For, palpably, some extraneous force was acting on my body – a force the like of which I had never experienced so vividly before! Also, obviously, it had nothing to do with auto-suggestion since I had never even imagined that an invisible Force could so convincingly twist the live, material muscles of a strong sceptic – healthy, wide-awake

and normal to his fingertips! So I did not know what to make of it all: what came to pass was too outlandish to be true and yet wasn't it too concrete to be dismissed as fanciful!

* * *

But that was, alas, all. I saw nothing – not even a grasshopper, to say nothing of a benevolent deity – felt no joy, no peace, no strength, no *bhakti*. Most disappointing and yet in a way so utterly, overwhelmingly impressive! For a person almost inaccessible to fear was here getting scared, a heart which had never palpitated was fluttering causelessly! And last, though not least, profuse perspiration, in a cool room, attended by the sensation of one's muscles being actually manhandled all over one's body! I was convinced that a definite Force was taking liberties with me – albeit in an almost impertinent if not lunatic way!

Next morning, after relating to Mother the whole gamut of my curious experiences, I asked her why she had so oddly wanted to cause me this kind of meaningless pain when she could well have given me peace and joy and so many other things worth while.

"But I didn't want to cause you pain at all," she laughed, vastly tickled. "Only, you were resisting, so my Force could not give you the peace and joy which you would have felt if you had not opposed it tooth and nail, with all the weapons of your wise scepticism and assured ignorance. One must have trust in the Divine." " (211-14)

4. D. K. Roy's Experience of the Mother's Grace

"In those days I, like many another, used to see the Mother

once a week to have an intimate talk. Something happened which made me conclude hastily that she had done me a grave injustice in believing a false allegation against me. So I sent her word that I would meet her no more as I owed her no allegiance whatsoever. At the same time I wrote a long letter to Sri Aurobindo telling him that I had come to the Ashram for him alone, so that if he decided the case in her favour as 'against mine I would sooner leave the Ashram than submit to injustice. Then I went off at a mad tangent and added that she seemed displeased with me presumably for loving him more but I could not help it and did not think that love could be diverted like water in any direction one liked. Besides, I reminded him, I had accepted her only because he had wished it and so I went on in this utterly "dare-divine" strain till I wrote to the Mother herself:

"If you choose to frown on me because I love Sri Aurobindo more than yourself, than I must stay impenitent since I did come here *primarily* for him and accepted you because *he* had wanted me to turn to you. I never made a secret of this, as I saw no reason why I should stifle the voice of truth. I know full well that he will never approve of my placing him above yourself but as that is my present feeling I cannot behave as if it were otherwise. Now you can do your worst: I am ready to leave this evening: only *he* will have to dismiss me personally, remember! For I can take no orders from *you*."

I was desperate, obviously, and although in my extremity I still repeated Goethe's couplet about the good man being saved at the eleventh hour, I did not see how I was to be spared the consequences of my own gratuitous insolence. So

I brooded in my abysmal gloom when Sri Nolini Gupta came to me with a message from her: she wished to see me. "But I am not going to submit to being frowned upon," I snapped. "I am only waiting for a letter of dismissal from Gurudev and as soon as it comes I will clear out."

"Mother has no intention of frowning on you," he said. "For she told me it was a case of pure misunderstanding." "At all events," he pleaded, "you should not be so discourteous as to refuse to see her when she personally summons you to be able to explain it all."

I went – sullenly.

Mother smiled at me as only she could, in the circumstances. I could hardly believe my eyes! But her unexpected sweet smile sent a thought flashing through me which I can only describe by the epithet "heart-warming." So all is not lost – not yet! And simultaneously, **I felt how much I depended on just that one smile of hers even when I defiantly asserted that she was nothing to me. How could one stay in such a God-forsaken seclusion uncompanioned by her smile and loving support? Besides, hadn't she revealed to us on so many occasions that her ways were radically different from those of a moralist reforming with rhetoric or of a school-mistress correcting with a cane? Had I not borne witness myself to so many instances of her forbearance and charity? All such thoughts pullulated in me, induced by her one fecund smile. Then as I sat down on the floor (she was sitting on a divan with her beautiful hair let loose), she placed a hand on my shoulder and looked steadfastly at me. I fought bravely with my unruly tears.**

"But can I possibly be angry with anyone who loves

Sri Aurobindo as you do?" she said, very simply. Her eyes radiated a strange light, a marvellous blend of strength, tenderness and humility. "My own feelings apart, do I not know how Sri Aurobindo cherishes you? So how could you think it possible for me to frown upon one whom he greets with a smile? Am I not here to serve him with all I have and am – even as you, his near and dear disciples, are?"

She would have said more had I not burst into tears.

* * *

That day I had a new glimpse (or shall I say vision?) of humility derived from true spiritual reverence. I accepted her on her own as my spiritual Mother on that morning – of my full and final initiation." (216-18)

5. The Mother on D. K. Roy's Music

". . after the short meditation I looked up and met her eyes.

"Your song on sound last evening," she said, "was power, power, power all through. You expressed the conflicts of Nature so powerfully and truly that I was very pleased. I saw descending upon you from above an intense white light with a great power. Under its pressure there was proceeding from you a very generous outflow of vital force – in the best sense of the term – on to all round you. And the resolution of the conflicts into the chords of Victory was remarkable. Then, above some of the notes you sang, I contacted a vast peace and Ananda, which will be expressed more amply in the measure of your progressive identification with what inspired it. But even at this stage of your *sadhana* the peace that was waiting lasted fairly long and in some portions of your music

I saw you were not you but Music itself."

"That is what constitutes genius," she added with one of her rarest smiles. "You know I do not believe in paying compliments. I tell you this simply because I *saw* it." "I am overjoyed, Mother," I said. "Only I wish the peace and bliss you contacted might endure a little longer."

"I wish it no less," she returned. "In fact it has been part of my endeavour to make it stay permanently. But as you haven't yet experienced it, it didn't endure. Nevertheless, the notes you sang on Peace rang, at times, with an intensely concentrated fervour. Your theme was 'Sound', wasn't it? It was effectively expressed. The *finale* towards which it was leading was the grandeur of the descent into this world of a harmony which is not beyond its reach, and that reminded me of Beethoven's Ninth symphony. You have heard it, haven't you?" I nodded.

"Your music yesterday seemed to me to be making an opening towards that grand Power, of course, not in the European but in the Indian way – and not yet in its native amplitude and glory but in the full process of formation and crystallisation.

"Great geniuses, when they truly achieve great things," she continued, "lose the sense of their separate ego and identity – *namarupa* – and become the thing itself, the thing they manifest; so it was with you when you sang certain of those notes, which were truly marvellous. What you invoked could not come down to stay, I repeat, at this stage of your *sadhana*, but when you will have had the full experience of the Divine – it will come down fully and permanently – when you will have touched the acme of your personality. It is not yet come,

but it is fast coming. And the white Light descending on you which was flowing and reaching others was dazzling, like, what shall I say? – you have seen snowy mountain-tops reflecting a dazzling white light, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mother," I said, thrilled. I hung on her every word now.

"The light I saw round you was like that," she said. "It was a descent of Power – Power.....concentrated."

"It is so pleasing to me," she went on "to see true and rapid growth in people, to see them evolving, that is, rising higher and higher progressively."

"But how about being ambitious, Mother?" I asked. "For sometimes I feel I am not getting on famously because I am still a little too athirst for fame."

"I always blame people for not being ambitious enough," she rejoined. "I always tell people: be more ambitious – ambitious to grow, ambitious to be divine warriors, ambitious to achieve things really worth while. The only thing is: the ego's human limitations have to be consciously transcended since otherwise unimpeded and true growth is not possible. Let it be your ambition to be content with nothing less than the highest."

"I have latterly had some inexplicable and, if I may say so, curiously vivid feelings, Mother," I said, "I have felt again and again that I must grow and grow as never before: only I must purge myself of all cravings – like personal ambition. A voice cries out to me insistently that I must strive all the time to dedicate my gifts – such as they are – to the Divine as a loyal servant does to his master. And I am glad to say that

now-a-days I do not feel tempted, as I used to formerly, to exploit my capacities for purely personal ends. My greatest defect in this connection seems to be that I am still extremely sensitive to praise – even of charlatans. Only," I added smiling, as she smiled back at me, "fortunately for me, such praise comes my way but rarely, since they are saying all sorts of things against me outside, as you know."

"What have you to do with appreciation, here or outside, whether of connoisseurs or charlatans, since you know that you came for the Divine sincerely and that the Divine has attested it by accepting you? Let the whole world misunderstand you, how *can* it make the least difference now – so far as you are concerned?"

"But you need not look so frightfully abashed," she added, twinkling at me and patting me on the hand, "few are the artists who are not avid of praise, who don't doubt but that the world has been created to revolve around them, and if far more serious defects of your character have had their backs broken already, your fame-hunger, the clinging leech, too, will have to capitulate some day – don't you worry. Your difficulties will then disappear at one sweep, I tell you. Incidentally, I saw this once again yesterday, while you were producing certain specific notes, when – as I told you just now – I saw you no longer as Dilip, but as Music pure: then flashed before me your true being – which, by the way, is an old acquaintance of mine – a splendid being. But about this I would rather not speak now – as I want you to realise it yourself – why, you will know later on."

"You take my breath away, Mother," I said. "Only, my mind is incorrigible, you know, and keeps on saying that I am

too unreceptive and normal by constitution to the miracle – the impossible. So I have to sigh and say to myself: never mind, be yourself, since that is the utmost you can do – when all is said and done."

"But what is the meaning of being oneself, may I ask?" Mother returned quickly. **"Most people accept their limitations and, identifying themselves with their limited selves, say gloomily: 'This is what we are!' But that is all nonsense. You cannot equate yourself with your surface personality any more than you can equate the man to be with the embryo, or the tree to come with the sapling. It is only when you have realised the Divine that you can say that you have met your real self.** We get a glimpse of this truth when we see a genius making the impossible possible – which he does because it is his *métier*. But how does he achieve such miracles? Simply by refusing to identify himself with what he is on his lower levels: in other words, by transcending the mould of his unevolved personality and identifying himself with his inspiration, more or less. Do you understand?"

"Do you mean one has to equate oneself first with what one expresses?"

"You may put it that way," she said, "for that too is a way, as you yourself achieved partly yesterday while you were singing – that is what I meant by saying that while you were singing you became one with what you expressed or rather with what got expressed through you. But you must not infer from this that it is the only way. In fact the way varies with the temperament."

"Is that the reason why Sri Aurobindo has written in his *Synthesis of Yoga* that everyone must find out his own Yoga?"

Mother nodded.

"And that is why we say that what we prescribe for one is for himself alone and must not be taken as a general prescription or rule for all. But to come back to your music."

She gave me a very kind look. I was thrilled. For she had never before spoken to me about my own music so intimately and appreciatively. Unfortunately I missed much of what she said. What I could grasp I will reproduce below but more as a gist than as a verbatim report:

"It is very remarkable and interesting", she went on, "to trace the changes and evolution in your music and creative power. The fund of vital force in you one day suddenly turned and from that day forth your music was fundamentally altered in its character and outlook; you have continued ever since to succeed, progressively, in expressing what you sang. For instance, **when you sang your song on Kali the other day, she actually appeared in the subtle and danced before my eyes, as I told you, and also her characteristic red colour appeared. When you sang of Shiva, he actually came and stood before me and you. When you sang of Krishna, the blue colour, which is *His* colour, appeared and, just when your aspiration mounted and He was about to manifest Himself, you stopped."**

"I regret so much, Mother," I said smiling. "I wish I had known, for I would then have emitted 'a cry that shivers to the tingling stars.'"

"No matter," said Mother, giving me an answering smile. "The stars will tingle all right – all in good time. Besides, **Krishna is difficult to invoke in this way, much more difficult than Kali.** But what I am emphasising is that you have been

succeeding more and more in expressing your theme: the white light which developed yesterday is an instance in point."

"I see a most beautiful lambent golden shimmer on your face, Mother," I exclaimed in great joy, "and do you know, this morning I saw a most lovely green on the wall – like a tongue of flame! But though such things I have seen, I have never before seen this sort of flashing gold on your face at such close quarters. Whatever can it mean?"

"It means that your inner vision is developing," she said with a beaming smile, "and when this power will further increase, new and vivid worlds will open before your eyes. This is only the beginning, the outer fringe, as Sri Aurobindo wrote to you the other day when you started seeing these colours everywhere round you, which he advised you to develop.*

"If you had acquired more of these powers of vision", she went on, "you would have been delighted to see – what I saw the other day while meditating with you – how beautifully certain lovely colours were organising themselves within you – symbolical of the flowering of your inner creative powers – I feel interested also in the results, for example, to observe how the musical atmosphere is gradually concentrating round all the participants – to notice how the first amateurish feeling among the *sadhakas*, too, is vanishing, gradually.

"And I wanted it all to shape precisely like that, as you

"Develop this power of the inner sense and all that it brings you," wrote Sri Aurobindo to me in February, 1932. "These first seeings are only an outer fringe.... behind lie whole worlds of experience which fill what seems to the natural man the gap (your Russell's 'inner void') between the earth-consciousness and the Eternal Infinite."

know," she continued. "I want you to create music in our Ashram the like of which one will not find anywhere else. I don't care to have music here to please a few people who have nothing to do or are easily satisfied."

"With your blessings, Mother, it will be like that, I am sure," I said in joy, "and I am so persuaded because now-a-days I often feel the bubbling of such a new power in me when I sing and compose – such new turns of melodies seem to drop from above like manna as it were – that I keep telling myself that it must be all due to the Guru's grace. Only," I added, "I feel a deep diffidence overtaking me almost simultaneously.... I do not know how to express it ....but you know it all...."

"Go on," she said, without helping me out.

I did not know how to express it. I groped for it for a few seconds, then said: "You know all, Mother, so what's the use of my telling you that my chief obstacle is in the mental and not in the vital."

"I know," she nodded, but said no more.

So I had nothing for it but to go on.

"What I mean," I said, "or rather, what I feel is that the vital, whatever its faults, is entirely willing to submit, but not the mental, which wants to understand, to question, to weigh the pros and cons – as though without such deep precautions convictions were neither attainable nor worth having. But to do it justice, it does not yet know *how* to win to simple faith. The evidences of the hostile powers leave it only an aftermath of doubts – the testimony of the senses against there being a beneficent Deity ruling the world proves too strong for it.

No wonder it finds it so hard to see things clearly in all this self created blur. Or perhaps, as I sometimes infer from my recalcitrance to the higher Light, I have no native capacity for spiritual experience, no congenital power of vision which can glimpse Grace even in this world of awful wars and petty preoccupations."

She shook her head.

"But you *have* the vision," she said. "And you have had evidences galore of the reality of the Divine Grace. Only you do not yet know how to appraise the one and recognise the other." " (220-26)

6. Professor Chadwik (Arjava) and the Mother

"One morning as I was experimenting with a new metre in Bengali – it was in 1930 I think – I was told by someone that an Englishman, one Professor Chadwick from Lucknow, wanted to see me.

He came with a letter of introduction from my old friend, Professor D. P. Mukherji. There was something striking in his face which drew me at once to him, the more as he looked rather delicate and walked with a limp.

Before I give the substance of our conversation, I must remind the reader that I am concerned with giving but the gist of what passed between us as I cannot possibly remember all that we talked about on that day.

"I came to India," he said, "in quest of a spiritual wisdom in which she is rich and of which Europe is definitely bankrupt today."

"And then?"

"Well, I am going back – home."

"But you are still a professor in Lucknow, I understand?"

"Yes," he smiled, "but I am going to resign directly. Because..." he added, "I came here to learn – not to teach."

I was reminded at once of Krishnaprem whose name I mentioned.

"I know him," he nodded, "and he has got something, I felt. But not I."

"Have you read anything of Sri Aurobindo?" I asked, after a pause.

"Not yet," he answered almost apologetically, "though I have bought some of his books here. But," he added after a pause, "it is not books I thirst for. I want something more – concrete and living."

He spoke hesitantly and blushed every now and then.

"I quite understand," I said blandly. "But Sri Aurobindo does not write books for the pastime of word-spinning. He throws out rich clues to the concrete. Here, at least, I speak from experience, not book-lore."

"I am afraid you have misunderstood me a little," he flustered again, "I didn't exactly want to convey that – but never mind. The point is: I *am* disappointed. My fault I suppose. But then," he smiled shyly, "I am perhaps too English to the core and therefore a little opaque, inevitably, to what you in India call the light of the spirit."

It was my turn to feel embarrassed now.

"I didn't mean it as a reproach,'" I pleaded. "But perhaps you have also misunderstood me a little. I wish you had come

here when Sri Aurobindo could be seen. For to see him is to cease to be 'opaque.' For he is built of the stuff light is made of and it is a light that speaks."

"I wish so too," he said ruefully. "For I have heard so much about the radiance that resides in him. But it is not to be. I am sailing soon."

"And you won't come back?"

He shook his head. "Not likely. Why should I, since no light has spoken to *me*, so far?"

A silence fell.

"Would you care to see the Mother?" I suggested at a venture, for something to say.

He gave me a quick look.

"The Mother? Who is she?"

In those days (in the 'thirties) the Mother was very little known outside. So I chased away an upsurge, a feeling of disappointment. Besides, he looked so sincere and ingenuous – almost guileless! I told him a good deal about her and her sweet personality. But I ended with a friendly note of warning.

"But you see, hers is a personality that grows on one," I hazarded diffidently. "For I know several persons on whom she had made very little impression at the start – but who, with time, have come to worship the very ground she treads." No sooner had I made the last remark than I rued my impulsiveness.

"I thank you very much for telling me," he said. "And you may be sure I would like to see her very much. But the point is would *she* care to see me?"

"Well, I can at least ask her," I answered. "Only –"

He fixed me with a steady scrutiny.

"I will be frank with you," I said with an awkward smile, "though Mother says I am often a wee bit too frank with the wrong kind. But as you are different –"

"Oh, thank you," he laughed. "I hope I won't let you down." That decided me. For though normally he looked rather taciturn, his face changed entirely when he laughed. It cleared up the atmosphere instantly.

"It seems unlikely," I said returning his laughter. "But listen, it's like this. I came here only the other day, so to say, and know very little about Yoga and its occult wisdom and perhaps understand even less the ways of Sri Aurobindo and Mother. For instance I have seen Mother take certain decisions but her reasons have, as often as not, left me guessing. Naturally I am drawn to her – otherwise I would not be able to stay here even a month, not to mention a year – but my acceptance of her being hedged about with uncertainties I do not know how far she tallies in reality with my mental picture of her. But I hold her in high esteem for all that, and therefore must make one request to you: in case you are disappointed with her, please keep it to yourself as otherwise you would be hurting the feelings of us all who owe her loyalty because she is, in effect, as much our Guru as Sri Aurobindo, if you know what I mean."

He gave me a patient hearing and looked grave.

"I understand," he said with his characteristic refined nod of the head, "and you may be sure that I shall not only approach her with humility but give her all the respect that is her due."

"I am much relieved," I answered, cheerfully now. "You must let me tell you something else. I said just now that I know very little about Mother and Sri Aurobindo. But this I do know that they are made of a very different stuff from that of most men I have met. To give just one instance. I have met many Gurus. These invite eminent disciples, generally speaking. But not Mother and Sri Aurobindo.* In fact he has given us to understand that we are not to persuade anybody even to see them, far less to accept them." And, I went on to add a little hesitantly, "I have a feeling that they are none-too-eager to invite the merely curious or the complacent intellectuals who want to have easy interviews to be able to air their opinions on things utterly beyond their ken."

He took in the sting in the tail unflinchingly. Then he lowered his eyes shyly as was his wont and smiled as it were to himself. Then suddenly he lifted his eyes to mine. His face was flushed again.

"You have put it well," he said, laughing once more. "Perhaps a little too well, if you will pardon me for saying so. But," he added a trifle ironically, "though I can't deny my past and so must be labelled an 'intellectual' as you put it – believe me, I didn't come here to stay where I am. For I came here to win a passport, if I could, to your time-old wisdom of the spirit – and that as a seeker, not a critic."

I was impressed by the note of transcendent sincerity in

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* *"Well-known or unknown has absolutely no importance from the spiritual point of view. It is simple the propagandist spirit. We are not a party or a church or religion seeking adherents or proselytes. One man who earnestly pursues the Yoga is of more value than a thousand well-known men." This he wrote subsequently in a letter, in 1935.*

his delicately-cadenced voice and strikingly-intellectual physiognomy. Besides, his face looked so emaciated and pale that it touched a chord in my heart.

I went straight to the Mother. She gave him an appointment the next morning in our library down-stairs.

He was shy – to the point of being tongue-tied and did not ask many questions. The few he did ask I do not remember. I only remember Mother putting to him some questions on her own.

"I understand from Dilip that you want spiritual wisdom", she began in her characteristic manner – simple and direct yet sympathetic and interested.

He flushed – almost fidgeted – under her calm scrutiny. "That's right."

" "Why?" she asked.

He looked at her, reddened once more, then answered in a low voice:

"Because I find life void of meaning and am persuaded that only spiritual wisdom can fill the void."

"I understand," Mother answered in a kind tone. "And then?"

He lifted his eyes to hers just for a split second.

"I came to India to find it. But – I didn't find it."

Mother smiled, then said:

"One receives in the measure of one's receptivity." He winced. A little after, he queried:

"How is one to grow in receptivity?"

"By sincerity and trust. Sincerity in one's seeking and trust in the Divine Grace." Then after a pause: "Sincerity you have. Only you must learn to accept that you can get the response you want in proportion to your trust in Grace."

She spoke with such an utter simplicity that my heart misgave me. How could an intellectual of his type respond to such a simple call, I wondered! Surely it was not for this he had "crossed the seven seas," to put it in the words of Krishnaprem.

I went to see him at the station that evening. Just before the train left he made a remark which I shall never forget.

"Why did you feel so diffident about her? I have never been so overwhelmed by anyone as I was by her this morning."

His stress on the word "overwhelmed" I found *overwhelming*! Why, Mother had hardly had a real talk with him!

And yet that one brief interview changed the whole course of his life. A few months afterwards he wrote to me a letter, from England, asking me very simply if Mother would accept him. She did and he came a month later and stayed with me for some time. Then he wanted more solitude. Mother gave him a flat where he lived in an almost cloistered seclusion, day after lonely day, writing poetry and meditating.…" (308-13)

VIII. Sahana: At the Feet of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo

1. Singing Before Sri Aurobindo

"The first time I became nervous in my life was when I had to sing before Sri Aurobindo on 15th August 1929 (the day of his Darshan).

I had come to the Ashram the previous year in November. The Darshan was finished in the morning. At 4 p.m., when the Mother was to distribute the Darshan-garlands from the Darshan-room, Dilip and I were supposed to sing in the Meditation Hall, sitting near the third door on the right side. That door would remain closed and just behind it, from the adjacent room, Sri Aurobindo would hear our song. I had sung in many big gatherings, had danced before Rabindranath on the stage without ever knowing what nervousness was. I first started singing D. L. Roy's "Shall I worship you in the form of an idol?" – Dilip was playing on the harmonium. I found that my voice had turned absolutely wooden, hard like the bamboo, no suppleness, no flexibility at all. This had never happened before. I sang all right but it was by no means singing. Then, when Dilip sang, it was not bad, though it was not in his usual style. At the end, we sang a duet, a song by Mirabai "Keep me as thy servant." Now we could sing a little better and more freely. How strange! **I asked the Mother, "What can be the reason, Mother? I have never become nervous wherever I have sung before!"**

The Mother replied, "You forget in whose Presence you were singing. Your vital being became nervous before that Divine Presence." " (35-36)

2. False Ideas About the Mother Taking Sides

"Sahana, my dear child,

For your own sake, I must tell you that you are bound to receive shocks and hard blows too so long as you indulge in such false ideas as "my taking sides" with one or another etc. This is completely wrong and baseless and you must get rid of this way of thinking altogether if you wish to be close to the Divine.

With my love and blessings." (77)

3. Sahana's Experience of the Mother's Grace

"…In January 1937 my condition began to deteriorate so much so that I decided to leave this place. It started with my *abhiman* towards the Mother, my ego's resentment, the reason being that she didn't appear to love me. Along with it, many difficulties regarding the sadhana began to accumulate, leading to the conclusion that sadhana was impossible, I couldn't do it. Besides, if the Mother didn't love me, when she had despaired of me, what was the use of my staying here?

The situation rose to a climax and I took the decision to leave. Friends tried to dissuade me in various ways, but I gave no ear to their pleadings. Only one refrain I repeated, "If anyone can prevent me, it is the Mother." **A terrible obstinacy gripped me. All my luggage was packed, except the bedding. The preparation was complete. Still, strange to say, I felt that I couldn't go; all this was just a drama, but outwardly I was determined. As I was ready and waiting, the mind enveloped in darkness, Nolini came quietly and**

said, "What? Are you going?" "Yes, Nolinida, I am going," I replied with tearful eyes. The atmosphere of the house was tense, sombre. He kept quiet for a while and sat on my cot. Then in a deep slow voice he continued, "Mother asked. 'Is Sahana going tomorrow?' " Then he stopped. Again, he repeated, "Mother said, 'Is Sahana going tomorrow?' " He repeated it just in the way the Mother had said it. She seemed to have spoken three times slowly, halting at each time. My being was then filled with silent sobs and I burst out as soon as he had finished. Utterly broken I cried, "Nolinida, please tell Mother I won't go." It was as if I was just waiting for this touch of the Mother. The cloud dispersed at once. What a relief! Nolinida said before departing, "Give me whatever money you have with you." I understood his fear. After this event, there was no repetition of this thought of going away." (174-75)

IX. Nolini Kant Gupta: Collected Works, Volumes 6, 7 and 8

"…Whenever, as I said, you feel discouraged, – naturally when you look at the world and its happenings, you feel very much distressed, disgusted, – but there is another reality behind, it is the Mother's Presence that redeems all that. In any mood of depression, dejection, difficulty, always know that it is there in you to support you, to bring you peace and strength, and it is never failing. So many times She has said:

"Everything else fails in this world, I will never fail you." " (Vol. 6, P. 30)

1. The Divine Mother and Her Golden Temple

"All that Sri Aurobindo had wanted to do with his body was to instal permanently in an earthly form the Mother Divine. This Temple we call the Ashram has grown through the Power and Influence of Her physical Presence, in order that She may manifest anew. The Divine Mother of the worlds has installed Herself here. In the golden Temple the living Goddess is manifest with all Her Powers of realisation. She has Herself taken charge of the Work now. And the power of Her Grace is working towards the goal that the entire earth and the race of men grow into a living manifestation of Herself." (Vol. 7, P. 408)

"…our life itself took a different turn with the arrival of the Mother. How and in what direction? It was like this. The Mother came and installed Sri Aurobindo on his high pedestal of Master and Lord of Yoga. We had hitherto known him as a dear friend and close companion, and although in our mind

and heart he had the position of a Guru, in our outward relations we seemed to behave as if he were just like one of ourselves. He too had been averse to the use of the words "Guru" and "Ashram" in relation to himself, for there was hardly a place in his work of new creation for the old traditional associations these words conveyed. Nevertheless, the Mother taught by her manner and speech, and showed us in actual practice, what was the meaning of disciple and master; she has always practised what she preached. She showed us, by not taking her seat in front of or on the same level as Sri Aurobindo, but by sitting on the ground, what it meant to be respectful to one's Master, what was real courtesy. Sri Aurobindo once said to us, perhaps with a tinge of regret, "I have tried to stoop as low as I can, and yet you do not reach me." " (Vol. 7, P. 422)

2. The Beginning of Collective Meditations and the Mother's Occult Working

"The Mother would now sit down daily for her meditations with all of us together, in the evening after nightfall. That was the beginning of collective meditation. She made a special arrangement for our seating. To her right would sit one group and to her left another, both arranged in rows. The right side of the Mother represented Light, on the left was Power. Each of us found a seat to her right or left according to the turn of our nature of the inner being. I was to her right, Amrita sat on her left.

A strange thing used to happen every day at these meditations. Purushottam was one of our number in those days. He used to sit directly in front of the Mother, a little

apart from the rest of us. **As soon as the meditation began, he would begin to sway his body and even move about with his eyes closed while still meditating. He would come and get hold of some of us, give them a thorough kneading and would not even hesitate to tear at the hair on their head or face. In those days, almost all of us sported a beard and a moustache and wore our hair long. He used to say that this was his allotted work, this work of purification and helping in the purification. Not only did no one ever raise an objection to this kind of molestation, it was accepted by all with perfect equanimity, with joy almost; it was considered to be a necessity, a sign of the Mother's Grace. But these attentions were reserved only for two or three people. During this process, the Mother of course remained silent and engrossed in meditation. All was done, no doubt, under her control and guidance, but from an inner poise. One day, Purushottam proclaimed to the Mother in a loud voice, "Mother, I do not mean it as a boast, I mention this to you in utter humility: Mother, just as you are the highest Force of the Supreme, even so I am the lowest force of this earth-nature. You have given me the privilege of being a collaborator in your Work."** He used to say that Seshanaga, the primal energy that sustains the material world, had manifested in him, that he was Sesha-naga itself. He was the spirit of Inconscience, of the Force in the nether world; his task was to work in that darkness, sweep it clean and make room for the Light, the Higher Forces of the Mother. This manner of working continued for some time; then it came to a halt, and we had only meditations.

The Mother's endeavour at that time was for a new creation, the creation here of a new inner world of the Divine Consciousness. She had brought down the Higher Forces, the Gods, into the earth atmosphere, into our inner being and consciousness. A central feature of that endeavour was that she had placed each of us in touch with his inner godhead. Every individual has what may be described as his line of spiritual descent and also ascent; for into each individual consciousness has come down from the supreme Maha Shakti an individual divine being, a particular godhead following a particular line of manifestation of divine power, *vibhūti*. To bear inwardly the touch of this divinity and found it securely within oneself, to concentrate on it and become one with it, to go on manifesting it in one's outer life, this was the aim of the *sādhanā* at the time. This was a period of extreme concentration and one-pointedness, a "tortoise phase" of the *sādhanā* one might call it. Like the tortoise one had to gather oneself in, limbs and all, and hide as in a shell by cutting oneself off from all outward touches. This was a temporary necessity in order to maintain the consciousness of the individual and the collectivity always at a high level and keep it unsullied and unchanged. Our give and take with the outside world was very little indeed and it was carried on under the strictest vigilance. All around us there had been fixed a cordon, an iron curtain almost. Even among ourselves, personal contacts like meeting one another or the paying of visits had been reduced to the barest minimum. To use the poetic language of Tagore, we seemed to be blossoming forth

> Like a flower in the air, stemless
> And sufficient unto itself...

But after following out this line for some distance, the Mother could see that the new creation, even if it came about, would be something narrow and confined to a limited circle, and for the most part effective only for an inner action. But that has not been her aim. The new creation must embrace the entire human race, a new race of men must be created and not merely a small select group. And in that new creation must be included not only the inner being of man but also his vital and physical life. In other words, we have to come down to the lower levels and work for the purification there, in order to raise them beyond themselves by the infusion of the higher consciousness and make them fit instruments for the higher things. We are still continuing with that work, through the "ups and downs of an uneven path".

Let me just illustrate, from my own experience, to what extent we had become self-gathered and indrawn. One day, for some reason or other, I happened to have come out of the Ashram precincts and away from its atmosphere; that is to say, I was going about the town and through the market area. Suddenly I began to feel rather queer, as if I were not walking on the ground. There was no weight in my legs, I floated on air through a mist as in a dream and there was no solid ground or a settled path. I felt terribly uneasy, almost like a fish out of water. I hurried my steps back and it was not till I had reached the Ashram precincts that I could heave a sigh of relief.

We have left that stage far enough behind us now. We have in fact reached the opposite end perhaps. We have taken a plunge outwards, identified ourselves with the outer being – a tendency against which the Upanishad has used a word of

warning: *parāñci khāni vyaṭṛṇat*, our senses have a natural pull towards the outer things. But this too was necessary and still is. We form part of the world, we are united with it and inseparable. We are an image of the entire world, its symbol and representative. We have to share in its work and suffer its deeds. Even Sri Aurobindo and the Mother have not spared themselves this, but that is another matter. Whatever changes we succeed in effectuating in ourselves here will initiate similar changes all the world over. Therefore, not to become wholly externalised, – a tendency which is uppermost here in our collective life today, – but to keep the path open for the inner *sādhanā*, this should be our endeavour. We have to harmonise the two extremes, for not to disjoin but to unite, that is Yoga." (Vol. 8, PP. 204-07)

X. Letters to My Little Smile

1. The First Step for Making Mind Quieter

"The mind always runs like a madman. The first step is to detach *one's consciousness* from it and to let it run by itself without *running with it*. Then it finds it less interesting and after some time becomes quieter." (9)

November 23, 1932

2. The Thieves of the Invisible World

"**There are thieves in the invisible world as in the outer world. But one must close on them the doors of one's thoughts and feelings as carefully as the prudent man bolts the doors of his house.**

These suggestions of sadness, despair and suicide come from them (the thieves of the vital world) because it is when one is depressed that they can best rob you. You mustn't listen to them – you must reject the evil suggestions and become once more yourself: that is my "little smile"." (22)

January 9, 1933

3. Letters to Chandulal, the Ashram's Architect-Cum-Engineer

"*At every minute all the unforeseen, the unexpected, the unknown is before us. What is the remedy?*

To be plastic and vigilant, attentive and alert – receptive." (131)

July 18, 1932

* * *

"*A single drop of Thy divine love can transform this suffering into an ocean of joy!*

May all the tears be wiped away, all suffering soothed, all agonies dispelled, and may calm serenity inhabit the hearts of men.

I am sad, have pity on me.

O Thou who soothest all the sufferings and dispellest all ignorance, Thou Supreme healer, have pity on me.

Break this resistance that fills me with agony. Why, why this night...?

Explanations I could give many; the how and the why can easily be described – but is it really necessary? It is not that which heals. Healing comes not from the head but from the heart.

To *understand* is good, but to will is better.

Self-love is the great obstacle.

Divine Love is the great remedy." (132)

July 20, 1932

* * *

"***True nobility*, true *superiority* lies in *goodwill*.**" (133)

July 29, 1932

* * *

"**It is better to be simple and sincere rather than clever.**" (139)

October 31,1932

* * *

"I am going to begin by telling you a very small story.

Then I shall answer you.

You must have seen the new clock which is supposed to run for six months. When it was set going it was running very fast, Pavitra tried to find out how to regulate it and discovered a sort of screw with which you can lengthen or shorten the pendulum. I looked at the clock with the inner sight and I told Pavitra, "You have to shorten the pendulum in order to make it go slower." He looked at me with stupefaction and explained that in mechanics the longer the pendulum the slower the movement (I know that all right – but this is not an ordinary pendulum since it works by a rotatory movement). I answered, as I always do: "Do as you think." He lengthened the pendulum and the clock started going even faster. After a day's observation, he agreed to shorten the pendulum and now the clock is working all right.

I believe in the superiority of the inner vision over the outer vision and this belief is based not only on a theoretical knowledge but on thousands of examples I have come across during a life that is already long. Unfortunately I am surrounded by people who, although they are here to practise yoga, are still convinced that "a cat is a cat", as we commonly say in French, and that one can rely only on one's physical eyes for seeing and observing, on one's physical mind's knowledge for judging and deciding and that the laws of Nature are *laws*, that is, all that is an exception to them is a miracle. This is not true.

That is at the root of all the misunderstanding and reservations. You know already, and I am mentioning it only to recall it to your memory, that an experiment made

with an attitude of reservation and doubt is not an experiment and that the outer circumstances will always combine to support the doubts, and *this* for a reason not very difficult to understand: doubt veils the consciousness and the subconscious sincerity and in action some small factors creep in which seem to be of no importance at all but which are just sufficient to change all the factors of the problem and to bring about the result which, in one's doubt, one had foreseen.

I have nothing else to add except this. When the question of re-doing Pavitra's rooms arose, I looked very carefully and repeatedly with the inner eye and I saw this: brush the wall with the metal brush so that whatever is loose falls off and cover the rest with a thick layer of distemper which for the very reason that it is thick will be enough to hide the irregularities. The process was expected to be simple, rapid and fully satisfactory. I put into it all the necessary force for it to become an effective formation charged with the power of realisation and I said that the work could be done, adding in a few words how it was to be done (This was long ago – the first time that it was decided to re-do the walls of Pavitra's apartment, it was perhaps a year ago). My formation was so living, so real, so active, that I made the mistake of not recalling it to your memory before the work began. I have the tendency to believe that the consciousness of those around me is, at least partially and in its limited functioning, similar to mine. I explain – I know that each one of you has a very small and limited consciousness compared with mine, but within its limits, I have the illusion that its *nature* is similar to mine, and that is why there are many things I do not say because they are to me *so obvious* that it would be absolutely pointless

to say them. It is here that from your side, there must intervene a freedom of movement and speech that arises from a loving confidence. If there is something of which you are not sure, you must ask me about it; if you do not see *very clearly my intention*, you must find it out; if you do not know my formation very accurately, you must ask me to explain it to you. When I do not do so, it is because I think you are sufficiently receptive for the formation to act and realise itself without my having to speak about it, and, in fact, this happens often – it is only when the mind and vital get in the way, for some reason or the other, that the functioning becomes faulty." (153-56)

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XI. Huta: The Story of a Soul, 1956, Volume Two – Part Two

1. Gods and the Mother

"Even the greatest God is my child – Krishna is my child also – they all are like children before me. No doubt, I have two ears, one nose and human form, but my Spirit and Force are everywhere. My Consciousness is wider than the universe. I go in my subtle body in various ways and aspects to people in all kinds of places. I fondle and embrace human beings and what they feel of my Presence and contact is perfectly true. I talk also – but whatever I do. I do through their hearts, so they must concentrate in their hearts and find me there. For, I am always there." (30)

2. The Mother's Way of Acting

"Child, I am not thinking and using my memory; whatever comes from above to the heart, I am doing exactly according to that and automatically the things go on wonderfully. Nothing to remember and no botheration about anything.

If the head is completely blank, still and peaceful, and, if you open yourself to the Divine's Light, you can receive it, and afterwards there is no brainwork, no headache, no thinking and active mind; whatever comes from above is true and all happens without any struggle; also it can happen at every moment. Thus automatically the Divine's Light works on the brain and things become easier." (74)

3. The Imperative Necessity of Keeping the Mind Still

"Suppose a glass is full of water, and if you shake the glass, surely the water will spill and after some time nothing will remain inside the glass. But if the glass is still, the water will never be spilt. Similarly, you lose your strength and everything when you are not quiet and steady. You should not let the mind and brain jump like a monkey – you must not think too much and strain your brain, otherwise you are likely to fall into trouble and be caught by various sicknesses." (74)

4. The Mother's Journey to Tlemcen, Algeria

"You see, I travelled all alone in my life after taking permission from my grandmother. First, she would not allow me to go alone all the way to Algeria, because during that period women were not supposed to travel alone. I persuaded her by telling her a few occult things and about her future. Not only was she impressed but she gave me a small bag of money.

It was a very long journey to Tlemcen but I could manage it!" (85)

5. Difference Between a Dream and an Experience

"If you see a dream and, if your consciousness is linked with the Higher Consciousness, you can see the whole dream in perfect order. Then it cannot be called a dream but an experience. When you see a dream with a wandering mind, the dream is disorderly and you see something quite chaotic.

One part of the being goes to some plane and sees things.

There are many people who try to remember these types of experiences but they cannot possibly recall them. People give the name 'dream' to everything one gets while sleeping, but as a matter of fact, it is occasionally not a dream but a concrete experience." (108)

6. Mme. Mathilde Alfassa

"My mother [Mme. Mathilde Alfassa] was very strict in discipline. One evening, when my brother [Mattéo Alfassa] and I came back from an outing, we felt so tired and sleepy that we did not even bother to put our clothes in their proper places – we simply threw them here and there in a disorderly way and crept into our beds. My mother woke us up from sleep and asked us to put everything in perfect order – folding the dresses properly and then putting them in their right places.

So you see, my child, once the habit is formed, one gets used to it. For example, suppose you have the habit to shut your door with a bang. But if you are conscious and determined and try repeatedly to close it gently, you will afterwards be accustomed to do so automatically.

You must be very careful even with the most minor things – for instance, how to fold a handkerchief." (147)

7. The Most Silly Thing One can Do

"**To turn away from the Divine and reject the Divine Grace is the most silly thing one can do.**" (169)

8. Occult Truth Behind an Apparent Accident

"I went to the Exhibition Hall. For, on that day I had to

wind up everything. The Photographers moved from one room to another in order to take the last snaps of the dolls and idols. Pranab – one of the attendants of the Mother and the Director of physical Education took several photographs of the idols. Some of the photographs have appeared in the *Bulletin*, February 1957. He also took separate photographs of Radha and Krishna. Now he wanted to capture another pose of them, quite different from what he had obtained so far. He asked me whether I could bring a step lower the stand on which stood Radha and Krishna, so that he might take a picture from another angle. It was 9.30 when I was bringing down the stand, my hands were steady and firmly gripping it. Within a split second, to my horror, Radha flung herself over to Krishna and landed in the far corner – broken. Krishna stook there alone on the stand which was immobile. I questioned myself: "If the stand was immobile, how did it heppen that the marble image of Radha alone fell down and broke?'

All the colour had gone out of my face; my head drooped forlornly; I stared at the image, now broken, which I had loved dearly. A heavy sob broke from my heart; then slowly I took the head of the idol in my hand and ran a finger tenderly over its face. I closed my eyes in sheer agony and tears trickled down my cheeks. My whole being quivered with fear lest the Mother should scold me because of my carelessness. Hurriedly, I wiped my tears and looked at Pranab and asked him what he would say to the Mother when he went to her at midday. I also added that it was really no fault of mine. He told me with a faint smile, while shrugging his shoulders, that he would tell her exactly what he had seen. I did not question any further because the people present started gathering and

I could not stand there any more. I ran wildly, blindly to the Mother. I was quite aware that it was one of her busiest days, and wondered whether she would see me. Then within a few seconds I stood before her, trembling and perspiring; she said with a smile:

Alors, mon petit! what is the matter?

I apologised and told her everything in detail. Suddenly she became serious and asked me:

What time was it when this happened? How many people were around you?

I answered ruefully: "Mother, it was 9.30 when the incident took place and Pranab alone was with me." She watched me intently and then drew me very close to her and said:

That is it! Now I visualise everything very vividly. I know the exact reason.

I was baffled and raised my eyebrows. She continued:

Yes, it was precisely at 9.30 when I was in my bathroom that I saw in a vision the dark clouds of evil forces who were coming in torrents to throw the Divine's Love out from this world, but the spirit of Radha, who is Perfect Love for the Divine, took that horrible attack on herself and the nasty forces subsided without fulfilling their mission. Otherwise, they would have wiped out the Divine's Love from this earth. Well, you know what would have been the consequences if they had done so. The whole episode of the image of Radha is symbolic and answers to a truth. You need not be sad about the matter, on the contrary it is very good that you became an instrument." (187-88)

9. The Lord's Action and Love

"The Lord's action through the Supreme Mother is the spontaneous result of the dharma of each being and everything direct, absolute and true.

Human action is based on feelings or on principles – feelings in those who are impulsive, principles in those who are governed by reason.

Human beings love some and not others, love sometimes and sometimes not.

The Lord's love is constant, equal; universal, unchanging – permanent."(197)

"In the name of the Lord with the Power, the Grace and the Love of the Lord I bless you." (Back Cover)

XII. Huta: Mother You Said So

1. Some Important Statements of the Mother

"**Whenever I feel like giving something to a person – no doubt, there are so many things before me – I never think what should I give. Simply I ask the material things, "Who wants to go?" And at once I get the reply, "I!" And I pick up the very thing and give to the person.**" (3)

14-2-1956

* * *

"There is nothing new in human nature. Sometimes it remains in the light and sometimes in the darkness. But truly I want something new in the life of the human being.

Human nature is divided. So sometimes people believe in the adverse forces and sometimes in the divine Forces. **When they are trapped by the hostile forces they begin to think: 'This thing is good and that one is bad, this person is good and that person is bad.' And so on… They live in likings and dislikings with various types of mortal desires and ego in them. In fact, they themselves create all lower and false things in their consciousness, no wonder they become miserable. As a matter of fact, it is nothing but putting a dense curtain between the Divine and their souls.** So how can they realise anything new in their lives? But, if there is no barrier between the Divine and themselves, naturally the adverse forces do not like it, and constantly they try to drive them far away from the Divine and His Grace. This is the nature of the devil and it is his business to do such nasty things with all his skill! He always

tries to take possession of the life of human beings. But at that moment people must remember the Divine and reject the false suggestions.

The best way to get rid of all adverse forces and their suggestions, is to repeat constantly the Divine's name while eating, sleeping and in whatever you do: "I want the Divine and nothing else." When you fall sick, or something wrong happens you should pray to the Divine to remove all obstacles which are on the way to prevent you from reaching the goal. If the call is sincere enough, at once all obstacles will disappear." (3-4)

2-3-1956

* * *

"Durga

She will fight until there are no more anti-divine forces upon earth." (59)

5-11-1957

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"The Psychic is untouched. It is the vital who creates trouble. It likes to shed tears and be upset.

You know, when I was in Japan, I saved a woman from a devil who then burnt in a fire. I felt as if I were a murderess. The woman was all right for a week or so. Then another devil took possession of her consciousness. Like this there are countless devils who emerge one by one to fulfil their missions.

I have eliminated the devils from many people – but unhappily the situation remained the same because they respond to the devils.

From one of the persons I abolished the devil. But he complained that he became powerless! But, in fact it was the hostile forces which made him powerless. It was not me. On the contrary I cleansed his consciousness." (64-65)

18-2-1958

* * *

"Child, you see I had realised or rather reached the occult worlds. I had learnt occultism within a few weeks' time.

When I came to Pondicherry, I did not mention to Sri Aurobindo what I had seen in my visions. Sri Aurobindo expressed exactly what I had seen, in His epic *Savitri*.

There are two ways; the occult knowledge is rather easier than the spiritual knowledge.

I learnt real spiritual things when I came here. But, of course, there was everything within myself, though not physically.

The Yoga of transformation is very difficult – it takes so many years. To learn occultism one needs a Guru and Guide, while the spiritual life can be transferred to anybody who really deserves it.

We have twelve bodies. I used to go out of them all, one after another to the subtle worlds and gradually come back into them. I became aware of all the details of my bodies, when finally I come back to the physical.

When I saw the beauty and wonders of the Higher Worlds, I thought of expressing them in painting by various colours: blues, golds, pinks and whites with certain vibrations – all in harmony – forming the New World." (69)

4-2-1962

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"**This world is full of pitiable miseries. But of all beings those are the most to be pitied who are so small and so weak that they cannot avoid being nasty.**" (77)

6-11-1963

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"There is a vast difference between falsehood and a lie. When people tell a lie, it is words that come from their mouth and they are contrary to the actual fact or deny it. For instance, if you have gone somewhere and deny to have gone or if you have done something and refuse to admit the fact – it is a lie. But lies have no strength. Lies are always the sign of a great weakness and, if they are habitual, of a great crookedness.

Falsehood is something very serious. The world, as it is, is in a state of falsehood – it denies the Eternal Truth. There are three chief categories of Falsehood:

1) People who aspire for the Truth but are not sincere enough in their aspiration to discriminate between the Truth and the Falsehood, they fall always into trouble and misery and get out from the path leading to Truth.

2) This category is dangerous. People who can very well discriminate between Truth and Falsehood, who know that Truth is better but have no strength to resist the temptation and fall constantly into falsehood.

3) The last one is the most dangerous of all. People who are aware of the Truth but refuse to recognise the Truth and choose deliberately the falsehood. They have a kind of hate for the Truth and reject It violently. These, on the list of the Eternal can be marked "Missing Souls" – as it is written in *Savitri*:

So might one fall on the Eternal's road
Forfeiting the spirit's lonely chance in Time
And no news of him reach the waiting gods,
Marked "missing" in the register of souls…

(Book Two, P. 239)

Happily there are very few like that – who deny the Truth and choose the Falsehood." (80-81)

20-1-1964

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"I came across the Mother's writing about the New Comet which was seen by the Mother in her Vision. I painted the comet accordingly.

The Mother saw the painting and threw more light on the subject:

You see, some time back in the middle of the night I went into the Space – beyond the earth – there I saw a being. We did not talk. We just communicated.

The Being had in his hand a substance which was luminous, yet there was not the flash of light. The substance was something like plastic, orange-red in colour.

The Being had arms and legs like human beings but he was not human. He had a fair and golden body, yet the light was not shown. He had long and red hair.

He was spreading the substance from one end of the earth to the other in a curve. I remained with the being for long time. He showed me how to spread it. I did not know how big was the being because I was equally big. From the equator I could see the earth.

The substance and the atmosphere brought great relief, happiness and joy to me, such as I had never felt before upon the earth. That is why I was interested in the being. Then I knew that this substance could change matter.

The being himself was plastic – so supple. He was bending in a curve while spreading the substance upon the earth of which I could see only the top when I was in space.

Your painting is correct but the body was quite different. I see many Beings but this particular Being interested me. I have told you about Him in detail which I did not tell anybody. You understand what I mean…" (96-97)

5-11-65

2. The Gods and Goddesses and Human Beings

"I asked the Mother whether the Gods and Goddesses of the Overmind could help human beings…

She said,

Gods and Goddesses of the Overmind haven't yet surrendered to the Supreme Lord because they have their own great Power and they live in the Higher Consciousness.

When Sri Aurobindo was in his body, I used to give blessings on the Puja days. They used to come.… Also when I was going downstairs and giving meditations all these Gods and Goddesses used to assemble over there. But they are indeed independent; you see, for example, one of Kali's many aspects comes to me and tells me when human beings do wrong things. And I keep Her quiet. Also **one of the aspects of Durga came to me last year on one of the Puja days. She was simply magnificent. I asked Her to surrender to**

the Supreme Lord. She said, 'This is exactly I wanted You to tell me. I am ready!' She was really wonderful.

In 1960, on the night previous to the First Anniversary of the Supramental Manifestation, Krishna came to me and told me, 'It is I who will distribute tomorrow's message.' So the next day when I went down, He sat on my lap and started giving blessings to people. It was really so amusing, seeing Him do so.… So, you see, these Gods are independent with their own Powers and are free to do as they like.

When I was staying in another house (not here) I was very much attached to Shiva. I asked Him to manifest on earth. He said, "No, I will not do so. I shall come only when the Supramental Race will be on this earth." So I had nothing to say. He is free.

Ever since I took birth on this earth, these Gods and Goddesses have been constantly with me.

In the old days, when I was taking a walk on the verandah, Krishna used to walk with me.

I know that these Gods and Goddesses will help human beings in the New Creation, the New World of the Supermind…" (100-01)

25-2-66

3. Certainty of the Victory of the Truth

"**If I am certain of anything in this world, I am certain of only one thing: The Victory of the TRUTH.**" (113)

January 1973

XIII. Satprem: Mother's Log, 1950-1973

8-1-1951 – "**As long as there is death, things always end badly. Only victory over death will make it possible for things not to end badly.**" (14)

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1-3-1951 – "**Whatever be the goal attained, it is only a beginning.**" (15)

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17-3-1951 – "Each time new forces descend upon earth, a change of consciousness is produced; and a change of consciousness must have a corresponding change of movement. The earth is being charged more and more with forces coming from regions that are faster and faster." (16)

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29-3-1951 – "**Once you have decided to find the truth of your being everything seems to conspire to help you to advance.**" (16)

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7-4-1951 – "The Mind discovers that such and such thing is unfortunate. Without the mind, there is no such discovery and the misfortune does not exist.

– Were there no misery on earth, what would become of philanthropy?" (17)

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20-5-1953 – "**What one must succeed in doing, is to be able to prolong life at will.**" (20)

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23-9-1953 – "The physical world is like a movie projection on something that fixes the image. It is a mere image. The physical world which everyone takes as the only reality is simply an image: the image of all that happens in what we call the "invisible." It becomes visible to us because there is a screen which stops the vibrations. If there were no such screen, the vibrations would move on and nothing would be seen." (22)

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4-11-1953 – "**I don't think the Divine is a moralist.**

11-11-1953 – **Money is a force, nobody has the right to own it personally …It won't last forever.**

18-11-1953 – **If it were only justice reigning over the world, it would not be fun!**" (23)

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16-12-1954 – "**There are people all shut up in their little family and if the baby coughs, it is a calamity. An existence like that of an earth-worm in a hole.**" (24)

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10-3-1954 – "The "layers of determinism": the physical existence has a determinism; the vital existence has a determinism, the psychic existence, the higher existences have a determinism – the supramental existence has a determinism. If at a given moment, when the entire physical determinism necessarily brings death, you suddenly enter into contact with the supramental determinism and you succeed in joining the two, you change your physical determinism completely. Death, which had been determined by the physical determinism is abolished, and the conditions change and are pushed back." (26)

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25-8-1954 – "If I had around me receptivity, this would help my body enormously.

– All ascetic disciplines are the best means of making you proud: it should be hammered to pieces." (28)

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25-5-1955 – "When people come and tell you, "But what do you want, it is the law of Nature!…" In that case it is not worth being a man, it would be better for you to be a monkey or an elephant or a lion." (31)

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8-6-1955 – "**The whole world may go the wrong way, there is only one thing with which I am concerned: to go straight.**" (31)

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6-7-1955 – "**Imagination is like antennae going into a world that's not yet realised, catching something there and drawing it here.**" (31)

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27-8-1960 – "**They assassinate me with letters! In the end, Sri Aurobindo spent the whole night at it – till he went blind. Such a display of ignorance, bad will, ingratitude without equal.**" (71)

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14-11-1962 – "As if I were touching the rock-bottom of things. Dregs of darkness and mud, incredible. The higher I rise, the more I notice things below.

– To bring the two extremes together. The whole work is to make the junction." (104)

* * *

22-12-1962 – "**There are strange things… Do you understand the difference between the memory of an inner experience and the memory of a physical fact?… Well, I had the memory of having gone out of my room and having done physical things… and I didn't stir from here! And it was not an exteriorisation.**

– Ubiquity, something like that." (105-06)

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10-7-1965 "It is the collaboration of the defeatist Mind and the false senses that makes the life we live.

– They (the doctors) have a hypnotic power over material consciousness. Doctors' mental distortions stick in your brain and return after ten years.

– Tell your cells they don't need to bleed!

– One has to keep forever working on that. The collective suggestion, the collective atmosphere is so… rotten that it acts all the time.

– There is a zone near the physical, a zone infested with worms! All the suggestions of all the possible catastrophes.

– There is only one thing: a sort of flame – a flame that burns all this Falsehood.

– The will for victory. Not the personal victory over disease: the victory over the world. So we are made to fight, we are here for that. And as it is the most intimate way, it is the body that is affected." (136-37)

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19-8-1966 "**Basically, materialistic thought is the gospel of death.**

– *Savitri* is the epic of the victory over death." (149)

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17-4-1969 "Even if one person could put himself faithfully at the disposal of the Truth, he could change the world." (186)

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XIV. Sethna: Our Light and Delight, Recollections of Life with the Mother

1. The Mother and Sri Aurobindo

"He is recorded as saying:* "The inner guide may fail after a time in the sadhana. I had attained an inner calm, before I took help from Lele. But **when I came to Pondicherry, there was no help from within, and I was seeking for some illumination from an outside thing or person. Then Mirra came; and, had she not come here, I would have been still fumbling...**"

The same luminous humility overwhelms us in the words Amrita once reported to me in the early days of my Ashram-stay. He told me that after the Mother's arrival in Pondicherry Sri Aurobindo declared to the young men with him at the time, of whom Amrita was one: **"I never knew the meaning of 'surrender' until Mirra surrendered herself to me."**

The extremism of this declaration is confirmed by Barindra Kumar Ghose, Sri Aurobindo's youngest brother. When he had just come back from the Andamans, to which he had been banished for implication in the Alipore Bomb Conspiracy, he asked Sri Aurobindo: "the Mother has written in her Prayers what she felt after she saw you. But what was your feeling when you saw the Mother?" Sri Aurobindo thought for a moment and told him: **"That was the first time I knew that perfect surrender to the last physical cell was humanly possible; it was when the Mother came and bowed**

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* *"Sri Aurobindo at Evening Talk: Some Notes of May-to-November 1926" by V. Chidanandam, Mother India, August 1971, p. 453.*

down that I saw that perfect complete surrender in action."*

We might assert that in the first meeting of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo at 3.30 p.m. on March 29, 1914 the typical Aurobindonian Yoga, with its insistence primarily on Surrender to the Divine, found for the wide world the true seed of its call to life to break from the common hold of earth and thrust upward in self-abandonment towards the Light without yet losing its root in terrestrial existence, so that ultimately the Light may be drawn into the very depths of Matter and transform them.

Balancing this fact, we can discern in that inner gesture of the Mother throwing her whole self at the feet of Sri Aurobindo – a gesture which often took an outer shape in the days to come – her recognition of his absolute mastery over her life and of the beginning of a new epoch of spirituality even for so extraordinary and so richly experienced a Truth-seeker as she. What she felt about him could be seen every time she spoke his name. A taste of some ineffable nectar seemed to be on her lips when with a musical blend of invocation of his presence from afar and evocation of it from her own profundities she pronounced it like a Mantra of mantras in a half French half English accent – the S of "Sri" becoming invariably Sh and the r of it as well as of "Aurobindo" emerging with a kind of golden gurgle from the throat. Utter devotion and utter identification appeared to be simultaneous in the sound." (7-9)

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* *Glimpses of the Mother's Life, Compiled by Nilima Das and edited by K.D. Sethna (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Mother India, Pondicherry, 1978), p. 253.*

"…The point about the intensified and redoubled presence of Sri Aurobindo in her was driven home to me on two other occasions. On April 30, 1953 I spoke to the Mother about a friend who had left the Ashram "he claims that Sri Aurobindo is all the time present with him, communicating with him and guiding him." The Mother replied: "The fact simply is that Sri Aurobindo made an emanation of himself for him. And this emanation Sri Aurobindo has not withdrawn. That is an act of Grace. It does not mean that the central Sri Aurobindo, Sri Aurobindo himself, is there. He is here with me all the time and working through me."

The book *Champaklal Speaks* quotes a direct letter to the person concerned, written on 5.5.1953:*

"I do not deny that you have got a connection with something of Sri Aurobindo, the something that was interested in you and in what you are doing. This something might have remained with you to inspire and help you in your work in America and elsewhere. But it is only a part, a very, very small part of the Sri Aurobindo whom I know and with whom I lived physically for thirty years, and who has not left me, not for a moment – for He is still with me, day and night, thinking through my brain, writing through my pen, speaking through my mouth and acting through my organising power."

The truth expressed here came to be reaffirmed by her in general when I raised an issue apropos of a message she had given on her birthday in 1958. Both the French and the English versions were published in the March issue of *Mother India*. The message consisted of three sentences. In the original the first ran:

* *Champaklal Speaks, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, 1975, p. 25.*

"Fêter la naissance d'un corps transitoire peut satisfaire certains sentiments fidèles."

The Mother's English translation was:

"To celebrate the birth of a transitory body can satisfy some faithful feelings."

The remainder of the message in English read:

"To celebrate the manifestation of the eternal Consciousness can be done at every moment of the universal history."

"But to celebrate the advent of a new world, the Supramental, is a marvellous and exceptional privilege."

Evidently, the Mother was pulling us beyond the disciples' devoted urge to make overmuch of the annually returning single day on which the Guru's physical being had been born. With a natural modesty and an impersonal insight her emphasis fell more on the entry into time of the larger non-individual reality of the everlasting inner Divine within that being, and most on the transcendent Supermind's becoming now, through this reality and that being, a part of the earth's future and creating the possibility of an earthly heaven. The last allusion was to the Supramental Manifestation that had occurred on February 29, 1956 in the earth's subtle-physical layer. But I was rather disturbed by the word "transitory", I wrote to the Mother that it suggested that her present body would pass away from our midst. I added: "Such a suggestion cannot but be quite upsetting to your disciples. Surely if Sri Aurobindo were here to guide us he would never let you use the adjective 'transitory'." I concluded with my conviction that Sri Aurobindo, who had asked her, as she herself had stated, to fulfil the Yoga of

Supramental Descent and Transformation, would choose the French equivalent of "transitional".

After the Mother had read my note, she came to me where I sat on the floor as usual, waiting for her to finish her lunch and then meet me before she took her short siesta and I left for my house. Very quietly she looked at me and said in a low yet firm voice: "You have been impertinent. How can you dare to say what Sri Aurobindo would choose or not choose? Do you know where Sri Aurobindo is?" I saw in a flash the mistake I had committed. I said: "I am sorry, Mother. I did not realise the truth, I know where he is." At once she had tenderness in her eyes. She said quite simply: "He is all the time with me and directing my actions." " (10-12)

* * *

"…Navajata had had a severe attack of renal colic. One morning, when he met her, she asked him how he felt. He answered in a somewhat sad tone that a little pain still persisted in the kidney-region. The Mother, wanting to take, away his attention from this slight symptom, calmly declared: **"From the beginning of this century there has not been a day when I haven't had a pain in my abdomen."** " (14)

2. Some Ways of the Mother's Working

"…Our whole residence in the Ashram is itself the Grace choosing us. Once when somebody complained that justice was not being done as it should in the Ashram, the Mother said **"The Ashram is not a place of justice, it is a place of Grace. Otherwise how many would have the right to be here?"** When we stumble on the way, the Mother has never preached a sermon or even attached importance to the

difficulty that caused the stumbling. She has only extended her hand to pick us up – provided, of course, we have wanted to be picked up. Sometimes even without our wanting it she has set us moving again.…" (29)

* * *

"…I have already written elsewhere of how **on the night of the Supramental Manifestation on February 29,1956 the Mother appeared to me in the railway compartment in which I was travelling from Madras to Bombay after leaving Pondicherry the same morning. She told me afterwards that she had come to intimate to me the Great Event in fulfilment of a promise given eighteen years earlier when the same manifestation had been first visioned as coming though it did not materialise that year.** At that time too I was to leave Pondicherry for a while and the Mother, after hinting at the wonderful future, assured me that she would immediately let me know of the happening. Her tremendous Grace on that night was beyond anything a poor erring disciple could deserve." (30-31)

* * *

"**That is quite a different matter. Staying here when you think you can afford everything and you are sure of your position – this is one thing. It is another to rise in response to the Divine's direct call, to be moved by the Divine Grace and come without thinking of how one will live.** The situation being what it is, I think it is inadvisable for you two or even you alone to come now. If I let you come and if somehow Sehra comes for your sake, she will be very unhappy. Even good sadhaks become unhappy at times, missing the things to which they were accustomed." (39-40)

"According to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, the Divine Power which is all the time present in the world as well as beyond the world and especially the Divine Power as embodied by them for a new manifestation could do a lot of impossible-looking things. I know from my own experience how it could get us over the supposed necessity of acting in conformity with Nature's "laws" operative in the physical world and the living body.

Once I had a fall very badly hurting my left knee and resulting in a large collection of water over the joint. I went through a whole night of acute pain. My inner appeals to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother brought on some alleviation now and again but no appreciable relief. Soon after sunrise, my friend Ambu who used to be a great help to me in the early days of my stay in the Ashram came to enquire how I was. I told him of my restless night and gave him a note for the Mother to be taken immediately to her door and to see that it got into her hands as soon as possible. Shortly after this the pain was completely gone." (49-50)

* * *

"…Her action was always guided by spiritual insight into each particular case. I well remember once saying to her about a certain sadhak: "I am quite sure that if you gave the least sign he would come back to you." The Mother answered in effect: "I know he will come back if I call him. But the problem he faced in himself in the past will not be solved. It was a crisis of such a kind that it will recur in the future – unless his soul makes a free choice to come back to our fold. In all such critical and basic situations the decision must spontaneously come from the soul. I have to wait, even for lives, for the

decisive turn to occur. Only with such a turn the true evolution takes place." " (98-99)

3. The Only Way of Getting Rid of Ego

"At one of the sessions in the Prosperity Room before the evening's Soup Distribution – sessions which included about two dozen sadhaks sitting in a semi-circle in front of the Mother – the Mother said in effect: **"No matter how liberated one may be by withdrawing from the play of one's nature, the ego will persist in the play unless one gives oneself in utter love to a Being other than oneself, to a Divine Person."** " (177)

* * *

4. The Mother and the Lord of Falsehood During the Second World War

"The Mother and Sri Aurobindo considered the Second World War as their own war because of Hitler's typal tyranny which, if successful, would have blocked their work of spiritual evolution. Sri Aurobindo kept in close touch with every development by means of a radio fixed in his room by Pavitra. Many of us understand that he intervened at various turning-points. But not many realise a most crucial intervention by the Mother. I came to know of it from private sources nearly twenty years ago, directly from Udar and indirectly through André. We may look upon it as based on a prophecy Sri Aurobindo had made at the end of his poem "The Dwarf Napoleon".

This poem ridiculed Hitler's pretensions to equal "the immense colossus of the past" who had arisen as a master-

militarist to save the results of that progressive uprising, the French Revolution, from being submerged by the old-world powers ranged against it in all Europe outside France. Indeed, Napoleon was an autocrat, but Sri Aurobindo always pictured him paradoxically as a despotic defender of democracy. As the poem puts it:

> A movement of enormous depth and scope
> He seized and gave cohesion to its hope.

Far other was Hitler, yet "a mighty Force" had taken hold of him:

> In his high villa on the fatal hill
> Alone he listens to that sovereign Voice,
> Dictator of his action's sudden choice,
> The tiger leap of a demoniac skill.

And Sri Aurobindo concludes:

> Thus driven he must stride on conquering all,
> Threatening and clamouring, brutal, invincible,
> Until he meets upon his storm-swept road
> A greater devil – or thunderstroke of God.

This prophecy was penned in October 1939, when Hitler and Stalin had already signed a pact of non-aggression. Thus Stalin, the "greater devil", seemed close-linked to the lesser – and against them both there could be only God's thunder stroke preparing in the dim future. But within two years – to be precise, on 22 June 1941 – the possibility of Sri Aurobindo's prophetic words coming true loomed up: Hitler attacked Russia. Strangely enough, Stalin was caught somewhat on the wrong foot and there were German victories at the start. But "the Man of Steel" soon showed his diabolic

superiority and, after the decisive blow at Stalingrad in 1942 on 25 November (Amal Kiran's thirty-eighth birthday, by the way!), the lesser devil was critically weakened. Spiritual-minded historians may surmise that Sri Aurobindo, especially since Russia was now automatically allied to Churchill's England and Roosevelt's America, backed with his Overmind puissance the greater devil temporarily in order to smash Hitler who was at that time the bigger immediate menace to civilisation. But would any of them guess that the folly Hitler committed of turning upon Stalin and drawing the more heinous devilry against himself had the Mother's occult goad behind it?

The Mother knew exactly what Vital Being was egging Hitler on. She has dubbed him "The Lord of Falsehood", a Rakshasa and Asura in one, as it were, who arrogates to himself the title: "The Lord of the Nations." Finding Hitler going from strength to strength, she resolved to imitate the special form in which the Lord of Falsehood always appeared to him at his secret headquarters in the Bavarian Alps and inspired him to fantastic actions which yet proved triumphant. He used to come to Hitler clad in a silver cuirass and with a silver helmet from which a plume-like flame shot forth. Taking the same form in her subtle body and exteriorising her consciousness, the Mother went to the Fuhrer and commanded him to launch on the most fantastic-seeming action of all: an attack on Stalin's Russia, his publicly avowed ally. Hitler, as usual, accepted the order implicitly. In view of the unexpected brilliant successes in the past, there was no question now of his doubting the new mandate delivered out of the same flashing presence by the "sovereign Voice". His resolve to unleash a sudden onslaught on his former partner was unbreakably set.

The Mother, on her way back from him, met the real Lord of Falsehood proceeding; towards the Fuhrer's "bunk" at Berchtesgaden. He was astonished to see his own special form face to face with him. He realised what must have happened. He hurried to Hitler to contradict what had been commanded. But Hitler remained unconvinced and carried out the attack. Secretly he had himself wished to destroy Communist Russia and, when that long-cherished yet hitherto checked dream, which had been outlined in his *Mein Kampf*, was given so glorious a push forward, he could not help thinking that the second appearance of the guiding spirit was some piece of fraud.

As Sri Aurobindo had predicted, the greater devil brought about the lesser's downfall, but the prediction now revealed an unsuspected significance. At first sight Sri Aurobindo's words would seem to posit two alternatives as responsible in the future for the downfall: either an encounter by Hitler with a more diabolical darkness than his own or else a terrific bolt from the Divine's blue. Now the dividing "or" turned out to imply not a pair of different destructive forces but simply two different names for one and the same Mahakali, for the greater devil was pulled into action willynilly by the hands of the Divine. The Mother, by a bold piece of what we may call a divine outdevilling of the super-devil, the Lord of Falsehood, created directly a head-long clash between the two arch-enemies of Light, and managed to make this very clash a thunderstroke of God." (194-197)

5. The Mother and the Hostile Beings of the Vital Plane

"A case of possession by a hostile and not a friendly

vital force was enacted under my eyes in the early days of the Ashram. A fellow-sadhak and a personal friend was a young Indian, an Oxford-educated free-minded "moderner" who yet spontaneously took to Yoga and developed into a fine devotee.

Suddenly he changed to an aggressive type, showing all the signs of an old-world religious fanaticism.

The altered attitude first betrayed its symptoms in the way he dealt with the Master's handwritten corrections of the Jnana-Yoga chapters of *The Synthesis of Yoga* as they had appeared in his monthly *Arya* of 1914-1921. He had promised to type out the new matter together with the old and pass everything back to Sri Aurobindo. Instead of doing this, he made a present of the original corrected pages to the spies of the British Government who in plain clothes were always hovering around the Ashram houses and seeking evidence to prove that Sri Aurobindo had not yet abandoned his political activity but was secretly continuing it.

The young man's rebellion came to a head one morning when he rushed up to the door leading to the Mother's interview-room. Dilip Kumar Roy was with her. He came to the door to answer the loud knockings. As soon as he opened it. The rebel stepped in. Dilip, having a bulky body, served as a good buffer between the Mother and the intruder, but his stalling tactics by means of what he later jokingly dubbed "brute strength" were not conclusively successful. The intruder was attempting to push past him. The Mother, who had come up behind Dilip, saw the situation worsening and shouted: "Purani! Purani!" Purani had his room nearby downstairs. He was the most fiery inmate of the Ashram. He had been

famous as one of the inspirers of young Gujarat in the Nationalist struggle against British domination, an expert wrestler, a fearless fighter, an all-round heroic personality. I remember Amrita telling me: "Purani has a gigantic vital being, something approaching the Mother's." He had also some occult powers. When he ran up in answer to the Mother's call, he grabbed the intruder by the arm and tried to pull him downstairs. The latter clutched whatever was available and resisted Purani. Purani told me that the fellow had stood his ground and stuck to the door as if with superhuman strength, the kind of capacity that comes to possessed persons. With jerk after jerk Purani loosened his opponent's hold and moved him from the top of the staircase and finally with one terrific pull dragged him scurrying non-stop down the steps right to the bottom on the ground floor. There he challenged him: "Do you want a fight? I am ready." The opponent knew that a vital energy greater than the one which had entered into him was pitted against it. Without a word he turned away and disappeared. Shortly afterwards he ran off from the Ashram and became a sort of wandering fakir.

Almost two decades later he returned for a while. The Mother allowed him to get free food in the Ashram's Dining Hall but he had to have his quarters outside. She could not forget his early good days of devotion when he had made an offering of his money to the Ashram." (200-02)

6. What Happens When the Vital Surrenders to the Divine

"…The Mother once told me: "When the Vital surrenders to the Divine we have a marvellous event. Something indescribably beautiful and grand takes place –

the absolute sweep of the Vital's throwing itself at the Divine's feet is incomparable." The Mother also observed that the true joy of the sadhana comes when the Vital co-operates. Till then all happiness of Yoga comes and goes, and there is no fixity, no planting of it down into the earth – into our physical existence." (229)

7. The Human Form Goes Back to the Utmost Origin

"According to the most popular version of modern evolutionary theory, *homo sapiens* appeared not only very late on the scene but also at the end of a lengthy series of blind genetic mutations sifted by an equally blind process of natural selection due to the demands of the ever-changing external environment.

The Mother said in effect: "I realised long ago that the human form carries a fundamental importance. I used to rise into high levels during my trances – till I seemed close to the very ultimate spiritual reality. It was certainly beyond Sat-chit-ananda. There I once saw the figure of a being like a man with uplifted arms as if calling down something from the Unknown and Unmanifest. So, you see, the human form goes back to the utmost origin." " (236)

8. Supramentalisation of a Human Body

"…In 1953 she expressed in general terms her vision as well as her will:

"**The transformation of the material body has not been done nor even attempted perhaps in the past. It can be done only if life is sufficiently prolonged; you do not leave the body unless you will it so and thus have the**

necessary time at your disposal to bring about this change. Sri Aurobindo once said – and he said it without the least hesitation – that it would take about three hundred years to do it; I can add, from the time when the last stage of union with the Divine is reached....

"To prepare such a body three hundred years is nothing; even a thousand years will not be too much. Naturally, I am speaking of the same body. If you change your body in between, it will no longer be the same body. At 50 the body already begins to wear out. But, on the contrary, if you have a body that goes on perfecting itself, if each passing year represents a step in progress, then you can continue indefinitely...."

After the Supramental Manifestation on 29 February 1956 in the subtle-physical layer of the earth her hopes took a still more concrete shape. No doubt, she did not envisage a quick change in general world-conditions and said on 5 September of the same year: **"Before the effects of the supramental manifestation become visible and tangible, perceptible to the whole world, thousands of years have perhaps to pass."** However, she had a shorter view for the small world of sadhaks around her. On 10 October 1956 she declared: "What Sri Aurobindo has promised and what evidently interests us who are here now is that the time has come when some chosen beings out of the present-day humanity who fulfil the conditions of the necessary spiritualisation would be capable of transforming their body with the help of the Supramental Force, the Supramental Consciousness and the Supramental Light and would no longer be animal men but become supermen. This promise he based on the knowledge he had that the Supramental Force was

about to break upon earth. In point of fact, the supramental Force had come down into him long ago."

The meaning of the last statement about Sri Aurobindo is evidently, as she explained to Monsieur Roger Anger one day and later to me on 25 November 1970, that Sri Aurobindo's embodied being had experienced the Supermind's descent but that the Supramental Force had not entered sufficiently and permanently his physical substance so as to start supramentalising it. She told Roger that because the physical supramentalisation had not been there Sri Aurobindo's body could undergo death. To me she said: **"Clearly, Sri Aurobindo did not have the supramental body, and neither do I have it. But that does not mean that the Supermind was not in his body. The two things are quite different. One can have the supermind in the body without the body being supramentalised."**" (249-50)

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