



Visions of Champaklal

Visions
Of
Champaklal

Compiled

& Edited by

Roshan & Apurva

First Edition 1990

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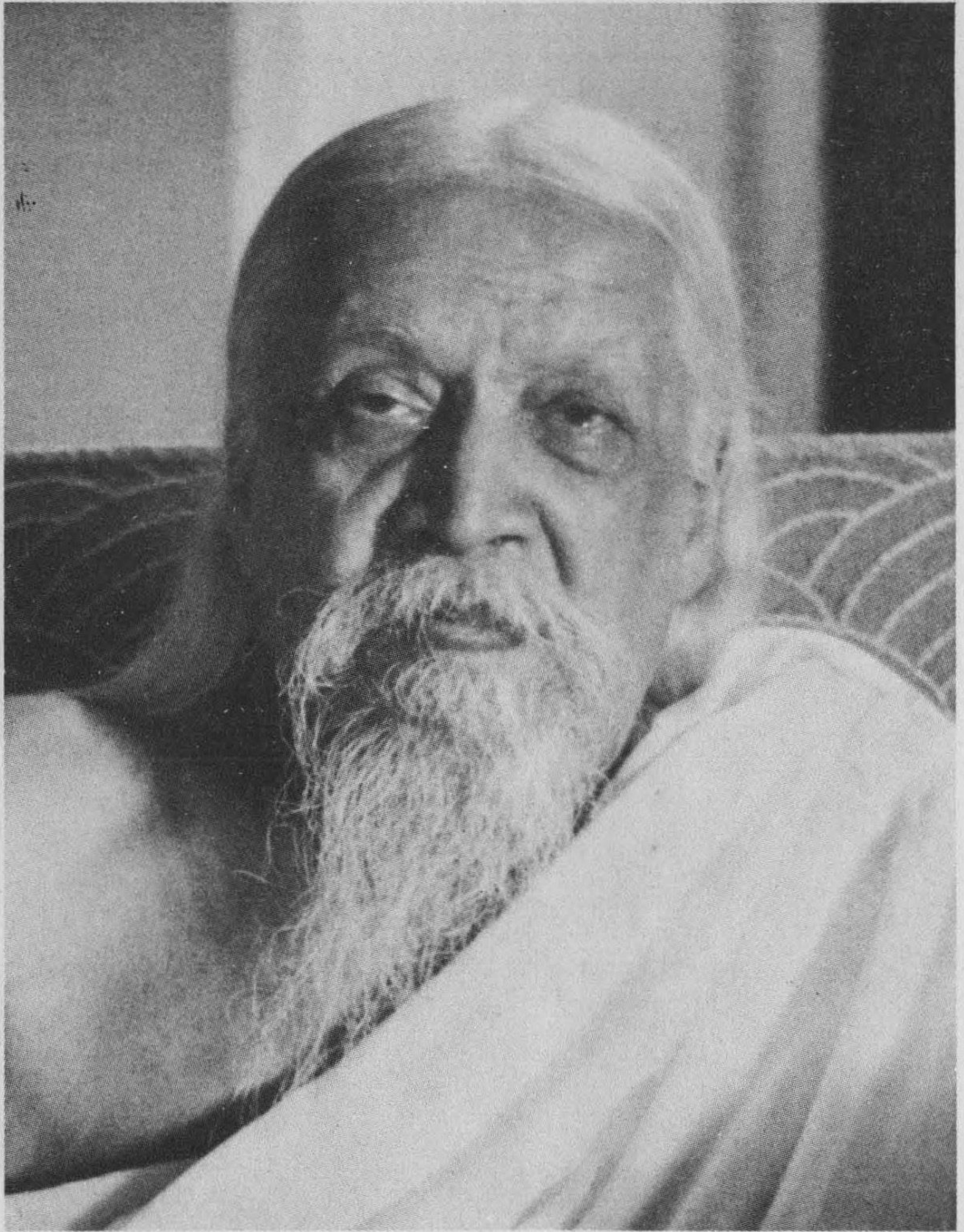
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*All was revealed there none can here express;
Vision and dream were fables spoken by truth
Or symbols more veridical than fact,
Or were truths enforced by supernatural seals.*

(Savitri, Book I, Canto 3, p. 30)



Sri Aurobindo (1950)

An increasing advance on the road to the entire psychic change, what is most important in the sadhana, for that is the straight road to the spiritual transformation. Devotion, harmony and scrupulousness, more and more fading of the more vehement movement of the vital ego are among the more prominent landmarks on the road.

Aug 2 - 1947 Sri Aurobindo

2.2.47.

My dear child, ^{what} that I had foreseen last year has proved to be quite true, and this relation of the Mother and the child has much grown in reality, intensity and deepness -

With my love and blessings
 Y. i.

2.2.1947

An increasing advance on the road to the entire psychic change is what is most important in the sadhana, for that is the straight road to the spiritual transformation. Devotion, harmony and scrupulousness, more and more fading of the more vehement movement of the vital ego are among the more prominent landmarks on the road.

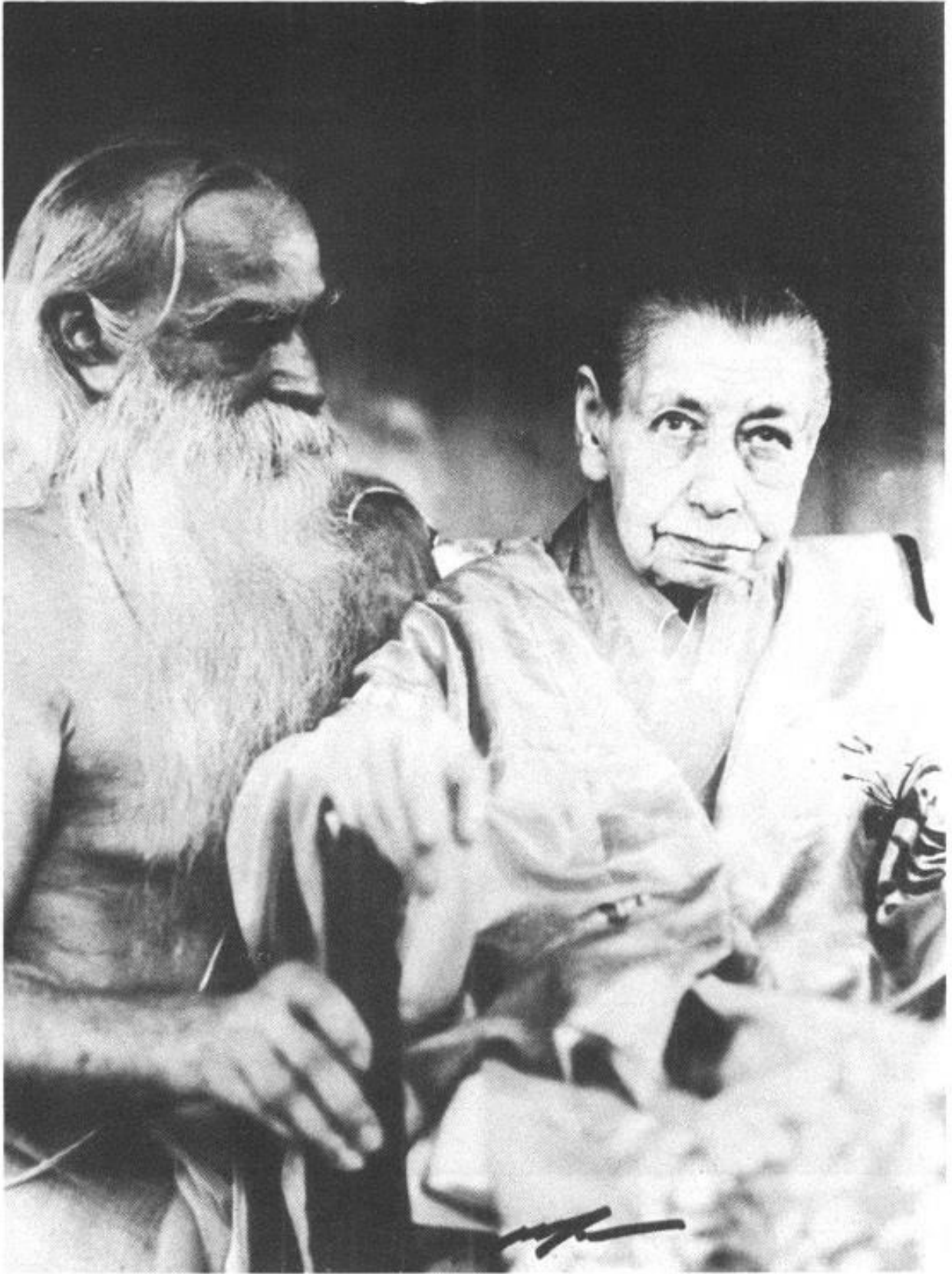
Sri Aurobindo

My dear Child, that which I had foreseen last year has proved to be quite true and this relation of the Mother and the child has much grown in reality, intensity and deepness.

With my love and blessings.

The Mother


(Birthday messages to Champaklal)



In Thy Presence

2-2-65

Champa Lal,
This year, I feel
clearly that you
have become a
part of myself.

For ever Love


PREFACE

We present in this book a collection of dreams and visions of Champaklal whose very name evokes the memories of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother to their devotees. The collection is prepared without any distortion from the original writings. The word “Vision” is also used at some places to convey its wider sense of superconscious experiences and revelations. They are usually symbolic, clear, precise and well coordinated. Our purpose in presenting the dreams and visions of Champaklal is to make available, to the present generation, one of the major aspects of his life given in the narrations of visions as actually “seen” by him from time to time. They are like a glorious song of cosmic forces at work both in man and in nature. Our purpose will be well served if this book can re-create, in the prepared reader, at least a semblance of the experiences of Champaklal.

Champaklal used to ask Sri Aurobindo the meanings of his dreams, hence their interpretations by Sri Aurobindo are available. They are presented here. We have made an attempt to suggest possible interpretations of later dreams and visions, based on the interpretations of the symbols given by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. Some hardy souls may raise their eyebrows at this. We are aware that to give an interpretation would be like shooting an arrow at the Truth, which may, at the most, “hit a point, but not cover the whole target.” These interpretations are only a pointer, are not to be taken as rigid and absolute and they are not meant to limit the original value and beauty of the dreams and visions. It is our hope to use them as mirrors and try to provide a reflection of the beauty and depth of the experiences of Champaklal to the reader.

We believe that if an individual does not at least make an attempt towards the realisation of the higher consciousness, his life will be spent in vain. Our attempt is, therefore, to persuade the reader to take upon himself the task of his own re-building so that he may in turn feel the urge to be liberated and experience what Sri Aurobindo describes in his lines in Savitri:

*“Near to earth’s wideness, intimate with heaven,
Exalted and swift her young large-visioned spirit
Voyaging through worlds of splendour and of calm
Overflew the ways of thought to unborn things.”*

Would it not be a source of inspiration to know that a man exists amongst us, who could assert even today that he actually sees and is in constant union with Sri Aurobindo and the Mother in their luminous, golden bodies?

We have also compiled extracts in general from the writings of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, on dreams and visions, which have been presented in individual chapters.

Most visions have been translated from Gujarati by Champaklal himself, some by the late Shri Pujalal and some by Sushilaben with the help of Champaklal and Kamalaben. Many of them have appeared in the English monthly *Mother India*.

We present this book with a deep sense of gratitude and reverence to Champaklal for his guidance, kind co-operation and patient hearing. We also offer our sincere thanks to an eminent scholar and an enlightened devotee Shri K.D. Sethna (Amal Kiran) for his able and unobtrusive guidance. We are most grateful to all those who have helped in the publication of this book. We would like to record our special thanks to the Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust and the Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press, Pondicherry, for the cooperation extended by them.

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A Letter *

14-5-79

Dear Champaklal,

I was greatly impressed by your Golden Vision. It reveals the Mother in her full reality — not only the Universal Form of her but also the Individual Being. People often say that now that the Mother has left her body she is a Universal Form — as if the bodily shape alone constituted her individuality. What you saw shows not only the cosmic power set to greater use by her departure from the body. What you saw shows also how closely and organically the Universal and the Individual in her were related and how naturally they interplay.

It would seem that her individuality no less than her universality can now come home more vividly. Her individual aspect acted on you in the very way the embodied Mother used to do: she put her hands over your eyes just as she often did when she was tangible on earth. But she repeated the old gesture with a luminosity and a meaningfulness which exceeded the old personal relationship.

This meaningfulness, disclosed by your vision, acquires a plenitude by her bringing in one hand a lotus and in the other a hammer. The lotus would point to a power of effecting a spontaneous opening of our being to the Divine, especially to the Divine as Avatar. The hammer suggests a forceful action of swift grace. And what she did with the hammer to you personally is for me the climax — the most momentous part — of the vision. You do not say much of the change brought about in you, but from your few hints I conclude as follows.

The Mother has broken open your normal individuality and made something of you spread its consciousness in the universal existence. This change has come about by at once a profound interiorisation, a further plunging into the inner self and, as a result of this new deepening, a new widening.

How would I understand this new widening? I would say that it modifies the whole aspect of your future movements to distant places. I am sure that you did not go on travelling here and there merely because you needed an outing. There was an inner call to meet the outside world for the sake of that world's good. Now, according to me, there will be an answer from you not simply to whatever possibility of good there may be for the world's sake. If only the world were concerned, you could sit at home and not go out at all and, without going out, get some work done. At present, there will be a going out purely because the Divine shall call you for purposes that you may not even know. *The thinking mind will have no part in the motive of your travels.* The thinking mind has been hit open and something more inward has been set free — something inward beyond all your previous depth. Deriving from that suddenly revealed centre, your movements are bound to be a sheer *motiveless* response to the Divine Will — the individual Mother within you going forth

* This letter from K. D. Sethna (Amal Kiran) is about Champaklal's Vision: *Mother in a Golden Body* 16-4-1979.

ecstatically into the Universal Mother which is your highest being outside the body that is the visible Champaklal.

Yours affectionately,
AMAL

Introduction

Visions are like seedlings that could sprout into an experience of Reality. In the highest vision of the soul, an angel is awake. Sri Aurobindo has said,

“Vision is of value because it is, often a first key to inner planes of one’s own being and one’s own consciousness as distinguished from worlds or planes of the cosmic consciousness.”

Examples from History

The educated man of today with his thinking mind would tend to ask the question whether visions can be real. We have heard of great saints like Sri Ramakrishna and Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu and such supreme spiritual personalities as Sri Aurobindo, who had “seen God face to face” or “talked with Him” and had the divine experience. Arjuna had to be granted the divine sight so that he could “see” the truth which was invisible to his human eyes. Even the Vedas, the core of the Hindu religion, are based on the rules and regulations governing the cosmos and beyond it as “seen” by the sages who were the “Seers”. Here, the term “Seeing” is not confined to a mere physical act of perception. It is used in its scriptural meaning to confirm that the experience of Reality through visions can be as factual and intimate as would be the experience of seeing any object with our own normal eyes in the visible spectrum.

Similarity with Science

The word “Seeing” is to be taken in its metaphorical sense, since the experience of Reality is an essentially non-sensory experience. It is a direct intuitive insight that produces an extraordinary sense of awareness without the screening by the thinking mind.

Thus, the direct experience of Reality transcends the regions of thought and language, hence all verbal descriptions of Reality are inadequate and incomplete.

So also in Science. Einstein’s theory of relativity leads us to speak of space-curvature, expanding universe, four-dimensional continuum, light’s finite speed which yet cannot be exceeded. Quantum physics drives scientists to declare that the sub-atomic realm is not only stranger than we have thought but also stranger than we can ever think. Then there is the famous Big Bang in which from an infinitesimal spark of energy there comes into existence both space and time as well as the entire repertory of elements in a cosmos in which all the galaxies are moving away from one another. As an alternative to the Big Bang hypothesis we have the steady state hypothesis in which to balance the endless disappearances of galaxies in an expanding universe there is a continuous creation of matter in empty space. Nothing in fundamental physics can be

properly visualised or made a mechanical model of. Only abstract mathematics can deal with these indescribable wonders.

Yes, Science too escapes verbal description. Still, there is an essential difference between realising the ultimate elusiveness of physical reality and the contact with the mystery that is beyond the range of matter and even of mental phenomena. In Science the marvellous bedrock of physical events is reached. The secret basis of all existence is not yet touched. Even the great scientist Einstein has acknowledged. “As far as the laws of Mathematics refer to reality, things are not certain, and as far as they are certain, they do not completely refer to reality”.

Need for the Eye Within

The quest for reality and truth requires the development of spiritual vision and the conversion and lifting of the soul to higher and still higher levels of consciousness where is “seen” the divine radiance. But the question is, “Can the human mind with its superficial nature and preoccupation with sense objects know with certainty what reality is?” The mind seeks to understand the cosmos, in which it exists, by dividing and analysing the mass of data and facts observed in day-to-day life and then forming ideas and beliefs about life in the universe. However, if life is so simple as to be understood through the surface existence only, why do we see so much of inner conflict, divided personalities, mental and physical breakdown of individuals? There is, often, an opposition between logical analysis by the mind and actual experience. This opposition usually deprives a person of having a sense of harmony between himself and the world at large. We often confront a situation where our intellectual concepts are distinct from our actual life. There is, therefore, the need for the subtle “third eye” within the individual to know whether there is any reality behind the world we know and beyond the meaning we give to life. Man must learn to handle and combine the facts generally observed and the values gained through experience. A rigorous analysis without any vision can only be at the cost of spiritual insights. On the other hand, a vision that is not disciplined or properly investigated can become a source of possible superstition and fanaticism. There is the eye within all of us, which, during the long and silent hours of contemplation and deep meditation, can lead us to develop our inner being, purify our emotions and thoughts. The discordant elements of mind and heart can be harmonized allowing the seed of spirit to grow.

“True Child” of The Mother – Champaklal

Our normal consciousness is at such a low level that it becomes a hindrance to the growth of the Psychic Being, the soul. The “true child” of the Mother, Champaklal, as the Mother herself has called him, is a creative, living symbol of the growth of the Psychic Being — without any interference from mental thinking. In this case, the journey of his soul to the higher levels of

consciousness became possible by penetrating prayer, deep meditation and continuous contact with Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, who are, to Champaklal, manifestations of God.

Champaklal was born in Patan, Gujarat, on 2-2-1903. Even as a young boy he lost interest in everything except God. He did not like going to a school for formal education. Perhaps his mind, even at that young age, did not want to be conditioned by the standards of the text books and wanted to soar above the ordinary phenomena of the world; it wanted wisdom and “the Light that illumines” and the knowledge of eternal Truth.

At the age of 15, Champaklal met a devotee of Sri Aurobindo, who asked him to follow the Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. His desire to see Sri Aurobindo grew very strong and along with a few other devotees he first arrived at Pondicherry on April 1, 1921. During his stay of eight days in Pondicherry, he met Sri Aurobindo every day and he used to have very interesting conversations with him. Champaklal told Sri Aurobindo during one conversation that he sometimes felt peace and saw light also at times, to which Sri Aurobindo replied, “You see, the peace which you feel shows that God is near you. Light shows that you can meet him in that peace. Gradually, you will be able to stay in this.”

The forecast came true and finally in 1923 Champaklal came to Pondicherry to offer himself in the service of the Divine. He dedicated himself to the practice of Integral Yoga under the guidance of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. The Integral Yoga as developed by Sri Aurobindo aims to enhance the experience of God-Consciousness in men, matter and nature.

He served both Sri Aurobindo and the Mother for over five decades in a manner that is unprecedented. He had the rare privilege of living with them as their attendant. He won the hearts of many people with his sincerity, straightforwardness, humility and love. He endeared himself so much to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother that he became their blessed child. They poured their Grace on him not only during the five decades when he untiringly served them but even after they had left their physical bodies Champaklal has been breathing their Grace always and ever. The Mother had affectionately called him, besides “My True Child”, “My Lion” and “a part of my being”.

For Champaklal, art has a spiritual value as a process and a discipline that can lead to the attainment of the Divine. The training, the constant living immersed in the atmosphere surcharged with the presence of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother and the single-minded practice of spiritual disciplines under their direct supervision resulted in awakening more keenly his subtle perceptions and in his flowering as an artist. His paintings, which are given in this book and on the cover page, are born out of his visions reflecting his consciousness and inner perception of Reality. The Mother wrote about his drawing of the lotus, “Full of light... There is a luminosity in it, in the colouring.”

Visions of Champaklal

Champaklal has been seeing fascinating dreams and visions ever since 1929.

These visions can be read at various levels of meaning depending on the level of consciousness of the reader. Some readers may consider them as naive and mythical types of representation; some may see in them a mere reflection of various physical forces, figures and symbols at work; some may see here an absurd mental life of an individual, yet some may regard these visions as a spiritualised journey of a highly developed soul.

We feel that these visions are not just a series of imaginative descriptions. They are essentially a force from beyond the human range, producing an effect directly on the more subtle substance of our being and can bring in a fine attunement of the reader to the spiritual consciousness from which these experiences of Champaklal are born.

What do these visions indicate?

The growth of the Psychic Being dominating the whole consciousness can develop visions, till it penetrates the inconscient and rebuilds the entire being. As in the case of Champaklal, the soul gets perfected by the process of life itself and the very sincerity of the effort will carry it forward, until one synthesizes the conscious with the superconscious. The entire being is then filled with one idea, one consciousness — the consciousness of the Divine Presence and it even tends to lose all distinction from the surroundings and to feel one with them.

This is the principal difference between those who believe in God with their intellect and those who believe in God with their whole being — between knowing from outside and knowing with an inner self-identification with the Divine. The difference between ordinary people and the Mother's Child Champaklal lies here. It is a very difficult thing to believe in God with the entire being. It requires a true hero and an inner warrior to do so.

One must let a single consciousness ripen and take possession of one's entire being by means of steady contemplation. It is a very personal, intimate and inevitable process, which can be a "native act" to individuals like Champaklal, by which the being that holds an object before it, becomes held by it.

Some of these visions reveal the cardinal principles of Sadhana that Champaklal has practised all along with steadfastness and unceasing devotion. These values have permeated every cell of his being and manifested themselves in various forms in the visions. Following are some of the revealed Imperatives that remain unchanged even in the fast-changing society of today and show "The way" in which these disciplines if practised with the requisite earnestness can lead to the vision of God. In the words of the Mother, "The generosity of your absolute self-giving will bring to you the revelation of the Divine's Love."

The simple secret is that one must have the faith of a child, boundless and absolute, in the Divine Grace. The best offering to God is love, single-minded devotion and complete self-surrender that knows no complaint. Sincerity and unselfishness to the last particle of one's being are essential so that consecration to the Divine becomes the breath of life. Practice of Yoga demands that one must

hold hard to one's spade and make an untiring personal effort, with a calm and steady aspiration, tremendous will and fearlessness. This requires a strong, courageous and at the same time peaceful and God-oriented vital being to develop during the sadhana. The visions also show in general for man, as seen and experienced in particular by Champaklal, the existence and aspects of the Divine in relation to man. As a physical being man may be seen as a child of God. (Champaklal saw his Father and Mother in Sri Aurobindo and the Mother respectively.) This is the first aspect, whereby according to the devotee's attitude, need, development and philosophy, God manifests Himself in various forms of beauty and holiness to the purified vision of the devotee. In the second aspect, as a soul, man can be looked upon as a part of the Cosmic Being or Universal Soul (Virāt Purusha). In the third, the transcendental aspect, everything culminates in "Sachchidananda", or Absolute Existence, Consciousness and Bliss.

Knowing Champaklal, it can be concluded that the vision of God dawns only in a heart in which unselfishness, the spirit of renunciation of "I-am-the-Doer" sense and the intensity of aspiration have reached their peak. There is, an assurance that the manifestation of God can be visualised by an inner sight in a spiritualized body, in short, by a purified human soul.

Thus, with the help of sadhana and the grace of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, Champaklal has not only gone from near to nearer God but has reached constant communion with Him. Sri Aurobindo said once that Realisation consists of three successive movements, internal vision, complete internal experience and total identity. The spiritual vision can take on mental forms of itself that can help towards this identification, each in its own way. Visions and experiences of Champaklal indicate that every cell of his being responds to the Divine Consciousness and he has attuned himself completely to the Consciousness of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, and in turn continuously knows how, in the Mother he has worshipped, "Immortal rhythms swayed in her time-born steps."

These visions are records of the struggles, victories, wonder, hopes, wisdom, knowledge, depth and magnificence of the high level of consciousness attained by Champaklal, revealing his quality, substance and his proximity to the divine form which would be "A golden temple door to things beyond."

Glory be to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother.

ROSHAN
APURVA

DREAMS

*Extracts from the Writings of
The Mother*

Dreams — Origin, Formation

It is sometimes said that in a man's sleep his true nature is revealed.

They are a part of the body's functioning. Dreams are as natural as the activities of the day...

From experiments, it is concluded that mental activity never really ceases; and it is this activity which is more or less confusedly transcribed in our brains by what we know as dreams. Thus, whether we are aware of it or not, we always dream.

We must therefore learn to know our dreams, and first of distinguish between them, for they are very varied in nature and quality.

Indeed it often happens that the sensory being, which throughout the whole day has been subjected to the control of the active will, reacts all the more violently during the night when this constraint is no longer effective.

Certainly, it is possible to suppress this activity completely and to have a total, dreamless sleep; but to be able in this way to immerse our mental being in a repose similar to the repose of our physical being, we must have achieved a perfect control over it, and this is not an easy thing to do.

As a general rule, each individual has a period of the night that is more favourable for dreams...

One must learn how to quieten one's mind, make it completely blank, and then when one wakes up, one feels refreshed. One must relax the whole mind in the pure white silence, then one has the least number of dreams.

You can organise your dream as you want. One can arrange one's dreams. But for this you must be conscious that you are dreaming....

... there is a very close connection between dreams and the condition of the stomach. Observations have been made and it has been noticed that in accordance with what is eaten, dreams are of one kind or another, and that if the digestion is difficult, the dream always turns into a nightmare....

Your brain is like a recording instrument; something comes and strikes hundreds of cells, each thing must strike a small note. Things will strike the brain convolutions — a remembrance, an impression, all kinds of tiny memories — it depends on your condition. But you have the control, ideas follow each other in accordance with a certain logic; there is also a mechanism which puts memories into movement through contagion, and the movement through contagion is made according to logic (what you call logic). But when you sleep, that faculty usually goes to sleep, so all those little cells are left to themselves and the connections — like the connections of electric wires — don't work

any longer, things come the wrong way round or in any direction at all. You must not look for a meaning. It was a contagion... your logic works no longer. And you have fantastic dreams, absurd dreams.

“The mind is an instrument of formation, of organisation and action.” Why? The mind gives a form to the thoughts. This power of formation forms mental entities whose life is independent of the mind that has formed them.... There is a mental substance just as there is a physical substance, and on this plane the mind can emanate innumerable forms. These forms can be objectivised and seen, and that is one of the most common explanations for dreams.... When you are asleep, your eyes are closed, the physical is asleep and the mind and vital become active.

On the mental plane all the formations made by the mind — the actual “forms” that it gives to the thoughts return and appear to you as if they were coming from outside and give you dreams.... Some people have a very conscious mental life... these people have mentally objective nights. But most people are incapable of doing this; it is their mental activity going on during sleep and assuming forms, and these forms give them what they call dreams.

...If you like, there is an experience, a fact, something happens — there is also translation in your brain.... There is one part of the being which has an experience; when that part of the being which had gone out of the body re-enters it, brings back the experience, the brain receives a contact with this experience, translates it by images, words, ideas, impressions, feelings, and when one wakes up one catches something of this, and with that makes a “dream”. But it is only a transcription of something that has happened — which has an analogy, a similarity, but which wasn’t exactly what one receives as a dream.

In everything you see, in sleep as well as in visions in the waking state, there are always a considerable number of subjective details. If you do not see the person as he was when you saw him last, the difference always comes from your own thought. If you think that the person must be older, you will see him looking older... and so on. An absolutely objective vision, which conforms wholly to the reality, is very rare.

Unless you concentrate in a very special way you always dream of things you have experienced or felt or been aware of some time before; but you don’t dream of the things that belong to your present life.... Except in a few very rare instances, a dream is the awakening of something recorded in the subconscious.

There are also symbolic and premonitory dreams, but very rarely do dreams consist of true memories of past lives, because for that one must dream in one’s psychic consciousness and there are not many who are capable of this. One dreams in the mental or vital consciousness but rarely does one dream in the psychic consciousness....

At times, there are dreams which one takes for memories, but they are only symbols: what one sees comes from a mental formation which is objectified on an inner screen and which enacts a scene, so to say, in which you are an actor.

Sometimes in dreams one goes into houses, streets, places one has never seen. What does this mean?

There may be many reasons for this. Perhaps it is an exteriorisation: one has come out of the body and gone for a stroll. They may be memories of former lives. Perhaps one has become identified with someone else's consciousness and has the memories of this other person. Perhaps it is a premonition (this is the rarest case, but it may happen): one sees ahead what one will see later.

When we see you in a dream, is it always a symbolic dream?

No, not necessarily. It can be a fact.... If I send out a force or a thought or a movement, an action to someone, in his atmosphere in his mental consciousness it takes my form. So he sees it.... It is not my whole being... but it is something of myself.... certainly, it has a significance... mostly even a very precise aim...

Symbolic dreams are usually very coherent, one remembers everything, to the least detail... more living, more real more intense than the material life....

THE MOTHER

Dreams — Types, Importance, Utility

The great majority of dreams have no other value than that of a purely mechanical and uncontrolled activity of the physical brain, in which certain cells continue to function during sleep as generators of sensory images and impressions conforming to the pictures received from outside.

These dreams are nearly always caused by purely physical circumstances — state of health, digestion, position in bed, etc.

With a little self-observation and a few precautions, it is easy to avoid this type of dream... by eliminating its physical causes.

There are also other dreams which are nothing but futile manifestations of the erratic activities of certain mental faculties, which associate ideas, conversations and memories that come together at random.

Such dreams are already more significant, for these erratic activities reveal to us the confusion that prevails in our mental being as soon as it is no longer subject to the control of our will, and show us that this being is still not organised or ordered within us....

Almost the same in form to these, but more important in their consequences, are the dreams... which arise from the inner being seeking revenge when it is freed for a moment from the constraint that we impose upon it. These dreams often enable us to perceive tendencies, inclinations, impulses, desires of which we were not conscious....

There are all kinds of different things, there are mental and vital projections exactly as in the cinema; then, there are visions you may have if you are exteriorised in the mental and vital regions; the great difference is that these dreams are imposed upon you.... Then there are countless dreams without any connection which have no interest.

Very few dreams have a meaning, an instructive value, but all dreams can show you what your present state of consciousness is and how things are combined in the subconscious, what the terrestrial influences are, what traces they leave....

... dreams are not merely the malignant informer of our weaknesses... there are others which should on the contrary be cultivated as precious auxiliaries in our work within and around us.

We should therefore observe our dreams attentively; they are often useful instructors who can give us a powerful help on our way towards self-conquest.

No one knows himself well who does not know the unconfined activities of his nights, and no man can call himself his own master unless he has the perfect consciousness and mastery of the numerous actions he performs during his physical sleep.

Very often, the work itself remains unconscious; only the result is perceived.

There can be no doubt that from many points of view our subconscious knows more than our habitual consciousness. Who has not had the experience of a metaphysical, moral or practical problem with which we grapple in vain in the evening, and whose solution, impossible to find then, appears clearly and accurately in the morning on waking?

The mental enquiry had been going on throughout the period of sleep and the internal faculties, freed from all material activity, were able to concentrate solely on the subject of their interest.

If our night has enabled us to gain some new knowledge — the solution of a problem, a contact of our inner being with some centre of life or light, or even the accomplishment of some useful task — we shall always wake up with a feeling of strength and well-being.

The hours that are wasted in doing nothing good or useful are the most tiring.

Difference between a symbolic dream and a vision — usually, one has a vision when one is not asleep, when one is awake. When one is awake and enters within oneself — whether in meditation or concentration — one has visions. Or at night you can't sleep... remain stretched out, quiet and you may have visions.

Dreams come when one is asleep... when one has no longer the waking consciousness; whereas in vision one is in the waking consciousness, but one quietens or immobilises it, and it is another more inner consciousness which awakens.... Vision is another plane of perception which awakes. It is the senses in the mind or vital or physical which wake up and manage to pass their experiences to the outer consciousness.... One can have visions with closed eyes, one can have visions with open eyes; while when dreaming one is always asleep.

Usually, the symbolic dream is much clearer, more precise, more coordinated, and carries with it a kind of consciousness of something which is true... one remembers it better....

... according to the plane on which one has seen, one can more or less judge the time that the vision will take to be fulfilled. And the immediate things are already realised, they already exist in the subtle physical and they can be seen there.... They are only the reflection or projection of the image in the material world which will appear on the next day or in a few hours.

There are all kinds of premonitory dreams. There are premonitory dreams that are fulfilled immediately... and there are premonitory dreams that are fulfilled over varying lengths of time. And

according to their position in time, these dreams are seen on various planes. The higher we rise towards absolute certainty, the greater the distance is, because these visions belong to a region which is very close to the Origin and the length of time between the revelation of what is going to be and its realisation may be very great. But the revelation is certain, because it is very close to the Origin. There is a place — when one is identified with the Supreme — where one knows everything absolutely, in the past, the present, the future and everywhere.

There are children who know how to do this, they continue their dreams. Every evening when they go to bed they return to the same place and continue their dream.... Become a child once more.... It is a most pleasant way of passing the nights. You begin a story, then, when it is time to wake up, you put a full stop to the last sentence and come back into your body. And then the following night you start off again... and then you arrange things well — they must be well arranged, it must be very beautiful.... And you continue this every evening and write a book of wonderful fairy-tales — provided you remember them when you wake up.... It depends on the candour of the child. And on the trust he has in what happens to him, on the absence of the mind's critical sense, and a simplicity of heart, and a youthful and active energy... a kind of inner vital generosity; one must not be too egoistic, one must not be too miserly, nor too practical, too utilitarian.... And then, one must have a lively power of imagination, for... there is a world in which you are the supreme maker of forms; that is your own particular vital world.... If you have an artistic or poetic consciousness, if you love harmony, beauty, you will build there something marvellous which will tend to spring up into the material manifestation.

When I was small I used to call this “telling stories to oneself”. It is not at all a telling with words, in one's head; it is a going away to this place which is fresh and pure.... And if you know how to tell yourself a story in this way, and if it is truly beautiful, truly harmonious, truly powerful and well coordinated, this story will be realised in your life.... That may take years, perhaps, but your story will tend to organise your life.

The dreams of childhood are the realities of mature age.

When you have what you call dreamless sleep, it is one of two things; either you do not remember what you dreamt or you fell into absolute unconsciousness.... But there is the possibility of a sleep in which you enter into an absolute silence, immobility and peace in all parts of your being and your consciousness merges into Sachchidananda. You can hardly call it sleep, for it is extremely conscious.... You cannot have it by chance; it requires a long training.

If one is more conscious in the day, will one have dreams of a good kind?

It is very difficult to say on what it depends.... It depends not on what one was during the day, because this doesn't always have much effect upon the night, but on the way one has gone to sleep. It is enough just to have at the moment of sleeping a sincere aspiration that the night, instead of being a darkening of the consciousness, may be a help to understand something, to have an

experience; and then, though it doesn't come always, it has a chance of coming.... It depends perhaps on a consciousness that watches over everyone; and provided one is just a little open, it can guide and give sure indications.

Usually there is a whole category of dreams which are useless, tiring... which one can avoid if, before going to sleep, one makes a little effort of concentration, tries to put himself in contact with what is best in him, by either an aspiration or a prayer, and to sleep only after this is done... even, try to meditate and pass quite naturally from meditation into sleep.... And then, if one has truly succeeded well in his concentration, it is quite possible that one may have, at night, not exactly dreams but experiences... which are very useful indications.... Or else a set of circumstances where you ought to take a decision and don't know what decision to take; or else some way of being of your own character which does not show itself to you clearly in the waking consciousness... but something that harms your development and obscures your consciousness, and which appears to you in a symbolic revelatory dream, and you become clearly aware of the thing, then you can act upon it.

The ideal is to enter an integral repose, that is, immobility in the body, perfect peace in the vital, absolute silence in the mind — and the consciousness goes out of all activity to enter into Sachchidananda. If you can do this, then when you wake up you have the feeling of an extraordinary power, a perfect joy.

Space and time do not begin and end with the mental consciousness: even the overmind has them.... Each world has its own space and time. Thus the mental space and time do not tally with what we observe here in the material universe. In the mind-world we can move forward and backward at our own will and pleasure. The movement is immediate, so very free are the spatio-temporal conditions there. In the vital world, however, you have to use your will: there, too, distance is less rigid, but the movement is not immediate: the will has to be exercised.

Inevitably, (in a dream) a wound received in the vital being is translated in the physical body.... If you receive a blow in the vital, the body suffers the consequence. More than half of our illnesses are the result of blows of this kind... men are not conscious of their vital.... If one knows how it reacts on the physical, one goes to its source and can cure oneself in a few hours.

In dreams, you must remember that you are in the space and time of the vital world and not to try to act as if you were still in your physical body.

One of the characteristics of activity in the vital space and time is that these beings are able to assume huge shapes at will and create the vibration of fear in you which is their most powerful means of invading and possessing you. You must... cast out all fear. Once you face them boldly, unflinchingly, and look them straight in the eyes, they lose three-quarters of their power. And if you call upon us for help, then, even the last quarter is gone.

You have no idea of the almost magical effect of staring fearlessly into the eyes of a vital being.... So, to sum up... never be afraid and in all circumstances call for the right help to make your strength a hundred fold stronger.

What are nightmares?

These are your sorties into the vital world. And what is the first thing you try to do when you are in the grip of a nightmare? You rush back into your body and shake yourself into your normal physical consciousness.... In the world of the vital forces you are a stranger.... its beings gather round you and want to encompass and get out of you all you have, to draw what they can and make it a food and a prey... the body is your fortress and your shelter.... after death you have the same vital surroundings and are in danger from the same forces that are the cause of your misery in this life.

No attachments, no desires, no impulses, no preferences; perfect equanimity, unchanging peace, and absolute faith in the Divine protection: with that you are safe, without it you are in peril. And as long as you are not safe, take shelter under the mother's wings.

THE MOTHER

Dreams — How to Remember, Interpret

By means of a dream, we participate in all the mental activity in its smallest details. Only the cerebral transcription of this activity is often so childish that we normally pay no attention to it.

It is interesting to note that there is nearly always a considerable disparity between what our mental activity is in fact and the way in which we perceive it, and especially the way in which we remain conscious of it.

Dreams are more difficult to interpret, since each person has his own world of dream-imagery peculiar to himself.

Dreams are peculiarly personal... they depend for their make-up almost entirely upon the experiences and idiosyncrasies of the individual... they depend upon everyday occurrences and impressions.

It is exceedingly difficult for one man to explain or interpret another's dream.

Usually I give no "meaning" to dreams, because each one has his own symbolism which has a meaning only for himself.

In order to remember something, you must first of all be conscious of it.

The clumsy transcription has a particular form for each individual; each one makes his own distortion.

Consequently, an excessive generalisation of certain interpretations which may have been quite correct for the person applying them to his own case, merely gives rise to vulgar and foolish superstitions.

The cerebral transcription of the activities of the night is sometimes warped to such an extent that phenomena are perceived as the opposite of what they really are.

In our sleeping brain, the subtle vibrations of the suprasensible domain can affect only a very limited number of cells; the inertia of most of the organic supports of the cerebral phenomenon reduces the number of active elements, impoverishes the mental synthesis and makes it unfit to transcribe the activity of the internal states, except into images which are most often vague and inadequate.

These activities normally leave behind them only a few rare and confused memories.

One can learn much by controlling one's dreams.

In this domain, the practice of concentration should therefore focus both on the special faculty of memory and on the participation of the consciousness in the activities of the sleeping state.

The same discipline of concentration, which enables man not to remain a stranger to the inner activities of the waking state also provides him with a way to escape from his ignorance of the even richer activities of the various states of sleep.

We should take great intellectual precautions before interpreting a dream, and above all, we should review exhaustively all the subjective explanations before we assign to it the value of an objective reality.

Someone who wishes to recover the memory of a forgotten dream should first of all focus his attention on the vague impressions which the dream may have left behind it and in this way follow its indistinct trace as far as possible. This regular exercise will enable him to go further every day towards the obscure retreat of the subconscious... and thus trace out an easily followed path between these two domains of consciousness.

The absence of memories is very often due to the abruptness of the return to the waking consciousness. (The waking should not be too abrupt.... If possible, do not make any abrupt movements in bed at the time of waking.)

Where there is no consciousness, there can be no memory. Consequently, ... we must work to extend the participation of the consciousness to a greater number of activities in the sleeping state.

First you have to get consciousness, afterwards, control... even in the dreaming, you can exercise your conscious will and change the whole course of your dream-experience. And as you become more and more conscious, you will begin to have the same control over your being at night as you have in the day.... In the night the mental and vital, especially the vital, are very active. During the day, they are under check.... In sleep this check is removed and they come out with their natural and free movements.

The procedure to deal with dreams.... Become conscious of your dreams. Observe the relation between them and the happenings of your waking hours.... In sleep some action or other is always going on in your mental or vital or other plane; things happen there and they govern your waking consciousness.

The daily habit of reviewing with interest the various dreams of the night, whose traces will gradually become transformed into precise memories, as well as the habit of noting them down on waking, will be found most helpful.... By these habits, the mental faculties will be led... to exercise on them their attention, their curiosity and power of analysis. A kind of intellectualisation of our

dreams will then occur... Dreams will then take on the nature of precise visions and sometimes of revelations, and useful knowledge of a whole important order of things will be gained.

Why do we forget our dreams?

It is not always the same part of your being that dreams and it is not at the same place that you dream. If you were in conscious, direct, continuous communication with all the parts of your being, you would remember all your dreams. But very few parts of the being are in communication. For example, you have a dream in the subtle physical, that is to say, quite close to the physical. Generally, these dreams occur in the early hours of the morning, that is between four and five o'clock, at the end of the sleep. If you do not make a sudden movement when you wake up, if you remain very quiet... and concentrated, you will remember them, for the communication between the subtle physical and the physical is established.... Now, dreams are mostly forgotten because you have a dream while in a certain state and then pass into another. For instance, when you sleep, your body is asleep, your vital is asleep, but your mind is still active. So your mind begins to have dreams, that is, its activity is more or less coordinated, the imagination is very active and you see all kinds of things, take part in extraordinary happenings.... After some time, all that calms down and the mind also begins to doze. The vital that was resting wakes up; it comes out of the body, walks about, goes here and there, does all kinds of things.... The vital is very adventurous.... But this pushes back the whole mental dream very far behind... the vital dream takes its place. But if you wake up suddenly at that moment, you remember it. You must not move brusquely... then you remember.

After a time, the vital having taken a good stroll ... goes into repose.... Then, something else wakes up. Let us suppose that it is the subtle physical that goes for a walk. It starts moving and begins wandering... But this has pushed away far to the back of the consciousness all the stories of the vital. They are forgotten and so you cannot recollect your dreams. But if at the time of waking up... you make yourself like a tranquil mirror within and concentrate there. You catch just a tiny end of the tail of your dream... and start pulling gently, without stirring in the least... then first one part comes, a little later another, the last comes up first... and suddenly the whole dream appears.... Once that dream is settled, you continue not to stir, you try to go further in, and suddenly you catch the tail of something else... it is another dream. You follow the same process.... Then you begin to penetrate still more deeply into yourself, as though you were going in very far, very far... you have a feeling, a sensation... take particular care not even to move your head on the pillow, remain absolutely still and let the dream return.

Some people do not have a passage between one state and another.... It is like a precipice across which one has to extend the consciousness... very few people want to and know how to do it.... But there are as many different kinds of nights and sleep as there are different days and activities.

How is it that in dreams one meets and knows people whom one meets and knows afterwards in the outer world?

It is because of the affinities that draw certain people together, affinities in the mental or the vital world. People often meet in these planes before they meet upon earth. They may join there, speak to each other and have all the relations you can have upon earth. Some know of these relationships, some do not know. Some, as are indeed most, are unconscious of the inner being and the inner intercourse, and yet it will happen that, when they meet the new face in the outer world, they find it somehow very familiar, quite well-known.

When one sees oneself dead in a dream, what does it signify?

It depends on the context. It can mean that one has made enough progress to get rid totally of an old way of being which has no longer any reason for existing.... I think it much more likely that it is a fragment of being which has stopped being useful and so disappears....

Sometimes when one is asleep, he knows that he is asleep but he can't open his eyes. Why?

This happens when one has gone out of his body.... Sometimes the eyes are a little open and one can also see things....

And one can't move! It means that only a fragment of the consciousness has come back... you must not shake yourself, because you risk losing a bit of yourself. You must remain quite still and concentrate slowly, slowly on your body....

THE MOTHER

VISIONS

*Extracts from the Writings of
Sri Aurobindo and the Mother*

A Painting after seeing the vision:

“At first, only pitch darkness is seen everywhere, but it is nice. Then, very bright sparks are seen. Now, everywhere light and only light is seen. Finally, the effect of this sparkling light is felt on the entire earth.

But all this could not be shown in this drawing.”

CHAMPAKLAL



Visions — Opening, Signs, Development

The thing seen or experienced may be fundamentally the same, but it is formulated differently according to the different make-up of the apprehending mind. It is only those that can go beyond beliefs and faiths and myths and traditions who are able to say what it really is; but these are few, very few. You must be free from every mental construction, you must divest yourself of all that is merely local or temporal, before you can know what you have seen.

When one sees, one projects the forms of one's mind. To what you see, you give the form of that which you expect to see.

THE MOTHER

This power of vision is sometimes inborn and habitual even without any effort of development, sometimes it wakes up of itself and becomes abundant or needs only a little practice to develop; it is not necessarily a sign of spiritual attainment, but usually when by practice of yoga one begins to go inside or live within, the power of subtle vision awakes to a greater or less extent; but this does not always happen easily, especially if one has been habituated to live much in the intellect or in an outward vital consciousness.

It is through aspiration, through an increasing opening that these visions and perceptions begin to come — the realisation comes afterwards.

Nothing has to be done to develop the images seen in the vision. They develop of themselves by the growing practice of seeing, — what was faint becomes clear, what was incomplete becomes complete.

Almost anyone, if he wants, can with a little concentration and training develop the faculty of supraphysical vision. When one starts Yoga, this power is often, though not invariably — for some find it difficult — one of the first to come out from its latent condition and manifest itself, most often without any effort, intention or previous knowledge on the part of the sadhak. It comes more easily with the eyes shut than with the eyes open, but it does come in both ways.

But is it not extremely difficult to see the fully flaming resplendent Divine Mother? I don't believe X or anybody would have that at first view. That can come only if one has already developed the faculty of vision in the occult planes. What is of more importance is the clear perception or intimate inner feeling or direct sense, "This is She." With many people the faculty of this kind of occult

vision is the first to develop when they begin sadhana. With others it is there naturally or comes on occasions without any practice of Yoga. But with people who live mainly in the intellect (a few excepted) this faculty is not usually there by nature and most have much difficulty in developing it. It was so even with me.

It would be something of a miracle to see things without the faculty of seeing. We don't deal much in miracles of that kind.

It (the inner vision) does not come as easily to intellectuals as it does to men with a strong life-power or the emotional and the imaginative.

At this early stage of sadhana most of the things seen are formations of the mental plane and it is not always possible to put on them a precise significance, for they depend on the individual mind of the sadhak. At a later stage the power of vision becomes important for the sadhana, but at first one has to go on without attaching excessive importance to the details — until the consciousness develops more. The opening of consciousness to the Divine Light and Truth and Presence is always the one important thing in the yoga.

Visions come from all planes and are of all kinds and different values. Some are of very great value and importance, others are a play of the mind or vital and are good only for their own special purpose, others are formations of the mind and vital plane some of which may have truth, while others are false and misleading, or they may be a sort of artistry of that plane.

Visions do not come from the spiritual plane — they come from the subtle physical, the vital, the mental, the psychic or from the planes above the Mind. What comes from the spiritual plane are experiences of the Divine, e.g. the experience of self everywhere, of the Divine in all, etc.

There is a whole range or many inexhaustible ranges of sensory phenomena other than the outward physical which one can become conscious of, see, hear, feel, smell, touch, mentally contact either in trance or sleep or an inward state miscalled sleep or simply and easily in the waking state. This faculty of sensing supraphysical things internally or externalising them, so to speak, so that they become visible, audible, sensible to the outward eye, ear, even touch, just as are gross physical objects, this power or gift is not a freak or an abnormality; it is a universal faculty present in all human beings, but latent in most, in some rarely or intermittently active, occurring as if by accident in others, frequent or normally active in a few.

Develop the power, get more and more experience, develop the consciousness by which these things come; as the consciousness develops, you will begin to understand and get the intuition of the significance. Or if you want their science too, then learn and apply the occult science which can alone deal with supraphysical phenomena.

There is, besides the outer physical sight which sees external objects, an inner sight in us which can see things yet unseen and unknown, things at a distance, things belonging to another place or time or other worlds.... It is the working of the Mother's force which is opening it... Remember the Mother always, call on her and aspire to feel her presence and her power working in you

The frequent seeing of lights... is usually a sign that the seer is not limited by his outward surface or a waking consciousness but has a latent capacity (which can be perfected by training and practice) for entering into the experiences of the inner consciousness of which most people are unaware but which opens by the practice of yoga. By this opening one becomes aware of subtle planes of experience and worlds of existence other than the material. For the spiritual life a still further opening is required into an inmost consciousness by which one becomes aware of the self and spirit, the Eternal and the Divine.

These lights and visions are not hallucinations. They indicate an opening of the inner vision whose centre is in the forehead between the eyebrows. Lights are very often the first thing seen. Lights indicate the action or movement of subtle forces belonging to the different planes of being — the nature of the force depending on the colour and shade of the light.

The first sign of its opening in the externalised way is very often that seeing of “sparkles” or small luminous dots, shapes, etc., which was your first introduction to the matter; a second is, often enough, most easily, round luminous objects like a star; seeing of colours is a third initial experience — but they do not always come in that order. The yogis in India very often in order to develop the power use the method of *tratak*, concentrating the vision on a single point or object — preferably a luminous object.

The seeing of colours is the beginning of inner vision, what is called *sūkṣmadṛṣṭi*. Afterwards this vision opens and one begins to see figures and scenes and people.

SRI AUROBINDO

Visions — Importance, Utility

The only vision that is true and sure is the vision of the divine Consciousness. So the problem is to become aware of the divine Consciousness and to keep this consciousness in all details all the time.

THE MOTHER

All visions have a significance of one kind or another... This power of vision is very important for the yoga and should not be rejected although it is not the most important thing — for the most important thing is the change of the consciousness. All other powers like this of vision should be developed without attachment as parts and aids of the yoga.

Visions are not indispensable — they are a help, that is all, when they are of the right kind.

Visions and voices have their place when they are the genuine visions and the true voices. Naturally, they are not the realisations, but only a step on the way and one has not to get shut up in them or take all as of value.

Visions and voices are only a small part of that vast realm of occult experience. As for utility, for one who has intelligence and discrimination, visions etc. have many uses — but very little use for those who have no discrimination or understanding.

There are visions and visions, just as there are dreams and dreams, and one has to develop discrimination and a sense of values and things and know how to understand and make use of these powers.

Visions and voices are not meant for creating faith, they are effective only if one has faith already.

The vision of the higher planes or the idea of what they are can be had long before the transformation. If that were not possible, how could the transformation take place — the lower nature cannot change by itself, it changes by the growing vision, perception, descent of the higher consciousness belonging to the higher planes.

Yoga-experience often begins with some opening of the third eye in the forehead (the centre of vision in the brows) or with some kind of beginning and extension of subtle seeing which may seem unimportant at first but is the vestibule to deeper experience.

They can have considerable importance in the development of the first yogic consciousness, that of the inner mind, inner vital, inner physical or for an occult understanding of the universe.

Visions which are real can help the spiritual progress, I mean, those which show us inner realities: one can, for instance, meet Krishna, speak with him and hear his voice in an inner “real” vision, quite as real as anything on the outer plane.

People value visions for one thing because they are one key (there are others) to contact with the other worlds or with the inner worlds and all that is there and these are regions of immense riches which far surpass the physical plane as it is at present.

One enters into a larger freer self and a larger more plastic world; of course individual visions only give a contact, not an actual entrance, but the power of vision accompanied with the power of other subtle senses (hearing, touch, etc.) as it expands does give this entrance. These things have not the effect of a mere imagination (as a poet’s or artist’s, though that can be strong enough) but if fully followed out bring a constant growth of the being and the consciousness and its richness of experience and its scope.

The inner vision is an open door on higher planes of consciousness beyond the physical mind which gives room for a wider truth and experience to enter and act upon the mind.

These first seeings are only an outer fringe — behind lie whole worlds of experience which fill what seems to the natural man the gap (Russell’s inner void) between the earth-consciousness and the Eternal and Infinite.

People also value the power of vision for a greater reason than that: it can give a first contact with the Divine in his forms and powers; it can be the opening of a communion with the Divine, of the hearing of the Voice that guides, of the Presence as well as the Image in the heart, of many other things that bring what man seeks through religion or yoga.

To see the Brahman everywhere is not possible unless you develop the inner vision — to do that you have to concentrate.

One can go to experience direct, — it [vision] can come in afterwards as a powerful aid to experience; it can be full of indications which help to self-knowledge or knowledge of things or knowledge of people; it can be veridical and lead to prevision, premonition and other openings of less importance but very useful to a yogi. In short, vision is a great instrument though not absolutely indispensable.

What he sees now are probably only images of subtle (*sūkṣma*) scenes and objects; but when developed, this can become a power of symbolic, representative or real vision, showing the truths of things or realities of this or other worlds or representations of the past, present or future.

You cannot expect every vision to translate itself in a corresponding physical fact. Some do, the majority don't, others belong to the supraphysical entirely and indicate realities, possibilities or tendencies that have their seat there. How far these will influence the life or realise themselves in it or whether they will do so at all depends upon the nature of the vision, the power in it, sometimes on the will or the formative power of the seer.

It is true that the field of vision, like every other field of activity of the human mind, is a mixed world and there is in it not only truth but much half-truth and error. It is also true that for the rash and unwary to enter into it may bring confusion and misleading inspirations and false voices, and it is safer to have some sure guidance from those who know and have spiritual and psychic experience. One must look at this field calmly and with discrimination, but to shut the gates and reject this or other supraphysical experiences is to limit oneself and arrest the inner development.

SRI AUROBINDO

Visions — Characteristics, Types

Usually, the vision is the expression of the consciousness in things.

Can hallucinations be compared to visions?

A vision is a perception by the visual organs, of phenomena that really exist in a world corresponding to the organ which sees. For example, to the individual vital plane there corresponds a cosmic vital world.... In this way, one can have visions that are vital, mental, overmental, supramental etc.

Sri Aurobindo tells us that what is termed a hallucination is the reflection in the mind or the physical senses of that which is beyond our mind and our ordinary senses; it is therefore not a direct vision, but a reflected image which is usually not understood or explained. This character of uncertainty produces an impression of unreality and gives rise to all kinds of superstition. This is also why “serious” people, or people who think themselves serious, do not accord any value to this phenomena and call them hallucinations. And yet, in those who are interested in occult phenomena, this type of perception often precedes the emergence of the capacity of vision which may be in course of formation. But you must guard against mistaking this for true vision.

We shall reserve the word “vision” for experiences that occur in awareness and sincerity.

Are there not false visions?

If you narrate something you have not seen, evidently that is a false vision! Also if you embellish, rearrange, change your vision when you report it, this too becomes a false vision.

Is a vision false if the being who appears in the vision pretends to be what it is not?

I don't think it is this that people mean when they speak of “false visions.” They say “false visions” when they have seen something which they believe does not exist; and the reply I always give them is, “Had you already thought of what you saw? Had you made an effort to see it? Was it in your imagination or your wish? If so, it must be false”... these spirits who pretend to be what they are not in reality, if you believe them, it does not mean that your vision is false, but that the interpretation of your vision is false, that you do not have the necessary discernment to perceive the deception.

THE MOTHER

The visions he has between the eyebrows are not imaginations — they could be so only if he thought them first and his thoughts took shape but as they came independent of his thoughts, they are not visual imagination but vision.

This realm (whose centre is between the eyebrows) is the realm of inner thought, will, vision....

There is an inner vision that opens when one does sadhana and all sorts of images rise before it or pass. Their coming does not depend upon your thought or will; it is real and automatic. Just as your physical eyes see things in the physical world, so the inner eyes see things and images that belong to the other worlds and subtle images of the things of this physical world also.

Visions are of all kinds — some are merely suggestions of what wants to be or is trying to be, some indicate some approach of the thing or movement towards it, some indicate that the thing is being done.

Vision in trance is vision no less than vision in the waking state.

It is only the condition of the recipient consciousness that varies.... But in both it is the inner vision that sees.

The mental visions are meant to bring in the mind — the influence of the things they represent.

In mental vision the images are invented by the mind and are partly true, partly a play of possibilities. Or a mental vision like the vital may be only a suggestion, — that is a formation of some possibility on the mental or vital plane which presents itself to the sadhak in the hope of being accepted and helped to realise itself.

Dreams or visions on the vital plane are usually either:

1) symbolic vital visions;

2) actual occurrences on the vital plane;

3) formations of the vital mind, either of the dreamer or of someone else with whom he has contacts in sleep or of powers or beings of that plane. No great reliance can be put on this kind of experience, even the first having only a relative or suggestive value, while the second and third are often quite misleading.

Everything not physical is seen by an inner vision.

When the inner vision opens, there can come before it all that ever was or is now in the world, even it can open to things that will be hereafter — so there is nothing impossible in seeing thus the figures and the things of the past.

Inner vision is vivid like actual sight, always precise and contains a truth in it.

The inner vision can see objects, but it can see instead the vibration of the forces which act through the object.

Cosmic vision is the seeing of the universal movements — it has nothing to do with the psychic necessarily. It can be in the universal mind, the universal vital, the universal physical or anywhere.

When you see Light, that is vision; when you feel Light entering into you, that is experience; when Light settles in you and brings illumination and knowledge, that is a realisation. But ordinary visions are also called experiences.

We may hear clear and luminous teachings about the Self from philosophers or teachers or from ancient writings; we may by thought, inference, imagination, analogy or by any other available means attempt to form a mental figure or conception of it, we may hold firmly that conception in our mind and fix it by an entire and exclusive concentration; but we have not yet realised it, we have not seen God. It is only when after long and persistent concentration or by other means the veil of the mind is rent or swept aside, only when a flood of light breaks over the awakened mentality, *jyotirmaya brahman*, and conception gives place to a knowledge-vision in which the Self is as present, real, concrete as a physical object to the physical eye, that we possess in knowledge; for we have seen.

The supramental knowledge or experience by identity carries in it as a result or as a secondary part of itself a supramental vision that needs the support of no image, can concretise what is to the mind abstract and has the character of sight though its object may be the invisible truth of that which has form or the truth of the formless. This vision can come before there is any identity, as a sort of previous emanation of light from it, or may act detached from it as a separate power. The truth or the thing known is then not altogether or not yet one with myself, but an object of my knowledge: but still it is an object subjectively seen in the self or at least, even if it is still farther separated and objectivised to the knower, by the self not through any intermediate process but by a direct inner seizing or a penetrating and enveloping luminous contact of the spiritual consciousness with its object. It is this luminous seizing and contact that is the spiritual vision, *dr̥ṣṭi*....

The sense can only give us the superficial image of things and it needs the aid of thought to fill and inform the image, but the spiritual sight is capable of presenting to us the thing in itself and all the truth about it. The seer does not need the aid of thought in its process as a means of knowledge, but only as a means of representation and expression, — thought is to him a lesser power and used for a secondary purpose.

This experience and knowledge by spiritual vision is the second in directness and greatness of the supramental powers. It is something much more near, profound and comprehensive than mental vision, because it derives direct from the knowledge by identity and it has this virtue that we can proceed at once from the vision to the identity, as from the identity to the vision. Thus when the spiritual vision has seen God, Self or Brahman, the soul can next enter into and become one with the Self, God or Brahman.

The supramental vision brings with it a supplementary and completing experience that might be called a spiritual hearing and touch of the truth, — of its essence and through that of its significance, — that is to say, there is a seizing of its movement, vibration, rhythm and a seizing of its close presence and contact and substance. All these powers prepare us to become one with that which has thus grown near to us through knowledge.

This can only be done integrally on or above the supramental level, but at the same time, the spiritual vision can take on mental forms of itself that can help towards this identification each in its own way. A mental intuitive vision or a spiritualised mental sight, a psychic vision, an emotional vision of the heart, a vision in the sense-mind are parts of the yogic experience. If these things are purely mental, then they may but need not be true, for the mind is capable of both truth and error, both of a true and of a false representation. But as the mind becomes intuitivised and supramentalised, these powers are purified and corrected by the more luminous action of the supermind and become themselves forms of a supramental and a true seeing.

Therefore in the development out of the mental ignorance into the supramental knowledge this illumined thought comes to us often, though not always first, to open the way to the vision or else to give first supports to the growing consciousness of identity and its greater knowledge.

SRI AUROBINDO

Visions — Experience, Transformation, Realisation

Spiritual experience means the contact with the Divine in oneself.... Directly you have spiritual experience, which takes place always in the inner consciousness, it is translated into your external consciousness and defined there in one way or another according to your education, faith and mental predisposition. There is only one truth, one reality, but the forms through which it may be expressed are many.

THE MOTHER

If the rift in the lid of the mind is made, what happens is an opening of vision to something above us or a rising up towards it or a descent of its power into our being. What we see by the opening of vision is an Infinity above us, an eternal Presence or an Infinite Existence, an infinity of consciousness, an infinity of bliss, — a boundless Self, a boundless Light, a boundless Power, a boundless Ecstasy.

The power of the spiritual Higher Mind and its idea-force, modified and diminished as it must be by its entrance into our mentality, is not sufficient to sweep out all these obstacles and create the gnostic being, but it can make a first change, a modification that will capacitate a higher ascent and a more powerful descent and further prepare an integration of the being for a greater Force of consciousness and knowledge. This greater Force is that of the Illumined Mind, a Mind no longer of higher Thought, but of spiritual light. Here the clarity of the spiritual intelligence, its tranquil daylight, gives place or subordinates itself to an intense lustre, a splendour and illumination of the spirit: a play of lightnings of spiritual truth and power breaks from above into the consciousness and adds to the calm and wide enlightenment and the vast descent of peace which characterise or accompany the action of the larger conceptual-spiritual principle, a fiery ardour of realisation and a rapturous ecstasy of knowledge.

A downpour of inwardly visible Light very usually envelops this action; for it must be noted that, contrary to our ordinary conceptions, light is not primarily a material creation and the sense or vision of light accompanying the inner illumination is not merely a subjective visual image or a symbolic phenomenon: light is primarily a spiritual manifestation of the Divine Reality illuminative and creative; material light is a subsequent representation or conversion of it into Matter for the purposes of the material Energy.

A consciousness that proceeds by sight, the consciousness of the seer, is a greater power for knowledge than the consciousness of the thinker. The perceptual power of the inner sight is greater and more direct than the perceptual power of thought....

The Illumined Mind does not work primarily by thought, but by vision; thought is here only a subordinate movement expressive of sight. The human mind, which relies mainly on thought, conceives that to be the highest or the main process of knowledge, but in the spiritual order thought is a secondary and a not indispensable process.

As the Higher Mind brings a greater consciousness into the being through the spiritual idea and its power of truth, so the Illumined Mind brings in a greater consciousness through a Truth-sight and Truth-light and its seeing and seizing power. It can effect a more powerful and dynamic integration; it illumines the thought-mind with a direct inner vision and inspiration, brings a spiritual sight into the heart and a spiritual light and energy into its feeling and emotion, imparts to the life-force a spiritual urge, a truth inspiration that dynamises the action and exalts the life-movements; it infuses into the sense a direct and total power of spiritual sensation so that our vital and physical being can contact and meet concretely, quite as intensely as the mind and emotion can conceive and perceive and feel, the Divine in all things; it throws on the physical mind a transforming light that breaks its limitations, its conservative inertia, replaces its narrow thought-power and its doubts by sight and pours luminosity and consciousness into the very cells of the body.

In the transformation by the Higher Mind the spiritual sage and thinker would find his total and dynamic fulfilment; in the transformation by the Illumined Mind there would be a similar fulfilment for the seer, the illumined mystic, those in whom the soul lives in vision and in a direct sense and experience; for it is from these higher sources that they receive their light and to rise into that light and live there would be their ascension to their native empire.

Usually the visions precede realisation, in a way they prepare it.

If there is to be the total realisation, the breaking of the veil is indispensable.

Could a vision of the Mother or seeing her in dream or in waking be called a realisation?

That would be an experience rather than a realisation. A realisation would be of the Mother's presence within, her force doing the work — or of the Peace or Silence everywhere, of universal Love, universal Beauty or Ananda etc. etc. Visions come under the head of experiences, unless they fix themselves and are accompanied by a realisation of which they are as it were the support — e.g. the vision of the Mother always in the heart or above the head etc.

The Supramentalising of the physical sense brings with it a result similar in this field to that which we experience in the transmutation of the thought and consciousness. As soon as the sight becomes altered under the influence of the supramental seeing, the eye gets a new and transfigured vision of things and of the world around us. Its sight acquires an extraordinary totality and an immediate and embracing precision in which the whole and every detail stand out at once in the complete harmony

and vividness of the significance meant by Nature in the object and its realisation of the idea in form, executed in a triumph of substantial being.

The physical eye seems then to carry in itself a spirit and a consciousness which sees not only the physical aspect of the object but the soul of quality in it, the vibration of energy, the light and force and spiritual substance of which it is made. Thus there comes through the physical sense to the total sense consciousness within and behind the vision a revelation of the soul of the thing seen and of the universal Spirit that is expressing itself in this objective form of its own conscious being.

This realisation consists of three successive movements, internal vision, complete internal experience and identity.

After that revelation whatever fadings of the light, whatever periods of darkness may afflict the soul, it can never irretrievably lose what it has once held. The experience is inevitably renewed and must become more frequent till it is constant; when and how soon depends on the devotion and persistence with which we insist on the path and besiege by our will or our love the hidden Deity.

This inner vision is one form of psychological experience; but the inner experience is not confined to that seeing; vision only opens, it does not embrace.

Our whole being ought to demand God and not only our illumined eye of knowledge. For since each principle in us is only a manifestation of the Self, each can get back to its reality and have the experience of it. We can have a mental experience of the Self and seize as concrete realities all those apparently abstract things that to the mind constitute existence — consciousness, force, delight and their manifold forms and workings: thus the mind is satisfied of God. We can have an emotional experience of the Self through Love and through emotional delight, love and delight of the Self in us, of the self in the universal and of the Self in all with whom we have relations; thus the heart is satisfied of God. We can have aesthetic experience of the Self in beauty, a delight-perception and taste of the absolute reality all-beautiful in everything in its appeal to the aesthetic mind and the senses: thus the sense is satisfied of God. We can have even the vital, nervous experience and practically the physical sense of the Self in all life and formation and in all workings of powers, forces, energies that operate through us or others or in the world; thus the life and the body are satisfied of God.

All this knowledge and experience are primary means of arriving at and of possessing identity. It is our self that we see and experience and therefore vision and experience are incomplete unless they culminate in identity, unless we are able to live in all our being the supreme Vedantic knowledge, He am I. We must not only see God and embrace Him, but become that Reality.

We must become one with the Self in its transcendence of all form and manifestation by the resolution, the sublimation, the escape from itself of ego and all its belongings into That from which

they proceed, as well as become the Self in all its manifested existences and becomings, one with it in the infinite existence, consciousness, peace, delight by which it reveals itself in us and one with it in action, formation, play of self-conception with which it garbs itself in the world.

SRI AUROBINDO

Visions — Symbols, Symbolism

Visions are made up of symbols that do not necessarily obtain universal currency. The symbols vary, according to race, tradition and religion.

There is a common idea that visions are a sign of high spirituality. Is this true?

Not necessarily. Moreover, to see is one thing but to understand and interpret what is seen is quite another thing and much more difficult. Generally, those who see are misled because they give the meaning or interpretation they wish to give according to their desires, hopes and prepossessions. And then, too, there are many different planes in which you can see. There is a mental seeing, a vital seeing, and there are some visions that are seen in a plane very close to the most material. The visions that belong to the last category appear in forms and symbols that seem to be absolutely material, so clear and real and tangible they are. And if you know how to interpret them you can have very exact indications of circumstances and of the inner condition of people.

THE MOTHER

There are all kinds in the experiences of each plane — symbolic forms, figures of suggestion, thought-figures, desire-formations or will-formations, constructions of all kinds, things real and lasting in the plane to which they belong and things fictitious and misleading.

At first when one begins to see, it is quite usual for the more ill-defined and imprecise figures to last longer while those which are successful, complete, precise in detail and outline are apt to be quite momentary and disappear in an instant. It is only when the subtle vision is well developed that the precise and full seeing lasts for a long-time.

It is not, usually, the object that vanishes; it is the consciousness that changes.... This subtle physical vision comes easiest in the moment between light sleep and waking.

When the colours begin to take definite shapes in the visions, it is a sign of some dynamic work of formation in the consciousness; a square, for instance, means that some kind of creation is in process in some field of the being; the square indicates that the creation is to be complete in itself, while the rectangle indicates something partial and preliminary. The waves of colour mean a dynamic rush of forces and the star in such a context indicates the promise of the new being that is to be formed.

It depends on the nature of the symbolic vision whether it is merely representative, presenting to the inner vision and nature (even though the outer mind has not the understanding, the inner can receive its effect) the thing symbolised in its figure or whether it is dynamic.

The Sun symbol, for instance, is usually dynamic. Again, among the dynamic symbols some may bring simply the influence of the thing symbolised, some indicate what is being done but not yet finished, some a formative experience that visits the consciousness, some a prophecy of something that may or will or is soon about to happen.

In interpreting these phenomena you must remember that all depends on the order of things which the colours indicate in any particular case. There is an order of significances in which they indicate various psychological dynamisms, e.g. faith, love, protection, etc. There is another order of significances in which they indicate the aura or the activity of divine beings, Krishna, Mahakali, Radha or other superhuman beings, there is another in which they indicate the aura around objects or living persons — and that does not exhaust the list of possibilities. A certain knowledge, experiences, growing intuition are necessary to perceive in each case the true significance. Observation and exact description are also very necessary....

The blue colour must here be the Krishna light, so it is a creation under the stress of Krishna consciousness. All these are symbols of what is going on in the inner being, in the consciousness behind and the results well up from time to time in the external or surface consciousness in such feelings as the awareness of a softening and opening... devotion, joy, peace, Ananda, etc. When the opening is complete, there is likely to be a more direct consciousness of the working that is going on behind, till it is no longer behind but in the front of the nature.

The light, colours, flowers are always seen when there is a working of the forces within at a certain stage of the sadhana. The light of course indicates an illumination of the consciousness, the colour, the play of forces mental (yellow), physical and vital, but forces making for enlightenment of these parts of the being.

The flowers usually indicate a psychic activity.

The light is often seen in front before the centre of inner vision, mind and will which is between the eyebrows in the forehead.

The light outside means a touch or influence of the force indicated by the light (golden is Truth-light, blue some spiritual force from the upper plane) while the light within means that it has penetrated or is established or frequently active in the nature itself. Light above means a force descending upon the mind, light around a general enveloping influence.

A glow means a subdued but rich light or else a sort of warm exhilaration of a luminous kind.

The sounds of bells and the seeing of lights and colours are signs of the opening of the inner consciousness which brings with it an opening also to sights and sounds of other planes than the physical.

What one sees or hears of the other planes depends on the development of the inner sense....

It depends on the nature of the sounds. Some have a connection (with sadhana), others are merely the sounds of the other planes.

They (subtle sounds connected with sadhana) are the signs of a working going on to prepare something — but as that is a general thing it cannot be said from the sounds themselves what the preparation is.

The gods in the overmental plane have not many heads and arms — this is a vital symbolism, it is not necessary in other planes. This figure may have belonged to the subtle physical plane.

The many-headed or many-armed figures belong usually to the vital plane....

The world you see is in some subtle physical plane where men see the gods according to their own idea and images of them.

It is the vital plane — probably the vital physical. It is mostly there that the beings of the vital world appear with animal heads or features. A human figure with a dog's face means a very coarse and material sexual energy.

Infinite realities which cannot be limited by these symbolic forms, though they may be somewhat expressed by them; they might be expressed as well by other symbols, and the same symbol may also express many different ideas.

A symbol is the form on one plane that represents a truth of another. For instance, a flag is the symbol of a nation.... But generally all forms are symbols. This body of ours is a symbol of our real being and everything is a symbol of some higher reality. There are different kinds of symbols:

1) Conventional Symbols, such as the Vedic Rishis formed with objects taken from their surroundings. The cow stood for light because the same word 'go' meant both ray and cow, and because the cow was their most precious possession which maintained their life and was constantly in danger of being robbed and concealed. But once created, such a symbol becomes alive. The Rishis vitalised it and it became a part of their realisation. It appeared in their visions as an image of spiritual light. The horse also was one of their favourite symbols, and a more easily adaptable one, since its force and energy were quite evident.

2) Life Symbols, such as are not artificially chosen or mentally interpreted in a conscious deliberate way, but derive naturally from our day-to-day life and grow out of the surroundings which condition our normal path of living. To the ancients the mountain was a symbol of the path of yoga, level above level, peak upon peak. A journey, involving the crossing of rivers and the facing of lurking enemies, both animal and human, conveyed a similar idea. Nowadays I dare say we would liken yoga to a motor-ride or a railway-trip.

3) Symbols that have an inherent appositeness and power of their own. Akasha or etheric space is a symbol of the infinite all-pervading eternal Brahman. In any nationality it would convey the same meaning. Also, the Sun stands universally for the Supramental Light, the divine Gnosis.

4) Mental Symbols, instances of which are numbers, alphabets. Once they are accepted, they too become active and may be useful. Thus geometrical figures have been variously interpreted. In my experience the square symbolises the supermind... Of the triangle, too, there are different explanations. In one position it can symbolise the three lower planes, in another the symbol is of the three higher ones: so both can be combined together in a single sign.

SRI AUROBINDO

*DREAMS AND VISIONS OF
CHAMPAKLAL*

With Sri Aurobindo's Interpretations

Strange Dreams

1929

For quiet some time now, at night, I get strange dreams. I forget my way, come across many obstacles, but ultimately I would find my way by the Mother's Grace and also feel Her Protection. Earlier, I did not get such dreams at all. I used to fly straight. Why am I getting such dreams nowadays?

You used to have dreams on the vital plane also long ago in which you passed through dangerous forests and wilderness amid parts of land and water and wild beasts, etc., but you reached safely under the Mother's protection where you were going. I remember you were writing some to me. Also there have been dreams of difficult passages ending in the arrival on the true open way. Only these dreams you are having now indicate the difficulty of the passage through the physical (and no longer through the vital) consciousness; but the common element is that you are under the Mother's protection and reach the way at the end.

This is quiet natural because what everybody is passing through now are the difficulties of the physical and subconscient nature; but the Mother's protection is the same here as in the past stages of the sadhana.

SRI AUROBINDO

The Calm Sea

In the calm sea, on the horizon, I saw fire and the flames gradually reached the sky.

The calm sea is the quiet vital, the flames are the aspiration rising to the higher consciousness to bring it down; on the horizon means this is the development before you to which you have to move.

SRI AUROBINDO

An Unpleasant Dream

Day before yesterday, I dreamt that I had a quarrel with the Mother and I left her consequently, I lost all my faith in Her. This aggrieved me a lot and I remained depressed.

What does this mean?

It is probably one part of your being that revolted in dream; it was moved by wrong forces.

SRI AUROBINDO

Blue Lotus

What is the meaning of the blue lotus?

It can be taken as the (Avatar) incarnation on the mental plane.

SRI AUROBINDO

Loss of the Key

I was carrying the big key to the (Upper) door of the Mother's house, which was given to me by the Mother. And suddenly, the key disappeared from my hands. To reach there, I searched a lot for the key, but in vain. Hence, I got panicky and very sad.

What does this mean?

Both the dreams are warnings to be careful against hostile suggestions (first dream) or interferences (second dream).

SRI AUROBINDO

On Champaklal A Fighter on the Vital Plane

2.7.1932

The dream about Chandulal and the bandits was a happening in the vital world or else a symbolic scene witnessed there. In the first case, the bandits are vital beings attacking the work, — in the second, hostile forces, suggestions etc. The one thing clear in it is that Champaklal is a prompt and effective fighter on the vital plane.

SRI AUROBINDO

Are Visions Helpful in Sadhana?

5.11.1932

Some time, while working or preparing juice or while walking, I see different types of scenes (visions) with open eyes. Some of these are clear and some are not. Some of these are related and meaningful, while some are totally meaningless and irrelevant. I remember some of these and some I forget immediately. At times, they go on like a movie, but most of them are forgotten and are also blurred in appearance.

Beautiful gardens, orchards, rivers, mountains, cities, forests, birds, beautiful sceneries and different types of idols are seen.

Today, in Satyen's room, at 2.30 p.m., after reading prayers, I was sitting on a chair. No sooner my eyes were closed than I saw in Satyen's room, near his easy chair, a big drum (barrel) filled with water. I asked Satyen, "Satyen since this drum (barrel) is filled by you, you would know its capacity in terms of number of pots of water." Soon afterwards, my eyes opened. Can this mean anything? What does this mean?

Are the visions helpful in sadhana in anyway? And, if yes then, how?

Does my previous dream about a travel have any meaning?

The particular things seen may be of no importance, but the power of seeing is of importance and can be of great help in the Yoga. It enables you to see things belonging to other planes (other than the physical) and get knowledge that is useful for sadhana; also to have concrete contact with the Mother in those planes (mental, vital, psychic worlds) etc.

I shall tell you about your long dream afterwards.

SRI AUROBINDO

Key with the Light

15.11.1932

I saw a long and big key with the letters MOTHER in white colour above it. All around there was light. Is there any meaning in this?

Is it a key you saw? If so the meaning is clear; it is the key to the Divine realisation; the Mother is the key because it is her light (white is her colour) that enables us to open the gate of realisation.

SRI AUROBINDO

An Attack on the Vital Plane

22.11.1932

These things are not usually prophecies of the future; it was an attack on the vital plane which you were strong enough to repulse.

SRI AUROBINDO

A Lotus with a Coconut

5.8.1933

I saw a beautiful lotus and inside it a coconut. The lotus was not quite open but one after another the petals were opening.

It is the Consciousness opening, with the offering to the Divine within it.

SRI AUROBINDO

Fire of Aspiration

18.11.1933

*About 20 days back I saw a fire flame coming out of a lotus. At that time I thought it was only my imagination. Today I see something like that on the cover of the book *The Mother*. I have tried to draw it.*

Has it any meaning?

It must be the fire of aspiration rising from the opened consciousness to the Sun of Truth with all its colours (forces) around it.

SRI AUROBINDO

On Champaklal Champaklal as a Soldier

12.1.1934

Mother, I was seeing in a dream that Champaklal has taken the dress of soldier, and one gun also is in his hand.

What is the meaning of it, Mother?

Champaklal as a soldier means that he is a warrior in the vital field against the hostile forces.

SRI AUROBINDO

Sun of Truth

7.2.1934

I could not draw exactly what I saw in the vision. Does this drawing mean anything?

It seems to be the fire of aspiration towards the Truth (the Sun) supported by the Divine Presence and lifting up the nature towards the just visible Sun of Truth.

SRI AUROBINDO

A Baby with a Pot

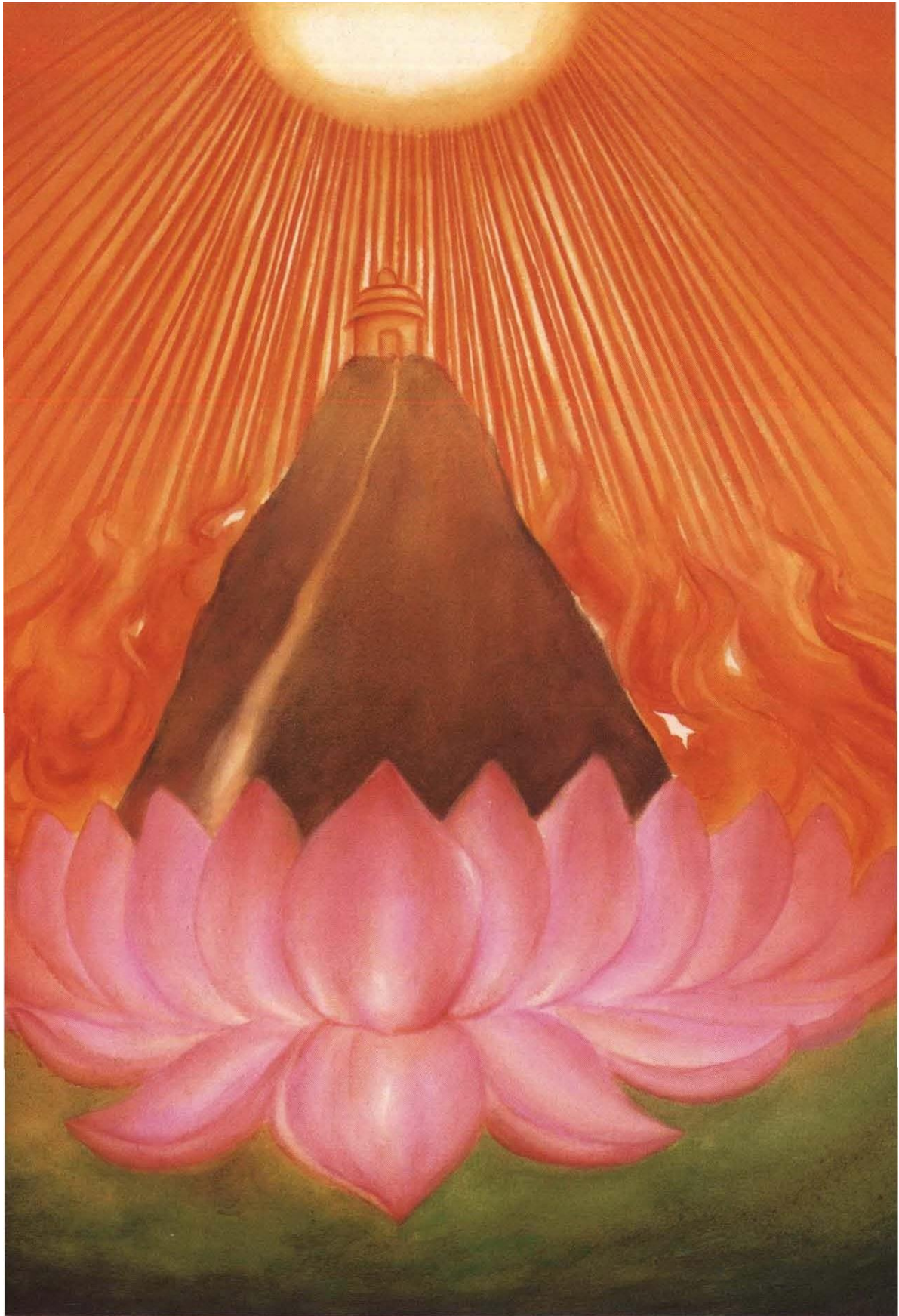
21.4.1934

This morning at pranam time I saw a very small baby standing in front of me with a very happy cheerful face and carrying on his shoulders a pot of water which looked too heavy for a baby. The baby offered me water from the pot and said to me: take this water, Mother will again fill it up. I took water as he gave me and I saw to my surprise that the pot was being again filled up; nobody knew how it was filled up; it was like magic. When the baby said that the Mother would fill up the pot again, I was very much impressed by the simple faith of the baby and his being conscious of the Mother, young as he was — I wish to know the meaning of this from Mother.

It was your psychic being.

SRI AUROBINDO

The Sun and the Flower



A copy by Priti Ghosh of Champaklal's original painting done on 25.8.1934. The symbolic interpretation is given overleaf.

The sun is of course the Truth and the building is the material consciousness that has become capable of receiving the light. The flowers indicate our presence in the material consciousness.

25.8.1934

Early morning a vision came to me. I have tried to represent in the picture what I saw. Is there any meaning in it? Or is it my own mental construction?

The sun is of course the Truth and the building is the material consciousness that has become capable of receiving the light. The flowers indicate our presence in the material consciousness.

SRI AUROBINDO

Passing through the Workshop

16.3.1935

On the 15th instant (at night), I dreamt as follows: There was a huge place where a lot of people were working. The road leading to my destination was very long, but there was a short-cut through the workshop. Hence, I asked the owner of the workshop to allow me to go through his workshop. He told me that there was absolutely no room inside, as a lot of persons were working there and the passage was full of gunny bags etc. It seemed to be a mere excuse for not letting me in. Finally, in response to my persistent efforts, despite much reluctance, he allowed me in. He sent a man to accompany me to show the way. After a long walk inside the workshop, we reached its end where there was a secret exit. Facing us there was something

looking like a wall which seemed to block the road. Yet, to my utter surprise, a road could be seen, going through two or three walls, one after another. Right then, from across, I saw a woman approaching us, which surprised me as to how the woman could get inside when we could not even see the road. The man accompanying me, hid himself as soon as he saw her. I felt that he wanted to arrest her, so I explained to her through signs in such a way that it would not be noticed by him. So, the woman climbed up a tree and started breaking something, which was disliked by that man and hence he asked me to go back. I requested him to let me go further to which he agreed and asked me to go with him. He led me along a secret passage through a couple of walls and asked me to be seated at a place. I felt that it was his last secret way, so he did not want to show me, and I remained seated there. I thought it to be the last wall as I could hear the noise of people from the other side of the wall and also the movements on the road there. I sat there for a while and when I looked up, I saw a man turning a key. The ceiling which was too huge, got separated into two parts. Slowly, the ceiling began to shake, also the flooring below seemed to be hollow. I felt that it was some mechanical arrangement. What would be my fate if it were to break? This, though, somewhat scared me. Right then, the whole ceiling came down enveloping me like a magic dome leaving no way out for me. I was trapped inside. I found myself in deep trouble and was terribly frightened. This did not last even for a moment and immediately a type of attitude developed in me which may be described in the following words.

I prayed to the Mother and Sri Aurobindo that, “If I am sincere and if I have faith in you, may this collapse.” Immediately, within a moment, with a big sound, a way opened for me. And when I got out, I found myself surrounded by many people, who on seeing me, said, “Wonderful change! Wonderful change!”

It appeared to me that my whole body had undergone some transformation and had become God-like. I experienced enormous tranquillity and ananda. Although I was very calm and steady, I was overjoyed.

What does all this mean?

The workshop is probably a symbol of the activity of the ordinary nature which is so full of formations and activities of the ordinary kind that it is difficult to pass through it to the inner or the inmost being.

The walls with the spaces between indicate the different parts of the being to which the outer mind has no access, — possibly, the inner vital (the woman may be the occult vital nature), emotional etc. The ceiling (yellow) may be the intellect or thinking mind which walls one in and prevents from getting into the open spaces of the higher Consciousness. But through all a way lies to the open way of the higher Consciousness full of peace, light and Ananda.

SRI AUROBINDO

A Rope of Light

19.3.1935

The path that I was to follow was very long and arduous, I came across a number of intricate by-lanes which confused me a lot. I could not find my path despite many struggles. Finally, I looked up. I saw the Mother very high up. From there, she sent a rope down for me. After a while, I found that it was not a rope, but white light — it was a luminous, straight road going up. I, then, realized that instead of struggling here and there, I should have looked up, as there is a straight road going right up.

I wrote this dream yesterday, but, it came earlier.

What does it mean?

It is a symbol of the difficult seeking in the mind, vital and physical which one goes through until one looks up to the higher consciousness and follows the way of the Mother's white light; then the road becomes straight and luminous.

SRI AUROBINDO

A Fight with the Force of Discontent

22.6.1935

On the upper portion of some building, the Mother was sitting with some devotees (sadhakas) who were selected by her and who were close to her. I too was sifting there. Everyone was making merry. The Mother was distributing nice things to all.

In the meantime, Purani (Ambubhai) came there. He was not invited, yet he came. He looked very sad, angry and disappointed. He held both my shoulders and started ridiculing me. The Mother did not like this. After a while, I saw that the Mother was not there; after her departure, Purani had also, left. I, at once, got up from my place and went to a room nearby. In that room, I saw something like a platform on which the Mother was standing. There I saw Purani, he was about to attack the Mother. As soon as I saw this, I rushed towards Purani, caught hold of him and brought him down. When I went to catch him, he tried to frighten me by showing something like a knife. Undaunted, I tightly held Purani and took him away. He wounded me, I started bleeding too. I did not bother about this. I was happy, because the victory was mine.

Even after the dream was over, the fight between me and Purani still had its effect on my body.

Does this mean anything?

It was not Purani himself, but a force which took his figure, a force of discontent and dissatisfaction and externalisation from the inner consciousness.

This tried to touch you and hold you after coming in though unwanted into your (and others') intimate relation within with the Mother. As the Mother disapproved it tried to attack her but your inner being (psychic, inner mind, inner vital) threw itself upon it and pushed it out and continued fighting with it so as to drive it away. The effect on the body means only some difficulty in the external being caused by the adverse force during the fight.

SRI AUROBINDO

A Carriage Drawn by a Tiger

1.4.1936

The dream was very long. I am writing below only a small part of it, as I do not remember the entire dream.

I travelled a lot by a carriage drawn by a tiger. Suddenly, the tiger became uncontrollable. I was all alone in the carriage. In spite of all efforts by the driver, the tiger could not be controlled. The carriage abruptly came to a halt in a vast garden. Immediately, I climbed upon the branch of a tree above the carriage. The tiger remained uncontrolled by the driver, he finally cut the reins and released the tiger, who then started moving around freely. He started climbing up the same tree on which I was seated. As soon as he came up, I firmly grabbed his head with both my hands and pushed him back with all my strength. Hence the tiger went back and my eyes opened. Even after waking up, its effect was still there on my body.

Does this have any meaning?

The tiger indicates violent impulses. The carriage probably indicates some part of the vital which is subject to such impulses. Getting into the tree means probably getting into a higher level of consciousness from which it is easier to repulse the tiger.

SRI AUROBINDO

An Accident at the Pond

20.4.1936

I wanted to go to that house at 10 p.m. As eight minutes were still to go, I rested myself on the terrace, during which time I saw the following dream.

I saw Dilip running and going towards a pond. He dived in the water there and wanted to show that by an accident he had drowned himself there, but actually he was doing it intentionally and purposefully. On the bank, he had also left a handkerchief and a letter, purposefully, but was trying to give the impression that they had fallen there by chance.

Mother, I would like to know why I saw this? I had absolutely no idea in me about him.

It is evidently one of the formations made by a hostile Force which goes round trying to touch people with thoughts of suicide. Why it should have shown itself to you at that moment in connection with D., is not clear — possibly it just crossed by chance. Anyhow, it has no importance.

SRI AUROBINDO

The Sun and the Darkness

12.10.1936

An experience, a few days ago.

After passing several nights, at last, by the time the rays from the sun could reach and awaken me, some evil spirits would come frequently and carry me away into a pitch dark place, finally, in this place, the light from the sun reached me suddenly and I awoke. The demons could not enter this place. My entire body was full of Ananda.

It is the fight of the two consciousnesses — the wrong forces pulling to the dark levels but the touch, of the sun of Truth intervenes with its light and raises where they cannot enter.

SRI AUROBINDO

The Faith and the Downward Pull

12.10.1936

There was water all around — difficult to say whether it was a river or a lake or a sea. I saw a man fallen in a place where it was hot possible to swim. That man was not in a position to come out. I had to follow the same route. On seeing the plight of this man, I was not sure as to how I could go. I managed to pull that man out and thought I had saved a life. I asked him, “why did you not call for any help? Would you not have been drowned if I had not pulled you

out?” He replied, “I have full faith in God — if He wants to save me, He would surely help.” He said it with such an ardent faith that even an atheist would have had to believe it.

I, then, found a new route. I went along this route. I had to climb a mountain. I do not know what happened to the people who were with me. I kept climbing up the mountain, which looked too high. Finally, I reached a place at a great height, beyond which I could not go as there was no road. There was a deep valley in front of me, and also on sides. I felt as if I had reached the sky. There was somebody behind me who resembled my elder brother (Sunderlal). He held me in a grip and hung one of his legs over the valley. I found it very difficult to balance myself as there was nothing in front of me which I could hold as a support. I told him that this way both of us would fall into the valley. He remained stubborn. I pleaded with him to leave me. When I woke up, I actually felt that I was saved from death.

Does this have any meaning?

The first part of the dream is an experience of the mental-vital plane and indicates the saving power of an absolute faith. The other shows the ascent to the highest levels of the earth-consciousness, but there is still something of the old self and nature clinging and trying to pull downwards; it refuses to let go, but finally it has to fall off and the being can ascend without downward pull or fear of fall into the skies of the higher consciousness above.

SRI AUROBINDO

*VISIONS
OF
CHAMPAKLAL*

A Sketch after seeing the vision:

“The Vision had a marvellous effect on my entire body.

OM, SHREEMA, M — all these symbols, the way I saw them were looking real, alive. How can that be shown? A variety of rays of light of various colours were spreading out from all its sides. I could not show all these colours here. This is an ordinary sketch from which I wanted to make a large painting, but it does not seem possible now. It is also difficult to write about it”

CHAMPAKLAL



Champaklal's dream about our School Children

2.9.1976

There was a function arranged by the boys and girls of our school.

I saw a wide open place filled with luminous golden Light. There in its midst the Mother and Sri Aurobindo were sitting on a huge luminous golden throne, in their luminous golden bodies. They were charging everything around with their luminous golden Light.

A little away, on the right side of the golden throne, boys, girls and teachers were standing in that golden Light. There was no difference between students and teachers in their way of standing.

After a short while I saw them going to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother one by one. Each one stood just in front of them praying for what he wanted and expressing in words his inner condition very sincerely.

All were self-gathered, concentrated and gave an impression of complete self-surrender. Their expression was wonderful, remarkable. They were at their best and they passed one by one with the expression of a joyful contentment on their faces, as if they had obtained what they had wanted.

Nirod was there standing at one end. He did not move from his place but went on looking at the Mother and Sri Aurobindo. He was indrawn and his face was very expressive. Half an hour passed; still he did not move from his place.

Those who had finished going to the Mother and Sri Aurobindo were standing and watching what was going on, and were very happy because they got more time to remain with them. All of a sudden Nirod took a piece of paper in his hand and, standing where he was, began to write something. He wrote a paragraph and showed it to me. I was surprised to see his handwriting exactly like Sri Aurobindo's when he used, to write in his early days. He wrote only a short paragraph but it was very beautiful. He had written about the Mother and Sri Aurobindo and his own inner condition, expressing it very sincerely. It was remarkable.

I asked him to go and show it to the Mother and Sri Aurobindo. He said, "No". Since he was not willing, I wanted to take it myself but my eyes opened before I could do it. I tried to recall what he had written, but failed.

I saw this dream on the same night of 2.9.76 when I saw the "Wonderful Dream" which has been published in the *Mother India* of November 24 last year.

I had given Nirod my accounts of both these dreams but he took no interest in the second dream. So I put aside my account of it. But when I saw in our playground programme of last 21st February

each group saying its prayer, I remembered this dream. The whole of it came in front of my eyes. I found it very interesting.

Ascent to Peace, Joy and Ananda

2.9.1976

It is very difficult to write but still I will try, because it is very interesting.

Four little Ashram children came to me and said, “We are going to do something but we ourselves don’t know what we are going to do. We have not informed anyone about this. We have come to take you with us. We have not asked any other person. We don’t want them; they will spoil everything.”

I wrote, “I don’t speak.”

One child came very near me and said, “We know you don’t speak, you just come there. We want you with us.”

I wrote, “I also would like very much to be with you.”

All the children said, “Yes, yes, we know; that is why we have come”.

I wrote, “But where will you take me?”

The children said laughingly, “We also don’t know.”

All the children were laughing.

One little child came very close to me and gave a broad smile. I saw he had just learnt to walk. He caught hold of my hand and with the other hand made a sign of getting up and made another sign to walk with him. It was so nice to see his expression and all his movements. He did not speak a word; only expressions and signs. He was walking in such a way as if he knew where he had to go. I was wondering to myself, “What is this?” The children said, “We don’t know.” “How is it possible?” I thought. Then I quietly walked with them, we reached a place where I saw a very wide open space only. The ground and the sky were beautiful and luminous pink in colour. There in the middle of that place other children were waiting for us. They might be about forty to fifty in number. As soon as we reached them I saw they were very happy to see me with them.

They surrounded me — they received me only with smiles and silent expressions. No words; everyone was very quiet. The little child who had led me to this place came to me and holding my hand began to lead us further. We walked a lot and came to another place. Everywhere I found new and very wide open places. There I saw a huge tree of “Patience” covering a large area. It was as

big as Kabirvad (Kabir's Banyan tree)* — even bigger and more beautiful in form. Some branches were touching the ground from many sides. The tree was full of light and its golden flowers were as big as the rose flower of "Surrender". Each flower was shining like the sun. The place where we were standing was extremely beautiful and had a pink colour. All around and above there was a bright light of blue colour. And there I saw, far from us, flashes of golden lightning all around and above continuously. I was standing in front of the tree and admiring this beautiful new world. Just then in front of me I saw the Mother and Sri Aurobindo sitting. But, on what they were sitting and where they were resting their feet I could not see at all. I could only see their golden luminous figures charging the space all around with their golden light. It is very difficult to put in words what I saw about them. They were at my eye-level. I looked at them, they were smiling. There was such a quiet and peaceful atmosphere, at the same time so full of joy — one cannot imagine!

I stretched my hands in front of them and kept my palms open. I saw a big dish on one palm with a cover very dark and muddy, black in colour. I tried hard, again and again, to take off the black cover but could not. I looked at the Mother and Sri Aurobindo, both of them smiled beautifully with a great compassion and I felt very close to them. After this I tried once more to take off the black cover. As soon as I touched it, it disappeared — I could not see where. After this I saw in its place a yellow cover, I tried to take off that also but the same thing happened in the same way. It also disappeared. The cover began to change from black to yellow then to pink and blue, white, silver and gold. Every time I had to do the same movement to remove the cover. When I touched the gold cover it disappeared and to my surprise I saw in the dish a luminous golden lotus fully blossomed. I took the lotus in my hand; the moment I took it there appeared to my surprise once again the same dish as I had seen with a muddy black cover upon it. Without looking back I passed the dish to one who was just behind me. Then I looked at the Mother and Sri Aurobindo; they were smiling. Something came from them and entered into me and I began to go up and straight, higher and higher. Suddenly I stopped, I could not go further. When I looked up I saw the Mother and Sri Aurobindo very high up. I tried to see where I was standing but I could not make out — only I saw pale-blue light, as if I was standing in it; it was very soothing and I saw some movements taking place in all my centres. I cannot describe them. Peace, Joy and Ananda were around me and within me.

After a while I saw a little child by my side, standing very happily with a golden luminous lotus in his hand. He was narrating all his happy moments. He was spontaneously acting exactly as I had done. I asked him whether he had seen what had happened when I had been with him below, whether he had seen what I had done. He said that when he had stood behind me he had not known what had happened to him. He was sure he had not been sleeping. He said, "Only when you passed the dish suddenly my hand went towards you and took the dish. All movements were spontaneous. Oh, it was wonderful!" Exactly the same thing he described that I had experienced.

* In Gujarat there is a big Banyan tree called Kabirvad. It is such a huge tree that you can't even find its main trunk.

One after another all the children came up. They were extremely happy. Some were telling me, some were telling their friends. Everyone had had the same experience.

The little child who had guided me was completely changed. The other children were dancing and jumping gracefully with full-opened golden luminous lotuses in their hands. Suddenly the child, who had not spoken a single word, shouted at the top of his voice, “Look, look, look up.” While saying this his face had bloomed.

We looked upwards and saw that the Mother and Sri Aurobindo were glorious with a perfectly bright golden light around them, and there was nothing around except this golden light. Their bodies, too, were of an exactly similar light. They had the same bodies but still they looked different. From there, a torrent of that light was rushing towards us and we all were standing in that very light. That light was many times more bright than the sun but our eyes were not dazzled by its brightness, as it happens when we look towards the sun. It was such that we would like to go on looking at it. It was a very wonderful and indescribable sight. I asked the children, “Now what have we to do?” The children all together said, “Is it not nice to remain here for ever?” I don’t know what happened next; my eyes opened.

This was so real and vivid. I still see everything as if I am living in it.

Annihilation of Evil

23.11.1976

It was the night of 23.11.76, the day just before 24th November, the Golden Jubilee Day of the great Descent of the Overmind Godhead into the Yoga-perfected body of Sri Aurobindo.

At 1.30 a.m. I came back from our terrace and as usual was lying near Sri Aurobindo’s bed. After a time, I saw someone with a huge body sitting on the floor beside the bed. The figure was very strange and not at all clear. It only appeared that somebody was sitting there and nothing more.

His mouth was emitting clouds of smoke, as profusely as the chimneys of big mills do and the strange thing about the smoke was that instead of going upward it was diffusing itself all around and creating uneasiness and disgust. I even began to feel that it was not Sri Aurobindo’s room, but some other place altogether.

Normally, whenever I see smoke rising from incense or even from the chimney of our dispensary, I find it a beautiful thing to look at; but this smoke emitted by that vague figure was felt as evil, positively evil. For, although I have called it smoke, it was not exactly that, but something quite different for which I have no name. The only thing I can say about it is that it merely appeared somewhat like smoke, and as it entered into the atmosphere it caused restlessness and uneasiness.

Then suddenly I saw that a still bigger person was there, sitting just near that huge and hideous figure. I felt his presence but could not recognise him. Certainly he was neither distasteful nor ominously weird. I saw that this new great person was emitting huge quantities of bright golden flames from his mouth which spread all around. As a result, all the smoke which I have spoken of and the atmosphere created by that evil-looking vague figure were completely annihilated. The process of this annihilation is indescribable, but it looked like an experiment which a scientist conducts in his laboratory with various substances, or like a mixture that a doctor's compounder systematically prepares with several medicines. All that went on was something beyond imagination but all the same it was very interesting.

When the whole process was over, the atmosphere became full not only of peace and joy but also of something more which is beyond the power of words to describe.

What was really wonderful was the fact that although the whole atmosphere was filled with flames, everything in it was cooling and soothing in the extreme. It was a glorious sight to see. The person who was pouring out flames from his mouth appeared now to be himself made of those golden flames and that golden light. It was astonishing to find that though appearing formless this person was felt as somebody who was there.

What happened to the hideous vague figure that emitted smoke I could not make out.

During this vision I thought I was awake, but when the scene ended I felt that I was only half-awake. I have called it 'not a dream', because it started with my eyes quite open.

Towards the Mountain with Golden Light

As Recounted to Nirodbaran

24.12.1976

Both of us (you and I) went to a place with some people. We walked a pretty long distance. The others were all scattered about. Suddenly I realised I was alone, you were not there. So I began looking for you and walked on and on. Much later I saw a huge mountain, but there was no way to go up. I stood thinking what to do, when I myself began climbing, without any effort, as though someone were pulling me upward. At a little height I saw a beautiful place with a big pond. And near the pond I saw you. You said you were taking Jalasamadhi, giving up your life by immersion in water. I rushed to catch you, but you went into the water. I reached you and brought you out. You protested and asked me to go where I liked and said you would go where you liked! You began going towards the mountain-top. There were no steps at all. It was so high and steep that we could not even see the summit, I watched where you went and followed you. You did not like my

following you. You said, “Maharaj, please leave me alone.” I saw that you were very much annoyed. So I stood where I was.

I saw you going up so nicely. I was surprised to see you go with so much ease. Then I tried to climb from the other side of the mountain. I felt that some force was pulling me up and up. I looked down from the height but did not feel at all dizzy. I was surprised. Suddenly I saw you sitting at a certain place. How I reached you I don't know. But we were both very happy, and you said, “Maharaj, my critical period has passed off. Let us go now.” We both began to move upwards — higher and higher. At last we reached the top of the mountain. Behind it there was another mountain still higher, with a huge valley in between. We both jumped on to the other mountain, very successfully, and again began ascending. On its summit was an Aghori, a particular class of Tantric. He asked us, “How did you manage to come here? It is impossible. I know you have come here because of your Guru. Otherwise I would have eaten you. Now I can't do anything to you. So go on to the next mountain where you will find a very big sage.” We, therefore, jumped on to the third mountain that was even higher; but we still managed to reach it. We saw there quite an open place filled with a golden Light. The Sage was there, but he was moving in the air and not walking on the ground. He was very happy to see us and said, “I was expecting you. Now sit and take rest.” Giving us a drink he continued, “Because of this drink you will be able to stay here. You have to remain here, I don't know how long, as you have to move yet farther. I shall tell you where you have to go, and when.” But we were extremely happy where we were. Looking all around, you said, “I feel like writing about this place....”

I don't know what happened afterwards.... My eyes opened and I was smiling.

An Experience with the Mother's Photograph

20.7.1977

On the day we arrived at brother Kanad's house at Jammu, the first thing I saw was the Mother's beautiful photograph hanging on the wall of the verandah. I have seen many photographs of this type. But this one was exceptionally beautiful. It made me very happy.

One afternoon during our stay there, almost everybody was resting. I did not require rest because by the Mother's grace, I always felt very fresh. So I went to the verandah to enjoy the open air, and sat on a chair. The Mother's photograph was there just behind me. My neck spontaneously turned again and again in its direction. It was very difficult to move my sight from Her. It seemed to me as if the Mother were standing and looking at me from the window. I was so happy to see it and was enjoying it very much. Just then brother Kanad came and sat beside me. As I was observing silence, I wrote for him what I felt about the photograph.

In the evening we were sitting on the lawn in a circle. After some time brother Kanad came and sat beside me and asked for blessings. I thought it would be very interesting for him to know what had happened just before he came. Here is the account written by our brother Richard who was also present:

“When we came back, we met the friendly dog (female) who, seeing us, began to wag her tail. Then we sat on the lawn in a circle. Behind, in the verandah, the Mother’s photograph was hanging on the wall. Suddenly the dog began to bark, facing the verandah, as though some stranger had come there. Umaben laughed and said, “The dog has just now noticed the Mother’s photograph.” We could not believe this and began to suggest other possible explanations. But no! the dog moved about, near the verandah, growling as she looked up and did not want to go near. Champaklal was watching intently. Umaben tried to tell the dog to be quiet, but she would not, and Champaklal seeing something behind this strange behaviour of the dog, signed to Umaben not to stop the dog from barking. Again and again Champaklal signed to her.

Then perhaps to show us that the Mother’s photograph was the cause of the excitement or perhaps to calm the dog, Umaben got up quietly and, speaking to the dog, went and stood under the Mother’s photograph in the verandah. She called her to show that there was no reason for fear.

The dog came, first slowly and sniffing carefully all round near the photograph as though the scent of someone were there, and satisfied herself that all was safe. Then she sat down again in a corner of the verandah, perfectly calm and happy.”

I find it very interesting because what I had felt during the day-time was felt by the dog in the evening. The dog felt the Mother’s presence. First she got frightened and remained very far from the Mother’s photograph, she began to bark. Then slowly she went a little nearer, stopped and began to bark once more. Again she came back, then went forward still nearer than before, and began to bark again. She repeated this several times. At the end she went near the Mother’s photograph with the help of Umaben.

I wanted to see what the dog was doing all on her own. And it was interesting to watch her movements and her expression.

Wonderful Lion-shaped Figure

Night at Delhi Ashram Branch

8.6.1978

It was a vast expanse. Far far away, there were many mountains with several waterfalls cascading down. It was a superbly beautiful place, the like of which I have not seen in any part of the Himalayas I have visited.

All the mountains were snow-covered, but their peaks were invisible. Sunlight was falling on them, but it was strange to note that the peaks were out of sight. How and from where the golden sunlight was coming was a question.

There was seen a superbly grand figure without any garment like that of Vishnu lying on his serpent-couch. I have no idea, on what that grand figure was lying, but I felt that there was no such thing, the figure was in the air.

A lion-shaped figure also was there before the reclining grand figure and that lion was expressing affection for him in various ways and even biting him with love.

I, Kamalaben and Nirod were there, standing at a distance of about fifteen feet, observing very intently all that. Suddenly the lion's eyes turned towards Kamalaben and he moved towards us. I thought he was coming towards Kamalaben but instead he came to me. I saw that but for his face the lion's body was almost like that of human beings. He came and bending did pranam to me and then stared at my face, moved his hands over my body from all sides, smiled beautifully and performed various Mudras, gestures of inner expression. I simply stood without any movement.

Then he went towards Kamalaben, moved both his hands on her whole body from all the four sides and then placed them on her head. Then bestowing upon her a beautiful smile, he passed over to Nirod and did to him all that he had done to Kamalaben.

This had a marvellous effect on me and there are no words to describe it.

The entire scene disappeared and my eyes opened. But for hours the effect remained. The vision is as it were still before my eyes.

Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful! Though indescribable, I have made an effort to put it in words.

And it is impossible to write anything about that superbly grand figure.

Tapogiri

17.6.1978

I had many visions while in Tapogiri, but I do not remember them all. Out of them, two were very interesting, and they present themselves before my eyes as soon as the memory of the place awakes. Both of them were visions of the same night.

Illumined Place

I was passing by several zigzag and intricate paths. I do not describe the paths.

On the way there, I saw many different figures which were neither men nor animals nor birds. All of them were very busy. Some of them were even wanting to devour me. At some places, it was not possible to understand what they were doing, but all the same, it appeared that they were much engrossed in their work. Some of them were straightway entering the ground. How they managed to do so was beyond my understanding.

Further on I met figures, but of a different character and their hues were also of various different colours. Further on, I came across some places, beyond which the road was barred by big mountains. These mountains were so high that their peaks were invisible. These mountains were of various colours. Some of them were quite black and some of mixed colours. They looked very beautiful.

The road further was blocked, therefore, many a time I had to turn back. After wandering for a long time there, at last I reached a place, but it was all dark. One could see from here that there was an illumined place far far away. In this dark place, sometimes the heart-beats got accelerated, so much so that I could even hear their sound.

From here I saw several people going at a great distance. They were disappearing into light.

I kept on walking. At last there came a place full of light. Nobody of that place could be seen distinctly; there was only the feeling that some individuals were there. One person from there came, caught my hand and led me further on.

I do not know what happened afterwards.

Extraordinary Yajna at Tapogiri

On the Night I Spent at Tapogiri

Tapogiri is such a large place that ordinary sight cannot distinctly see such a long distance; but I was able to see all the scenes as if they were just in front of me.

In order to have a view of those scenes, special seats were artistically erected on suitable trees. Among those who were the spectators, I could only see Pranab, the other individuals were unrecognisable, or perhaps they did not want themselves to be recognised, as was my impression.

I saw there many Sadhus, Sanyasins, Tantric Kapaliks, Vairagins, Avadhuts, Jain Sadhus, Aghoris etc., even family men as well as Sufis were there, all engrossed in their particular sadhana.

There were among others such penances as were never heard of or about which nothing was read anywhere. Some of them were beyond imagination. What was seen in the beginning is even beyond the scope of writing.

Some were sitting on the ground, some on water, some even in the air were meditating in Padmasana. Some were doing all sorts of Asanas. Some were meditating on slabs of ice; some were lying on beds of nails. Some were simply sitting in Padmasana. Some were standing only on one leg. Some were dancing with song and music, while some were silently doing the same. Some were hanging with tree-branches clasped between their legs, with fire blazing below them. Some were naked, moving about, some standing still on one leg. They had big tridents in their hands.

In one place, there was a fierce fire burning, around which many Digambers (naked sadhus) were seated and they were cutting their own limbs and offering them as oblations in the fire. The strange thing about this was that whereas bad smell comes out of limbs when they are thrown into the fire and blood flows from them when they are cut, nothing of the sort happened in this case, and there was great peace in the atmosphere. There were also some Tantric sadhaks and Bhairavis (woman sadhaks) doing their sadhana. Some individuals remained buried in pits with only their head outside.

In one place, a big sacrifice was going on. One of my maternal uncles was dedicated to Veda. His voice was very sweet and I was very fond of his very sweet Vedic chanting. Wherever I received news of a Sacrifice, I used to run to it, and it was thus that I was able to witness many sacrifices.

There used to be Vedic recitation in chorus also and at that time two teams were formed, who in turn did the recitations. There was also one individual devoted to Veda and he used to chant Veda in a continuous rhythm, and I liked it very much and even now I have liking for it.

This Yajna at Tapogiri was in many ways extraordinary, for nowhere else have I heard such Vedic recitations.

In between, there were the exclamations “*Svaha, Svaha*” uttered melodiously by priests. They were very delightful to the ear. They filled all the limbs of the body with quite a new experience. Along with the performance of the sacrifice, the divine music of the Mother was constantly heard there. I have heard the Mother’s music many times, but the one I heard there was unique and unheard of before. This music gave divine joy and since I cannot express its divinity in words I simply say that it was marvellous and quite apart from all other music.

I saw the day of the final and full offering of the sacrifice also. This final day of the sacrifice is very delightful and interesting. One really feels exhilarated on that day. It is verily very elevating. It is the day on which all the officiating priests show all their capacity or rather their capacity automatically finds its full expression. This is what I had experienced about the priests in my North Gujarat.

The Vedic recitation of the priest in the sacrifice at Tapogiri was wonderfully unique. After the Vedic prayers, was heard in sweet and sonorous voice the chanting of —

ॐ असतो मा सद्गमय ।
तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय ।
मृत्योर्मा अमृतं गमय ।
ॐ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः ॥

*Lead me
From the non-being to the true being,
From the darkness to the Light,
From death to Immortality.
Om. Peace! Peace! Peace!*

With this a supernal peace spread around everywhere. Then was heard Sri Aurobindo's sweet and sublime voice —

तथास्तु

So be it.

For one moment swayed the Earth and the Heaven too.

And in a moment all suddenly became full of Peace and Joy Divine.

I saw before me the sacrificial flames rising impetuously, uniformly higher and higher. Their end was not visible. These golden flames were spreading their light everywhere above, below, in all directions and penetrating the earth there also. All the priests were seated in this light.

Then they began straightaway to rise above, but somewhere in the middle, some of them settled down, while some rose higher and were lost in the golden light.

Indrasenji was the chief of the priests of this sacrifice. My eyes looked at some distance from that place and saw there some individuals. I was not able to see what they were doing, for there was a sort of veil around them. One could only feel that there were some persons there. In the meanwhile I saw that they too were rising up into the golden light.

I too thought of going up but some individual forcibly caught my hand and the vision ended. Only this much I can say about that individual, that he was my all in all.

Lamp in Madhuvan

A small lamp was burning. Then it went on increasing along with the expanse all around.

I saw it going up and up. The flame of the lamp originated with many colours and as it rose it turned into a completely golden flame. It touched the sky and entering, it disappeared.

Mount Paradise

I was meditating in Bhai Arjun's room.

I saw The Mother seated with a small child on Her lap. The child would sit there for a while and then get down.

When the child would sit on Her lap, its figure would change. It did this many times.

At last I saw Bhai Arjun seated in front of The Mother. His face got quite changed at that time. He got up and put his head on the Mother's lap. The Mother placed both Her hands on his head and I woke when She lifted them up.

The Mother's Grace

A Vision Seen after 4.30 a.m.

3.7.1978

The Mother asked Kamalaben something about me, but I could not hear Kamalaben's answer to which the Mother said that she too had noticed it. Even earlier, Kamalaben used to draw my attention repeatedly to my carelessness. I had told her that it would be better if she refrained from doing so.

I felt that Kamalaben had conveyed this to the Mother. The Mother came very close to me, held both my hands and kept looking at me with the feeling of oneness and love. She asked me, "What is this, Champaklal?" She did what she used to do whenever there was something specific to convey; I said, "Mother! Nowadays my leaning is more and more towards carelessness and disinterestedness."

The Mother said, "Disinterestedness, Champaklal! Disinterestedness! Disinterestedness!" Champaklal: "Mother! This is very natural for me." The Mother nodded her head and indicated her

displeasure, but with a sweet smile. Again, smilingly, she fixed her gaze at me and kept looking at me continuously with her penetrating eyes.

I bowed down and put my head on her hands that were holding my hands. I experienced total peace and a new type of change within me. I felt as if a current of happiness and bliss had spread in my whole body from top to bottom and in each cell of my being. I saw that Kamalaben was smiling at her success.

Vision at Lower Part of Matrimandir

7.12.1978

It happened unexpectedly that on 7th December 1978 I went to Matrimandir (Auroville).

I wanted to go down into the lower part of Matrimandir and have a look at it. The person who had taken us to Auroville told us that we were not to go down there as it was prohibited. I therefore stood along with the others on the raised border.

My eyes remained fixed on the upper part of Matrimandir. It was time for us to return, but I could not move from there. Little by little my eyes began to close. I saw that I was sitting with the others in the meditation room situated in the upper part of Matrimandir. The room was full and everything there was peaceful. In the atmosphere the fragrance of various flowers was felt by turns, and it made one joyful. Suddenly I saw that someone was cutting down the heads of those who were seated in meditation, and the strange thing about this was that no blood was flowing after the severance of the heads. In its place a shining white liquid was flowing and it was spreading over all Auroville. I saw that each head cut down did not remain a head, but turned into a glorious golden light. It appeared that there were no heads but many suns that were going up and up one after another. Seeing this, I too chose to go up in the same manner, and I too went up. But I heard some sound and my eyes opened.

I was awakened. I saw that a man was working on Matrimandir where an iron framework was being made. Something like a stone was thrown down by him. Three or four such things were thrown down. I think it was some solidified portion of cement concrete there which that man was throwing down. There was something like mud below and the falling of the lump made a sound. I felt that it was for this reason that people were prohibited from going down there, lest they should get hurt by the falling of the cement lumps.

Journey of an Aspiring Soul towards Higher Planes

8.12.1978

It was the night of 8th December. I woke up in the middle of it. It was 2.10 a.m. when I looked at the clock and I lay down again. I was lying with my eyes closed. Then I had a vision.

Vision

I spoke to Kamalaben that I was going out for a walk. “You too come and join me; it is a very beautiful place where we are to go.”

But Kamalaben said, “No, no; you alone can go.” I said, “Come and see for yourself, you will find it very interesting.”

At last both of us started.

There was a forest and it was all full of flowers having a large variety of colours. The whole forest was filled with their fragrance. There were birds and animals too of many kinds and their voices created a sweet music for our ears.

Advancing further, we saw that two children were moving towards us. “Champaklal”, they cried from afar, and I wondered how they could recognise me from such a distance.

The boy and the girl approached me and were very happy on seeing me. They said, “Come to our house.” Kamalaben told me, “You go alone; as for me I shall sit down here.” But the children told her, “No, no, you too will have to come.” Kamalaben told them, “I shall come at some other time, just now you take Champaklalbai with you.”

But seeing their loving insistence, I said to Kamalaben, “You also come, you too will like the place.”

At last all four of us advanced, the two children leading. As we advanced we began to feel that we were entering quite a new wonderful world. On going further, when we looked in front of us we found that the road was blocked by a dense thicket. But on nearing the place the children did something, we do not know what, and there opened before us a path just big enough for us to go. Kamalaben said, “I am tired, I would like to sit down here. This place is beautiful enough for sitting down. Now I wish to rest for a while comfortably. Really I am very tired.”

On hearing this the children began to laugh and then said, “Come, please come. There is nothing like fatigue in our place. You will surely know it when you will see the place for yourself. You do not need to walk there at all. The earth will walk for you.” Saying this the children began to laugh. Kamalaben told the children, “But the earth too will get tired.” The children said again with a laugh, “No, no, it is not like that. You will see there what you have not yet seen; come along.” Saying so, they caught a finger of Kamalaben and made her rise, and she rose smilingly.

We then entered a new world. One child went on explaining all. "Here we have children from various countries and we all live together. Now come and stand here, please."

Then, they made us stand at a place, but we saw that without walking we were moving further on and on. The boy and the girl were with us. Only now we could understand what the children had said about the earth moving for us. We saw it with our own eyes.

The children, pronouncing each different name, showed us the places where lived the children of various lands.

We saw the children from those lands, but what they had put on was uniformly beautiful and each had an individual and novel stamp. They also spoke in the same kind of language in spite of their knowing various languages.

Here our two children remarked, "There still are regions more beautiful than this; so our parents have been saying. We were also told that when we would be ready, we too would be taken there. They say that everything there is more charming than what is here."

The two children added,

"Although we are very happy here, we feel how beautiful would be those regions about which our father speaks. It is pleasant here, no doubt; but we shall take you to our parents. Seeing them you will be very delighted. At present we are not to go up, but our parents themselves will take you both further there. All are not taken up, many are seen off here itself, but, as for you, we are sure that they will take you up."

"We are very glad to have met you; but if you go up there, it is quite possible that you may not even return, you may stay there. This has happened in the case of some, but very few have come back, farther up still fewer have remained. We have also heard that some have turned back after going some way. When we hear this, we are really astonished. For our father says that it is more beautiful there; why should some come back? We questioned our father about this and he replied, 'You will yourself understand this when you go up.' How nice! our father is very nice. He loves us very much and teaches us ever new things."

"Now let us go. See, you have not to walk. You can move everywhere without walking. All this arrangement too is the working of our father. It is he who has brought us here from our (physical) parents; but now we do not at all want to go back to our own parents. Here are our true parents. You also will understand this thing as soon as you go there, and that too without being told about it."

"Yes, but remember one thing. You will be surprised when you meet them, wondering whether they are two or one. We ourselves in the beginning felt like that. Quite in the beginning, some children even felt afraid, and some were full of wonder. But now our parents have explained to them that only their bodies were different, but in fact they were one. We felt it to be strange; but our parents gave an explanation and said, 'Never mind if you do not understand this. After growing,

when you come up, you will understand all.’ Some of the children among us say that they have understood it, but all have not done so.”

The children then said, “Look, what do you see in front of you?”

I said, “Light. Is it the East? It appears as though the Sun is going to rise, and now it appears that it is rising.”

The children answered, “Yes, it is the East, but up there it is like this everywhere. Our parents were saying so. Our parents too will be there.”

The children asked Kamalaben, “Did you get tired?” Kamalaben replied, “No, not at all.”

The children exclaimed, “Say, did we not tell you that here there was nothing like fatigue. Till now we too do not know what fatigue is; but we have heard about fatigue. One person who had come here was asked about it and he explained to us what fatigue was. This matter we narrated to our father who said, ‘My dear children! that world and our world here are two quite different things and people coming from that world might speak of many such things, but what they say is not all quite true.’”

Hearing this, we asked our father, ‘Then why do those people speak of many such things?’

The father replied, ‘It has become their nature.’ And we asked the father, ‘What is it that you call nature?’

He said, ‘This too you will understand later on. Look, I am not going to explain all that just now; for, some words of those people have a different meaning in our world. Some of their things are even non-existent in our world. But all this you will surely understand one day and that too by yourself.’

The father asked all of us, ‘Is it not true?’ and we replied in the affirmative. We know that all happens exactly as our father says.

Now we shall proceed, but as for us we shall remain here in our own world. You will be seeing them. Look, look, they themselves appear to be coming towards us. Once we asked them, ‘How did you come? How did you know that we had need of you?’ Our mother replied, ‘My dear children! one day you too will know like this.’”

Two persons were seen in front coming towards us. Sometimes it seemed as if it was only one person coming, and sometimes it was two. We began to feel a pull towards them even from a distance. They came close, looked at us with a great love and tenderness. Their sight was sufficient to create in us a desire to lose ourselves in them. We began to feel that we were intimately familiar with one another.

Then with a sweet and charming smile they said, “We were only waiting for your arrival.” We observed that the children had clasped them and both of them were affectionately moving their hands over the children’s heads; they moved their hands along their backs also. It was a wonderful

sight to see — they were bending over the boy and girl who were bending before them. I was so engrossed in the scene that I did not even notice the boy and the girl going back from there.

The parents spoke to us, “Well, well, you have come at last.” I was surprised a bit as to why they were saying this, but remained quiet.

The children had suggested to us, “You simply hear what the parents say; even if you do not understand it then, you will yourself understand it later on.”

The father with a smile full of love began to speak to us as if we were very intimately familiar to them, “Look, we have spent many lives for accomplishing what you have already seen and the wonderful creations that you will see here now. You are now able to see the ultimate result. What you have already seen is nothing compared to what is still further. All of it you will be seeing as we rise higher and higher. But seeing is not enough, it has to be experienced and realised; and that too you will do. At present we have gone to different countries and brought from there children we found worthy of higher things. Later on these children will be taken higher up and gradually they will be led to higher and higher regions. At present it is not possible to have them settled here, but a time will come when all aspiring souls will find a place here. It is only a question of time.”

I saw that it was quite a new world. As we went higher, we saw elderly people who were busy doing their work cheerfully. In this way we saw many a world and the atmosphere of each succeeding world was of a superior character.

Little by little, we rose higher and yet higher and saw many wonderful worlds, worlds where physical necessities like food and drink and bath, etc. were absent.

At last we saw a dazzling golden light, up and down and everywhere. The mother and the father told me with love that we could not go further than this. I wondered what could be still further there.

The parents cast a loving yet piercing glance at us, and on looking at them I found that there was only one person, calm and shining. I remained very calm and quiet. From the atmosphere around there came a loud — sound piercing the eardrums, a sound the like of which we had never heard before, and both of us entered into them.

My eyes opened and I felt that I was in quite a new world. I saw Sri Aurobindo’s cot by my side, I felt it with my hand and when I looked around I found that I was in the same place as before. I looked at the clock and it was 3.10 a.m. In only one hour I felt as if I was back after many years. In my childhood, my father had told me a very interesting story of a sage who had gone for a bath in a river and in one plunge had passed many years of experience. The story as far as I remember was, in brief, like this:

The sage asked God to show him His Lila, and God gave him that experience. With a plunge in the river, the sage entered some mysterious world. There he married and had children. After passing

many such years thus, when he rose up from the river, he found everything as it had been before the plunge.

Golden Figure Enveloping Auroville

4.1.1979

Unexpectedly, again on 4th January 1979 I had an occasion to go to Matrimandir.

As we reached there, brother Gerard came forward affectionately with a smiling face and welcomed us with the words “Hallo, Champaklal!” he told me, “There is a friend and he will show you everything. It is already arranged.”

This time we walked about in the lower part of the construction and could have seen all, but as there was not much time at our disposal we saw only as much as was possible.

The atmosphere is such that one would not like to move from there. It holds us fast like a magnet. It is a splendid elevating atmosphere, calm and grandly beautiful, such as one would not like to leave. But as we had to go to our brother Narad’s garden, there was not enough time to be detained there, and so we left after remaining as much as it was possible to do.

The Matrimandir that I saw this time was superb, wonderful beyond imagination. I saw above Matrimandir, standing in space, a huge figure reaching the heavens and enveloping the whole of Auroville. It could be described only as extremely majestic and grand, immeasurably vast, stupendous, exceedingly resplendent, scintillating, golden, radiant and with an absolutely fascinating form. One by one innumerable hands arose from each part of the body of that figure. Little by little, the figure began to rise up and up and, as it did so, hands appeared on its lower part also. After a while the figure gradually began to descend. At this time all its palms were open and spread out in space. A crystalline liquid was spreading forth everywhere from those palms. It was a very bright glistening liquid and it covered all Matrimandir and then, from Matrimandir itself, streams of that crystalline liquid began to emerge and the whole of Auroville was turned into a large lake filled with that liquid.

Far off countless men, boys and girls were visible on all the four sides and they were watching with joy the crystalline lake. At last they began to enter into the lake one by one. Some of them were floating above while some were merged inside; but the liquid was so transparent that all the persons were visible.



Matrimandir

Then that multi-handed figure came out of the lake, but this time, instead of hands, all its body was full of eyes. Afterwards the figure in the form of a golden light began to ascend, and mid-way it became stationary. Then, like rays from the sun, golden light spread out from the figure and began to spread all around.

Then lo! there was no lake. In its place, there was a big beautiful garden. At different places, the buildings were bright with that golden light. The atmosphere was full of fragrance of many kinds spreading out from many flowers. Along with this was heard the ringing of many bells accompanied by sweet music.

The vision ended, but it is not adequately rendered into words.

Two Visions at Hyderabad, Darbar Hall Golden Waterfall

10.2.1979

I was sitting near brother Channa Reddy. A little later, when I looked at him, I saw his figure very hazy. I saw him going in order to give a speech but could not see him clearly. I heard his first two or three sentences only. I could not understand what was happening in me. Generally I close my eyes. When I close my eyes, I feel very nice, going to the other worlds. That is why, very often, there is a tendency in me to keep my eyes closed.

But this time I felt very uneasy as I saw everything dark. The whole universe appeared to be covered with something almost far-black in which many people including children were floating.

Some persons were coming out and going back again in that stuff as if they were very happy there. This continued for some time. Then I saw a huge ball covering the whole universe. It was dark red in colour — and water of the same colour was pouring from above like a big waterfall. I use the word ‘waterfall’ — but there are no words to describe what I saw — so I say ‘waterfall’ as the nearest substitute. Gradually its colour was becoming less and less dark till it became very light. Just as the water changed its colour, simultaneously the colour of the huge ball also changed. And, one after another, I saw all the colours of a rainbow, then silver and finally gold. What I saw — this change of various colours — is very difficult to express in words.

The water was passing through the huge ball and going farther and farther, covering everything. It was so beautiful! This transparent golden water above the huge ball. Then at a very great height, there was a figure. I cannot describe this figure, but can only say that both his hands were spread wide in a blessing gesture. It looked as if all this golden water was coming from all over his body. My whole being was filled with gratitude. With folded hands, I bowed. I was in an indescribable condition.

Arrows Turning into Beautiful Flowers

10.2.1979

Some people were standing in the middle of a vast open space. Some arrows were going towards them but I could not make out from where the arrows came. The wonder was that the arrows, as soon as they approached these persons, turned into beautiful flowers which were of several varieties, some of them never seen before. They spread their sweet beautiful fragrance everywhere.

Around the persons was formed a huge mountain of flowers. All the persons who were standing there began to come up. The mountain of flowers disappeared and in its place was found a big lake with various kinds of flowers floating on it. Those people were moving around in the water. At first I saw only their heads. Gradually the other parts of their bodies were also seen. Then I saw the flowers going inside the different parts of the bodies, after which they began to walk on the water just as we walk on the ground. Now they did not move round and round as before, but were going straight — far and far away.

The atmosphere was full of wonderful sweet fragrance the like of which I had never experienced before. I took a long breath and the Vision disappeared. I remained in that atmosphere for some time.

Vision of Auroville Foundation Ceremony

21.2.1979

Our brother Narad had arranged on 21st February 1979, The Mother's birthday, a flower-show at his place in Auroville as a loving offering to our Divine Mother from his dedicated family. For me to go to his garden would have been a joy even on any other day, to see brother Narad with his plants as if he were near the Mother. The plants speak to him, of course the plants speak to others also, but everyone does not hear. When he is near the plants, his face beams. It is a happy sight to see him and the plants together. His love for nature and his devotion thrill us. If one loves nature and becomes one with nature, one gets the feeling of being in another world when one is in his garden.

As soon as we reached his place, we entered into a pleasant, joyful and devotional atmosphere. We saw all the flowers arranged in a very simple and artistic way, with their significances given by the Mother. It was not only a show of flowers but their living presence. All the flowers were expressing themselves and it was very difficult to move away from their presence.

After we had seen the garden, we were taken to the top of Matrimandir, to the Meditation Hall. We sat there for some time. It was very quiet. The atmosphere was extremely peaceful and full of dynamic force.

I saw the Mother with Her supreme sweet smile, pouring all Her love. The Hall was filled with supreme Love. She caressed my head for a few seconds, with both hands, and put Her seal on my forehead by way of a soft kiss. I saw in the Hall nothing except brilliant golden Light. I felt She covered both my eyes with Her palms, the way She used to do when She was in Her physical body.

I saw the Auroville Foundation Ceremony of 28th February 1968 as I had heard it being narrated to the Mother then. But now I saw all with an inner significance. I saw the Mother just above each youth participating in the Foundation Ceremony, with Her beatific, sweet, supreme smile. She radiated bright golden light and Her Divine Love. This reminded me of Krishna's Ras Lila. Each participant was on a lion, holding his country's flag in one hand and the earth of his land in the other, marching towards the Foundation Urn. The whole sight was magnificent. The lions were beautiful and most majestic in a shining golden colour. Their huge manes were almost touching the ground. The whole atmosphere was permeated with some unseen substance. This day of 28th February 1968 was unique in the world's history — as expressed in an ancient Sanskrit saying — **न भूतो न भविष्यति** — it has never happened before and will not occur in the future!

This vision reminds me of what the Mother once told me — that the flowers of Divine Love, which She used to give to Kamala for preparing Blessing Packets, were charged by Her. Now She gave me the experience of how She would do it. I saw the whole Meditation Hall of Matrimandir charged with the supreme Divine Love.

When I went to Matrimandir on 7th December 1978, I wanted to go down, but could not do so. The second time on 4th January 1979, when The Mother arranged the visit again, it so happened that I went down but could not go up. Now when She arranged my going for the third time on 21st February 1979, I was taken up. This is the Mother's way — She arranges everything without one's asking! It is all Her Glory and Grace!

*

“Love of flowers is a valuable help for finding and uniting with the psychic.”

THE MOTHER

Mother in a Golden Body

16.4.1979

On 16th April 1979, just before we left Calcutta, I was sitting in Umeshbhai's drawing room.

I saw the Mother standing in space, just in front of me, looking at me. The Mother's look was very intimate and full of compassion. She looked at my forehead with very penetrating eyes. I began to feel vibrations in my forehead and all over inside my body. After some time I felt as if a fire was burning inside and everything became very hot. With this there was a throbbing in the whole body. In spite of this fire burning inside, my external body was very cool. It is very difficult to put in words what was going on within me.

I looked at the Mother. She was smiling. Her smile seemed meaningful. I noticed that Her body was expanding more and more, in all directions. The whole space was covered by Her. There was nothing except Her — no sky, no earth — there was only the Mother with Her Virat Kaya (Stupendous Form). I am now surprised as to how I was able to see this form of Hers. Then this gigantic figure was no more there and I could only see bright cool golden Light. I saw the Mother coming out from it with Her transparent golden body which appeared to be made of Light only. I saw a golden hammer in Her hand. This hammer also seemed to be made of bright golden Light only. In Her other hand, there was a luminous golden lotus.

The Mother looked again at my forehead. This time my forehead expanded and became vaster and vaster as if there was no end! The Mother lifted Her hammer, turned it around in space and struck it hard on my forehead. Something came out from my forehead and vanished in space. Inside me there was a movement like an electric current going up and down again and again. This lasted for a few seconds. The body was extremely cool. Then I saw the golden Light inside all the parts of my body. This golden Light began to radiate from my body and spread around in space. It was going farther and farther.

The Mother came very near to me and with both Her palms covered my eyes and — forehead — just as She used to do when She was in her physical body.

The vision was over. It gave me a feeling of a great change in myself.

Visions at Govind Dham

30.6.1979

I saw lofty mountains with their peaks covered with bright snow. They appeared to touch the skies. I kept walking and admiring all these beautiful Himalayan valleys full of different kinds of trees. As I walked on, I felt very happy. I laughed alone. Just then a sadhubaba came. He caught hold of my hand and led me further and further.

After a very long distance, the scene changed. Just on the side of the pathway where we were passing, there was a deep valley with a river running. Its beautiful waters flowed in melodious music. I was so attracted that I wanted to jump into the river. Again and again the idea came to me strongly to jump in and flow away with the waters, whatever might happen to me. Babaji said, “Batchha (child), the time has not yet come for you to do this. You still have much to do, your work is not yet over.” I was surprised to hear this from Babaji. Babaji said, “What is there to be surprised at? Nothing is unknown to me. Do you not know this?” While speaking, Babaji held my hand in a strong grip and led me onwards.

Now I observed that the pathway towards the place where we had to go was going higher and higher and looked, almost straight up from a distance. When we reached there, I noticed that there was no way — no steps to go up by. It was much more steep than I had thought. I kept on looking at it. Babaji said, “What are you looking at? We have to go to that very place. You remember the *Mahimna Stotra*, don’t you?” I answered, “Yes, but not fully.” Babaji remarked, “It does not matter, you will recite it with me.” This time he held my hand in such a strong grip that I felt as if my hand was glued to his. I then heard a very sweet, melodious, high-pitched and elevating voice. I joined him and, to my utter surprise, I took a very high Hanuman-like leap along with him. Now both of us had reached very high — right up, on the top. This place was very wide and extremely fascinating. Everything shone there in a brilliant golden light. I could see hazily some people who were very far. Sadhubaba kept on holding my hand in the same way. He was leading me on and on. At one place I stopped. I was astonished to see sadhubaba’s both hands lifted up wide open in space. Even then he kept on holding my hand in the same way. I looked again and again to see whether what I saw was true! How was this possible? But it was so! He appeared to have three hands!

Babaji with his resonant and melodious voice, gazed up and, turning his eyes, his hands and his whole body in all directions, recited:

असितगिरिसमं, स्यात् कज्जलं सिन्धुपात्रे
सुरतरुवरशाखा लेखनी पत्रमुर्वी ।
लिखति यदि गृहीत्वा शारदा सर्वकालं
तदपि तव गुणानामीश पारं न याति ॥

“Even if the whole of the black mountain is dissolved into the sea as in an inkstand and the Goddess Saraswati, holding the branch of the wish-fulfilling heavenly tree as her pen, writes all the time on the earth-surface as paper, then too, O Lord! She cannot fathom your glory!”

The echo of Babaji’s voice resounded in space. As he recited, the expression on his face was marvellous! It was a magnificent sight to see!

The vision ended. All is due to Grace!

On the Way to Hemkund

1.7.1979

We were going to Hemkund and had climbed three-fourths of the steps — steps not as in buildings, but arranged irregularly. That is why they went very well with Nature. I did not climb up to the end. But this place was also beautiful and wide-open — most of it covered with bright white snow. One did not like to move away from there. Someone from amongst us remarked, “If this is not Tapobhumi, then what place could it be?” I do not remember the exact wording. This place elevates one and draws one within. I sat there and looked around. Wherever our glance fell, the eyes were as if stuck and did not like to shift their gaze from that scene. We forgot everything and felt as if we were in another world. Everything became very quiet within us. After some time my eyes got closed. I remained there while the others went to Hemkund.

Vision

I saw a grand, majestic and very alluring figure. It was a Digambar’s and appeared to be made of luminous white snow. It was so fascinating that I could not take my eyes off him. He gazed at me with his charming, penetrating and captivating eyes, and said, “Champaklal!” I could not answer. I simply looked at him. He caught hold of my hand and called again — “Champaklal, come!” He held my hand in such a way as to make me get up. We started walking, and walked a long distance. At last we came to a wide-open and very fascinating place — the luminous white snow was seen everywhere. Now there was no way. I was led by him. We were going higher and higher and covered quite a bit of the long distance. I enjoyed walking and looking at the beautiful Himalayan scenery.

We reached a place where nothing except beautiful water was seen. We had seen beautiful water at Sheshnag शेषनाग but the colour of this water was much more beautiful than that at Sheshnag.

The Digambar signed to me to stop. He looked at me from top to bottom, with his powerful penetrating eyes. He bent down and moved his hand all around my feet. As soon as he touched my feet, I started to lift them because I did not like him to touch them, but he signed to me to remain quiet and not to stir. After this I had a feeling that my feet were stuck there. With both his hands he then touched me from top to bottom, front, back and all over. A strange, powerful but very pleasant feeling passed all over and inside my body. After this, I felt as if there was nothing inside my body — no bones, no flesh! The body became very light — so light that it would be blown away by a little wind! At the same time my legs were very firm and steady. I was very astonished by all these changes.

The Digambar held my hand and gestured to me to start walking. We began walking further upon water as if we were walking on the ground! He had held my hand in his strong grip and every now and then he would glance at me and smile. Without uttering a word, his look was as if he was asking me, “Enjoying yourself? Happy?” Here also we walked a long distance until we reached a place which abounded in many varieties of beautiful flowers of different colours, some of them never seen before. They were in full bloom. One could see nothing but these beautiful flowers. The place was filled with a variety of fragrances. I enjoyed it very much. Here too there was no way, but as we walked we found the way, as if the plants were parting to make way for us. We covered a great distance in this beautiful place. As we walked further, the view changed. Here the colour of the water was dark green or dark blue — what the exact colour was I cannot say. But of the same colour there were big lotuses fully bloomed, with their large-sized leaves and high stems — all of the same colour. The place was full of the lotuses’ fragrance. It made us feel so happy. Again the Digambar made a sign to me to walk on further. Here too, as before, the way showed itself as we walked.

Again the scene changed. Here the colour of the water was deep red — so also everything else in deep red colour — the lotuses, their leaves and stalks. Now there was a different type of fragrance. We walked further and saw everything exactly the same but in yellow colour, and the fragrance was different. Likewise I saw the same view again and again but in different colours and fragrances — after yellow, pink, light blue, snow white, silvery — but here there was a very strange thing — sometimes the water, lotuses, leaves and stalks were all in snow-white colour while at times they appeared in shining silvery colour. It was a beautiful sight indeed! Each place was full of its different fragrance. When we reached the top, everything was bathed in brilliant bright gold — the water, the fully opened large thousand-petalled lotuses, their big leaves, their long stalks. Everything looked so beautiful and magnificent that one cannot imagine it! The place was charged with their sweet fragrances. On the way, in between, I saw a few persons going about here and there, walking upon water as one walks on the ground. But, right at the top, there were only seven persons. They went towards the lotuses, stopped for a while and went on further. The atmosphere there was quite

different from that in any other place. It was totally new. I saw all this with great astonishment and was benumbed!

Digamber Maharaj looked at me and said smilingly, “Dance now as much as you want, to your heart’s content! You wanted to come here, did you not? Now I go. When you need me, you have just to call me and I shall be near you.” I was about to sit. My eyes opened.

This whole marvellous sight is in front of my eyes as if I was still there. Slowly the scene becomes faint but in my memory it remains a wonderful, magnificent, extremely beautiful, inexpressible and astounding scene. What can one write? It is beyond words.

The Mother and the “Aspiration” Flowers

In the Meditation Hall of Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Delhi Branch

5.7.1979

Today is the birthday of Tara Jauhar, one of the Mother’s favourite children. Now she resides at the Delhi Ashram branch and does the Mother’s work there. No human being can understand the Mother’s way of working. She arranges many things by creating certain circumstances which look so natural and She works out what She wants to do. The Mother has showered Her Grace and Love upon us and She still continues to do so much more than ever before. At 7 p.m., the meditation started.

Vision

I noticed that the hall was ten times bigger than at present. It was packed with people. The children were in a greater number. Some ladies had come even with their new-born babies. Peace was pouring like heavy rainfall. The hall was charged with peace — nothing was felt except peace. Then blue light came down and filled the hall. After some time, bright golden light descended on all and penetrated everywhere. Now I could see the persons sitting there.

The Mother was seen right in the middle of the hall in Her luminous transparent Golden Body. I saw radiant golden Aspiration flowers around Her but they were much bigger in size than we usually see here. They began to increase in number and turned into a huge mountain in full bloom. The Mother was standing on the top of this mountain. It was a magnificent sight. The Mother gave blessings to everyone.

The flowers began to move around, and covered the persons, some just a little, some more. Very few persons Were fully covered and amongst them the number of the children was larger.

The Mother looked at each and every one with Her charming and compassionate smile. Now I saw a stir in the Aspiration flowers. They started flitting like arrows, into different parts of the bodies of the persons there. In some persons they entered into one or two parts, in some into more parts, while in a few into all the parts of their bodies.

In several persons the flowers went straight inside. In some others they could not get in at all and were thrown back. One after another, they tried all the parts of the bodies but were not allowed in! This process continued for some time but not a single flower could enter the bodies. The bodies rejected them as if they resisted the entry of the flowers into them. It was a very amusing sight indeed. Now the few persons into whom the flowers went right inside, into all the parts of their bodies, could not be seen at all. They became invisible! I do not know what happened to them. It was like magic! There was a movement amongst the people but I could not see or understand what it was.

A Vision at the Lake Estate

14.8.1979

I was just sitting on the window sill of one of the houses at the Lake Estate of the Ashram and looking at the lake. The sight of a vast landscape always makes me happy. There was no water in the lake, even then I very much enjoyed the view. Whenever I see such a scene, I go on looking at it and after some time, there is a tendency to close my eyes. Such sights draw me within. At times I see something or I get peace and joy.

Today:

I saw some children emerging from the wide space. They were of different ages. There were young boys also. I was surprised to spot some of our people who are no more with us. I saw almost all of those who had passed away in the Ashram and also those from outside who were connected with the Ashram but were no more alive.

Tirupati, Krishna Shashi were also there. They were all standing with folded hands in a deep prayerful mood, with their heads uplifted towards the sky — some with eyes open and some with closed eyes. Their simplicity and genuine faith without any kind of pretension were really striking and admirable. Such sights delight me and make me extremely happy. I very much enjoy watching the expression of people. Near the Mother, I always had a chance to see it and still the Mother is continuing this privilege. I saw all our brothers and sisters there. It was drizzling and the atmosphere was filled with a nice smell of earth. They all began to dance. A little later, they came out and went

away in different directions. Soon after that there was a heavy rainfall. Now the lake was full. I got up and went in the directions where I had seen them going but could not find anyone there.

I walked further and saw a beautiful place. There were pretty houses with small gardens around them. They were situated at different places in harmony with nature; some were on top of the hill, while some were down below. I remember the Mother once said that in Japan she had seen that they do not just build the houses anywhere but set them in a harmonious blending with nature and have a garden around them. The plants are also grown in a natural way, everything in a rhythm with nature. I also saw small natural ponds at different places — some of them full of lotuses, white and red, and some with lilies of various colours. Everything was so harmonious and beautiful! As I went further, I saw fruit gardens but the trees appeared different from usual. Under the trees, I saw some children with luminous faces. They stood here and there with closed eyes and folded hands. A little later, they opened their eyes, looked up and opened their palms. I was surprised to see fruits in their hands. Again they did namaskar, bowed and left smiling. Their expression was worth seeing when they stood under the fruit trees.

As I walked further, a very charming young boy came towards me in such a way as if he knew me. I too had the same feeling of familiarity. He spoke smilingly: “The Mother has said when Champaklal comes, bring him to me.” I walked with him. On the way, I saw many birds and animals moving freely, and some children played with them freely. I saw deers, elephants, horses, cows and some others. I looked around for tigers and lions but they were not seen. I enquired from the boy whether they were there. He replied, “The Mother has said that the time has not yet come for us to go where they are.” We went further. There were different groups moving about here and there. This charming young boy took me to different places one after another. As we went on, I saw from a distance the Mother with children. She was giving some lessons to them. When I reached that place, the Mother said to me, “So you have come! Now you will see how things are developed here. This child of mine will take you around.”

We proceeded and after walking some distance, I saw the Mother again! She was giving lessons to grown up boys. I turned and looked back at the place from where we had come. The Mother was there also with the children! But I did not see myself there. I laughed and laughed again. The boy did not ask me any question but he too began to laugh. When we reached the place where the Mother was with grown up boys, She asked me, “Champaklal! What makes you laugh so much?” I replied, “Mother, I saw you there. And you are here also at the same time! But I did not see myself with you there. If I had seen myself there and here also with you, how amusing it would have been! As soon as this thought came to me, I saw myself there and here too with you, Mother! This made me laugh. Mother, how interesting and delightful it is when we see ourselves with the Mother!”

Wherever we went, I saw the Mother at each place, giving lessons. I too was there with Her. The boy now remarked that it was our last place for going to the Mother. Here She was with elder

boys. She told this charming boy, “Take Champaklal to Prasad Bhavan.” On the way, the boy stated, “Only inmates of this place are allowed to go there.”

Far off, I saw a beautiful bower. It was covered with various kinds of creepers — full of beautiful flowers. When we reached there, I saw a gigantic Service tree full of lovely flowers — the atmosphere was filled with the fragrance of these flowers. Some of the branches of this tree were touching the ground and there was no way to get in. I observed a small pillar nearby. The boy went towards the pillar and stepped upon it. I noticed the branches going up slowly. We entered and the path got closed again. The boy led me further. There was a small beautiful pond and in its midst there was an exquisite dome-shaped building covered with creepers, which I had seen from far. But there was no way to go to the building. We stood on a platform and to my surprise a very artistic bridge emerged from below and led up to the Prasad Bhavan. As soon as we reached the platform on the other side, the bridge disappeared.

We entered the Prasad Bhavan and felt a very peaceful atmosphere filled with sweet, pleasant fragrance. No windows or doors could be seen — only one whole graceful wall which was made of a peculiar substance. I could not understand the arrangement but can only say that it was magnificent. I had a feeling that this Prasad Bhavan is not only for seeing but also to get experience. The boy first stood just in the centre of the Prasad Bhavan, with folded hands. He turned around with his closed eyes for a few seconds. He opened his eyes and turned again all around. Slowly he went towards a golden circle in the wall and pressed his finger inside it. At this, on the upper side of the wall a small door slid inside and I could see a bright sun with its rays pouring down. Then this door closed and another door opened from the wall below the golden-circle. A dish came out and the door closed automatically.

We came out of the Prasad Bhavan and again stood on the platform. The bridge emerged as before and disappeared as we stood on the platform on the other side. While returning, I noticed from the bridge exceptionally pretty fishes of varied forms and colours. Some of them I had not seen even in the best aquarium of India at Madras, which I had visited in 1920.

Before going to the Prasad Bhavan, the charming boy had informed me that absolute silence was observed there and that the Mother was very particular about it. After we returned, he explained, “There are 5000 shelves like the one shelf we saw. In the future we shall get our cooked food from there. It is not yet complete. All this is done by the Mother’s instructions and only under Her guidance.” It dawned on me that cooking in the future would be done by solar energy. He then asked me whether I felt the Mother’s presence in the Prasad Bhavan. I replied, “Yes, that is why I was often looking back. I did not see the Mother but felt as if she was coming behind us.” The boy remarked, “I did not say anything beforehand because I wanted to know whether you felt the presence or not.” He then led me further to a place where the Mother was with elders and was explaining about Her work. She asked me, “Champaklal, did you see the Prasad Bhavan?” “Yes Mother!” I replied, “I have no words to say what I experienced there!” The Mother added, “But the

place is not yet complete. I shall call you. Do not be impatient. The time has not yet come for you. I am with you all.”

My eyes opened.

Gift of Brilliant Beautiful Asana

At Sri Aurobindo Nivas — Baroda

In the Meditation Hall

3.10.1979

A grand luminous golden Figure was descending slowly from a great height. The golden rays emanating from Him spread everywhere. As He was alighting, His body reflected different colours. The speed of shifting colours was so fast that it was not possible to name them. But it was a delightful and wonderful sight!

When this majestic Being landed on the ground, He was of a lucent snow — white colour. He gazed all around and looked at everyone there. He then advanced towards each individual, just stood a while in front of all, one by one. As He moved on, there was nothing in His hand. But as He approached each person, a glowing Asana (Seat) of dazzling snow-white light emerged from the palm of His hand and settled underneath each individual! The most surprising thing was that none of those sitting there moved at all from their seats. All sat very peacefully upon their brilliant, beautiful Asanas — His gift to one and all, His special grace to each and everyone.

After some time, I saw all the persons bathed in a bright Light. But all were not in the same colour — some in gold, some in silver, some in blue or pink and so on — in different radiant hues. It was a superb and magnificent spectacle.

The Being disappeared and nothing was left but Light — snow-white resplendence pervaded everywhere. And all the time, a soft, melodious and elevating music was heard. The music stopped and the vision vanished.

A Journey to the New World

14.11.1979 – Morning

There was a huge tent. I went around, it looking for an entrance to get in but could not find any. At last an idea came to me: why not try to lift up the bottom of the tent from one side, and see if it is

possible that way to get in? I saw it was possible. I bent and put my head inside the tent. Then I heard a voice: “Cannot go inside the tent unless you write your name.” He who said that was sitting nearby. I turned back thinking that this man perhaps did not know me. He brought a paper for me to write my name. I looked for my pen but he gave me his. I could not write on that paper. Seeing this, another man who was present brought a bigger piece of paper. I wrote: “Cha, Chhotalal Purani.” After writing it, I noticed that what I had written was not correct. So I wrote again and again but my name was not coming correctly! I only knew that it was not as it should be. I went to a cupboard to keep the old paper and saw that it was my cupboard but someone had changed everything in it.

By this time, Amrita came towards me and said that he had come from the tent and that he had been with the Mother. Amrita — The book which you asked me to get for you, I could not bring.

Myself — Which book?

Amrita — Your book, forgotten? Book for the journey to the New World.

Myself — Yes, yes, now I remember. What happened?

Amrita — I must say it was a great opportunity to see this marvellous and magnificent book with beautiful pictures of the New World. When did you do it? I never knew!

Champaklal, you know, this man from whom you had asked me to get the book was very happy when he learned that I had come from you. He was much moved to see me. He told me that he had somehow managed to get that book from you. He remarked, “How sweet is the word ‘Champaklal’! The Mother and Sri Aurobindo have said this name several times — so I say only ‘Champaklal’.

Perhaps you know that he is very generous but at times, I must say, he is very miserly. For things like this, he says it is very difficult to part from them! Only if you see the expression on his face, you can know him and understand how he feels. But he must have felt my need. Truly I was anxious to get this book as I knew it would be very useful to me for going to the New World. He gave it to me with pleasure. You could see it so vividly on his face.”

Champaklal, it was a pleasure to see such a man. While he was speaking to me thus, I saw tears flowing from his eyes. It is rare to see such a sadhak. What humility! While talking to him, I gathered what knowledge he has — I found him very learned too! Again I say, Champaklal, you gave me a nice, a rare opportunity to see such a man. He has tremendous love and respect for you. When I mentioned to him that I would inform you about it, he stated, “Champaklal knows this.” He sends you grateful pranams.

What are you doing here?

Myself — I was trying to write my name to get into the tent but could not succeed.

Amrita — (*laughing*) You have forgotten your name? But why were you writing it?

Myself — To get into the tent.

Amrita — But for you?

Myself — Yes, I was asked to write.

I related to him what had happened.

Amrita — (*laughing again*) Now, not required. No name for you to write!

Myself — I would like to come to your tent.

Amrita — What, my tent? (*laughter*)

Myself — Some people came to see me. They were in difficulty in their journey towards the New World. They said that The Mother had directed them in their dreams to see me. I saw that they were truly nice people. As you know well, I do not like to see people. But meeting such people really makes me very happy. That is why I came late for the tent.

Amrita — Champaklal, do not be selfish!

I became serious.

Amrita — Still you do not understand jokes! What I meant was — take me also with you to the New World. Now the Mother has gone up. But you know today you have not lost anything by not coming to the tent. The Mother was not very pleasant to see.

Myself — What do you mean? The Mother is always pleasant to see — anywhere, any time, in any mood.

Amrita — What you say is very true but I am still Amrita, not Champaklal! Now I come to the point — X has lost his house key which was given to him by the Mother. She never likes people to lose keys — you too know it well.

Myself — Why only a key — She never likes losing things. Yes, it is true, losing the key is more serious, specially to lose the key received from the Mother!

Amrita — The Mother has asked me to go and see what has happened to X and where he is now. The only difficulty is that I do not know where he lives at present. He has changed several houses.

Myself — He was living with us and then shifted to another house — that house I have visited to see if he is in it.

But I give you a very happy piece of news. I have the key and now I am going to the Mother. Both of us can go with the key!

Amrita — Oh, Champaklal! How nice! Now I have a chance to see the Mother in a very happy mood. She will be pleased so much! Really, the Mother was very perturbed by his losing the key. Let us go.

I woke up.

Conquest of the Asura on Mahasamadhi Day

9.12.1979

It was on 9th December 1979, one of our unique, elevating and auspicious days. I saw the Samadhi courtyard a little bigger than what it is at present. The Rosary House (the building on the southern side of the Samadhi) was not there. I remember the Mother telling me once, “We shall build a big Meditation Hall there.” Incidentally, the present main building of Sri Aurobindo Ashram actually consists of four houses. It is very interesting and very symbolic as the Mother has given the significance of number four as ‘Manifestation.’

People were meditating in the Samadhi courtyard. Our dear little children were also sitting there on one side. I noticed that some children were getting up and moving very quietly to change their places. They walked in such a way as if they were guided by some unseen Force. There was no disturbance at all due to their movements. The atmosphere was extremely peaceful.

A little later I saw that our beloved Service Tree was standing just in front of the western side of the Samadhi. It moved very gradually all round the Samadhi. Its movement was so slow that one could hardly notice that the tree was moving. After making one Pradakshina (round) of the Samadhi, it went back to its present place on the northern side of the Samadhi. It then started growing higher and higher and its branches began to extend far and very far and wide on all the sides until they covered the whole universe! Yes, the whole universe! I saw it with my own eyes! I could see that the branches had extended but could not perceive how; the movement of extension was not visible. Then the tree was fully studded with huge, luminous, transparent golden service flowers. I could not see the branches or leaves or trunk but only flowers and flowers. It was a wonderful, magnificent and unimaginable sight which gave me inexpressible joy and Ananda. A little later, the tree gradually assumed its original form and size. This time also its movement of contraction was not at all discernible.

All the people who were meditating were seen sitting upon those luminous Service Tree flowers as on a royal velvet golden carpet. But the tree was also full of those magnificent flowers as before; the quantity of flowers had not diminished at all!

Then a unique sight was perceived. I saw fire coming out from each person sitting there. In some cases, it emerged from their foreheads, in some from their hearts, in some others from their navels and so on. Each fire was of a different colour — some were milky white, some snow white, some red, green, yellow, blue, silver, pink, golden and some of mixed colours and some in very few cases, even of ash colour. These fires appeared like a Yagnavedi (Sacrificial Fire) in front of each and every one. The flames of these fires were rising up. Some mounted very high — each one had a different height. This also was a marvellous sight to see.

All of a sudden, I saw in the middle of the Samadhi courtyard, in space, a very tall Asura. His colour was brown but slowly he began to change his colour which became very dark and turned into black like coal tar. It was shining. His eyeballs were big and round and frightful. His very long nose was pointed and from that front part he was blowing some ash coloured substance which spread everywhere. He had no ears but two big and deep hollows. His mouth was very big and round and unshapely and something was jutting out of it too. His whole form was hideous, horrid and terrible. He began to dance in a most ugly manner and started flinging his legs up and down with tremendous force, in all directions. Gradually he expanded his body and became very fat like a big balloon and of a gigantic stature. He began to laugh in a horrible way, looking on all the sides; his laughter resounded in a terrifying echo. His ferocious eyes turned red like fire-flames. He clasped both his hands and made some vigorous motions in all directions in terrific anger, as if he was throwing something in space. Just then I saw innumerable tiny queer creatures in space, moving about here and there and everywhere. They were very ugly and had no ears, no noses and some of them had no eyes and no hands even. The ones with eyes looked very cruel. They all rushed in a cyclonic motion and turned to the Yagnavedi in front of each person and started destroying the sacrificial fires. Some fires were extinguished while some could not be blown out.

This Asura turned his ferocious gaze all around and looked horrible. At this time, the atmosphere became very gloomy and disturbed. But none of the persons stirred from their places, not even our little children; they all continued their meditation. The Asura was feasting his eyes on the tiny creatures and was evidently very happy with their work of destruction. He laughed aloud in a hideous way and rushed towards the Samadhi. Instantaneously, brilliant, snow white Light descended with great velocity and filled the whole courtyard with the result that the Asura was stuck then and there itself and could not even budge from the place where he was standing.

I saw him struggling very hard to move but he could not go to the Samadhi. Perhaps he wanted to destroy it. It appeared like that from his look. As the light descended, the Asura's body became milky white down his chest. The rest of his body remained brown. The tiny innumerable creatures were no more there — they were all dissolved in the white Light.

When my eyes glanced up, they met with an indescribable and magnificent sight. I saw descending slowly, from high above, a two-in-one majestic, captivating, transparent, luminous and scintillating golden Body radiating brilliant golden Light in all directions. It paused in space just a little above the ground. Its lustrous eyes shone with a sweet, magnetic and beatific smile. In its compassionate gaze, It held each and every single person meditating there and with Its beautiful lotus-like hands in a (mudra) gesture of Blessings showered Grace on all.

Each one was meditating in refulgent golden Light. Now, in front of them, their sacrificial fires were seen as before. They were mounting higher and higher with great intensity; some of them soared very high above. The atmosphere became very calm, peaceful and elevating. It was a marvellous, enchanting and unparalleled, sight to see! The Asura was no more there!

(Note: I have tried to express this very true and symbolic vision but have been unable to do it satisfactorily.)

Recitation of Savitri by Sri Aurobindo

26.12.1979 – 10.45p.m.

I was sleeping in Sri Aurobindo's room. Soon I had a dream.

Sri Aurobindo was reciting *Savitri* in a very sweet and melodious voice. The tune of some musical instrument was also heard. It was something like a flute but not a flute. It was the sound of some musical instrument which I have never heard before. I have had the grace of hearing Sri Aurobindo playing a flute in my dream, several times, but this was such a marvellous and elevating tune and with a voice accompanying it. I could hear Nirod also reciting *Savitri* along with Him. I became very quiet. My whole body became extremely peaceful. I wanted to go and listen to this enchanting voice and music. It was coming from the 'long passage' (as the Mother called it) outside Sri Aurobindo's room where He used to sit on His chair and write and recite *Savitri* and I used to listen in the adjoining 'Meditation Hall.' At last I made a great effort to get up. I jumped and ran to the long passage. But it was dark! I looked at Nirod's place. His light was on and he was standing in the middle of the room. Seeing me running out of Sri Aurobindo's room, he enquired, "What is the matter? You dreamt of something or what?"

I found nothing there and realised that it was all a dream! But it was so concrete and living! I did not answer Nirod. I was not in a condition to say anything at that time. I quietly returned to my bed in Sri Aurobindo's room.

"Gratitude"

5.1.1980

Vishnubhai came and gave me two beautiful bunches of the flower "Gratitude" and left without uttering a single word. Soon after he left, I realised that I should have given him one flower. Now he is gone. From where did he get such beautiful flowers? I have seen many "Gratitude" flowers, but today for the first time I saw such rare ones. Normally, "Gratitude" flowers have very little fragrance, but, these were full of fragrance which filled the whole room. What a sweet fragrance!

I took them to the Mother. She had just entered the room, and she started looking around very happily. While offering my salutation, I put my head in her lap; she patted my head with both her hands and pressed it frequently.

When I raised my head, both my hands, with the flowers were seen pressed by her against her chest.

She said, “Champaklal! This is your gratitude. How did you manage to get it? From where?” I narrated the whole incident. Then she happily gave me one of the two bunches, looking continuously into my eyes and from the other bunch she selected one flower and asked me to give it to Vishnubhai. I stretched my hand to give it to Vishnubhai and the vision ended.

Sri Aurobindo and the Mother in Gigantic Bodies

7.1.1980

Sri Aurobindo was taking his meal in some new building. There were no lights in the room, but it appeared as if the light was spreading out from Him in various colours. Finally, golden light was seen; the whole room was filled with it. Now, Sri Aurobindo was not seen, instead a heap of golden diamonds was there. The golden diamonds were very big, each one being more precious than the other. The smallest one was about one foot long, the others were even bigger than that. The heap slowly started rising up and expanding on all sides. Streams of various colours were flowing out of it. At last, snow-white light was seen and in the place of diamonds a huge lotus was there. Now, the room was no longer there, but in a vast place beyond one’s imagination, a huge, luminous, golden lotus was seen in which Sri Aurobindo and the Mother in their huge bodies were gloriously seated. Then, from the illumined place around them, several individuals came out. Beautiful small children were also seen. All of them were moving around Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. One by one, they went to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother and offered their salutations, but subsequently they were not seen getting up. Finally, I also went for salutations. My one hand was held by the Mother and the other hand by Sri Aurobindo. Both of them had their free hands on my head. I put my head first in the Mother’s lap and then in Sri Aurobindo’s. Then I put my head between them and the Mother covered it with the top part of her saree. Afterwards, my entire body was covered. I do not know what happened later on.

The vision ended, my eyes opened.

Loving Mother and the Baby

A very Loving and Lovely Dream

2.2.1980

I saw my own dead body just in front of me. The whole body was suffused with luminous snow-white light whose rays were spreading all over the place. There was a snow-white shining ball upon the heart. I watched all this solemnly and quietly. All of a sudden my eyes were drawn to a little distance away from me. I saw the Mother with a beautiful baby in her lap. I felt that I myself was that baby. The Mother caressed the baby's forehead, then head, and the whole body. It was more than caressing — I don't find the proper word. The Mother continued to do this for some time.

Now I noticed that the baby opened his eyes and with a sweet smile started gazing at the Mother. She gave a tender kiss on the middle of his brows and looked at him, steadily, with an endearing smile full of love and compassion. This time the baby was as if in a brilliant snow-white liquid Light and his body too seemed to be made of that very light. As I saw this, I felt how nice it would be if I die very often like this!

I don't remember the dream further but a wonderful inexpressible feeling remains imprinted on me of the way the Mother was looking at and fondling the baby. It was so deep and touching.

Mysterious Worlds

29.2.1980 morning

I saw a huge magnificent multi-storeyed building. A lot of people had gathered there. But amongst them not a single person was known to me. They were moving about in such a way as if they were in a great hurry. I noticed that despite their hurried movements, they did not push each other. Everyone was going about very quietly without noise. I enquired where all these people were going, and learnt that one who could go up right to the top floor, and was able to come back, would have all his problems solved automatically. I was also told that this building consisted of 108 storeys. Its whole staircase was built like a labyrinth.

To each and every person who wished to go up, some instructions were given before starting. There were many instructions but the main instruction was this: when one loses his way and is unable to go further, he should go to the hall which was on every floor, adjoining the staircase. One must stand at the centre of this hall. Then a bell rings instantaneously, by itself, and its sound reaches the top floor from where a person comes and gives all the necessary instructions for going up. After that he becomes invisible. Despite this, some people prefer to turn back instead of going up. Very few choose to proceed further. Some persons do not even go to the hall to take instructions. Very few persons are able to go right up to the topmost 108th floor without any instructions.

After this I do not remember what happened.

The scene changes. I walk on and on, passing through many beautiful places on the way. Some of these places are so beautiful and attractive that one gets tempted to remain there and does not wish to proceed further. At many places, the road went deep down and again rose high up. I walked a lot and arrived at a place which appeared like a desert. My legs were slipping into the sand. The temperature was very high. The heat was unbearable. The wind also was so hot that I did not know what to do. I then saw someone coming towards me. He said, “I was going back but now, after seeing you, I am also thinking of walking along with you. Let us go together slowly though the path is very difficult.” With great difficulty we somehow walked on and on and were suddenly delighted to catch sight of a group of children playing in the midst of this desert heat. On seeing us, all the children started jumping and dancing and chanting very loudly.

जय बोलो (*Jaya bolo* — cry victory),

जय बोलो, जय बोलो, जय बोलो, जय बोलो भाई ।

The children then caught hold of our hands and said, “Let us go.” But in this there was a sweet competition. Each child was eager to take us to his place. If one said, “Come to my place”, the other one would insist, “No, no, you have to come to my place.” This continued for some time. The children, who were so happy and jolly before, now became very serious. The youngest child amongst them came out of the group and standing in front, in all humility, addressed all the children. He suggested, “Let us do this — first we can take them to our dear Mother’s temple. Then we shall do what our Babaji says.” We asked, “Who is this Babaji?” He replied, “There is a long story about Babaji but for the present I would say just this — for all our difficulties, Babaji gets the solution directly from the Mother. Because of this, there are no quarrels at all amongst us. Our Mother’s temple is so beautiful and alluring that you will not like to move in the least from there and will like to remain there. But it is very difficult to stay there. However, even seeing Babaji you will feel very happy. When you go there, you will know everything by yourself.”

Now also, I do not remember what happened after this.

The scene changes again. I happened to go into quite a new building. There on the floor, I could see rows and rows of beds but not a single one was occupied. Later I learnt that Pranab was staying in that house and that the big hall inside was his. Just then I saw Pranab coming. He wore a coloured silk dhoti and was dressed like a prince. He just glanced at me and went to his room. The ceiling of this big hall was very high. On one side, on the ground, against the wall, there was a huge and very beautiful and enchanting picture of the Mother, touching the ceiling. It was a three-dimensional picture. If one kept on looking at it, one could feel as if the Mother herself were sitting there, smiling sweetly and looking at us. One would go on looking at Her and never be satisfied.

Pranab went straight to the Mother’s picture, and he did **साष्टांग दंडवत् प्रणाम्** (i.e. he stretched his body fully on the ground in obeisance). Both his hands were extended in front in a folded posture. He remained in this state for five minutes. It was a great surprise for me to witness this! After getting

up, he kept on looking at the Mother unflinchingly. The feeling of complete surrender was vividly expressed on his face and its sight awakened in one a similar experience. He now started taking off his beautiful colourful clothes one after another. Then only I saw that what had looked like a dhoti was actually a चुंदडी (chundadi) which is a very thin, special, colourful cloth used for dressing a goddess.

He had put it on like a lungi. I remarked to him, “Your whole dress is beautiful! You look grand! This dress suits you very well.” He replied, “Yes! Gangaram and the others too said so!”

After that I do not remember anything.

The scene changes a third time. I saw a magnificent and extremely beautiful and attractive golden building. I use the word ‘building’ but it was neither a building nor a bungalow nor even a temple. I do not know what word to use. Its top was unseen and so were both its sides. The path leading to it was very dangerous and very frightful. Innumerable cobras and other snakes were moving about here and there. I could see various kinds of birds and even animals amongst them but they did not attack one another. I then saw a tall and majestic figure. All were rushing to him and he gave a loving touch to each and everyone. He held a small dish in his hand, from which he gave food to all. I could not make out what food it was which he fed to all. I could only notice that it was something shining-white and round in shape. After partaking of this food, everyone appeared to be withdrawn. Finally he bestowed his compassionate look on all, took a few steps backwards and disappeared!

From amongst the animals there, a beautiful snow-white rabbit with golden and lustrous eyes approached me. It came close to me, looked at me intently and affectionately and tried to climb up on my body. I bent and caressed it lovingly. It then caught hold of the fringe of my dhoti in its mouth and started pulling me. I allowed myself to be led by it. The rabbit brought me right in front of the attractive door of that beautiful golden building I had seen from a distance. It appeared to be a door but I could not see any way of opening it — I could not even imagine how one could open it and get in. The rabbit left me there and returned soon with a very beautiful, lovely and grand bird with colourful feathers and a colourful body. It looked somewhat like a peacock. It stretched its beak towards the door and touched it all over. The door opened and I could see a tremendous fire burning inside! But, strange to say, the fire had no heat! I could not move from there and kept on looking at the beautiful mounting flames of the fire. It was a wonderful sight. The rabbit turned to me again, picked up my dhoti in its mouth, as before, and pulled me into the fire! But the fire did not burn me at all. On the contrary, I felt a delightful coolness all over my body — both inside and outside. From there, the rabbit pulled me out and led me to a hall on the second floor. This hall was full of shining and transparent white water. I could not comprehend how this liquid could remain in that hall without flowing out! It was surprising indeed. The rabbit pulled me as before, and took me inside the water. As soon as I entered the water, the outer skin of my body slipped off by itself just

as in the case of a serpent sloughing its old skin! When I looked at my body, I noticed that it was a body of white light. The rabbit pulled me further but I could not move from there.

My eyes opened. For a while I could not make out where I was and what the time was. Slowly I realised that I had been in dreamland! A tremendous peace and joy was in my entire body. I have no words to say more than that. When I looked at my body, I found it the same as before! I could only laugh at the play of the Gracious Mother!

Mysterious Numbers

Champaklal says that after he had finished his meditation on the seventeenth of April he automatically took a piece of paper and without any thought wrote down the following figures and forgot them the next moment. He requests *Mother India* to publish them in the hope that some numerologist may be able to shed light on them:

0 x 12 x 60 x 100 x 4 x 800 x 9600 x 720 x 84 x 32 x 2 x 0 x 1 x 0

A Dream — Transcending Time

11.5.1980

Somewhere on top of a high mountain, a priest approached me and asked me to do some ceremony. I was not keen on doing it. But the priest said, “Just have an experience of this also. I know from where you come and I know that about you which you yourself even do not know.”

Kamalaben was with me. She told me, “As you say, you are not particular about either doing it or not doing it. You say both are equal for you. So there is no harm in doing. Have an experience, as Baba says.” The priest smiled and told Kamalaben, “I know he will do it. I know that these things are not necessary for him at all. But for you, it is better you do it.”

Both of us performed the ceremony with some leaves and flowers, as he instructed. There were no deities whatever. Some persons present there also wanted to perform the ceremony and asked the priest if they could do it. But the priest refused and did not even look at them. They remarked, “Maharaj, we shall give whatever Dakshina is needed for it.” The priest did not answer. These people persisted very much, and pleaded again and again. The priest questioned, “What can you give? Do you know how and what to give?” Some persons were annoyed at this reply of the priest and went away. But some remained and very humbly submitted to the priest, “Please tell us what you mean.” The priest explained, “Here you do not have to give external things but offer everything from within. Come after you have lost all interest in what you are doing, at your place. Then surely

I shall receive you very joyfully.” They enquired, “Can we remain here for some time?” The Priest replied, “If it pleases you.”

Our ceremony was over. The priest paid more attention to Kamalaben than to me. He then instructed me, “Now take all these flowers and leaves and follow me.” Kamalaben said that she was not coming. It was more than enough for her. She stated that her whole body had become quiet and something was going on in her. She wanted to be very quiet and did not wish to move from there. The priest told me, “Yes, she cannot come. It is better for her to remain here.” The priest asked me to carry my flowers and leaves as well as hers and we started.

The path was sandy and uneven. We went up and down. There were some hillocks on the way. There was sand everywhere but, while we walked, our legs did not at all sink into it. We felt as if we were walking on a concrete road but as we looked down, it was all sand. The place was like a desert. I have heard about deserts and seen them in my visions too. But this place was totally different.

As we proceeded, we came across a very wide, almost an endless range of mountains on the right side. They were magnificent and of varied hues, aspiring to touch the skies. On the left was a vast expanse of glittering sand. I then saw a small pool full of golden beautiful water. I learnt that it was very deep. The priest asked me to sit down. He said, “Put all you have in this water,” and repeated “Put all you have. I know you will be able to do so.” I offered in the water all that I had carried along with the flowers and leaves. I then noticed something dark in colour emerging from me though I could not perceive where it came from. That too went into the water. The priest chanted: “Om Shanti, Om Shanti, Om Shanti, Jaya Ho!” I experienced something new which I am unable to describe. The priest looked very happy. I told him, “I request you to please wait here. I am coming back. This place is so enchanting, and the atmosphere is absolutely unique.” We had visited many lovely places but this was incomparable!

I wished Kamalaben also could share the joy of this experience. The priest smiled and said, “Try if you can.” I went to Kamalaben. She refused to come. But I pleaded, “You must come. You know well that generally I do not insist on anything you do not want or do not like to do, but now come for my sake.” Kamalaben relented: “All right, let us go.”

We walked a lot. Kamalaben remarked, “Really, the place is exceptional. We have seen many places but this is unparalleled. No words to match it! Now I realise why you wanted me to come. Oh, what an atmosphere! One does not wish to move from here.” We went a little further when she declared, “Now I can go no further.” I too observed that it was not possible for her to continue any more. I submitted, “Well then, next time we both will go surely.”

I went back alone to the priest. He smiled and said, “Are you satisfied now? I knew Kamalaben would not be able to come. Time is not yet right for her. But if I had told you this before, you would not have believed me.” I replied, “Next time I want to come with her and with some other persons.” The priest confirmed, “Yes, next time Kamalaben will surely be able to come.” I told him about

Bansidharbhai. He said, “Yes, I know everything about him.” The priest enquired if I would like to go further. I replied, “Indeed, your offer is very tempting but I think it would be better if I come next time. Kamalaben is also waiting there. Of course, she has told me not to worry about her and that the Mother is with her.

Just then I heard a sound and woke up. I realised that I had been nicely dreaming! There was a knock again and I got up and opened the door. Birenda was there. I was surprised to see him at that time. Generally he comes in the morning. I thought perhaps he did not want to disturb me in the morning. He was with me for some time. After he left, I noticed that the curtain between Sri Aurobindo’s room and his bathroom was down. I thought that perhaps it had opened by itself. But the right side of the curtain’s flap was fixed on to a hook. So it seemed that the curtain was purposely let down. I conjectured that some special visitor had come to see Sri Aurobindo’s room.

When Birenda had left me, it was ten minutes to six. I waited for fifteen minutes. There was some sound and it became quiet again. The curtain remained down. Time passed but no one came to fix it up. I thought that Bansidharbhai might have gone to bring the photograph for me and so Janardhanbhai must have come to attend to Sri Aurobindo’s room. He seemed to have forgotten to lift up the curtain and must have left by this time. It was ten minutes past six — time for Bansidharbhai to come. I thought of going towards the curtain. Just then Kamalaben came. I enquired why the curtain was down. She could not understand me. I saw that she was preparing for my bath. This puzzled me very much. I wondered at this preparation for my bath at that time! I enquired, “What is the time?” I was surprised to learn it was morning while all along I had been thinking it was evening! Nirod-da also came.

Still I could not find a link in the time-gap. It has never happened like that in my life — this discrepancy about the time. The Mother alone knows the reason. Each one will explain it in his own way. Only the Mother knows the reality. On one side externally I was so much puzzled about the time while, on the other, there was an inner pull of the experience — which was a dream!

A Sheet of Cloth with Snow-white Light

11.9.1980

This vision was rather unusual.

Some persons kept turning round while some others from afar came running towards them, jumped over them and vanished. A part of this scene was so strange that it looked uncivilised and at times even obscene. At that time, a huge, fascinating being came there whose entire body except the face was covered with a luminous, golden coloured cloth. He spread on the ground a sheet of cloth from which snow-white light kept pervading the whole atmosphere; then, started to lift each

individual from those gathered there and laid him in the cloth and moved both his hands on his entire body. It could be seen that his hands were spreading various colours which entered the entire body of the individual who was lying in the cloth. That individual, although appearing inert, gave the impression of being full of consciousness. He made many men lie down similarly and tied all of them in a bundle. It is surprising how he could tie in the same cloth so many people. Then he put the bundle on his shoulder and walked away. Even afterwards, snow-white light was seen at that place. Hence, the next scene was not clear.

Experience of Sudarshan Chakra

Many new buildings were under construction at some place, but all were incomplete. However, in a complete and well-furnished room nearby someone was staying. Adjacent to it, there was a very old and disorderly room. A man was sweeping it. I took the broom from him which he gave me willingly. This was not expected by me. I started doing my work. The person staying in the opposite well-furnished room was observing all this with a smile.

The other man, who was earlier cleaning the room, showed some rooms which were ready, took me inside them and said that from now on new sadhaks would stay in these different rooms. He further said, “Look, how well-furnished these rooms are, just by staying in them one will keep receiving help in an unimaginable progress.”

When I was told to move from one room to another, I did not like to leave it, because each room was better than the other. In the last room, I could not refrain from sitting down, I shut my eyes and sat. Immediately, marvellous peace and light started descending in me. All my centres (Chakras) opened one by one. From below, light started going into the higher centres. Finally, something luminous, looking like the “*Sudarshanchakra*”^{*} (the destructive circular weapon of Lord Vishnu or Krishna) appeared, rotating over my head. At first, I became very happy but later I got a little nervous. And my eyes opened. They closed again and I remained seated cherishing the memories and experiences of that last room. In what a miraculous way Sri Aurobindo and the Mother’s Force works!

^{*} Something that resembles the “*Sudarshanchakra*” is seen. I do not know what the “*Sudarshanchakra*” looks like, but seeing this I felt that this should be it and hence I have called it the “*Sudarshanchakra*”.

It keeps throwing a variety of colours afar, sometimes it goes up while — sometimes it goes down into the earth; again it comes out, this process repeats itself. It is a beautiful scene. I feel like seeing it again and again.

An Unforgettable Wonderful Experience in Kottakal

14.9.1980

There was a feeling of unusual joy since the morning. I looked at the calendar and noticed it was Rishi Panchami day. I remembered my native place Sidhpur Pattan in North Gujarat. On this day, according to the custom of our Moddh Chaturvedi Brahmin caste, we have a ceremony of changing our sacred thread. I recollected everything. Early morning we all used to go together to bathe in our Saraswati river for changing our Yagnopavit (sacred thread). The river was very broad. It was in an open area with small shrubs here and there adorning the place. There were small heaps of beautiful shining sand. There was gold in the sand but it was very costly to separate it from the sand. The river was not deep. The water was waist-deep and even less at several places. But the force of the flowing water was so much that it was difficult to cross it. But when one stood on the sandy bed, the feet slipped as the sand moved. In a particular season, there were some cases when the whole body had sunk into the sand. During the monsoon the river was deeper, and in summer there was no river at all, it dried up.

During the ceremony, we purified our clothes (dhoti and chaddar) in the river, dried them on the bank taking care that no one touched them and, after bath, put them on.

The priest performed the ceremony and made us bathe in different postures, sitting and standing at times, for different purposes. All these religious rites are based on hygienic principles but we did them without understanding anything. We however enjoyed ourselves and used to wait for this day even though we understood nothing. It is only by the Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's Grace and through the experience given by them, that the real meaning of all these rites is understood by me now. It is very clear to me now that all these rituals are a prayer for living a higher life and are an expression of inner aspiration, and the stuti (glory) and prayer to different gods.

After the ceremony, we all brought from our houses our Ishta Devatas (chosen deities) along with their thrones, small or big. Some thrones were made of metal, some of wood but some of them were very beautiful and artistic. Generally on this day, the Shaligram is worshipped. The Shaligram is black and round and comes in different sizes. Usually it has a very small dimple but the one which is perfectly round in shape and has no dimple is considered very auspicious and rare. My father had a small, beautiful and perfectly round Shaligram. So we were very happy about it and some of us even proud as no other family had such a beautiful Shaligram.

Our caste had a special small temple with a small courtyard. We all used to gather there with our Ishta Devatas. We used to sit in two long rows keeping our Ishta Devatas in front of us. Then the priest would utter the mantras in Sanskrit and make us perform the ceremony and each one would do the puja for his own Ishta Devata. It was a long ceremony of many rites. Towards the evening, after the puja was over, we used to change our dhotis and chaddar and put on colourful pitamber of various types — coarse, woollen, silk, etc. We all took our food together there. At the

time of serving, we would chant in chorus the Mahimna stotra and when half meal (consisting of laddu, dal and vegetables) was finished, each individual would recite a verse. Some had lovely, sweet, sonorous voices pleasing to the ear. My father had such a remarkable voice! Even small children used to recite in their sweet lisping manner. There was great laughter. We all used to take part in the recitation and enjoyed it all very much. Can the present generation imagine such occasions and such a wonderful atmosphere?

Experience

A very clear, commanding but at the same time compassionate voice is heard — “Come with me, come with me, don’t fear at all come without any expectation and watch whatever happens!” replied, “I do not keep any hope now, but what you say is correct. Before coming here, I expected that I would be able to walk just like before. After coming here, that hope is no more. That means, I feel I may not get cured. However, this is not due to despair but because of the trust that the Divine will do what is best for me. This faith is becoming more and more firm day by day. The Mother has given me this experience in every moment of my life. In Pondicherry, when anyone asked me, ‘How are you?’ my usual answer was, “The Compassionate Mother, by her Infinite Grace, has made me walk just as much as required. The most important thing is my inner condition which is very fine. Then what more is needed? Every day, all the time, the Compassionate Mother’s Infinte Grace is being experienced.”

The one whose voice was heard spoke again, remaining invisible. This voice was not The Mother’s nor Sri Aurobindo’s but it was full of compassion and was very sweet and charming.

During the massage time, I am lying on the Dhara Patthi (long wooden tray used during the time of massage in Malabar). I feel as if the whole Patthi is lifted up. Simultaneously I experience uneasiness and fear. The Patthi tilts and becomes unstable. When it rises to a certain height, suddenly four lamps appear burning on its four corners. In the beginning, the Patthi goes up very slowly. After a while, it takes me up at an aeroplane’s speed and shoots higher and higher in space.

From light dark, it passes into deep dark realms. I have never seen such pitch darkness before. As the Patthi shoots ahead, the darkness turns fainter and fainter. Now the space is filled with ash colour. This also I pass through, rising higher and higher. Now I see absolutely white light — nothing but white light all around. The special feature of this light is that it is vibrant and living. It is very difficult to explain. I proceed up into higher and higher regions. After a certain distance, far, very far, a brilliant bright-red, very beautiful, lustrous sun is seen shining. Its radiant glowing flames burn my body even from a far distance and make me feel suffocated.

Just then, the same commanding yet compassionate voice is heard again. It reassures me: ‘Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid in the least! Remember what I told you at the very outset!’ Immediately I sense that these illumined flames have taken off something from all over my body

which became extremely light like a flower. I was advancing closer and closer to this red sun. Now the light of its dazzling flames filled me with bliss! The body did not burn at all! It penetrated through this blazing sun and forged ahead higher and higher! One after the other, at long distances, I shot through each of the beautiful, brilliant, splendid, innumerable suns of various bright hues. They were at a very far distance from one another. Now I experienced a feeling of newness in the body, both in and out. I felt it to be of a totally different stuff.

I was lying on the same Patthi but now I felt as if I was in space — a little above the Patthi, and this time beautiful, bright, lustrous, sparkling lights of different colours started entering into my body. This process continued for a long time. From this also, the body began to go still higher and higher. After reaching a certain height, I saw a wonderful, unique, extremely luminous, shimmering golden sun. It was limitless and endless i.e. from top to bottom and also from sides, there was no end! Its golden light was seen covering the whole ‘brahmanda’ (universe) and everything was saturated with this golden light. My whole body also became blissful and lustrous, as if made of that light only. As I was approaching nearer and nearer this golden sun, I was getting new and totally different experiences which are impossible to put in words.

Again the voice of the invisible man is heard: ‘Be on your guard, be on your guard, always, constantly, be on your guard! Your real time is coming now!’ Reaching very near these bright shimmering, luminous lights, gave me an unimaginable coolness and in no time I entered into that wonderful resplendent golden sun. At the same time, I heard the voice of the massage man calling out, ‘ultra, ultra’ (turn, turn)! I got a little jolt and looked at him with great surprise. But what could he understand! An unforgettable wonderful experience remains unfinished but leaves me with a definite inner change. And there is a strong, vibrant feeling now that I have nothing to do. They will do everything — whatever is needed.

Prasad to the Deserving Only

16.9.1980

It was an altogether new place which was the Mother’s residence. After finishing her meals, the Mother used to give me the bowl containing a little of the fruit “Ramful” that was left inside.

Vasudhaben asked me for the bowl. I said, “Wait a little. I will give it to you. It will be quite some time before you go, hence I am going to gather the pulp of the fruit at one place inside the bowl so that it remains in a good condition.” But Vasudhaben said, “Give it to me as it is.” In the meantime, a group of persons approached Vasudhaben. She asked me to distribute that remaining pulp of the fruit to them, which I refused to do. It could not be given. I felt that none of them had even the slightest desire to have this “Prasad”, Vasudhaben, for some reasons of her own, wanted to give it to them. I did not approve of this. Only when the prasad is given to a deserving individual

it serves the purpose and brings good results in his life. When one understands the true value of the prasad, one can get help in one's higher life. Of course, others too gain something from it. But I did not think it right to give the "Prasad" to these persons. Instead of this if it goes to deserving individuals, they will fully benefit from it. Everyone may not understand this. Had Vasudhaben wanted to give it to some deserving individual, I would have surely given it. Vasudhaben, who believed that nobody could say "no" to her, got very angry with me and told me with a very stern voice, "I am going to tell the Mother. I will see then, how you don't give it to me." It is not that I did not want to give it, hence, I did not worry and remained peaceful. After some time, she came back, crestfallen, and said, "She says no." Vasudhaben, then, walked away, somewhat angrily.

P.S.: The Mother used to give that bowl to me and for me only. However, if there had been a deserving individual, I would have definitely given it. I also used to give things away earlier, but then, the Gracious Mother showed me that it would be proper to give it to some deserving individual only and not to anyone else.

Tears of Gratitude

23.9.1980

There was a building that was quite different from the ones which were seen till now. The walls were made of light and golden light was spreading in all the directions from there. This light entered into me and I could sense something unusual happening in my entire body. My body, too, became luminous and so light that I felt it would fly in the air. Then again I had a feeling of steadiness within me.

I went inside where Sri Aurobindo was sitting with a few persons. They were asked to come later. I went straight away to Him, put my head on His lap and tears started flowing out of my eyes. He began wiping my eyes with His handkerchief, but the flow of tears remained unabated. At last, He lifted my head and with a sweet smile said, "Champaklal! Look at me! Look at me! Look at me!". I looked at Him. What I saw is indescribable. The tears stopped. They were the tears of Gratitude.

The Sage and the Old Book

28.9.1980

We started with a few persons none of whom was known to us. Suddenly, I got isolated. I do not know how it happened. I looked around, but they all had left me and gone away. I was wondering what I should do. In the meantime, someone came and asked me, “Why are you sitting here?” I narrated the whole incident. He told me, “Never mind, come with me, a train will come for you soon.” He, then, asked me to sit down and left.

I decided to walk around. Just then, I saw something like a shop, but when I went in I found that it was not a shop but a library. There, a few persons were engaged in reading — but most of the time they kept chatting. Near the entrance, there was a waste-paper basket in which I saw something like a long notebook. I picked it up hesitatingly and found that the writing was done only on one side of each leaf leaving the other side blank. It must be an old notebook as all the pages had become yellow. I enquired of a person sitting nearby whether someone had thrown it there by mistake, “No, no, it is old and useless; you can even see the colour of the pages.” I said, “It is very old and there is some writing inside.” He said, “It is a meaningless prattle of some mad man.” “May I take it?” I asked. They all burst into laughter. “Yes, yes, you can certainly take it.” One of them laughed and said, “You have done a good job and reduced the load.” Everyone laughed again. At first, I had picked it up with the intention of using the blank sides of the leaves, but I got more interested in it when I heard that it was the prattle of a mad man, because, what is generally ignored by us as a mad man’s prattle is sometimes very interesting. Hence I took it to look at it at leisure.

There was a garden close-by. In the meanwhile a car came and the watchman ran and opened the door. In the car, a sage was sitting on the rear seat, while the front seat alongside the driver was occupied by a rich-looking man in simple clothes. I do not know the reason why I thought him rich. As the door opened, I followed the car. But the gatekeeper shouted, “Hey, wait.” Hearing him shout the sage asked to stop the car. The man sitting in front said, “Swamiji, this is not for us.” Still Swamiji enquired what had actually happened. On seeing me, he asked me to sit with him in the car. He was very pleased to see in my hand the book which I had picked from the waste-paper basket and asked me, “Is this yours?” I said, “It is mine as long as the will of the Omnipotent allows me to keep it.” Swamiji said, “What do you mean?” I described in detail how I had got the book.

Swamiji said, “This is a rare book. Many years ago there was a saint who remained unrecognised. My Guruji had told me only about this. I was searching for this book, but in vain. Today, I have got it by chance. Although what we think to be a chance occurrence is really not so. Now, you come with me.” I went without any hesitation. On seeing Swamiji treat me with due respect, the other gentleman too did so. We went into a building specially constructed for Swamiji, which was situated at such a place that we felt as if we were in the Himalayas. Swamiji showed me the whole place and lovingly insisted on my staying there. I told him that I must go and meet the people who were with me. Swamiji said that it was not possible as they had left me intentionally. I was not convinced. Swamiji smiled and said, “I expected that you would not believe it, but it is true. You stay here. You cannot read everything that is written in this book, you may understand only a little here and there. Even if I read it for you, you need experience in order to understand it. I will

enjoy explaining all this to you.” I told him that he could keep the book if he wanted to. Swamiji said, “It is all the same, whether you have it or I have it. Right now, you may go and take rest in the front room.” My eyes opened.

Infinite Steps

29.9.1980

There was a huge building with innumerable steps to reach the top. While climbing one would often feel that only a few steps remained, but that was not to be as there was no end to the steps. This building belonged to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. The desire to go higher and higher became more intense but the steps were almost endless. I finally decided not to think about the remaining steps. Is it not joyous to climb them?

In the meanwhile, a small child came smiling and stood before me. “How did you take so long? Everyone is waiting for you.” Then, this child held my finger and took me higher and higher; I felt as if I was jumping and not climbing the steps. Soon the child led me to the front door and disappeared.

As soon as I entered it, I saw a huge room, packed with a number of different things. There were a few boxes; from their appearance they seemed to have some invaluable articles. In the meantime, the Mother came there and asked me to open one of the boxes. She told me, “There is footwear inside by wearing which one could walk untiringly as much as one wanted to; but very few people know how to use it. You bring it to me and I will show you how to use it.” Suddenly I saw a luminous being who came near me. Oh! Sri Aurobindo! He put his blessed hand over my head. He placed something in my hand and immediately I prostrated myself before him. Holding me by my hand, He raised me. My eyes opened. At that very moment, Kamalaben came and asked me, “You were sleeping, weren’t you? Did you know that I had come?” Then only I came to know that I was actually asleep whereas I thought I was awake.

Going Higher and Higher

1980

A vast, open place is seen; it is very beautiful. Many men and women, young boys and girls are seen there.

Here, a charming, attractive person is seen, who picks up one individual at a time from the crowd and tosses him up. Although many are eager to go to him, the selection of every individual is done only by that attractive person.

Each individual who is tossed up keeps going higher and higher and finally disappears. All this was very exciting and yet there was peace in the atmosphere.

Mysterious Heaps

1980

There was a beautiful, bright and luminous hall. Its walls and ceiling were transparent. In this huge hall a number of heaps of various things were seen. Many heaps were of different types of coins of gold and silver, some had a variety of jewellery too. Every heap was different from the other. There were some heaps whose contents could not be identified. A multi-coloured light from all the sides of these heaps was spreading in the entire hall.

An attractive, bright person in beautiful, colourful clothes was sitting on every heap. So attractive was the hall that one did not feel like moving from there. Some of the persons sitting on the heaps were very quiet, some had their eyes open while the others had their eyes closed. Some of them appeared to talk to someone; although no other person could be seen around. Everything looked mysterious.

A Vision at Nainital

1980

I looked at the compound of the building, at its right I saw a mountain. I was surprised as to how I had missed it at first.

It was not of ordinary rocks, but was made of multi-coloured layers, beautiful and shining. Steaming hot water was flowing out of them. The steam was spreading a particular type of pleasant fragrance all around in the surroundings. The steam, instead of being hot, had a cooling effect as it approached us, and the whole body was thrilled with joy. It could not be known to where this multi-coloured water flowed. Behind this mountain many well-decorated mountains were shining in various colours. The last one among them was very high, covered with snow. Normally, the snow is white, but this was glimmering with a golden colour. Some being of a golden colour was sitting on top of the mountain and was very clearly visible even at a great height. (That being was not a human being.)

[In response to our question, Champaklal answered that the ‘being’ was Lord Shiva. — Ed.]

The Assurance from the Mother

A Dream but too real to be called a Dream

8.4.1981 – 2.30 a.m.

Somewhere there was a place totally different and unknown, the entire construction of this place was also different as if this place was in space and there was nothing else in space except this place.

The Mother was very serious. I put my head in Her lap. She starting caressing my head softly and tenderly and continued to do so for some time. Then She called out, “Champaklal, Champaklal, Champaklal!” I did not answer and remained in the same position. I lost all control over myself and could not lift my head. Then I do not know how and in what manner my head was raised and I was gazing at the Mother. I was very serious too. The Mother made a sign to me to speak as if She knew that I had something to say. She insisted that I speak. Then I replied, “Mother, I have nothing to say.” The Mother nodded Her head indicating “It is not so!” She evidently knew what I had to say and was pressing me to speak out, without uttering a word. I repeated, “Mother, I have nothing to say.” The Mother shook Her head again expressing “It is not so!”

The Mother was indeed serious. I have never seen Her so serious but at the same time she was very affectionate and compassionate. I was going more and more within and losing myself completely. But she did not allow me to go within and again gave me a very loving and compassionate look. Her eyes were piercing me as if penetrating each cell of my body. She said, “Champaklal, the coming year is very bad, very bad, speak!” I replied, “Yes, Mother, I have nothing to say.” She said, “Yes, I know, Champaklal, yes, I know well now.” And the Mother bent Her whole Body over me. Her Body began to grow larger and larger, it became endless and covered everything in space. There was nothing except Her limitless Body. The Mother had taken me in Her Arms. I do not know what happened afterwards but I only heard Her clear words: “I shall see.” There was an absolute assurance in Her words and voice. When I awoke, I felt unimaginable peace.

This dream was of a new and different type. The Mother was in Her absolutely distinctive form. About this form, it is difficult to say anything.

An Experience of Om

6.6.1981

I was sitting with my eyes closed, not in meditation, simply sitting. Many times I sit like that. I also lie down with eyes closed as I feel nice that way.

Experience

I hear the infinite sound of “Om” coming from afar, just one word “Om”, in the same prolonged rhythm continuing endlessly. It appears to be chanted at a very far distance. Then it sounds as if this chant were now coming nearer and nearer, very near me. In a moment, it seems as if it was being spoken just by my side. Then in a short while, I feel, “No, no, this sound is arising from within me!” Then it looks oh! except this sound, there is nothing else in the universe! Then it appears that all are speaking only Om! What can one say to this? Can one call it a sound or what else?

After waking up, it occurs to me that all this happening at the same time is not possible in the usual way, but that I have heard it and experienced it that way is also as much a factual truth.

Even after waking up, there is a unique and indescribable feeling of Ananda in having heard and gone through this impossible experience.

$$6+6+8+1=21$$

21 is a sacred and auspicious day.

1. The sound is being chanted at a far, very far distance.
2. The sound now appears to be coming nearer and nearer.
3. The sound, i.e., the word Om, is being spoken just near me.
4. The sound is coming from inside me, is being repeated in me.
5. In the entire universe, except this sound, there is no other existence; this alone is everything.
6. Each and everyone is speaking only Om.

These are 6 kinds of experiences happening simultaneously. The date of these experiences is also 6.

An Experience of Boundless Ananda

23.12.1981

‘To go to a particular “Place”, with Sri Aurobindo, where we had been before’: this thought arose in my mind. Just then a grand, luminous and typically new kind of vehicle appeared. I sat in it. There were others too but none of them were known to me. Sri Aurobindo Himself was driving it.

It was a majestic sight! After that what happened and how I was left alone, I do not know. But I was clear about where I had to go. So I walked on and on.

After covering a long distance, I came upon a locality where I felt that the “Place” I was looking for was hereabout. The buildings were exquisite and fascinating and of an altogether novel structure. But they all were closed. No person was seen there. Later, from the upper part of a very pretty house, an elevating fragrance was emanating. This brought the certitude of that “Place” being definitely there. I was naturally and spontaneously drawn to it as to a magnet, and stood at the gate. The door opened automatically. I experienced the joy of finding the destined place. Momentarily a thought had crossed my mind earlier: ‘As all the persons have gone away in the vehicle, how shall I be able to reach that “Place”?’ But I arrived at the ordained sight.

There was a fragrant and exalting atmosphere indicating that a Yajna (fire-sacrifice) had been just performed inside. And I recollected — yes, yes, this was certainly the spot where Sri Aurobindo had taken me and where He had performed a mighty Yajna. As I reflected thus, Sri Aurobindo’s powerful as well as extremely sweet voice resounded. It brought to me immense Ananda. Sri Aurobindo was chanting Vedic Hymns. Hence I became absolutely sure that He wanted to take me there indeed and had asked me to come.

Then I started going from one hall to another. The halls were of a novel type and inside they were painted with unique and radiant colours. There were no doors, but each time I proceeded as guided from within, instantaneously the way out would open very naturally and from there I would go on to another hall. Thus when I reached a particular hall, I felt it was a place of worship. The spot was enchanting! Its atmosphere was just indescribable. But the inner voice impelled, ‘No, no, I have to go further than this.’

The melodious, powerful and captivating chant of Sri Aurobindo was heard all along and it seemed I would reach Him very soon but it was not happening like that. The chant came closer and closer and yet the halls, each excelling the earlier one in beauty and intensity of atmosphere, kept on coming continuously. They all had an effect on me but I could not comprehend what was going on in me, what was happening. In all these halls, some presence was felt but it was invisible. For a moment a thought came, ‘How fine it would be if one could stay here!’ But it was evident that some unseen Force was guiding me on. I had been under the impression that I was going forward on my own, towards the “Place” indicated by Sri Aurobindo. But a contrary thought arose and I perceived that it was not so. The Unseen Force was directing me and by this Force alone I was being pulled on and on.

Later I entered into another hall. I was very much charmed by it. Yet I wished to advance further. Here, despite my endeavour, the way out did not open! As I could not come out and as the way did not reveal itself, I felt very uneasy. Then it occurred to me: ‘This is only a dream. When I wake up, I shall come out of it.’ So I tried to rouse myself but could not awake! I smiled and asked myself, ‘Where is the cause of this uneasiness?’

The effort to awake myself continued. I experienced uneasiness as well as amusement. There was an awareness of the contradictory states of wakefulness and dream existing simultaneously. I laughed at myself again for this unreal uneasiness. I struggled to rouse myself but was unable to do so. Consequently I felt a great suffocation. Then a godlike strength entered into me. And gathering all my force, I exerted myself to wake up. Finally I really woke up.

Then I saw myself in yet another hall. It is not possible to give a description of this hall. At that moment it appeared to me that Sri Aurobindo was just behind the hall. I felt relieved. At last after making me undergo many new experiences, He had brought me to my destination. Now I yearned to be with Him. But the atmosphere of that hall did not allow me to go further. A sort of attraction held me back. Just then a tremendous pull came from somewhere and an invisible Force thrust me forward.

Now there were no more halls. I entered into an open, vast and magnificent expanse. I could see many sites far, far away. Then all of them turned aglow with a resplendent golden light! Just then Sri Aurobindo's chant seemed to me to originate from above but immediately I heard His clear voice in front of me. That was certain. Suddenly a person held my hand and took me forward. The person remained invisible but led me on and on. He had gripped me tight in his clasp, yet the touch of his hand was extremely soft and tender! By this touch, some transparent fluid started circulating in me from top to bottom and from bottom to top and spread everywhere, in each atom of my body. In the beginning, this fluid was of one colour. Then its colour started changing into different colours. But the speed at which the colours interchanged was so tremendous that it surpasses all description. What then can I write on this subject? Finally the golden, transparent, glowing fluid coursed in my entire being and permeated me. When my whole body was completely suffused, it radiated light. Even the limbs started disappearing one after another and no trace remained of the body! Light alone was there. Later even this perception ceased and there was nothing but boundless Ananda.

My eyes opened.

On 23rd December 1981 morning, as I lay with eyes closed, in beatific contemplation, this beautiful dream-experience was lived.

A Magnificent Mystic Darshan

13.7.1984

I was with the Mother. It was an extremely beautiful, fascinating, ethereal and futuristic place. To write about its uniqueness, there are simply no words. I am obliged to use the word 'Place' as I can think of no other word. Inexpressible, marvellous lights were constantly changing. It seemed that

we were in a golden light. This golden light was of an entirely different radiance than any on earth. I could even feel its touch on my body.

Sri Aurobindo was also seen there in a golden, transparent, luminous, radiating and altogether new body. One after another, all were seen doing pranam to Sri Aurobindo. From where they came and to where they went, it was not possible even to imagine. They came, did pranam and disappeared! All of them were seen doing pranam in their own different ways. Some did simple pranam, some did ‘sashtang’ (whole body) pranam, some after doing ‘sashtang’ pranam, stood up and turned round and round on the spot and after that, some folded their hands and stood still. Some of them stretched their folded hands up and down and were seen uttering something. Their voices, though quite audible, were not comprehensible. It was not clear what language they spoke in.

One person appeared and, standing on one leg, spun round and round, extended arms up and down, did pranam and disappeared! Another entered, formed a variety of Mudras, turned into a child and there and then vanished! Some closed their eyes while some kept them open. The one who was perceived as coming last was crystalline, did ‘Pradakshina’ (circling round) of Sri Aurobindo, and after ‘sashtang’ Pranam, stood up and, lifting up both the hands in salutation, chanted ‘Om’ with a continuous and prolonged voice in a sky-rending but extremely sweet voice. On a uniform note, the person went on prolonging this one Word. During that time, a variety of beautiful; bright and lustrous colours were seen in space. Finally, a shimmering golden light slowly started descending. This person disappeared in a distinct manner by gradually expanding and widening in all directions and finally becoming imperceptible. Thereafter the sound of ‘Om’ was heard intermittently in a melodious music like the Mother’s. The music continued for a long time. At the end, only the ‘Om’ sound was heard in a single chant.

Beholding all these sights, I stood fascinated and spellbound! Then I heard the Mother’s extremely sweet and magnetic call — ‘Champaklal!’ The Mother appeared before me in an entirely new and beautiful form and put Her right hand on my left shoulder. Next, She placed both her hands on my two shoulders. After that, She put both her hands on my head. Thereupon She softly stroked my forehead, horizontally, with both her hands. Then, very tenderly, She covered one of my eyes with one palm and the other eye with her other palm. Now She softly caressed my whole body from top to toe and from down upward. I became in-drawn. Yet I was aware of everything. I could even see all that was happening around. I kept standing still for a long time.

Once again, a very tender note was heard: “Champaklal! Champaklal! Champaklal! Come!” And clasping my hand, She took me forward. When the Mother had appeared, I had sighted Sri Aurobindo at a little distance. That distance remained constant. I felt I was rising higher and higher. Sri Aurobindo was also visible the same way at the same distance. After I had ascended quite high, Sri Aurobindo was not seen. I could not recollect actually when I lost sight of Him.

I rose higher and higher and on reaching a great height, a very bright, radiant, golden and vast sun was viewed overspreading the whole of space. This too was at a little distance which remained

constantly the same. I experienced intense heat and felt as if my body would be immediately burnt to ashes. But when the Mother, seizing my hand, declared, 'Champaklal! Now you sit here,' and kept both her hands on my head, instantly I felt an extraordinary peace accompanied with a pleasant coolness in my whole body. Once again, the Mother pronounced, 'Champaklal, now you will only sit here, peacefully. Do not open your eyes. You shall open them only when you feel the touch of my hands on them. Don't even try to open them because they will not open even if you make an effort! So sit quietly in the midst of whatever happens. I shall come in my own time.' Instantaneously a mighty transformation came on my entire body. It is not possible to express in words all that happened. I have no idea how long I sat there.

A soft touch opened my eyes. There was no limit to my delight! I experienced ananda, ananda, ananda, a celestial ecstasy! I found myself just in front of that august sun which had hitherto been at a distance. Holding my hand, the Mother led me right inside the dazzling and resplendent sun which radiated ethereal coolness. There I had Darshan of Sri Aurobindo in His luminous new form. Retaining my hand in Her grip, the Mother brought me straight to Sri Aurobindo. Sri Aurobindo gazed at me fondly. His sweet familiar voice summoned, 'Champaklal!' And the next instant I spontaneously laid my head in His lap. He stroked my head caressingly with his soft silken hands. Sri Aurobindo lifted my head. I got up in my usual natural way and stood before Him. And I saw the Mother instead in the same place! After a moment, once again, I had Darshan of Sri Aurobindo! Wonderstruck, I stood immobilised! Then a Darshan of a 'two-in-one' body left me stupefied. It was a transcendental Darshan! I have used the word 'body' as I have no appropriate word. Their body was not like what they had been in Their physical form. It was a radiant, lustrous, translucent and indescribable form. What a Supernal, Supernatural Darshan!

Champaklal, in the form of a lovely baby, was seen lying and happily playing and enjoying himself in Their lap. Their glowing, gracious, tender, smiling glance held Champaklal's eyes. They were caressing his whole body with both Their hands, in a gesture of blessing. They lifted him slowly and gently and pressed him tenderly to Their mighty and radiant bosom. They seemed to have merged him in Them and thereby made Champaklal very much blessed indeed. What a boundless beatitude!

The vision is over but its impact persists. I have formulated it in words though much of it is beyond expression.

On 13.7.1984, was the pure, sacred, blissful and extremely auspicious Guru Purnima (full moon) day.

In Bharuch, Kamalaben's brother's bungalow which had been named 'Kripa' (Grace) by the Mother.

In this place, Grace descended also on Champaklal.

A Message from the Mother

20.2.1985

The Mother and Sri Aurobindo gave me Darshan in a dream on 20th February 1985. The Mother was in peals of laughter. Seeing this, Sri Aurobindo kept on looking at me and then at the Mother with a buoyant smile. What a delightful laughter it was! The Mother was gazing at me with fond affection. It was an extraordinary sight! Then the Mother exclaimed, “Champaklal, Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! But is this the way? What are you doing? Have you not written about us (and our way of working) in your book? You were shown everything. You understood well too.... Why are you then reacting in such a way?” On hearing these words, Sri Aurobindo burst into laughter. Usually Sri Aurobindo smiled softly. But at that time he chuckled aloud in the same manner as the Mother had done many years earlier. Today after ages I had the rare privilege of witnessing both the Mother and Sri Aurobindo in sparkling mirth. A magnificent spectacle indeed!

Then the Mother recalled, “Champaklal, did you not mark that many a time I worked the whole day without taking any food? All the time was spent in meeting people. And that too in what a way! What kind of persons I was obliged to see and what not and how much I had to bear! Very few individuals know about it. But you were present all along. I had kept you with a purpose. When I used to apprise Sri Aurobindo of the day’s happenings, then too you were often there. Have you forgotten all this?

“Do you not perceive that you have to work like me? Can you not see even from the way I change your circumstances and also the programmes planned by you, and set them anew? Because by giving importance to what you have to undergo on meeting others, you wish to stop going out and retire completely, I am compelled to re-organise your environment. Do you not understand even then? You have yet to work further, more and more.

Au revoir.... Champaklal.... Au revoir!”

Bidding me good bye and smiling sweetly, the Mother left.

Then Sri Aurobindo smiled gently and asked me, “Champaklal, did you follow? Did you grasp what the Mother told you?” Having said this, Sri Aurobindo roared with laughter and my eyes opened! That exhilarating laughter! I can see it clearly even now.

The Mother’s birthday brought a great benediction for Champaklal.

21.2.1985

After this dream, the Mother made me recollect one of the past incidents. The Mother and Sri Aurobindo then stayed in the Meditation House. The Mother’s new apartment upstairs was not yet built. On climbing up the staircase of the Meditation House, there is a passage where the Mother’s

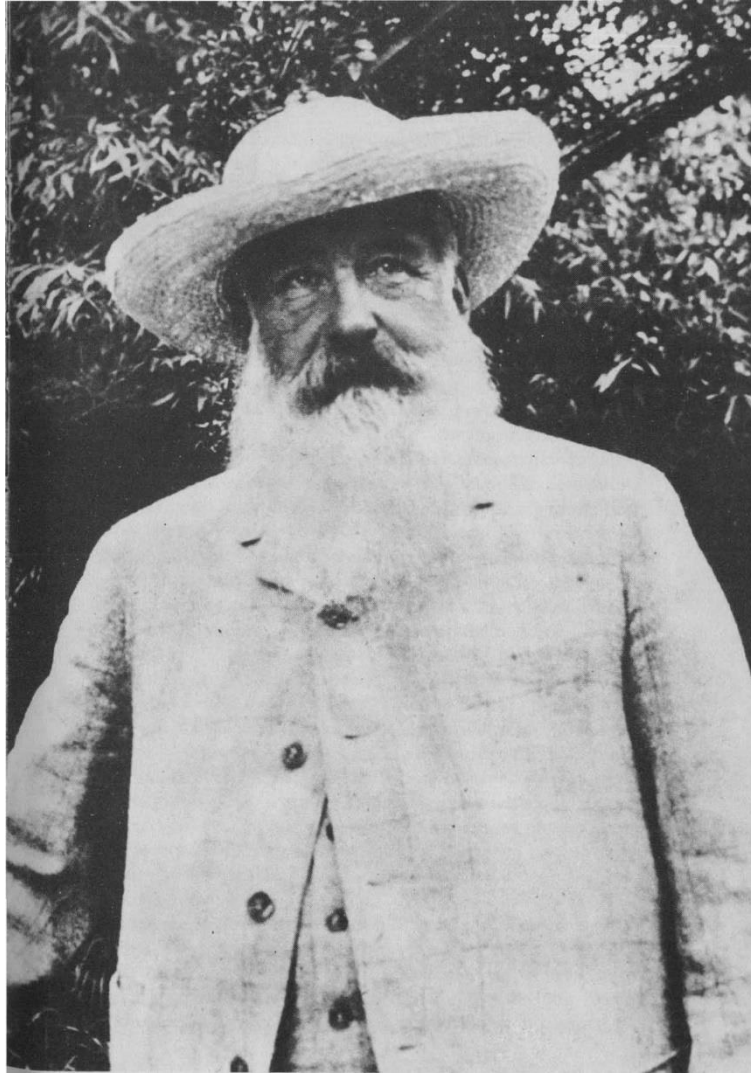
big photo is placed on Darshan days. In that small passage, the Mother would ask me to wait so that when necessary, She could call me. The right side of the passage was kept closed. That was the time when the Mother confided in Sri Aurobindo experiences of her own sadhana and also all the personal affairs of the sadhaks and sadhikas. Due to the Mother's speaking loudly, even though the partition door was shut, everything could be heard because of the open space on top. During that period, I used to be in a real fix. Should I stay on or leave? Such things were heard that one ought not to remain there. But since the Mother Herself had instructed me to be there, how could I go away? If She needed me and called for me then? That is why I say I was in an embarrassing situation.

A Vision of the Famous French Artist

2.6.1985

Whenever I visit beautiful places and also the spots of natural grandeur, I keep on looking at them with great admiration, I also feel inclined to simply close my eyes and lie down. Today I could not control this tendency of mine*, and hesitatingly I stretched myself on the open lawn.

* The reason for my writing 'could not control this tendency' is that in such places, when I lie down, I am asked, "Dada, are you tired?" That is why I avoid it as much as I can.



Claude Monet

As soon as I closed my eyes, it started drizzling. It was an extraordinary rain of a golden hue. It touched my body as if I was bathing in it. But its unique feature was that it did not wet the body. I sensed the golden fluid entering into me and flowing everywhere within, with the result that I could see nothing but the golden light inside my body. Then this scene was over.

The trees in the garden turned luminous. Amongst the trees whose branches were hanging like creepers, I noticed that one tree was extending up slowly. Gradually it rose so very high that its top could not even be seen! In the meanwhile I saw a charming Being lovingly caressing the creeper-like branches with a soft sweet smile and gently gliding down. On descending, this Being came close to me and started rubbing my whole body with his two hands. I felt very good and so continued to lie down. Then this Being opened my mouth and put some white glistening liquid inside and applied something on my tongue. Then I saw myself clinging to him. He told me, “You have to come with me. Sri Aurobindo has instructed me, ‘You have to go down. My Champaklal has come there. I had arranged his coming. You too will be glad to go to your own place’.” The Being added, “Sri Aurobindo seemed to be very pleased as he said this. I have never seen him so happy before,

although many a time I have witnessed his showing pleasure without speaking. He was in such high spirits that I have no words to recount it. So, come! You do not need to do anything. Remain just as you are and go on watching what happens. You must not ask even a single question. Also, do not speak.” Then we started rising higher and higher from out of those hanging creepers. Finally this magnificent Being stopped.

Here I experienced a golden light radiating constantly from above. There were many persons — small as well as big. Some were moving about, several of them seemed to be doing something, but it was all hazy. I could not see anything clearly enough to know details. Then this royal Being commanded me, “Wait here only. Do not move even an inch from here. I shall be back shortly.” On his return, he took me to a place and explained, “This is my residence. Here too, do not ask questions. Discern on your own whatever you can. I shall display to you my paintings here. Before that let me tell you something. But then, no queries from you. After I have disclosed to you everything, I shall take you to Sri Aurobindo.”

“For a long time I lay in a condition of so-called deep sleep. But it was not ‘sleep’ as on earth. You will understand only when you yourself experience it. I had no mind to come out of this ‘sleep’. But Sri Aurobindo aroused me in his own way, and advised, ‘Now you have to do two things. First, on earth there are many children who are my own but only some of them are in search of my light. Out of them very few know what my light is. For these children you do not have to do anything. As for those who are seeking a new light, staying here only, you have to guide them in the same manner as I helped you to paint. I myself am doing this work. When you go on earth, you will see it in several places’.” Then this fascinating form further addressed me, “Come, I shall now show you my paintings. Try to fathom them as much as you can according to your capacity. But do not ask even one question.” On seeing some paintings, I was simply overwhelmed with joy, and woke up. I was being told, “Sitting on the lawn is not allowed.” It was clear to me that I was not supposed to see more — that is why this came just as an excuse.

Later I came to know that the imposing figure which I had seen was that of the well-known French painter Claude Monet. I was also informed of his special liking for the very trees I had seen in the vision. These trees were noticed in many of his paintings that I got to see there. I learnt that he was very fond of gardens. He himself worked and created exquisite gardens. But generally what happens, occurred also in the case of this artist. After him, those delightful gardens remained no more. However, some persons, by closely observing his paintings, have done an excellent experiment and made lovely gardens as of his time.

The Mother in the Golden Lotus

A Vision at Paris

1985

The Mother's loving, sweet voice is heard, but she is not seen. I look around eagerly, but still she can't be seen. I become impatient to see her. The Mother says, "Champaklal, first you listen to me quietly. Initially, when you started working with me, I did not see anyone; hence I used to get a lot of time and the two of us could work together. In those days, I told you many things about Paris and its artists. Now, I have brought you and Kamala here, to Paris. See as much as you can, what you could not understand earlier will become clear directly by seeing." I become more eager to see her — I keep calling Mother, Mother, Mother.... At that moment, everything within me becomes peaceful and I get abundant joy calling "Mother." I just wish that from now onwards, the Mother would keep me for ever and always in the same peaceful state, and my calling her stop on its own.

"Then, I do not see anything except white, golden light. White Light! Then, golden blue light is seen. Afterwards, the colours of the light that was seen could not be identified. A very bright, attractive, colourful view is seen everywhere, which I would like to see ceaselessly. In the meantime, it starts raining torrentially; there is nothing except water everywhere. The colour of the water is beautiful light sky-blue. The downpour stops. I then see in the water a big golden lotus in beautiful blue colour. The Mother in her self-luminous, divine body is seated on the lotus. I see Kiranbhai prostrate himself before her.

A few persons are also sitting around. What is happening there cannot be seen clearly. I become very eager to see it, but can't. (I get the real experience of eagerness today). Then, the scene changes.

White Light descends over entire Paris. Nothing except light is seen. At that moment, I see Sri Aurobindo standing in his golden, luminous, divine body, facing me. He covers both my eyes with his soft hands and asks me to say something. I say something, but I don't know what; it was quite sensible at that time. He removes his blessed hands from over my eyes. I open my eyes and see a number of people going to and fro, doing various types of movements, some jumping, some somersaulting, some dancing, some twisting their limbs and so on. Young boys and girls also are seen moving around and enjoying themselves in many different ways. And yet, what is happening cannot be understood. The white light descends again. Light, Light and Light everywhere; nothing except Light. Now, a colourful atmosphere pervades all the four directions. (There is a colourful atmosphere everywhere). It starts drizzling. At the same time, from above, something appears to be descending, but what it is, cannot be identified. Then, only water is seen everywhere.

In the middle, a luminous, golden, blue-coloured lotus is seen. In the centre of the lotus, the Mother is seated in her luminous, golden, white body. From the Mother's body as well as from the lotus, rays of light in various colours keep spreading all around. Both the blessed hands of the Mother are stretching out and moving all round. The Mother is also seen in the same manner in all the directions; blessing everyone with her blessed hands. A very beautiful, fascinating and indescribable scene!

Then, the lotus starts growing slowly, at a speed which is not even noticeable. At last, it becomes so large that there seems to be no end to it. It is the same endless sight in all the directions. The light that was spreading in the entire atmosphere is initially like the mild rays of the rising sun, but now it becomes intense like the light from the sun at midday. And my eyes open. What an extraordinary divine vision!

A Magnificent Heavenly Darshan in Matrimandir

7.1.1986

At the moment my right leg was not in a good condition. But that is how I feel every time; as I pass from one state of being to another, I become aware that the present plight is not good.

The car could be taken right up to the entrance of Matrimandir. From there I had to walk a little to reach Matrimandir. Though the distance was not much, I had to sit for a while midway. Five minutes' rest always refreshes me. After relaxing for five minutes, I proceeded relying solely on the gracious Mother's Force. As a matter of fact, climbing the many stairs of Matrimandir was indeed a daring act on my part. That is why I contemplated "relying solely on the gracious Mother's Force" for She alone has come to my aid on numerous occasions whenever such situations arose. Now also only the Mother made it possible for me to reach Matrimandir.

Darshan

As soon as I stepped in, She saturated me. I entered an altogether different world. I had to struggle to keep my eyes open. Ultimately they got closed. The whole of Matrimandir seemed to be rolling from side to side. So I opened my eyes and saw that Matrimandir was steady, but again as I shut them, Matrimandir appeared to be tossing and turning like before. Once more I opened my eyes, and found that it was very stable. This happened three times. I do not recollect when it actually ceased tumbling. Later it started whirling slowly like a merry-go-round. Suddenly it was spinning very fast. Then its pace slowed down and it began to plunge down, deep down in the abyss. Finally when it got settled, a marvellous figure was seen. As soon as it touched Matrimandir, I do not know what happened but I felt that I was back to my original place inside the structure.

Now the walls of Matrimandir were transparent and luminous. Then gradually they were interchanging their colours many times. Eventually they appeared to be of a translucent, brilliant and resplendent golden colour. I could see very vividly far-off objects on all sides, all in one expansive gaze. It was a fantastic sight! Around Matrimandir, up to a certain distance, there were different kinds of beautiful, bright and fascinating flower plants of varied hues, never seen before. Behind them were numerous trees of diverse kinds. Many of them were adorned with lovely

glistening blossoms while many were of lustrous colours. Beyond them, very very far, there was a vast open space in the midst of which shone an exquisite, radiant and magnificent throne of superb workmanship and a golden glow. On its right side were seated children, women, men and aged persons from different countries. But on its left was an unprecedented scene of many kinds of animals and birds of land and sky. All the animals, both gentle and ferocious, were there together, many of them never seen before. There were ever so many offspring. Beyond, on one side, there was a wide serene lake in which bloomed lotuses of many colours as well as of shimmering gold and silver, which held one spellbound. On the other side, there was another similar large lake with water creatures and objects. There were beautiful fish and crocodiles of varied colours. The water was so transparent that all kinds of riches: pearls, rubies, emeralds, corals, shells, conches, beautiful plants, herbs and many other precious things were seen vividly and distinctly, all at the same time, in one extensive glance. One cannot possibly see them with the naked eye. How to write of all this?

Beyond the lakes was a colossal tree the limits of whose top and sides could not be seen. Its branches were touching the ground. Its every leaf constantly radiated light of varying colours. The whole tree was profuse with lotus-like flowers of many shades including silver and golden ones in between. These sparkling flowers were so fascinating that one would keep on looking at them. I was allured by this enchanting sight for a pretty long time. After this were seen multi-coloured mountains glowing with light. The peaks of many of them were not visible. At this place, some people were seen moving about here and there. They included children, women and aged persons. There were different types of beautiful houses of unusual and novel architecture and construction, scattered on various spots on the plains and mountains. While I write, I realise that it is not possible to see so much at the same time but the infinite Grace made possible what was impossible. Every time I reflect, 'I could never have seen this!' That is exactly how I felt then.

My eyes turned again to the throne and I saw that golden light was continuously emanating from it. It seemed that the Mother was seated there in Her golden translucent body. Again it appeared that Sri Aurobindo was there. In between, time and again was seen an incredible vision of the two-in-one body. It seemed to be a transparent body but I could not comprehend how it was inside.

The meditation started. The Mother herself was singing. Instrumental music was heard but one could not see from where the notes came or which was the musical instrument. The Mother's voice was extremely sweet and melodious and evoked spontaneous concentration. It was a peaceful, exhilarating and elevating atmosphere. I was all along aware of being in a grand new world. This continued for quite some time. Then I saw something marvellous!

The Mother and Sri Aurobindo, two together in one body, were seen in front of each and every one at the same time, in a benediction-pose, with their right hand showing grace and love. What an indescribable scene of wonder and beatitude! Everything became quiet and peaceful. Suddenly an ear-piercing resounding victory conch was heard. Simultaneously the children were seen wonder-struck as their physical bodies were slowly and gradually undergoing change and they attained

youth. The young people turned strong and well-built while the aged were transformed into the prime of youth. The animals and birds were released from their genetic lineage and were seen in different beautiful forms. Now it started drizzling and then pouring. The novelty of the phenomenon was that it rained in many different colours and finally in silver and gold! This view was also fascinating. Eventually the rain stopped and nothing but the golden light was visible everywhere.

All of a sudden, my glance fell on the upper portion of Matrimandir and I beheld a blazing, glorious, ravishing, golden sun covering the entire firmament! Instead of heat, it effused golden light and delightful coolness. My gaze went back to the throne and I saw everyone (men, women, children, birds, animals) standing in adoration in a posture of Namaskar (folded hands in obeisance). The marvel of this moment brought me a novel experience. It was a peerless spectacle. Everything appeared to be golden. Instantaneously a cascade of golden light from the sky poured into Matrimandir. At that time I sensed that a number of persons were sitting nearby but I could not see them clearly. I had a feeling that the golden light fell on all and penetrated inside. The whole hall was suffused with golden light. Now one could not see anything except the golden light. Suddenly Sri Aurobindo's and the Mother's hand of blessing was seen caressing not only my head but everyone's. Everything became peaceful. Once again a sweet melody was heard. My eyes opened. It is just impossible to formulate in words the impact of the moment on my body. As I write this, golden Lanka of the *Ramayana* comes to my mind.

When I came down, saturated with Peace, Ananda, Love and Joy, a Matrimandir worker put into my hands an enlarged 20" x 24" size photo of Matrimandir. This seemed to me very interesting. It was a photo of Matrimandir in golden colour. Another person also gave me a number of other photos Matrimandir.

Victory, Victory, Victory to the Mother!

Note

On 28th morning, Sushilaben saw me in connection with her work. After it was over, while going, she smiled softly, full of past happy and fond memories, and informed me, "Today is Auroville foundation day. 17 years back, i.e. on 28th February 1969, the Mother gave a very beautiful message." I asked her to bring it.

In the evening when she came for the translation work, she, brought it and showed it to me. At that time Sushilaben's sister Lachmanben was also present. She saw this message for the first time and pointed out to me, "See, the words used by you while coming down from Matrimandir are similar to those written by the Mother in Her message. What a pleasant coincidence!" I too found it interesting. Why would I not feel so? The gracious Mother had taken me through a much more enchanting experience. Thereupon it occurred to me how lovely and apt it would be to crown my

vision with the perfect offering of Her Message in Her own hand. How the Mother arranged everything without my speaking a single word!

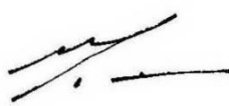
Victory, Victory, Victory! Victory again to the Mother!

Facsimile of the Mother's message is given here.

Nava and Sushila
for
Auroville

Nava
and
Sushila
for
Auroville

28. 2. 69

*"Let light, peace and joy
be with all those who
live in Auroville
and work for its realisation.
Blessings* 

28.2.1969

"Let light, peace and joy
be with all those who

live in Auroville
and work for its realisation.”
blessings

The Mother

Symbolic Vision in Waking State

25.6.1986

I was sitting, quietly. There was a soothing breeze all around. (Kamlaben and I were sitting on a step.) My seat slowly began to move, and then it started running like a fast train. It kept running further and further. Similar to what is seen from a running fast train, I was seeing the beauty of nature. At that time, I was wide awake. If I opened my eyes, the vision would vanish! If I shut my eyes, the fast train would start again. I was enjoying it the same way as a child would. This is interesting — but only for me — not for others; they might not even understand it. They might take it to be mere imagination.

A similar thing had happened at Shankaracharya’s hill. We were standing and the hill started moving.

On a second occasion, Dilipda’s samadhi also had started moving.

Today, the same thing happened for the third time, but there was a difference.

The moment I would open my eyes, everything would be at a standstill. If I closed my eyes, the fast (mail) train would start. This way, I tried three to four times. I, then, thought that I must go as everyone was waiting (for me), because it could not be predicted when this would end. What was surprising was that I was absolutely awake. I wanted to see how and when this vision would end, but circumstances were different.

Now, who will be interested in this? Yes, if he experienced it himself, he would surely enjoy it.

It strikes me now that in a way this is indicative also. At first, I took it to be fun, but now I understand it.

What is interesting is that except for the two of us (Kamalaben and I) no one was there, we were sitting on the lowest step, and the Mother made our seat run like a fast train. She was telling us, “Look, I am taking both of you at the speed of a fast train.” I could see everything fully awake, that is also indicative. After the experience of this vision I told Kamalaben, “Others cannot see. Like me, you will also realize later on how the Mother is leading you. I have told you several times that the Mother is taking us by a fast train.” Today, it was shown symbolically.

The vision was shown yesterday by the gracious, compassionate Mother; at first, I took it to be some kind of fun by the Mother. But, then, she alone gives the wisdom, “This vision was not for mere fun. It is a symbol of how I am leading you. The way you have become aware and conscious of my mission (direction), the same way, I had tried to show you a symbolic vision in your waking state.”

Sometimes, when the Mother speaks invisibly — only her voice is clearly audible. Rarely, in dreams does she appear and speak, it was not so this time. This was only my understanding, which later on got corroborated. All that is too long to tell and it is also personal.

Golden Virāt Purusha

1.1.1987

It is not a dream nor even a vision. The question is: by what name shall I call it? It is extremely difficult to put it in words. Yet I shall make an attempt. It gives me great delight. That is why I have made an effort to write. I would rather say that I cannot refrain from writing.

I happened to go to an altogether strange and unimaginable place. I do not even know how I managed to reach there. I am also unaware of all that took place. It is not something that one can write in brief.

My very existence was forgotten. ‘Who am I? From where have I come?’ I was unable to remember all this. Gradually I started looking around, and it seemed to me that I was in Sri Aurobindo’s Room. But the Room appeared to be totally different. It had no doors and windows, not even an entrance. I pondered, ‘How did I manage to come here?’ but could not recollect anything. This hall was absolutely unfamiliar. One has to give some name, hence I have used the word ‘hall’. Except for the glowing golden light, nothing was seen in the hall. Later a certain kind of melody was audible. Hearing it, I became calm and quiet and longed to go towards the direction from which it came. I got a tremendous pull from there. But from where was this cadence flowing in? from above, below, all round, everywhere — from where did it come? I could not make out. What a sweet, musical and ear-pleasing sound it was!

The tone of the mantra became louder and louder. Its incredible feature was that I thought I understood everything but at the end I felt that I did not comprehend anything. What a contradiction! Everything appeared to be so strange and yet so very natural! The notes then entered into my body. As soon as they penetrated into every cell of my body, these sounds were transformed into a variety of colours. And what luminous, radiant and fascinating colours! All these colours were rotating from top to bottom and from below upwards at a great speed. I was at a loss to know what was happening. After that numerous living figures made of these lucent colours were seen moving about

quietly within. They were communicating with one another through many gestures and signs. Then these forms came out of the cells and merged into the light that flooded the hall. At that time I could see nothing inside me but the golden light. And outside was seen a majestic, enchanting, glorious and gigantic **विराट्** (*virāt*) golden Purusha. How to write anything about this entrancing Virāt Purusha? On his forehead was a refulgent golden sun which, though blazing, was simultaneously effusing peace and coolness. Wherever this Virat Purusha cast his gaze, he dispersed rays of the golden light.

The scene then changed. This Virāt Purusha was holding many suns. He contained countless suns in his single body. In fact one can say that he was composed of suns only! What an ecstatic sight! It is indescribable. The Virāt Purusha's splendourous glance was vibrating love, grace, compassion and tenderness. All this is inexplicable. Then the huge hand of this God of gods (*devādideva* **देवादिदेव**) caressed my entire body. Instantly after his caress, I became bodyless. Yet I felt that someone was moving me all over in that immense space. The loud chant of

ॐ मृत्योर्माऽमृतं गमय

(Om lead me from mortality to immortality)

was heard. It was being repeated in several ways. Then the light of various colours was seen enveloping the whole area of this enormous place. Ultimately, all over the vast expanse, the golden light alone was visible. Simultaneously was heard the melodious, powerful and resonant chiming of the victory bells. I was absolutely spellbound.

I reflected: 'What was all this?' 'From where to where had I come?' Filled with gratitude, my body prostrated itself in Sashtang Pranam (obeisance of the whole body). I just did not feel like getting up from this posture of pranam. I had to force myself up. But the mind was lost in the experience undergone and in its vivid remembrance. Almost the whole night passed this state.

*

On the happy and auspicious day of 1st January 1987 at the august and sanctifying abode of pilgrimage — Sri Arvind Nivas, Vadodara.

*INTERPRETATIONS
OF CHAMPAKLAL'S VISIONS*

*Based on the Interpretations of the Symbols
Given by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother*

Interpretations of Champaklal's Visions

[We have made an effort to suggest possible interpretations of most of the visions with the help of the interpretations of the symbols given by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. However, for some of the visions, interpretations are not suggested as they are self-explanatory.]*

Ascent to Peace, Joy and Ananda

2.9.1976

The child is indicative of the psychic being. The light, colours and flowers are seen when there is a working of forces. The light indicates an illumination of the consciousness, the colour indicates the play of forces — mental, vital, physical — for the enlightenment of various parts of the being. The flowers indicate psychic activity, a blossoming of the consciousness. It is, therefore, evident that during this vision a very active psychic and a highly illumined consciousness are present in Champaklal. Even the Tree that is seen is of “Patience”. A tree normally symbolises the subconscious vital. Here, in his case, the tree is full of golden light (the light of the Divine Truth) and flowers which are shining like the Sun giving the appearance of many Suns. Then, Sri Aurobindo and the Mother are seen in a perfect golden light which is spreading all around from their golden bodies.

The general suggestion seems to be that by a patient waiting with the consciousness turned upward, one can connect even the subconscious vital to the Supermind whose embodiments are Sri Aurobindo and the Mother.

The dish and the cover over the dish might indicate the veil over the earth nature and mind, which must be first removed. The colour of this cover is black to start with, which means that there are forces of obscurity and darkness at work which are the first obstacle. It is significant that the cover over the dish can be opened only with the help of the Grace of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. The covers change after being removed successively into covers of different colours in the order: yellow (activity of the mind plane), pink (psychic love), blue (higher-mind at work, spiritual consciousness of Divine Truth), white (the force of purity and the power of Divine Truth), gold (knowledge).

Here, this means that as the mental consciousness grows higher and higher it finally meets the golden light of the Divine Truth as “gold at its most intense indicates something from the supramental”. It gets modified according to the level it crosses, creates the ranges from overmind to higher mind.

* A few interpretations and reactions by Nolini-da, K. Dixit, Amal, M. P. Pandit, Sundaram too are included here.

Then, there is the luminous golden lotus as a clear indication of how Champaklal's psychic being could come to be fully open and receive something from the Supramental.

After this, with the Grace of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, the ascent begins and ends in pale blue light, which is Sri Aurobindo's light. It was soothing and some movements took place in all the centres of his body, signifying the beginning of the action of the highest spiritual Force which by descending can open up from above what traditionally is described as the result of the arousing of the Kundalini, culminating in Peace, Joy and Ananda.

Annihilation of Evil

23.11.1976

Clouds are symbols of obscurity. Champaklal felt very uneasy at detecting this, which he saw as evil. However, with the help of a "formless" person emitting bright golden flames of Divine Truth the evil was annihilated. The entire atmosphere was filled with flames, but was extremely cool and soothing.

Two points have to be noted:

1. It is the eve of the golden jubilee of the overmind's descent.
2. It is Sri Aurobindo's own room where the vision takes place. The huge being emitting clouds of smoke was evidently trying to blot out Sri Aurobindo's presence from his room and to counteract the results on earth of the overmind's descent into him. The more huge being, made of fire and yet diffusing peace and coolness, which expelled with its light the other, was evidently the guardian power put by Sri Aurobindo in his room for earth's progress.

Wonderful Lion-shaped Figure

8.6.1978

The seeing of a waterfall shows that the "seer" is a recipient of some flow from the higher consciousness above, and golden sunlight symbolises the seeing of the direct light of the Truth.

As a symbol, the Lion means the vital force, strength, courage and power. Here this force is in service of the Lord and it is full of affection and peace.

Tapogiri

Illumined Place

17.6.1978

Zigzag paths seem to indicate that movement in life is intricate and progress in sadhana does not occur easily.

Mountains of various colours signify the ascent towards the higher consciousness through various planes. The illumined place is first seen (where some persons are there). After making a lot of effort, the consciousness becomes illumined.

Extraordinary Yajna at Tapogiri

This vision shows that after sacrifice and surrender and through the action of various inner forces the golden flames of Truth can be seen. One can grow from death to immortality and get absorbed in the Light of Truth. There may be a temptation to rest somewhere in a divine realm but one must resist it and keep on going higher and higher.

Lamp in Madhuvan

The flame of aspiration must burn constantly and must go beyond the influence of all intermediary splendours and rise ever upward until it can turn into golden flames — the sheer Light — of Truth.

The Vision at Lower Part of Matrimandir

7.12.1978

The smell of various flowers indicates the opening of the inner consciousness. The cutting of heads would indicate the removal of the mind consciousness which is man's ordinary instrument of inquiry and exploration. But behind the mind is the true power of which the mind is a distorted form. When this is set free from the distortion, a flow of white light takes place and this flow is what Auroville is intended to realise and can realise if it gives up the superficial course of ordinary thought. The next phase, after the liberation of this white light, is the turning of the whole truth of

mind into a higher consciousness which is symbolised by the golden light going more and more upward to the Divine Goal.

Auroville is essentially meant to be the precipitation of a consciousness of divine unity. This consciousness is like a vast atmosphere hanging over the city and trying to come down and be fixed in the minds and hearts of the people there.

Although all kinds of constructive activity are a part of Auroville's growth what is basic is a change of the being Auroville is fundamentally to be built with bricks of the enlightened and harmonious consciousness.

Journey of an Aspiring Soul towards Higher Planes

8.12.1978

The Voyage

“A beautiful record of a beautiful Voyage through other heavens towards the Highest Heaven.”

16.1.1970

NOLINIDA

“What you have seen in your vision is similar to what Aswapati saw, which is described in Book 2, Canto 14, page 295 of Savitri.”

SUNDARAM

These lines, from *Savitri* are reproduced below:

*“There he beheld in their mighty union’s poise
The figure of the deathless Two-in-One
A single being in two bodies clasped,
A diarchy of two united souls,
Seated absorbed in deep creative joy,
Their trance of bliss sustained the mobile world.”*

*

The forest, seen in the beginning, might indicate some unregenerated part of the vital nature. The birds, flowers and children indicate the activity of the psychic being. It is by this activity that one can go without moving physically (indicated by the earth itself moving) into higher and more beautiful regions. In this new world, all arrangements are perfectly done by the Father and the Mother, the “two who are one.” Having once reached the higher domains of consciousness, one lives less in the physical consciousness as indicated by the absence of physical necessities like food, etc., and most persons do not want to come down from these new and higher worlds.

The “two who are one” have spent many lives working towards these wonderful creations and bringing children (aspiring souls) “Worthy of higher things” to these higher regions. There is a promise for every aspiring soul. However, “Seeing is not enough, it has to be experienced and realised.” Finally, the dazzling golden light, the light of Divine Truth, is seen and there is total calm.

Golden Figure Enveloping Auroville

Matrimandir

“A portrayal of the forces and formations behind the construction upholding and inspiring it.”

16.1.1979

NOLINIDA

4.1.1979

This could be the vision of the future of Auroville, confirming the presence of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother above Matrimandir and Auroville, they continue to do the work. They are still taking care of all (as indicated by the appearance of a body with many hands and then with many eyes).

The flow of bright glistening liquid could mean a flow from the higher consciousness (lake). Then, the golden light of Supramental Truth spreads all around from the huge figure. This would bring in its wake the increase in the activities of the inner consciousness and progress in sadhana (indicated by the ringing of many bells).

Two Visions at Hyderabad, Darbar Hall

10.2.1979

Both the visions are a significant confirmation of what Sri Aurobindo and the Mother are doing from other worlds.

Golden Waterfall

The entire universe is covered, including its many open souls, by forces of darkness and obscurity, which are gradually vanquished with the appearance of a huge ball of dark red colour, symbolising the appearance of Divine Love. The “Waterfall” is a flow from the higher consciousness that dispels the hostile forces and paves the way for a “rainbow” — the sign of peace and deliverance. Finally, there is transparent golden water indicating a plane of consciousness that receives from the Supramental, ending in the appearance of a huge figure that looks after the universe. This is the Supramental Divine from whom the waters of Grace flow down to us.

Arrows Turning into Beautiful Flowers

The “arrows” coming from some unknown source are a sign of force going to its aim, in this case the blossoming of the consciousness and the activity of the psychic (symbolised by the mountains of flowers). This further, leads to the opening of another part of the consciousness (indicated by the lake). The psychic gradually governs the activities of all the parts of the body (flowers going into different parts of the body) and elevates the being to higher levels of consciousness.

Vision of Auroville Foundation Ceremony

21.2.1979

At first the Mother’s luminous love is seen permeating both the Auroville garden and the Matrimandir. Then there is a vision outlining the inner significance of the Auroville Foundation ceremony.

The Mother in Her Light of Divine Truth, the Supramental Light, is there above every participant from each country, who is riding a lion — the higher vital force of strength and courage and this force too is illumined by a higher spiritual consciousness.

It is to be noted that while each country’s flag and soil are individual to it and different from those of other countries, all the carriers of them have the same kind of animal to bear them along. Multiplicity and diversity are given a basis of unity by the “Vahana”, the vehicle of Durga moving

in the world in her supramental aspect. The presence of the Supermind not only covers everything from above, it also supports everything from below.

Mother in Golden Body

16.4.1979

The interpretation by Amal Kiran is given after the Preface.

“It is more than a vision.

It is a concrete experience. The reality of it communicates itself to the reader. It confirms our faith that Mother is very active and working through her chosen instruments.

As I feel it, what happened to you in this experience can be a landmark in her manifestation. It needs to be well assimilated.

I feel deep joy in your experience.”

5.5.1979

M. P. PANDIT

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“Soon after receiving the Golden Vision, I felt that I had received a lot.

It is my faith that Sri Aurobindo and the Mother are always present and they are doing the last work of the physical transformation of Mankind (or this world) along with the other works for the maintenance of this world. This faith is strongly supported by your dreams, visions and experiences. I get the satisfaction of almost experiencing myself your experiences.

In the first dream (2.9.1976), the black lid of the external earth nature is transformed by its Supramental, golden flame and bliss. It appears that the children participating in it belong to the Supramental world.

Regarding the vision near the bed (23.11.1976), I believe that it is the transformation of the nervous sheath.

In the third — I think it shows that this whole cosmos is His creation, He is doing everything, and is taking us more and more close to Him.

In the fourth (16.4.1979) — the Mother has come nearer to us and the world. By the vibrations in the center of the forehead and the fire, the work of transformation of the physical proceeds.

By the blow of the golden hammer the part of the inner physical which resists is thrown out. The way is opened for the Mother's golden light to descend in our inner being and stay, illumine and spread there.

In addition to the cosmic form of the Mother, Her eternal luminous golden form is also seen. We have the vision of both, the form of Light and the formless Light.

The criticism by the intellect is utterly vain. How can it have even a glimpse of the vision and the experience? As Sanjay says at the end of the Gita, "I cherish again and again the memories of this." The memory of God's marvellous form amazes me and I enjoy it enormously. In the absence of the experience, it would be desirable and beneficial to meditate upon it now and then. May the presence of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo become eternal."

16.4.1979

K. DIKSHIT

Vision at Govind Dham

30.6.1979

A vision of help in Sadhana by the Divine Grace from above. The path of yoga (climbing the mountain of existence) is full of obstacles (valleys) dotted by the activities of the subconscious vital (trees). The river represents some movements of consciousness. An awakening in the consciousness may be a temptation for a sadhak to remain immersed in that level only, mistaking it for the higher or final attainments. If one flows away (with the flow of river water) in only that level of consciousness, then "a lot of work remains undone".

However, help comes from the Divine Grace in the personification of Sadhu Babaji. He invokes and seeks strength and courage from the Divine Grace (Mahimnastotra) and a Hanuman-like leap takes them across to a very high and fascinating level of consciousness.

Remember the message clearly! A Hanuman-like (Herculean) effort is required to scale the peaks in Sadhana; then only can one find the golden light of Divine Truth.

This unexpected and impossible seeming leap is due wholly to the Grace.

On the Way to Hemkund

1.7.1979

Digambar means a saint without clothes, here signifying a person who does not live in the physical consciousness. Only such a person could be the right guide in sadhana. At once, one begins to see another part of consciousness (water) which is beautiful. Another significant indication derives from the legs being very firm and steady. The very foundation, the base and each step of sadhana have to be very firm and steady. No short cuts!

The psychic, then, gradually starts blooming (flowers). A lot of active energy for work (dark green and dark blue) is required, as level by level the higher planes of consciousness are reached (yellow, pink, light blue, etc.). Finally, the brilliant golden light of Divine Truth is seen and one discovers and realises one's self and the Divine Truth (Thousand-petalled lotuses).

*“A stillness absolute, incommunicable,
Meets the sheer self-discovery of the soul...”*

Savitri, 3.2.

Significantly, there are seven persons right on top, the number seven symbolising Realisation.

The Mother and the “Aspiration” Flowers

5.7.1979

New-born babies indicate the opening of the psychic in various individuals. The place is charged with spiritual consciousness (blue light) and the light of Truth (golden light). Even the Mother's presence is seen, giving blessings to all.

In this vision, the importance of calm, steady aspiration is emphasized — aspiration not only in the surface existence but in every part of the being (as symbolised by the “aspiration” flowers going like arrows flitting into different parts of bodies of persons). The entire being should demand God. It is significant that some persons do reject the “aspiration” flowers. Their whole being is hard and closed. However, those who received them in their bodies merged into the higher consciousness which is invisible to physical eyes.

This vision shows a combined effect of Grace from above and a strong aspiration from below.

The Mother has given the significance of “aspiration” flowers as “Aspiration in the physical for the Supramental Light”. They are “clustered, persistent, obstinate, organised and methodical.” She has further said, “All sincere aspiration and complete consecration will have a response and the processes, means, transitions, transformations will be innumerable in nature. In fact, anything, everything that is ready to receive even a particle or a particular aspect of the supramental consciousness and light must automatically receive it. And the effects of this consciousness and light will be innumerable, for they will certainly be adapted to the possibilities, the capacity of each

one according to the sincerity of his aspiration. The more total the consecration and the intenser the aspiration, the more integral and intense can be the result.” *

In this vision, the Mother is seen standing on top of the mountain of “aspiration” flowers, signifying that it is with aspiration that one can climb the mountain of existence. As mentioned in *Savitri*, She is “The magnet of our difficult ascent.... Towards her our knowledge climbs, our passion gropes”.

A Vision at the Lake Estate

14.8.1979

“The place visited is outside of our divisions of time, for even those who have passed away are present. It is a place where the psychic consciousness prevails, as is proved by “folded hands and a deep prayerful mood”. But here this consciousness is not only within; it is also manifested without — “eyes closed” and “eyes open”. Two of the signs of the psychic were there; “simplicity and genuine faith without any kind of pretension.” There is also the characteristic of Grace from the spiritual planes; the “heavy rainfall.” The psychic’s capacity to receive it is shown by the lake being full. The spontaneous attunement of the psychic with the beauty of Nature is spotlighted by the remembrance of the Mother’s statement about the aesthetic sense of the Japanese. The lotuses white and red point to the presence of the Avatars; the Mother and Sri Aurobindo. The lilies point to the inherent purity of the beings in this plane. The automatic results of the movement of the beings here are symbolised by fruit found as if by magic in the hands when their palms are opened after the eyes have looked up.

Champaklal’s own psychic being is seen in the form of that “charming young boy” who comes to guide and who acts as if he knew Champaklal and with whom Champaklal too feels familiar. Some traits of the plane are revealed by the animals with whom the children are playing — the speed of spiritual progress (deer), strength with illumined wisdom (elephants), the Divine’s power (horses), the Divine’s light (cows). The ferocity and rapacity which are ordinarily associated with lions and tigers are found to be absent here since these animals are not to be observed. But the truth behind them is not lacking in spirituality; the lordly strength behind the lion and the fiery energy behind the tiger are part of the Divine’s manifestation, but they belong to another dimension of the inner life than the psychic and, when that dimension merges with this, they will be realised. Note the reply of the boy, “The Mother has said that the time has not yet come for us to go where they are.”

* From Mother’s Collected Works, Vol. 8, p. 178.

The Mother wants Champaklal to be acquainted through his own soul with the various projects for the psychic being's developing influence for the earth's future. The Mother is all-pervading, everywhere present to the soul in whatever aspect the soul shows.

And the soul itself too is not bound to one place; its opening to the Mother gives it the ability to be everywhere. And both the facts bring great joy.

The psychic plane is not static. There are lessons to be learned from the Divine all the while and at every stage of the soul's experience after its entry there during its sadhana. The Prasad Bhavan stands for the central point of the plane, where the psychic's intrinsic sweetness is most directly and intensely experienced. It is approachable only by those who live in the psychic consciousness. A symbol of the psychic nature's self-giving is the gigantic Service Tree in full bloom; but the branches touching the ground and barring the way shows that one cannot develop the Service-temper easily. A secret has to be found. A small pillar signifying perhaps some stiffness in the being has to be put down. The boy pressing his foot on it seems to suggest this.

Past the sharing of the Service-temper there is the dome-shaped building. Possibly the dome represents a rounding-off, a completeness of being. It is also evocative of the sense of the sky which appears like a dome. This evocation would mean the Overhead Consciousness with which the psychic has to link up. Within this dome-shaped building is what I have called the central point of the psychic plane, the Prasad Bhavan where there is, as it were, the quintessence of the Divine. It is a deep core surrounded by a wall (with no door or window) where one may have the experience which an Aurobindonian poet has expressed in regard to the Divine Mother:

*Your spirit is my spirit, deep in the deep,
Walled by a wizardry of shining sleep.*

Here within a golden circle an opening is made to the overhead Sun of the planes beyond the mind, the planes which rise ultimately into the Supramental. In its own manner the psychic plane represents the Transcendent, for it is a projection directly from the Highest to stand behind the universal manifestation. And it is from this inmost fusion of the soul-plane with the supreme station of the Divine that a dish, giving what we have named the quintessence of the Divine, comes out, bringing the marvellous Prasad.

While Champaklal is coming out of the Bhavan he gets a view of the vital world under the psychic influence — the exceptionally pretty fishes of varied forms and colours. Champaklal draws an inference about earthly food being cooked in the future by solar energy. His inference is symbolic too. It implies that we shall live on an earth whose sustenance of us will be derived from the Supramental Light.

The closing words of the Mother mean that what she is preparing for us by way of psychic experience is not yet ready. But before we share our life with her in our depths we may be assured that even in our present half-developed condition the Mother is always with us.”

Gift of Brilliant Beautiful Asana

3.10.1979

The Asanas — of dazzling snow-white light — symbolise the basis of a supreme new earth-life of unchanging immortal Ananda-Light of the Divine Mother brought by the Supramental Godhead. On this basis a new luminous creation takes place with a diversity of embodied consciousness, symbolised by the different colours. The harmony of the diverse manifestation is shown by the music which is at once exquisite and elevating.

A Journey to the New-World

14.11.1979

The vision is about a book on a journey to the New World. Many people are trying to undertake this journey or seek the truth.

The huge tent might mean the ascending consciousness in transit or under transformation. Many people are bunched together in that state in their search for truth. It is symbolic that Champaklal forgot his own name, signifying that he perhaps lost his own sense of identity. This is but natural as the ego should get gradually eliminated when one gets more and more identified with the higher consciousness as one gets closer to it. Even the Mother wanted a new world with a new race “that has no ego, that has in place of the ego the Divine Consciousness,... which will allow the race to develop itself and the supramental being to take birth.” However, the most important thing, that is, the key to Divine Realisation given by the Mother Herself, is lost by them. Very often, the seekers of truth neglect and lose the simplest and yet the most important thing (the key) and look for some complicated methods. The person, who has carefully preserved the key given by the Mother, is not easily recognised. Finally, he gets what is due to him and the key is found by the owners.

The key is the key to Divine Realisation given by the Mother and it should never be lost.

Conquest of the Asura on Mahasamadhi Day

9.12.1979

This is a vision of how Sri Aurobindo and the Mother are protecting everyone against evil forces.

The Service Tree over the Samadhi is not ordinary, it does not cover only the Samadhi, but also the whole universe. It might represent here the transformed and Universalized Higher Vital that protects the seat of God.

The people who are meditating are seen with the fire of aspiration coming out from their bodies. It is coming out from different centres (chakras) in different individuals. The colour of the fire coming out from each one indicates the consciousness; white (the Mother's Light), red (Divine Love), Green (Vital Energy), yellow (Mind Plane), blue (Illumined Mind), pink (Psychic Love), golden (Light of Divine Truth).

The Asura represents the evil forces that are at work even in the premises of the Ashram; they even want to destroy the samadhi and the Symbolic Yajurvedi (sacrificial fire). Significantly, none of the persons in meditation is disturbed by the Asura. He is finally vanquished by the descent of brilliant, white light (The Mother's Light) followed by the descent of the "Two-in-one" figure radiating bright golden light of Divine Truth, indicating clearly the presence of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother.

Recitation of Savitri by Sri Aurobindo

26.12.1979

The flute is the symbol of the spiritual call or call of the Divine. Sri Krishna is connected with its playing — Sri Krishna who, is the Avatar from the Overmind plane. Champaklal has often heard the Divine's call from there — the magnetism of the spiritual consciousness. What is beyond the spiritual is the Supramental. Sri Aurobindo is the Avatar from the Supermind. The tune of an unknown instrument which may be called a super-flute is Sri Aurobindo's means of calling the soul. What this highest music means is symbolised by Sri Aurobindo's recitation of his "*Savitri*" which is the epic of the supreme truth descended on earth to save the evolving soul from the ignorance into which it has plunged and to transform the earth — conditions within which it evolves. The room which is called "the long passage" suggests the length of the inner endeavour towards the truth of the Supermind summoning the soul.

Loving Mother and the Baby

2.2.1980

Seeing of one's own dead body could mean that some obstructing part of consciousness is thrown out and one can, then, get suffused with the Mother's Consciousness (the white light).

The snow-white ball on the heart is the Mother's pressure towards freeing the soul into its divine source.

The beautiful baby in the Mother's lap is Champaklal's psychic being which is the "True Child of the Mother". He wants to remain in the psychic consciousness always. It is quite significant that Champaklal got this dream on his birthday.

*

"For me, your dreams are encouraging, inspiring and enlightening. They enhance my faith.

In this dream, I have noticed three things.

One — The inner consciousness can be separated completely from the body.

Two — The Mother's Force is transforming the mind, the vital and the body — particularly the body now.

Three — The many forms of the Mother, here, mainly the loving Mother is giving a taste of love to the love-thirsty and (in turn) making him full of love. When the soul is liberated from the veil of ignorance and darkness of the mind, the vital and the body, it sees only the Mother and She becomes his entire goal.

Joy of understanding is one thing whereas the joy of a Divine experience is another. The former can never match the latter. May it open the door to your inner self and stabilise there more and more."

K. DIKSHIT

Mysterious Worlds

29.2.1980

The multi-storeyed building could be taken to indicate a new creation. The fullness of it consists in both ascent to the Truth and descent with the Truth to the earth. The centre on each level is where the representative of the Divine is situated. From there one has to seek help of the highest knowledge. This knowledge always responds in a mysterious way.

Though the Truth (top floor) is free of access to all, very few wish to go there and of those who wish to go there very few are able to reach the top. The ups and downs of Sadhana are hinted at. The desert might mean the vast but bare consciousness, indicating that "Truth is like a vast, pathless

land” and one can get lost in one’s search for truth. The psychic (symbolised by the children) should, then, become active and lead along the path indicated by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. One may then reach the highest consciousness — the supramental consciousness or one can get a glimpse of it. However, “Only a little the God-light can stay”. It is very difficult to hold permanently that state of consciousness (the Mother’s Temple where Sri Aurobindo presides).

In the next scene the golden building indicates something from the Supreme Divine. The path is difficult, but, with the help of total self-giving to the innocent guidance by one’s soul (Rabbit) one can go along the right path and ultimately achieve the victory of spiritual forces (Peacock) and total transformation (body of white — the Mother’s Light).

A Dream Transcending Time

11.5.1980

An actual experience, transcending time.

This vision shows that in the path of yoga a total surrender and offering “of oneself and all one is and has and every plane of the consciousness and every movement to the Divine” is required. Here, under instructions from the priest, a ceremony is done with flowers meaning that sadhana is done through the activity and play of the psychic being. Offering of mere external things is superficial, and without true value. One must “Offer everything from within”. “When you give yourself, give completely, without demand, without condition, without reservation so that all in you shall belong to the Divine Mother.” Such an extraordinary ceremony of offering can be done only by a few people, not everyone can do it. One can visualise the ascent to the higher consciousness (Range of Mountains) only after such an offering and explore the vast expanse of Truth which is full of glittering sand. One may, first, see one’s individualised consciousness (Pool of Water); which in this case is golden (full of Divine Truth).

However, one has to strip oneself completely of the past, offer everything and then even the dark forces of obscurity in one’s earth-nature will automatically vanish. One can then experience “OM! Shanti!” — the peace and bliss.

The vision clearly points out that such a state of peace and bliss is attainable only by those who have the will, the aspiration and total surrender. It is not possible for those, for whom the “Time is not yet right”. Champaklal himself has said in *Prarthana ane Udgaro* — “Do whatever you can with total devotion — with all strength — surrender everything at the feet of the Divine alone — Gracious Mother will give happiness, peace and bliss.”

After the end of the vision, Champaklal faces an unusual time-problem. The impression created by this phenomenon is that the inner time-sense does not correspond to the outer one. Also, what

the right time is for attaining the state of peace figuring in the dream cannot be calculated by our outer time-sense.

A Sheet of Cloth with Snow-white Light

11.9.1980

Some kind of activity of the vital being seems to be going on. Then a power from the higher world comes and takes up the individuals in a protective sheath of the inner self and absorbs their consciousness into the psychic plane. His hands with their various colours are imbuing each person with various phases of the beautiful inner consciousness.

Being tied in the same bundle would suggest that a deep unity and harmony are created and a collective movement made towards a goal which lies far from the outer common world vitalistic activity.

Experience of Sudarshan Chakra

Significance of Chakras*

“There are in the human system certain key centres of consciousness. They run along the spinal column, but not in the physical body. They are located in the subtle body though their areas of operation are in the physical. Each centre is a focus for a particular form of consciousness and the action of its power. The configuration of these vortices of energies resembles a wheel to the subtle vision and hence they are known as chakras. It is possible to awaken the consciousness and the attendant power — focalised at a centre by concentrating upon it....

These seven centres are widely recognised in the Yogic systems.... In our Yoga, however, we do not employ this set laboured process but open our whole being to the Divine Power, the Yoga-Shakti, that presides over our endeavour; this Shakti acts upon the centres of consciousness.... This way the activising of the centres proceeds in a more natural way.”

An Unforgettable Wonderful Experience in Kottakal

* *Commentaries on the Mother's Ministry* — M.P. Pandit, part 2, page 148.

14.9.1980

“The clear, commanding, compassionate voice which is neither Sri Aurobindo’s nor the Mother’s must be Champaklal’s own inmost or highest being calling to his outer consciousness. It may be his psychic being speaking, because it is telling him, “Come with me”.

The Dhara Patthi seems to symbolise the gross physical basis of our earth-life, the inconscient or subconscious. The hidden consciousness proper to it is pulled upward. This is a phenomenon to which it is not accustomed and it cannot respond rightly at first. Naturally some uneasiness and fear are caused in Champaklal. But soon the assurance is given that from every side there is an illuminating protection, the four lamps on the four corners of the Dhara Patthi. With this help and guidance the basic physical consciousness becomes steady and rises higher and higher, first slowly and then with a surprising rapidity. But the progress is first through the universal counterpart of the individual physical consciousness. And here it is as if from the ordinary ignorance there is a movement into the subconscious or inconscient depths (“pitch darkness”). Strangely, after the extreme of gloom there is an entry into less gloom and once more the ordinary ignorance is felt. (“the space... filled with ash colour”.) Beyond it is the realm of sheer light and at the end of the omnipresent whiteness a lustrous sun is seen, but it is bright-red and not golden. This appears to be the aspect of the Supermind acting to transform the physical. Its first contact is as if to burn the body and suffocate the ordinary embodied self, which is alien to that divine subtlety. The psychic assurance from within dispels the discomfort. The grossness of the body, which resists the bright red sun, is shed off under the purifying power of the flames and the true hitherto-concealed part of the body is felt — something light like a flower — which is in affinity with the red sun and receives bliss from it. Passing through the sun it grows entirely new and comes into touch with all the depth beyond depth of the transcendent existence, marked by sun after sun at great distances from each other.

When Champaklal returns from the high experience, the bodily newness he felt is represented now by the fact that he feels as if he was a little above the patthi and he finds the light of planes beyond the physical entering his etherealised body-sense. Once more the process of rising is repeated and now there is no passing through different degrees of darkness. A straight experience of the Supramental Sun of golden light comes and from the perception of an individual illumination there arises the perception of the whole universe pervaded by the golden light. His body is now a part of this transformed cosmos and is no longer the matter that it was but is a pure luminous substance.

A return to the waking life is imminent and the inmost being warns Champaklal to be ever vigilant, ever alert. But before the waking moment comes as a result of the massage-man telling him to “turn” the final consummating experience is undergone, the entry into the Divine Sun with a sense of “unimaginable coolness” in the body as if the body were no stranger to the wonderful resplendence of the Divine but a natural resident of it, feeling no discomforting burning.

This experience of being a natural portion of the Supreme Light leads to the impression that now the Mother and Sri Aurobindo have taken complete charge of him so that henceforth they and not he would do everything in the future.

What we can guess is that the subtle physical is now completely one with the psychic being and rests securely in the hands of our two divine gurus who have shown through the varied phases of the experience the possibility of the human realising its own supramental truth, down to the very world of matter.

All must hearken to their psychic being and learn from it to search for the Divine Truth without fear and with perfect trust, making no formations by expecting one thing or another but following the uplifting lead of the soul-consciousness. Ultimately, it will lead to a divinisation of the material being by the Power from which the soul has come into the evolutionary process.”

AMAL

The Assurance from the Mother

8.4.1981

This vision is self-explanatory.

We reproduce below a “Tribute to the Mother” by Nolini-da from Shri Nirodbaran’s book *Sweet Mother*.

“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.”

“Thus, though she has left her material body, she has given us instead her golden body. Not that alone, even materially she has seen to it that we do not suffer from indigence in her absence. Our material prosperity has not been affected by her physical withdrawal. God has fully paid his debt to man. Her bounty is flowing as abundantly as before.”

An Experience of Om

6.6.1981

“AUM”

The Mother has said,

“Om has a transforming power.

Om represents the Divine.

Om is the signature of God.”

Sri Aurobindo has said,

“In all Yoga, there are indeed many preparatory objects of thought concentration, forms, verbal formulas of thought, significant names, all of which are supports to the mind in this movement, all of which have to be used and transcended; the highest support according to the Upanishads is the mystic syllable AUM, whose three letters represent the Brahman or Supreme Self in its three degrees of status, the Waking Soul, the Dream Soul and the Sleep Soul, and the whole potent sound rises towards that which is beyond status as beyond activity. For of all Yoga of knowledge the final goal is the Transcendent.” *

“AUM is the syllable (the Imperishable One); one should follow after it as the upward song (movement) for with AUM one sings (goes) upwards; of which this is the analytical explanation.”

“OM is the symbol and the thing symbolised.” †

“OM is this imperishable Word, OM is the Universe, and this is the exposition of OM. The past, the present and the future, all that was, all that is, all that will be, is OM. Likewise, all else that may exist beyond the bounds of Time, that too is OM.” ‡

An Experience of Boundless Ananda

23.12.1981

The vision begins with Champaklal having, a very sincere aspiration to attain or reach a realm of consciousness (place) guided by Sri Aurobindo. He seems to be sitting on the verge of the higher

* Sri Aurobindo Birth Centenary Library, Vol. 20, p. 305.

† Ibid., p. 393.

‡ Sri Aurobindo Birth Centenary Library, Vol. 12, p. 289.

mental plane (indicated by ‘thought’) which readily responds to the call from his psychic being and immediately the help comes in the form of a vehicle driven by the Divine Force (Sri Aurobindo).

After this initial lead given by the Divine, one may have to walk all alone in the sadhana and one can do it if one is clear about the path, as is the case with Champaklal. He comes to the right place but it is surrounded by many other “fascinating” buildings symbolising the distractions and outward temptations that one may encounter in sadhana. The right place is only one, which Champaklal naturally identifies correctly and he gets drawn to it because he has already established that all-important contact — the contact with the Divine Consciousness (Sri Aurobindo and the Mother). The obstacles are broken and “the door opens automatically.”

The “Yajna” of self-purification is to be performed if one is to enter the realm of higher consciousness. Sri Aurobindo chanting vedic hymns perhaps symbolises that one has to go beyond the mind and experience directly the various forces or the free play of the Divine. Initially, these are experienced as individual domains of consciousness (the ‘halls’) and the psychic/inner being keeps pushing one to go ahead all the time, not to rest or be content in a particular domain. Once the course of sadhana is guided by the psychic being, it gradually is stripped clear of various doubts and obstacles created by the mind and one can have amazing experiences and feel the Divine presence and the Unseen Force that guides, pulls and charts out the entire course.

Champaklal at one stage, the penultimate stage, feels very uneasy and greatly suffocated, indicating that his inner consciousness has reached such a height that it can no longer remain confined or imprisoned in that state (‘hall’), because it is not the end of his course. This state of discomfort was finally broken with the help of a god-like inner force or the force of the psychic being which ultimately takes Champaklal into something beyond — into the immediate vicinity of the Divine (Sri Aurobindo) and then thrusts him forward, breaking all the individualised domains of consciousness, into the sheer infinity of the Divine consciousness. Immediately, he sees the golden light of the Divine Truth and hears the Divine Voice.

The touch of an invisible person brings a transformation symbolised by the circulation of the fluid in each atom of his body culminating in his entire being getting permeated by the golden fluid of Supramental Consciousness, “The rapture of things eternal filled his limbs.” Later he even transcends all the bodily experiences and through only “Light” he ultimately experiences the transformation into the formless “boundless Ananda”.

“Above, the boundless hushed beatitudes.”

Savitri, 3. 2

A Magnificent Mystic Darshan

13.7.1984

In this experience, Champaklal already finds himself with the Mother in the new world (“Futuristic place”) which received the light of the Supramental Consciousness (“golden light”) and from where Sri Aurobindo also could be seen in his, new supramentalised body.

A number of persons come, offer their salutations to Sri Aurobindo and disappear, signifying that most people cannot stay in a state of higher consciousness for a long time, their visits are only momentary. Each one has his own unique way of doing “Pranam”, one of them even formulates a variety of “Mudras”. All-these reveal one truth or another about the nature and multi-faceted development of the human personality. The last person, after doing the “Pranam”, Chants “OM” — the word symbolising the “Brahman” — which appears to bring down the golden light of the higher consciousness. This person ultimately seems to expand and merge into the gross universe.

The Mother now leads Champaklal in the new world, towards the Divine Truth symbolised by the golden sun. The saviour touch of the Divine (the Mother) brings coolness to Champaklal’s body and does not allow the intense heat to burn it to ashes. A “Mighty transformation” is felt by Champaklal who experiences a “Celestial ecstasy”. The “transformation” can only be experienced, it cannot be expressed.

Having transformed Champaklal, the Mother herself leads him into the Light of the Supramental Truth and Force (the Golden Sun), Sri Aurobindo being its embodiment is there. Champaklal puts his head on Sri Aurobindo’s lap signifying his total self-surrender and has the transcendental darshan of “two-in-one” symbolising the Ultimate who is both Ishwara and Shakti together and a unified non-dual not in the old sense but in the sense that being twofold brings yet no division.

During this experience, Champaklal seems to have reached the state which is the highest state of his psychic being (in the form of a “lovely baby”) which has merged in Sri Aurobindo and the Mother:

“Existence found its truth on Oneness’ breast”.

A Message from the Mother

20.2.1985

One of the earlier visions (16.4.79): it was a symbolic indication that a lot of work of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother was being done through Champaklal, who is now, spreading the Light of Truth wherever he goes.

In this vision, this message is verbally communicated by the Mother and Sri Aurobindo and by their pleasing way (laughter) they indicate that the work is to be done in the true spirit of joy and ananda.

*“Thou hast leaped into a glad divine abyss;
But where hast thou thrown self’s mission and self’s power?*

...

*Something thou cam’st to do from the Unknown,
But nothing is finished and the world goes on...”*

Savitri

A Vision of the Famous French Artist, Claude Monet*

2.6.1985

Art (in this case painting) can be one of the many means of expressing the Self and the various forms of Reality. The search for Reality is unending. In the universalised vital plane, one can meet a fellow co-seeker of the Reality, as happened in this vision.

* Claude Monet, 1840-1926, France, impressionist painter, was born in Paris and first studied under Boudin. In 1860, he went to Africa, where he performed two years military service. After his return to Paris he became one of the original group of impressionist painters, which included Manet, Renoir and Dégas. The rest of his life was spent in the study of colour and light; he abandoned all grays, blacks and browns and tried, by dividing all his tones into the primary colours of the spectrum, to reproduce on canvas the transparency of light. His landscapes are remarkable for their luminosity and brilliance; his careful devotion to his task is shown by his series of paintings of the same subjects at different hours of the day — such as his series of cathedrals, of hayricks and of lily ponds. If his work is somewhat weak in design, he and his fellow impressionists nevertheless rendered a great service to French art, though at first greatly derided by the critics; they freed it from the traditions of a dead classicism and provided their followers with a new method of rendering qualities of atmosphere and of light.

(Webster’s Unified Dictionary and Encyclopedia 4, K-Pend, p. 1126)



After seeing the vision Champaklal was told that this had been Claude Monet's favourite tree, which he had drawn in most of his paintings.

Photo: Kiran Vyas

The search for Truth has to be very silent as repeatedly instructed in this case. The sleep becomes a perfect slumber unlike a normal sleep on earth, from which one does not want to get out.

Finally, even after receiving the golden light of Divine Truth, one should not abandon the other "children who are struggling for the new light", one should help and guide them earnestly as an instrument of the Divine.

The Mother in Golden Lotus

A Vision at Paris

1985

The grace of the Mother (white light) and Sri Aurobindo pour over Paris and the Supramental Light with Sri Aurobindo and the Mother is seen. What started in Paris, became a Universal phenomenon and the sun of Supramental Light is at its full.

A vision covering the past, the present and the future.

Symbolic Vision in Waking State

25.6.1986

This is an actual experience of the rapid progress in sadhana by the Grace of the Mother who is Herself leading Champaklal.

Golden Virāt Purusha

1.1.1987

Champaklal finds himself in an altogether strange place and he loses even his own individual identity. This new place or the “hall” is not the common type with doors, windows, etc., seen in the physical world. It is a place in the new world, filled with the golden light of the Supramental Truth and it can be reached only through a higher consciousness that transcends all earthly consciousness. Here, “Self’s vast spiritual silence” is experienced and a sweet, musical sound of a mantra is heard which gradually enters the cells of the body and through an interplay of various forces — as indicated by the colours — it transforms them as symbolised by the numerous living figures representing the vital being getting merged into the light of the higher consciousness.

Outside was seen a golden universal Purusha, the physical embodiment of the Supramental Truth. His body was composed only of suns, implying that each cell of His body was Supramentalised. The very glance and touch of this “Virāt Purusha” of the material universe lifted Champaklal into a higher consciousness where “Life from beyond grew a conqueror of death” as symbolised by the chant of “OM! Lead me from mortality to immortality” and the sound of victory bells.

Thus, this beautiful vision begins with the “Forget thyself”^{*} type of experience and gradually unfolds the process of transformation into a higher consciousness, immersing Champaklal in the light of the Supramental Truth:

*“His soul was a delegation of the All
That turned from itself to join the one Supreme.”*

Savitri, 3. 3

^{*} Devotional song written by Champaklal in ‘Prarthna ane udagaro’.



Champaklal seeing a vision in Claude Monet's garden lawn.

Photo: Kiran Vyas

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Sources of the extracts used in this book are given below.

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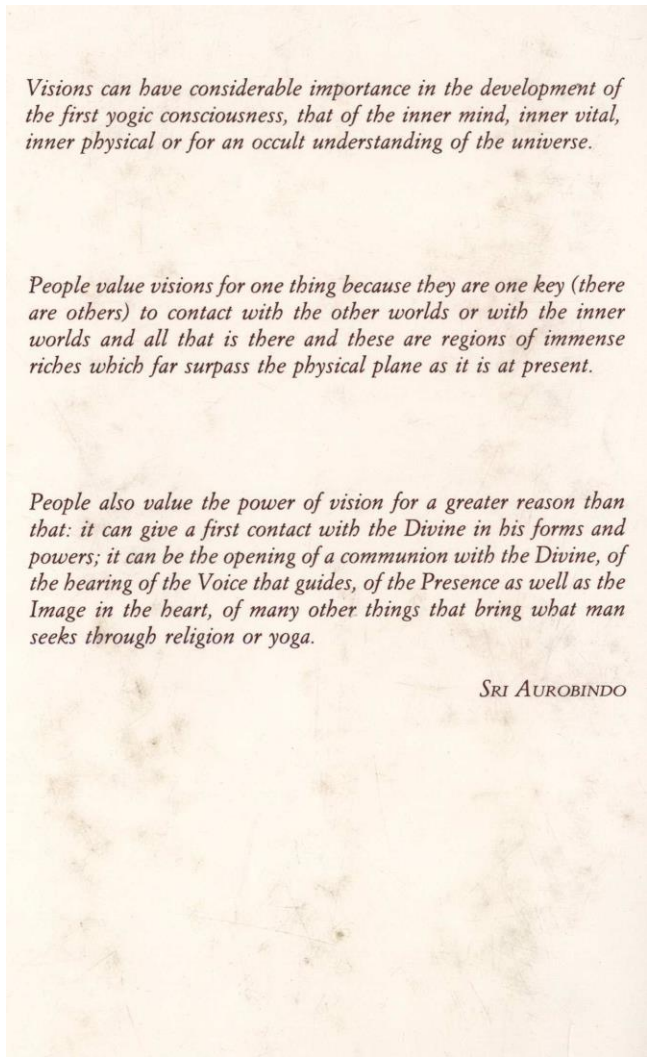
Back Cover

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People value visions for one thing because they are one key (there are others) to contact with the other worlds or with the inner worlds and all that is there and these are regions of immense riches which far surpass the physical plane as it is at present.

People also value the power of vision for a greater reason than that: it can give a first contact with the Divine in his forms and powers; it can be the opening of a communion with the Divine, of the hearing of the Voice that guides, of the Presence as well as the Image in the heart, of many other things that bring what man seeks through religion or yoga.

Sri Aurobindo



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