February 17, 1962

Are you more conscious now in your dreams, or not?

Sometimes.... Yes, yesterday there was something, but my memory of it is rather hazy.

I meet you from time to time ... in very different places. That's why I ask.

What do I do there?

All sorts of things. But quite often we are looking for ... things related to expression —
sometimes images, sometimes sentences, sometimes.... I have told you I frequently meet you
in a kind of library without books. It's very interesting. It is open on top, below too, and no
walls; it is extremely spacious, certainly almost as vast as the earth. And there are
pigeonholes that seem to hang in the air, with all kinds of things filed in them. We are often
sorting through these pigeonholes to find certain texts — ideas, I mean. Ideas, explanations,
sometimes memories, all kinds of things. This world is mental but very luminous and clear;
full of clarity, perfectly ordered, without confusion, and all open. Wide open.

I frequently find you there.

There aren't a lot of people, it isn't crowded: a few from here, a few from there, like a
place of study.

But there's probably no link with this in your consciousness; there must be gaps on the
way back, so you don't remember. You receive it only as an inspiration, not through your
regular continuous consciousness.

That will come, because I always.... Simply by going back and forth like that, a path is
created.

The thought keeps coming to me that I will have to write a new book on Sri
Aurobindo....

* *

Ah, well.
Rather hard days....
A line from Savitri constantly haunts or assails me — it's when the Lord proposes that she
come live a blissful life above, and she replies, “No, there are still too many battles to wage
on earth.”

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1 Unfortunately, Satprem didn’t keep Mother’s reply, nor the long story she told afterwards about squabbles
   among certain Ashram people. Only the end of the conversation still exists.

2 “I climb not to thy everlasting Day ...
   Earth is the chosen place of mightiest souls;
   Earth is the heroic spirit’s battlefield...
   Thy servitudes on earth are greater, king,
That went deep into me, and it returns each time difficulties arise, as if to say, “Don't complain.”
And there are plenty! ...

Than all the glorious liberties of heaven ...
Oh, to spread forth, oh to encircle and seize
More hearts till love in us has filled thy world! ...
Are there not still a million fights to wage?”

(Savitri p.685-687, “The Eternal Day: The Soul's Choice and the Supreme Consummation”)