

## All India Magazine — July 2014

*Matter shall reveal the Spirit's face. — Sri Aurobindo*

### *Eight Visions of the Mother*

On 28 May 1958, the Mother recounted a vision she once had of a wonderful Being of Love and Consciousness, emanated from the Supreme Origin and projected directly into the Inconscient so that the creation would gradually awaken to the Supramental Consciousness. The Mother's talk of 28th May 1958 is reproduced as the first article in the following pages.

The Mother's account of this vision was brought out in **November 1906** in the *Revue Cosmique*, a monthly review published in Paris. Six other visions followed in 1906 and 1907. Although these accounts are unsigned, the fact that they begin with the same words, are written in the same style and develop on the same lines of experience, makes it almost certain that they are by the Mother.

This conclusion is **confirmed** by recent evidence (1980s) that has come to light. There is, first, the manuscript of an eighth vision, **written in the Mother's hand** and entitled "Une Vision (8)"; there are also drafts in her hand of letters containing earlier versions of vision 8 and part of vision 5.

We reproduce in this issue of *All India Magazine* all the eight visions.

In recounting her visions the Mother used a few terms taken from the "cosmic philosophy" expounded in the *Revue*. They have been rendered only approximately in translation so as to preserve the literary quality of the text. These terms are identified in the text by footnotes.

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The Mother, 1958

## A Very Old Tradition

### The Mother's Talk on 28th May 1958

... I could speak to you of a very old tradition, more ancient than the two known lines of spiritual and occult tradition, that is, the Vedic and Chaldean lines; a tradition which seems to have been at the origin of these two known traditions, in which it is said that when, as a result of the action of the adverse forces — known in the Hindu tradition as the Asuras — the world, instead of developing according to its law of Light and inherent consciousness, was plunged into the darkness, inconscience and ignorance that we know, the Creative Power implored the Supreme Origin, asking him for a special intervention which could save this corrupted universe; and in reply to this prayer there was emanated from the Supreme Origin a special Entity, of Love and Consciousness, who cast himself directly into the most inconscient matter to begin there the work of awakening it to the original Consciousness and Love.

In the old narratives this Being is described as stretched out in a deep sleep at the bottom of a very dark cave, and in his sleep there emanated from him prismatic rays of light which gradually spread into the Inconscience and embedded themselves in all the elements of this Inconscience to begin there the work of Awakening.

If one consciously enters into this Inconscient, one can still see there this same marvellous Being, still in deep sleep, continuing his work of emanation, spreading his Light; and he will continue to do it until the Inconscience is no longer inconscient, until Darkness disappears from the world — and the whole creation awakens to the Supramental Consciousness.

And it is remarkable that this wonderful Being strangely

resembles the one whom I saw in vision one day, the Being who is at the other extremity, at the confines of form and the Formless. But that one was in a golden, crimson glory, whereas in his sleep the other Being was of a shining diamond whiteness emanating opalescent rays.

In fact, this is the origin of all Avatars. He is, so to say, the first universal Avatar who, gradually, has assumed more and more conscious bodies and finally manifested in a kind of recognised line of Beings who have descended *directly* from the Supreme to perfect this work of preparing the universe so that, through a continuous progression, it may become ready to receive and manifest the supramental Light in its entirety.

In every country, every tradition, the event has been presented in a special way, with different limitations, different details, particular features, but truly speaking, the origin of all these stories is the same, and that is what we could call a direct, conscious intervention of the Supreme in the darkest matter, without going through all the intermediaries, in order to awaken this Matter to the receptivity of the Divine Forces.

The intervals separating these various incarnations seem to become shorter and shorter, as if, to the extent that Matter became more and more ready, the action could accelerate and become more and more rapid in its movement, more and more conscious too, more and more effective and decisive.

And it will go on multiplying and intensifying until the entire universe becomes the total Avatar of the Supreme.

(CWM 9: 332-34)

**The Mother**

*Matter shall reveal the Spirit's face. — Sri Aurobindo*

## A Vision (1)

I slept and now I am awake.

I slept upon the western waters, and now I enter the ocean in order to explore its depths. Its surface is green as beryl, tinted silver by the moonlight. Beneath, the water is sapphire-blue and soon becomes faintly luminous.

I lay down upon undulations that shimmered like the ripples in moire, and now I descend, rocked from one undulation to the next by a gentle regular motion, borne straight towards the west. As I glide downwards, the water grows more luminous and is streaked with wide silvery currents.

Thus I go on descending for a long time, rocked from undulation to undulation, down and ever further down.

Suddenly, looking upward, I notice a gleam of pink; I draw nearer and see a coral-like shrub, as large as a tree, clinging to a blue rock. Water creatures come and go in countless variety. Now I stand on the fine bright sand. I look around me in wonder. There are mountains and valleys, fantastic forests, strange flowers which could almost be animals, fish one could take for flowers — there is no separation, no interval between stationary and moving beings. Everywhere are colors, soft or vivid and iridescent, yet always refined and in harmony with one another. I walk on golden sand and gaze at all this beauty, which is bathed in a faint pale-blue radiance dotted with tiny circling spheres, red or green or golden.

How marvellous are the depths of the sea ! Everywhere one feels the presence of the One in whom all harmonies dwell !

I continue westwards, with no fatigue or lessening of speed. Scene follows scene in incredible variety; there, on a rock of lapis-lazuli, are fine and delicate sea-weeds, like long blond or violet hair; here are great rose-coloured walls,

all spangled with silver; there are flowers which seem carved from enormous diamonds; and here are goblets as fine as if they had been wrought by the most skilful of craftsmen, containing what look like drops of emerald throbbing with alternate pulsations of shadow and light.

Now I have entered on a path of silver sand between two walls of rock as blue as sapphire; the water becomes more clear and luminous.

Suddenly, at a turn in the path, I find myself before a cave which appears to be made of wrought crystal, all sparkling with rainbow light.

Between two iridescent columns stands a tall being; his face is that of a very young man, and is framed with short fair curls; his eyes are as green as the sea. He wears a light-blue tunic, and on his shoulders are great snow-white fins in place of wings. On seeing me, he stands back against a column to let me pass. Hardly have I crossed the threshold when an exquisite melody strikes my ears. Here the water is all iridescent, the ground is strewn with nacreous pearls; the entrance and the vault, from which graceful stalactites are hanging, are like opal, and delectable perfumes fill the air. Galleries, nooks and recesses open on every side, but straight in front of me I see a great light, and towards that I direct my steps. This light is made of wide rays of gold, silver, sapphire and emerald and ruby, all issuing from a point too distant for me to distinguish what it is, and streaming out in all directions. I feel myself being drawn towards their centre by a powerful attraction.

Now I can see the source of these rays and I behold an oval of white light, haloed by a splendid rainbow. The oval is lying horizontally, and I sense<sup>1</sup> that the one whom the

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1. *Sentienter*: to be aware with all the senses (physical and subtle) together.

light hides from my view is deep in sleep. I stand long at the outer edge of the rainbow, peering through the light to see the one who lies sleeping in such splendour. Unable to distinguish anything in this way, I enter first the rainbow, and then the shining white oval. Now I see a marvellous being, lying on what seems to be a mass of white down; his lithe, incomparably beautiful body is clothed in a long white robe. Of his head, which rests on his folded arm, I can see only his long locks, the colour of ripe grain, flowing down over his shoulders. A powerful and sweet emotion floods through me at this magnificent sight, and also a profound reverence.

Has the sleeper sensed<sup>2</sup> my presence? Now he awakes, and rises in all his grace and beauty. He turns towards me and his eyes meet mine, eyes that are mauve and shining, full of infinite sweetness and tenderness. Without a word, he bids me a loving<sup>3</sup> welcome, to which my whole being joyously responds; then, taking me by the hand, he leads me to the couch he has just left. I lie down upon this downy whiteness and the harmonious visage leans over me. A sweet flow of force suffuses me entirely, vitalising, revivifying each cell.

Then, surrounded by the splendid rainbow hues, wrapped in soothing melodies and exquisite perfumes, beneath that powerful and tender gaze, I fell asleep in a beatific repose. And in my sleep I learned many beautiful and useful things.

Of the marvellous things that I understood without the sound of words, I shall mention only one.

Wherever there is beauty, wherever there is radiance,

*Contd. on the next page.....*

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2. *Sentienter*.

3. *Pathétique*: full of divinised love.



The Mother in Paris, around 1895-96

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wherever there is progress towards perfection, be it in the Heavens of the heights or in the Heavens of the depths, there, surely, beings will be found in the form and likeness of man — man, the supreme agent of terrestrial evolution.

## A Vision (2)

I slept and now I am awake.

I am travelling swiftly towards the east, borne along by a small violet cloud which completely envelops me and prevents me from seeing anything on the way.

After a while I feel myself being set gently upon the ground, and the cloud withdraws; I am standing beside a high white wall. As I look at it, I see shadows creeping stealthily along the wall — men passing one behind the other at a distance, as if they did not wish to be observed. They are dressed in long violet tunics, with round hoods pulled down over their heads, concealing their faces almost completely. One after the other they disappear through a little door in the wall. Invisible to all, I follow them to see where they are going with such caution.

After passing through a small bare white room I find myself in a courtyard surrounded by arches and planted with orange-trees bearing their fine golden fruits. At the centre of the courtyard there is a fountain, with a basin of opulent blue, green and white mosaic, spouting a thin stream of water. The murmur of the fountain is the only sound that breaks the silence, for the courtyard is deserted; I cross it and pass through two more rooms, which also are empty. Finally I reach a stair-case, and I climb up it onto a square terrace.

In a corner I see, reclining on cushions, a man half-veiled by an aura of splendid crimson, full of tiny moving golden sparkles. The man rises. He is a fine looking old man; both his hair, visible beneath a violet cap, and his beard are as white as snow; his bearing is noble and dignified. He is dressed in an ample violet robe girdled with a crimson belt; in his hand he holds a pair of golden scissors. He seems to

be waiting for someone.

And now, even as I observe the old man, the men whom I saw creeping along the wall enter one by one. In silence they range themselves in a circle around the edge of the terrace, and after them come others dressed in white, who go and stand in front of the first-comers.

All are motionless, all are silent. The one who appears to be their leader stands, very solemn, facing the head of the staircase. Gradually a soft glow pervades the air, shedding its light upon the still figures; as I turn round to identify the source of this light, I see a young boy of about fourteen years climbing the stairs that lead to the terrace; he is surrounded by a beautiful white radiance in which iridescent gleams can be seen. His flaxen hair falls in shapely curls upon his shoulders; his complexion is fair and delicate; his long eyelashes rest upon rose-tinted cheeks, for his eyes are downcast. He is dressed in a pale azure robe, girdled with a white silken cord, and wears sandals on his feet. Drawing forward slowly, he comes to a standstill one step away from the old man, and bows his head in silence. Then the old man speaks in a deep, gentle voice, but he speaks in a language, unknown to me and I do not understand...

I have slept, and now I understand the meaning of the old man's words. He tells the child, "Thus you are about to fulfil the task entrusted to you, which you have accepted of your own free will; you will accomplish it in accordance with the instructions I have given you, without fear or weakness, for you know that we are one and that neither our love<sup>1</sup> nor our protection will ever fail you. You know the magnitude of the work you are about to perform, as well as all the pitfalls and dangers you will no doubt meet on your

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1. *Pathétisme*: divinised love.

way; but be of good heart, for though the struggle be arduous, the victory is sure. You shall proceed towards the west, my child. May our highest blessing be with you."

Saying these words, he bends forward and impresses a deep kiss upon the white brow of the adolescent; then with the golden scissors he snips off one of the beautiful flaxen locks and slips it under his robe.

Then, without word or gesture, the child slowly and solemnly turns, and redescends the stairs that lead to the terrace. I follow him, and see him leave the house and walk swiftly along the wall, his head high, looking straight before him.

Suddenly I find myself enveloped once more in the cloud, which bears me away, hiding everything from my sight. Once only does it open again, allowing me to look with wonder on a great river, its waters flowing silver beneath the moonlight, its banks overgrown with a splendid and luxuriant vegetation. Everything here is on a gigantic scale: the river that is broad as a lake, the trees with their crests that seem to touch the sky and behind, the mountains stretching out of sight, their summits covered with perpetual snow.

In the midst of this immensity I see a tiny oval of moving white light; it is the child walking firmly and surely upon his way, his head high, without fear or weakness.

This scene is full of grandeur; I contemplate it and muse, I muse and understand: what a man at the height of his strength would find hard to achieve if he were alone, a child can accomplish almost without difficulty if he is sustained by the power and love<sup>1</sup> of those who are one with him.

Surely indeed, hierarchic grouping by affinity is the path that leads to victory!

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1. *Pathétisme*.

### A Vision (3)

I slept and now I am awake.

I awoke in the great austere cathedral of the most intellectual of European capitals. I awoke to the sound of majestic organ strains, strains rising and unfolding in the huge nave like a puissant call, a noble aspiration. Looking up, I see seated at the manual a young fair-haired woman in white raiment. As her fingers touch the keys, the harmonies soar one after another, inspired and full of love.<sup>1</sup>

Looking down, I see that gradually the cathedral is filling with an eager throng attracted by the ample strains which can be heard outside. At the same time I see the organ gallery filling slowly with an increasingly brilliant light; the light spreads throughout the edifice, dispelling the darkness. A great dazzling white light falls upon the altar, and when it has dispersed a little, the cross, the religious images, the objects of worship have disappeared, as if pulverized by an invisible hand.

All present are rooted to the spot, divided between surprise, curiosity and fear. Their amazement increases when they see a great violet veil forming and growing denser before the choir and, appearing on the veil, letters of golden light tracing the following inscription for all to read:

The Self is your God.

You are the living Temple of the Divine Inhabitant.

Awake, O evolving supermen.<sup>2</sup>

Evolve, develop your latent faculties  
so as to realise the indissoluble union  
of God, the Unthinkable Absolute,

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1. *Pathétique*: full of divinised love.

2. *Psycho-intellectuals*: men evolving into the divine supermen.



The Mother in Paris, around 1896

with eternal Substance  
through Man, regenerated and glorious,  
immortal upon earth, his rightful home.

The wonderment reaches a climax; in the silence that none dares to break, rises a deep ringing voice, saying, "Hearken to the teaching of the music." I turn my gaze towards the organ, but no longer see the young woman, who is now completely veiled by a brilliant light. At the far end, silhouetted against the multicoloured rosette, I see a seraph thrice as tall as a man; he stands in his sapphire tunic with two of his wings crossed above his fine young head, two outstretched behind his arms, and two lying upon the ground and covering his feet.

Once more the organ strains rise, at first sombre and tumultuous, imaging the present condition of man in his misery and suffering and doubt; then suddenly a crystalline note is heard, piercing the sorrowful phrase as a spark of light pierces the gloom; the clear and pure melody unfurls, grows louder, stronger; a struggle begins between it and the fierce, disorderly strains, which gradually fade and die away, overpowered and drowned by the calm chant which spreads and ripples like a tranquil sea.

Suddenly a rich warm voice intones a powerful hymn: "Appear, O light, sublime intelligence, redeemer of the world!"

The billows of music roll with a growing force and rapture, filling the edifice with wonderful notes, shaking the stained-glass windows with their joyful, resonant waves. Once more the voice is heard: "Arise, O regenerated man, sublime man, manifest the divine intelligence, celebrate the grand eternal nuptials, radiate love, pure love, universal love — love, the supreme harmony; arise in thy strength

and knowledge, O all-powerful master of thy physical realm, realiser of equilibrium! Honour, honour to thee, O man divine and human, man immortal and glorious !"

The last strains of the triumphal hymn loose forth their dazzling notes in a hush of rapt admiration. A deep calm broods over the congregation. The huge vault is draped in a luminous amethyst cloak and, spread beneath it, is a veil of living emerald: sapphire stars are scintillating and moving everywhere; near the organ, thirty-six winged beings have placed themselves beside the seraph, forming a sapphire circle around the brilliant white aura that veils the young inspired one.

Slowly and silently, the throng flows out in wonder; the sick are healed, the anxious and the uneasy are soothed and reassured, the weak are strengthened, the intelligent are enlightened. And as they depart, all carry away with them, indelibly impressed upon their memories, the magnificent inscription penned in letters of gold.

#### **A Vision (4)**

I slept and now I am awake.

I awoke in the middle of a populous city, in a great, cheerfully-lit hall where a feast is being held. Around a long, richly-laden table, a dozen people are sitting and talking merrily. At the centre I see an old man with a fine noble head enframed by a great beard and long silky white hair; his expression is at once very grave and very gentle, and even his gaiety has a touch of solemnity. Beside him sits a young, fair-haired woman dressed in flowing white veils. The ten others are men, disciples gathered around their master.

While the feast goes on joyfully, I feel and see gathering slowly above the town a heavy cloud charged with hostility.

The young woman too has sensed<sup>1</sup> the impending danger; she suddenly rises and speaks in an inspired voice: "A great calamity broods over us, a dreadful cataclysm is in the making. I sense it although I cannot say exactly what it is; we must at all costs leave the town immediately, together with all who trust us and are willing to follow us." None of those present doubts the grave words that have disturbed the harmonious gathering; all rise unhesitatingly and prepare to leave the hall.

At that moment the scene fades from my sight and for a while I can discern nothing more. As soon as my consciousness returns, I find the little group again, but how the scene has changed!

The twelve have left the town, which is now only ruins and destruction. How violent the upheaval must have been! For nothing remains of this huge city but heaps of rubble, so consumed by fire and eroded by water that they seem even now to have lain there for centuries. Earthquake, eruption, flood, all three must have contributed to change the product of so much science and art so abruptly and totally into grey or red rock-like mounds and hillocks all blackened by smoke. Not a blade of grass remains to be seen, and in the midst of this vast wasteland runs a wild torrential flood sweeping away all kinds of wreckage in its rapid course. Above this agonizing scene stretches a beautiful expanse of cloudless, limpid blue sky, which seems to mock this wretched earth.

Along the arid banks beside the turbulent waters, are encamped thousands of people driven from the town by the

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1. *Sentienter*: to be aware with all the senses (physical and subtle) together.

fury of the elements. They are plunged in listless despair, sitting with idle arms and empty looks, or pacing jerkily back and forth; the shock has been too great for them and seems to have jolted them out of their senses.

By contrast, the little group has remained calm and courageous; the master is walking beside the torrent, his protective arm around the young woman, surrounded by his trusting disciples. They feel for the lot of this bewildered crowd and grieve at their inability to help them. The old man knows that they must leave the place with all possible speed, for the danger still threatens; fresh upheavals are bound to occur and perhaps all will be flooded. So he advances towards the crowd and explains in a loud clear voice how to use the driftwood littering the ground to build rafts which will enable them to flee the imminent disaster. Then, after a last sad farewell to the collectivity, the little group makes its way to a sort of floating house waiting for them moored to a rock. The twelve board this makeshift boat; one of them shoves off with a pole and they launch forth upon the torrent which bears them away at a tremendous speed amid the rocks and the flotsam of all kinds strewing its course.

They hasten on and on at a dizzy speed. The young woman in white raiment stands near to an opening in the broadside, gazing upon the scene outside and keeping watch. A young man says, "If we can only reach the sea, all will be well."

Another replies, "That will be difficult, for near to the sea there is a reef and we might be dashed to pieces on the rocks." Then the voice of the master rises deep and majestic, "You know full well that our dwelling can never sink: is it not the symbol of eternal truth?" Several men reply in unison, pointing to the young woman who is still standing,

"Besides, so long as she is here in our midst, no harm can befall us." And she watches ever more intently.

Suddenly, after covering a great distance, the floating house comes in view of what must once have been a very large and beautiful city. Only huge pieces of wall, and the ruins of steeples and spires and palaces, are visible, eaten away by air and wind, water and fire, their weird white shapes pointing to the sky. The ground is hidden by running water, and at the centre of the town, which must once have been the site of a river or a vanished harbour, lie great sailing ships of which only bare hulks remain.

The scene is so impressive and brings to mind so vividly the idea of a great civilisation destroyed, that all gaze in silence, in grave and sorrowful contemplation.

At that moment all fades once more from my sight, and when I become conscious again, I find myself above the sea, a wild tumultuous sea swollen with huge billows ready to swallow up all that would be so rash as to draw near them. Amid these waves I see beings of disorder, ferocious and grimacing, who with their own power are increasing the power of the raging waters. Looking more closely, I realise that their frenzy is aimed at some crimson figures whom they wish to seize, but who oppose them by their very calm; yet soon, perhaps, their strength will be exhausted.

Then in the distance the floating house appears, profiled in violet against the foamy sea. It glides upon the waters on a straight, even course, as upon a perfectly smooth surface; and indeed, fore and aft of the boat, amid the waves that grow suddenly calm at its approach, a long silver path, luminous and smooth, unfolds. On either side of the path the waves rise sheer like walls, but a powerful force prevents them from bearing down upon the refuge of the little group. And now, one by one, the crimson figures emerge from the

water in defiance of the violent efforts of their enemies, and take shelter in the floating house. As soon as all are safe, the huge waves fall back upon themselves, rolling, crushing, swallowing up the hostile beings who oppose them in vain.

Gradually all becomes peaceful again; the water, with scarcely a ripple upon its surface, turns sapphire blue; the sky is ablaze with sunlight, and the boat goes on its way haloed in white light.

Within, all rejoice. The little group has given a loving<sup>1</sup> welcome to those they have saved, and the master says in his deep gentle voice, "Thus it is that sooner or later, light shall triumph over darkness, order over disorder, love over hate, and harmony reign over a Universe at peace!"

### A Vision (5)

I slept and now I am awake.

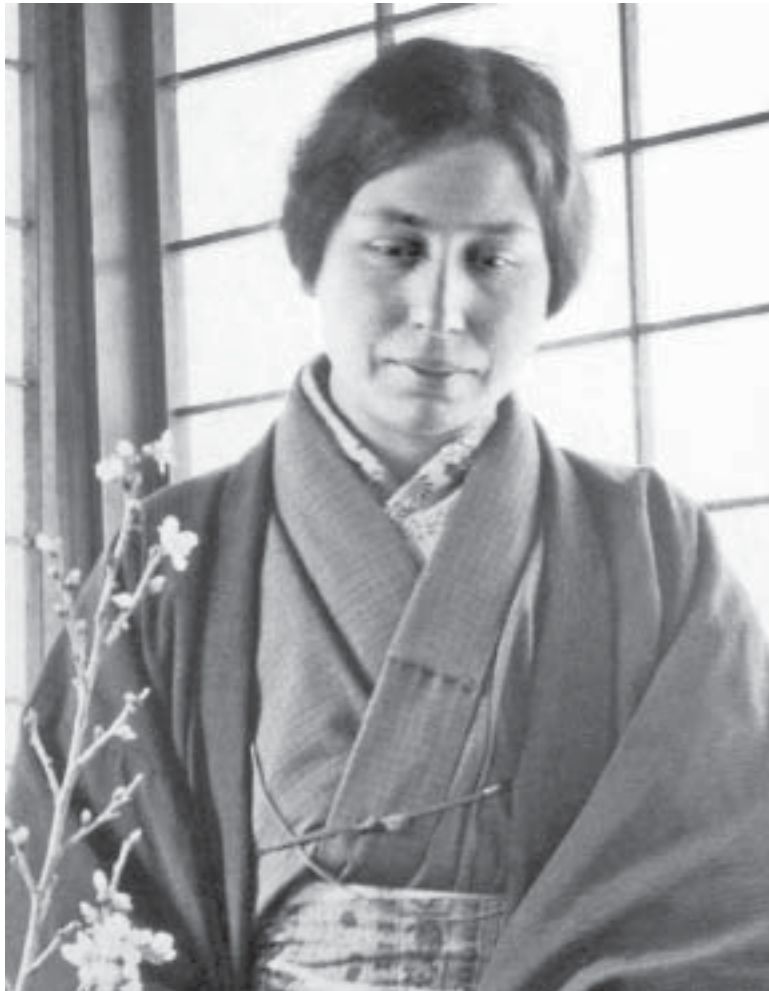
I awoke in the remote past, beside a pool with waters of deep sapphire as calm as a mirror.

To the east of the lake I see a magnificent grove of rare species of tree and shrubs, whose long outcurving branches play upon the surface of the still, limpid water, reflecting bright flowers of rich and variegated colours. In the shade of this charming natural retreat bloom splendid white lotuses.

The whole retreat is radiant with rainbow light, and the centre of the radiance is a young, fair-haired medium<sup>2</sup> asleep in her graceful beauty reclining upon the wide flat leaves, her head resting against one of the beautiful five-petalled flowers. Her ample white garment is girdled with golden belt.

1. *Pathétique*: full of divinised love.

2. *Passive*: medium open to the higher subtle planes.



The Mother in Japan, 1917

On her left, erect and proud, like a vigilant sentry, stands a white ibis perching on one of its coral legs. Above the sleeper hangs a protective mantle of dark amethyst. A calm and serene beatitude pervades the scene. The medium<sup>1</sup> seems to be resting in an enchanting dream.

A sweet fresh breeze rustles the leaves and gently ruffles the waters; with its caressing breath it seems to murmur, "Queen of the isles of the deep waters." — "Queen of the isles of the deep waters" echoes a melodious voice rising from the fathomless sapphire depths.

Then I fell asleep, and I awoke in the vast hall of a palace.

From the shape and ornamentation of the columns, the paintings that embellish the walls with such lavishness and yet restraint, I gather that I am in one of the superb palaces of ancient Egypt, at Memphis or Thebes.

The hall is filled with a picturesque crowd; the brightly-coloured loin-cloths, the feather head-dresses, the jewels, the hangings all form a rich and curious harmony. Every gaze is turned towards the north end of the hall, in the middle of which stands a throne raised upon twelve steps and crowned with a velvet canopy. At the foot of the steps lie two young lions like two strong and peaceful guardians. At the left of the throne a white ibis stands on its pink legs. The throne itself is wrapped in dazzling light, and at the centre of this light I see the young, fair-haired medium<sup>1</sup> with a white lotus in her left hand.

Each of those present passes in turn, bows before the steps and swears an oath of allegiance.

For a second time I fell asleep, and when I awake I find myself before a temple in the strange and sumptuous Hindu style. Kneeling stone elephants support the pillars on either

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1. *Passive*: medium open to the higher subtle planes.

side of the square door. The door is open, and men in long white, blue, violet or scarlet robes, enter singly or in groups. I follow them, and after crossing several vestibules, I come to a small square hall with a dark amethyst vault supported by thirty-six mighty pillars. The men assemble in order of function and rank, and remain silent; they are waiting for someone. Suddenly the curtain that screens one end of the hall is lifted, revealing a veiled figure of brilliant light. The figure steps forward and takes its stand at the centre of the circles of the hierarchy. I recognise the young medium<sup>1</sup>. The only ornament she wears is a white lotus flower in her loose blond hair; she is dressed in a long white tunic girdled with a golden sash.

Once again all fades from my sight. Upon waking, I find myself in the midst of a vast oak forest. In the distance, between the tall tree-trunks, one glimpses the green sea burning copper in the setting sun. I feel that I am on a Western Isle.

Through the coppice I see advancing a long line of virgins in white raiment; those leading the column hold musical instruments in their hands and wend their way forward chanting to the sound of the lyre and the timbrel. Then the maidens join hands and begin to dance; they pass by, weaving a circle around the oak at the centre, which is taller and stouter than the others.

Attended by four of her companions, now comes the young, fair-haired medium.<sup>1</sup> She holds a golden sickle in her hand and moves forward with a solemn and meditative step. At the foot of the ancient oak she stops and hands her sickle to a young boy who has come with her. He nimbly climbs the tree. With a single stroke he cuts the great ball of

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111.11. *Passive*: medium open to the higher subtle planes.

parasitic mistletoe, which falls into the tunic that the young girl has held out to catch it.

Then, resuming their melodious chant, the maidens return the way they came.

I fall asleep for the fourth time, and upon waking I recognise the unique, wonderful setting of the Queen of the Adriatic at the finest hour of her royalty.

Venice, the strange and untamed — Venice, the city of art and of reckless passion — Venice, with crime oozing from her walls and drama exuding from her canals... Here are the magnificent palaces in all the splendour of their flourishing youth; here are the graceful gondolas carrying gentle ladies and great lords in fine array.

But I am drawn by a powerful inner sensation<sup>1</sup> towards the Ducal Palace; I know that there I shall find the one whom I have just seen down the centuries.

I enter the great courtyard; and there indeed, near the Staircase of the Giants, half-hidden behind a column, I see the young fair-haired medium<sup>2</sup> dressed in a white robe. She clings to the shoulder of a fine looking oldman who has his arms around her, as if to protect her. Their faces are sorrowful, their bearing solemn. Thus clasped together, they watch a gorgeous procession slowly mounting the steps that lead to the palace. And it is clear to me that their fate lies in the hands of these men, who are their mortal enemies.

Then the old man bends forward and kisses the brow of the child, saying gravely, "Many aeons we have struggled and suffered for the sacred cause and the salvation of mankind, in many varied lands and changing circumstances.

"Once again we have attempted our sublime endeavour, and it cannot be in vain. The enemies of man may now be

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1. *Sentientiation*: being aware with all the senses (subtle and physical) together. 2. *Passive*: medium open to the higher subtle planes.

stronger than we, but our time will inevitably come. They work for division and falsehood; we belong to those who struggle and have always struggled for Truth and Harmony; these alone are immortal. The more arduous the battle, the fairer the victory. Effort matters little when the outcome is sure."

And the child replies in a gentle voice, "Indeed it is so, and I am certain that upon our next coming to earth we shall witness the Victory!"

### A Vision (6)

I slept and now I am awake.

I awoke on the threshold of a long, vaulted path; this path is formed of great transparent emerald-green undulations, flowing like ripples upon the still surface of water into which a stone has been cast. The luminous sapphire-blue vault is supported by two rows of small slender pillars of some substance like lapis-lazuli; between the pillars a pale emerald light be seen, as if all this were at the bottom of a tranquil green sea.

I am drawn towards this path, stretching as far as the eye can see, and I enter upon it. The ripples bear me along in a swift rhythmical motion, and so I continue for a long time. The motion accelerates as I move onwards — I must have travelled a very great distance. The journey seems interminable, for I am longing to see what is at the end of this path. Suddenly I distinguish a luminous white point. By an effort of will I increase my speed, and as I draw near I see that this point is a white square; when I reach its base it is immense. Then, a little weary from the journey, I lie down and fall asleep.

While I sleep, my intelligence awakens and I understand what I have just seen.

I understand that this path, vaulted with blue and paved with emerald undulations, is the way of intellectual evolution open in life to men of goodwill, the long but radiant path that leads all who wish to the fourfold equilibrium.

Having understood this, I awake refreshed and strengthened, for I have rested in the purple overshadow. I sense that I am about to see what at first was hidden to me by the white square.

Indeed, four eagles appear; they are dark blue, sitting back to back in a square and facing the four cardinal points. They bear upon their heads a small tablet, above which rises a white cloud. Beyond the cloud shines a very bright light. After contemplating the light I turn my gaze back to the eagles and see that they have become white and faintly radiant.

While looking at them I fall asleep, and again my intelligence awakens to the understanding of what I have just seen.

The eagles, who are at first in affinity with my mental vision — hence their blue colour — face the four cardinal points because they are turned towards life and light, light and power, power and utility, utility and light. In other words, they await the realisation of perfection in life so that life may become ready for the permanent individualisation of intelligence; and they await the perfection of individualised intelligence so that it may become fit for exercising power, the power that is to manifest in and through utility, that is to be used for the perfection of earth and man. And this will allow mankind to lift the veil represented by the cloud and attain a higher intelligence, a light of dazzling brightness; by this light man will see with a balanced vision —

a vision at once full of love,<sup>1</sup> spiritual, intellectual and vital — the eagles which symbolise the intermediaries between the evolving supermen<sup>2</sup> and the higher radiances.

As soon as I have received this explanation my eyes open once more and I see, outlined against a dark-blue square, a sphere divided into two equal parts, one white and very luminous, the other a beautiful dark violet.

Having slept, I understand that I have passed from the vision of possibilities to the vision of the means of realisation. In mental equilibrium I contemplate earth, our heritage, our home by eternal right, balanced between light and power, between intellectual radiance and the protective overshadow. Earth, not as it is now, but charged with spiritual light and power<sup>3</sup> by the evolving supermen<sup>4</sup> arranged in hierarchical order.

My calm is deep and still, my hope immense, my aspiration intense, and for the fourth time I awake.

I see a square portal of deep amethyst, supported by two strong white pillars. In the middle of the doorway, on the ground, two violet eagles sit side by side, closely united. One faces east, the other faces west.

Above their heads, at the centre of the portal, shines a splendid white sun all, radiant with iridescent beams.

I gaze upon this wonderful scene with a profound delight. It feels as if one of the beautiful sunbeams has entered my head; all is illumined within me. This portal is the entrance opening upon victorious realisation, and this entrance is power in equilibrium supported by a fourfold equilibrium, in duality, more rarefied and radiant.

In the middle of this entrance, not soaring in space but

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1. *Pathétique*: full of divinised love.

2, 4. *Psycho-intellectuals*: men evolving into the divine supermen.

3. *Auriser*: to charge with spiritual light and power.

standing upon firm ground, the dual eagles in sovereign purple represent power in utility — terrestrial might. They are united by the indissoluble bond of affinity, and yet one faces in the direction of the setting sun, the other towards the rising sun, like a symbol of repose and awakening, of passivity and activity, which must be rightly balanced for one to rise from one level to another, to ascend from light to ever purer and more radiant light.

Only by this equilibrium can the iridescent beams of the splendid white sun, centre of all forces, be fully utilised by the children of earth, who thirst for its magnificent illumination whose splendour is increasing and will go on increasing for ever !

## A Vision (7)

I slept and now I am awake.

I am awake and I see a rider mounted on a splendid white horse. The rider wears a breast-plate of glittering gold and flourishes a sword, whose naked blade shines with a sapphire gleam. With one tremendous bound, the horse leaps across a chasm of darkness.

As I marvel at this vision, I hear a word, a single word pregnant with hope and promise: "Restitution."

Then suddenly a breach appears in the gloomy chasm and a great path is formed, like a dazzling rainbow. A white dove with crimson feet is ascending this path, and as I watch it on its way I behold a wonderful scene beyond the darkness.

In faultless hierarchical order, clad in sparkling light and armed with double-edged swords — an immense host is deployed, ready for battle. They await a signal from the leader at their centre, who is all radiant with iridescent light.

But at once my gaze is drawn to a young man whose height and majesty tower above all the others. An ample amethyst cloak, lined with dazzling white, falls from his shoulders.

All stand still in rapt silence, for he is about to speak. He speaks, and his voice rises solemn and sweet. He speaks, and I understand what he is saying: "The time draws near. Let all prepare themselves, the hosts of earth and the hosts of heaven. Let those who work and endure lose neither courage nor patience. Though invisible to all but a few, the work is proceeding swiftly. On one side a growing order and harmony is driving towards the denser spheres whatever confusion and disorder still prevail. On the other hand, upon earth, the seed which has been sown is ready to rise amid a field of men of ardent and enlightened goodwill. The valiant host of evolving supermen<sup>1</sup> is making ready so that when the time comes its efforts may be joined to ours. Soon a hymn of joy shall ring forth, the paean of triumph and glory."

Rejoicing in these words, I make my way back towards earth, bearing the glad tidings, and in my descent I am followed by the white dove with crimson feet.

After passing the dark chasm, I look back and I see ... Oh, what do I behold! ... The dark heavy cloud is supported by a huge cross, and both cloud and cross are borne by a being of colossal size. The entire burden of iniquity and disorder weighs upon him, who leans over mankind like a wonderful and living protection. His long hair falls on either side of his beautiful face, which is turned towards earth with a look of infinite tenderness and pain ...

Oh yes! all must work with ardour and energy to hasten the hour when the awesome effort of this sublime man

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1. *Psycho-intellectuals*: men evolving into the divine Supermen.

will no longer be needed to hold the dark cloud in check and prevent it from crushing the wretched men of earth, unawakened and as yet unable to defend themselves!

Let all men of goodwill join together, let all efforts be united, let all living beings awaken to intelligence, let all in whom the light shines awaken to spirituality and love, the love that is harmony and order and supreme impersonality, so that soon may ring forth the hymn of joy, the paean of triumph and glory !!

### A Vision (8)

I slept and now I am awake.

I awoke in a vast rectangular room lit by a large bay-window that looks out on the Southwest. The walls are panelled in oak. At the centre of the western panel stands a monumental fireplace of sculptured stone. The house must be built upon a hillside, for the window overlooks a vast plain, bounded on the horizon by a long range of mountains swathed in purple mist. At the bottom of the valley, amid the tall trees, winds a river burnished by the last rays of the setting sun.

At this late hour the room is dim in spite of the large bay-window, but I can see, sitting near it, a young girl in a plain white dress. Her hands lie folded on her lap; she is gazing unseeingly towards the East into the darkest corner of the room. She seems to be waiting.

There is another person in the room, an old man who stands in front of the fireplace; his garment is made of some dark and coarse material.

I observe the young girl, and her thoughts become as clear to me as if I saw them in a mirror: I am aware of her feelings as if they were my own. She is waiting for *someone*,



The Mother (Self-Portrait)

and yet she knows not for whom, even though she senses that it is for her that He is coming.

Suddenly he has entered without any sound of the door opening and closing. He has entered at the end of the room opposite to where the young girl is sitting. To all eyes but hers he is cloaked in a sort of invisibility: a very dark violet covering which makes him appear like an ordinary man. But at once she has seen the brilliant white radiance emanating from his body and shining all around him.

With all her being she has recognised him in a surge of inexpressible divine love.<sup>1</sup> But the emotion is so powerful that she is unable to leave her seat.

Then the old man, the father of the young girl, approaches the newcomer deferentially and welcomes him in respectful terms. The being of light responds with a warm embrace. And when they draw apart, the old man who had left his place in a sombre grey garment, returns to it in a magnificent flowing golden raiment. Full of wonder the young girl says in a rapt voice, "See what marvels He can perform."

Then he draws near to her, and as he does so the light around him grows whiter and more shining, and he himself is luminous. He is so surpassingly beautiful that in wonder and ecstasy she sinks to the floor in a brief swoon. But very soon she recovers. Coming close to him, she bends down and kisses his bare, sandalled feet. With a gesture full of tenderness he raises her up and enfolds her in his arms. She rests her head lovingly upon his shoulder, and thus enclasped they stand for a great length of time, gazing far across the vast plain into the last fading rays of the sun.

In silence they exchanged the depths of their souls and thoughts, in silence they spoke of the greatness of the work

1. *Pathétisme*: divinised love.

to be done and of the splendour of the victory to come, of which the dazzling radiance about him seemed a glorious pledge. \*

All in them was in communion, was in equilibrium in an intense happiness. And the pair they thus formed, standing near the window, was beautiful in its harmonious grace: **he**, tall and slender, with black hair and beard, facing the broad plain at the foot of the hill, with a grave and sad, but infinitely sweet and tender look; **she**, nestled against his shoulder, young and fair-haired, her eyes looking up to him and radiating with deep love. After their long and silent contemplation he turns to her and presses his lips to her brow.

I see that she too is gradually becoming luminous; she notices it and tells him so in a gentle murmur. And he answers, "It is the natural consequence of the great affinity that unites us; and it is made possible too by your spirituality. Is it not said, 'In the equilibrium of the duality of being lies the victory'? Now that we have achieved that equilibrium we can be sure of accomplishing the great work of harmony before us."

The old man had long since left the room. Now he returns to invite them to partake of the meal that is ready.

But the young woman replies, "I am not at all hungry

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\* Years later, on 29 March 1914, the Mother met Sri Aurobindo at Pondicherry and in silence they exchanged the depths of their souls and thoughts, in silence they spoke of the greatness of the work to be done and of the splendour of the victory to come. ...

The Mother also spoke of this meeting in 1930-31, "I shall relate an experience of mine when I first met Sri Aurobindo in Pondicherry. I was in deep concentration, seeing things in the Supermind, things that were to be but which were somehow not manifesting. I told Sri Aurobindo what I had seen and asked him if they would manifest. He simply said, 'Yes.' And immediately I saw that the Supramental had touched the earth and was beginning to be realised!" —Ed.



Sri Aurobindo (sketch by the Mother)

and would much prefer to sleep the sleep of assimilation."

And he adds, "We are in no need of food; ours is an internal nourishment." And, turning towards her, "Come and take rest."

Side by side, hand in hand, they lie down upon a couch at the back of the room, and fall asleep.

The white light emanating from them grows ever more intense, spreading wider and wider. It shines out through the house, far across the vast plain.

And wherever there shines the radiance in equilibrium, it brings health and hope and harmony and joy.

**The Mother**

(All the eight Visions are reproduced from the quarterly *Bulletin of Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education*, 1982, 1983 and 1984, published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram.)

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### What Is a Vision: Sri Aurobindo Explains

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

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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 ordinarily visions are also called experiences.

\*

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

SABCL 23: 942, 941

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