

**Book 10 - Canto Two**  
**The Gospel of Death and Vanity of the Ideal**

“Love is not sexual intercourse.

Love is not vital attraction and interchange.

Love is not heart’s hunger for affection.

Love is a mighty vibration coming straight

from the One. And only the very pure and

very strong are capable of receiving and

manifesting it.’ Then an explanation on what I mean by “pure,” the very pure and very strong. ‘To be pure is to be open only to the Supreme’s influence, and to no other.’ Far more difficult than what people consider purity to be! Which is something quite artificial and false.” The Mother/The Mother’s Agenda/4/319-20.

**Summary:**

Death’s resistance always cancels or postpone the ability of the higher spheres to manifest Their Truths...that is why the twilight exists (Subconscient world), it is a play of higher forces trying to manifest against the resistance of Death.

The term “vanity of the Ideal” is as visualised by Death, it holds that it is vain to think that the Ideal (Truth consciousness) can fix itself in Time and matter. (To fix the Eternal in time made things was Savitri’s mission. This is possible by intervention of dynamic Supramental Consciousness. To this Death was not aware. )

“To seize the absolute in shapes that pass,  
To fix the eternal’s touch in time-made things,  
This is the law of all perfection here.” Savitri, Book-2, Canto-2

In this canto death gives his gospel or teaching to Savitri, which is:

- Immortality in matter and an immortal soul are figments of (imagination of) the mind
- Love in the physical world is nothing more than a vitalistic (sensual) urge. Love in the superconscient does not exist because the superconscient is “Alone” and non dualistic and static. There exists dynamic Superconscient Love to which Death is unaware.
- Any descent of the divine in man is rejected by the lower elements and the divine does not interact or consciously mould/transform the lower elements of matter/life/mind. The descent from Supramental planes permeate the Matter.

“It (Savitri’s heart) bore the stroke of That (Supramental) which kills (falsehood) and saves (truth)” Savitri-20

“All that denies (Supreme Love) must be torn out and slain  
And crushed the many longings (of desire) for whose sake  
We lose the One (Divine) for whom our lives were made.” Savitri-316,  
“All seemed to have **perished** that was undivine:” Savitri-318,  
“Her force that moves, her powers that save and slay,” Savitri-64,

- All was well when Death created out of his inconscient will, it was the descent of the forces of vital/mental that is the cause of suffering in this world.
- Man’s seeking for the soul and higher truth will die when his body dies.  
Soul evolves each birth and rebirth is not considered as the Soul’s circling in the net of desire, but an opportunity of Spiritual evolution and through it the mind, life and body repeat the lesson of manifesting their involved Divinity till the recovery of their complete and undivided Divine Life. After the death of the body, subtle body, subtle vital, subtle mental and other still subtle multiple sheaths continue to survive and gain experience and transform themselves in successive rebirths.
- Eventually all matter too will be subsumed in the vacant void

All has come from the inconscient night and eventually will return to that sleep – everything else (man’s hopes, seeking for the Truth, the divine, Love etc) is merely an interim delusion. In Death the (escapist) theory of moderate Spirituality and later Vedantic ascetic Spirituality are mixed. The double escapist solution of human love of moderate Spirituality and love of God of ascetic Spirituality as projected by *Death* are not acceptable to *Savitri*. They are:

“For who being mortal, can dwell glad alone?

Then Satyavan shall glide into the past,

A gentle memory pushed away from thee  
By new love and thy children's tender hands (moderate theory)  
Till thou shalt wonder if thou lov'dst at all." Savitri-638

"Two only are the doors of man's escape,  
Death of his body Matter's gate to peace,  
Death of his soul his last felicity.  
In me all take refuge, for I, Death, am God." Savitri-635

"He who would turn to God, must leave the world;  
He who would live in the Spirit, must give up life;  
He who has met the (Supreme) Self, renounces (Psychic) self." Savitri-635  
(Ascetic theory)

"Turn then to God, for him leave all behind;  
Forgetting love, forgetting Satyavan,  
Annul thyself in his immobile peace." Savitri-647 (Ascetic theory)

Questions raised by Death in this Canto: Like Arjuna's question that will teach the lesson of uniting the Soul with supreme Soul, concentration on the Death's question will help reconciling Spirit with Matter.

9: **Death said:** "How can the heavens come down to unhappy earth  
Or the eternal lodge in drifting time?" Savitri-609

10: **Death said:** "How shall the Ideal tread earth's dolorous soil  
Where life is only a labour and a hope,  
A child of Matter and by Matter fed,  
A fire flaming low in Nature's grate,

A wave that breaks upon a shore in Time,  
A journey's toilsome trudge with death for goal?" Savitri-609

11: **Death said:** "O traveller in the chariot of the Sun,  
High priestess in thy holy fancy's shrine  
Who with a magic ritual in earth's house  
Worshippest ideal and eternal love,  
What is this love thy thought has deified,  
This sacred legend and immortal myth?" Savitri-610

12: **Death said:** "But where is room for soul or place for God  
In the brute immensity of a machine?" Savitri-618

13: **Death said:** "Earth's human wisdom is no great-browed power,  
And love no gleaming angel from the skies;  
If they aspire beyond earth's dullard air,  
Arriving sunwards with frail waxen wings,  
How high could reach that forced unnatural flight?" Savitri-619

14: **Death said:** "But not on earth can divine wisdom reign  
And not on earth can divine love be found;  
Heaven-born, only in heaven can they live;  
Or else there too perhaps they are shining dreams.  
Nay, is not all thou art and doest a dream?" Savitri-619

15: **Death said:** "How shall the Ideal's unsubstantial hues  
Be painted stiff on earth's vermilion blur,  
A dream within a dream come **doubly** true?  
How shall the will-o'-the-wisp become a star?" Savitri-619

**Detail:**

Death takes the role of a (Pseudo) Teacher here and seeks to educate Savitri on the fallacy of her beliefs. He tries to deconstruct the two principle tenets of Savitri's being – Immortality and Divine Love. He holds immortality as simply a dream of the human mind and Love as nothing more than the ardour of the vital and physical.

THEN pealed the calm inexorable voice:

Abolishing hope, cancelling life's golden truths, (the opposition of Death/Night to the manifestation of the higher Truths that are trying to manifest...means that this realm is always a frail and fragile place (of Subconscient))

Fatal its accents smote the trembling air.

That lovely world swam thin and frail, most like

Some pearly evanescent farewell gleam

On the faint verge of dusk in moonless eves.

“Prisoner of Nature, many-visioned spirit,

Thought's creature in the ideal's realm enjoying

Thy unsubstantial immortality

The **subtle marvellous mind** of man has feigned (he contends that Savitri's claim of immortality is an invention of the human mind, he feels that the spirit is also only a wish, a projection (or imagination) of the mind),

This is the world from which thy yearnings came. (Death limits Savitri's capacity and he is unaware of Savitri's multiple subtle bodies and limiting them to mind only.)

When it would build eternity from the dust,

Man's thought paints images illusion rounds (holds immortality an illusion);

Propheying glories it shall never see,

It labours delicately among its dreams.

Behold this fleeing of light-tasselled shapes,

Aerial raiment of unbodied gods;

A rapture of things that never can be born (because of the opposition of Death),

Hope chants to hope a bright immortal choir;

Cloud satisfies cloud, phantom to longing phantom

Leans sweetly, sweetly is clasped or sweetly chased.

This is the stuff from which the ideal is formed (contends that the higher consciousness is a figment born from illusion and hope of man's mind):

Its builder is thought, its base the heart's desire,

But nothing real answers to their call.

The ideal dwells not in heaven, nor on the earth, (here he dismisses the ideal, later he will argue that the higher consciousness exists but cannot descend into matter)

A bright delirium of man's ardour of hope

Drunk with the wine of its own fantasy.

It is a brilliant shadow's dreamy trail.

Thy vision's error builds the azure skies,

Thy vision's error drew the rainbow's arch;

Thy mortal longing made for thee a soul (according to Death man knowing he was mortal, but longed to be otherwise so he dreamt of an immortal part of him ..the soul)

He then sets about dismissing Savitri's vision of Love.....

This angel in thy body thou callst love,

Who shapes his wings from thy emotion's hues,

In a ferment of thy body has been born

And with the body that housed it it must die.

It is a passion of thy yearning cells,

It is flesh that calls to flesh to serve its lust;

It is thy mind that seeks an answering mind (from this longing human love is born. If Soul will seek the answering Soul then Divine Love will evolve.)

And dreams awhile that it has found its mate; (the representation of human love which blooms for a temporary period.)

It is thy life that asks a human prop

To uphold its weakness lonely in the world

Or feeds its hunger on another's life (vital interchange between mortal beings).

A beast of prey that pauses in its prowl,  
It crouches under a bush in splendid flower  
To seize a heart and body for its food (**just like an animal devours another to satisfy its physical hunger, he argues the Love is a hunger of the vital and it also devours the emotions and feelings from another to satisfy itself...nothing more**):  
This beast (**vital love**) thou dreamst immortal and a god.

**He then contends that we are merely torturing our being to extend the pleasure of our mind and to make permanent that which is temporary...all are born from the inconscient and to the inconscient they return.**

O human mind, vainly thou torturest  
**An hour's delight** to stretch through infinity's (**we wish to prolong our brief pleasure into eternity, thereby torturing our bodies**)

Its complementary line:

“Only a little lifted is Mind's (three gunas) screen;  
The Wise (sattwic men) who know see but one half of Truth,  
The strong (tamasic men) climb hardly to a low-peaked height,  
The hearts (rajasic men) that yearn are given **one hour to love.**”

Savitri-372

Long void and fill its formless, passionless gulfs,  
Persuading the insensible Abyss  
To lend eternity to perishing things,  
And trickst the fragile movements of thy heart  
With thy spirit's feint of immortality.  
All here emerges born from Nothingness;  
Encircled it lasts by the emptiness of Space,  
Awhile upheld by an unknowing Force,  
Then crumbles back into its parent Nought:

Death contends that the Ideal (or higher/Supermind) even if it was real cannot dwell in the lower planes, its substance cannot be mixed with earth's or earth's substance be transmuted. The higher consciousness is transcendent only...never immanent or even if it is immanent it is an unwilling prisoner who is rejected by man's lower elements.

He holds that just as Love does not exist on Earth (it is only a vitalistic urge), the Love cannot exist in the superconscient either, as the superconscient is "Alone" and for a non dualistic being, there is no other to Love...so either way Love is irrelevant....

Only the mute Alone can for ever be.

In the Alone there is no room for love (denial of the Love principle by Death).

In vain to clothe love's perishable mud

Thou hast woven on the Immortals' borrowed loom

The ideal's gorgeous and unfading robe. (What Death speaks is also the limitation of our physical and vital mind.) (Physical and vital mind have their root in the Inconscient. If we want to transform our physical mind and vital mind then we must first know their whole structure and whole philosophy.)

The ideal never yet was real made (He concedes that the Ideal exists but that it cannot be brought down to earth and earth cannot be made in the Ideal's substance).

Imprisoned in form that glory cannot live;

Into a body shut it breathes no more.

Intangible, remote, for ever pure,

A sovereign of its own brilliant void,

Unwillingly it descends to earthly air (contends that the Divine does not want to be a prisoner within matter...unwilling)

To inhabit a white temple in man's heart:

In his heart it shines rejected by his life (the vital and physical aspects of man have no interest in the divine, they do not want to be under the divine control because they are untransformed).

Immutable, bodiless, beautiful, grand and dumb,

Immobile on its shining throne it sits;



Dumb it receives his offering and his prayer.

It has no voice to answer to his call, (even while immanent it is transcendent and does not lead or assist man)

No feet that move, no hands to take his gifts (holds that there is no interaction between the divine principle within man and all the outer aspects/instrumentalities):

Aerial statue of the nude Idea,

Virgin conception of a bodiless god,

Its light stirs man the thinker to create (in spite of the immanent divine's aloofness some of his light assists man to move and create)

An earthly semblance of diviner things (all that man's builds from this partial light is a poor caricature or distorted image of the true divine).

Its hued reflection falls upon man's acts;

His institutions are its cenotaphs,

He signs his dead conventions with its name;

His virtues don the Ideal's skiey robe

And a nimbus of the outline of its face:

He hides their littleness with the divine Name.

Yet insufficient is the bright pretence

To screen their indigent and earthy make:

Dismisses Savitri's belief in a Divine that is fully connected with the Earth and is secretly working on transforming earth...holds that the Heavens are transcendent and have nothing to do with this lower sphere

Earth only is there and not some heavenly source.

If heavens there are they are veiled in their own light,

If a Truth eternal somewhere reigns unknown,

It burns in a tremendous void of God;

For truth shines far from the falsehoods of the world; (this truth cannot reconcile with falsehood and cannot transform falsehood.) (We are in search of that Truth which can reject falsehood, destroy falsehood and transform falsehood.)

***How can the heavens come down to unhappy earth***

***Or the eternal lodge in drifting time?***

***How shall the Ideal tread earth's dolorous soil***

Where life is only a labour and a hope,  
A child of Matter and by Matter fed,  
A fire flaming low in Nature's grate,  
A wave that breaks upon a shore in Time,  
A journey's toilsome trudge with death for goal?

The Avatars have lived and died in vain, (he paints a very partial picture, but also reflects that past divine beings were more concentrated in uplifting the consciousness of mankind rather than bringing down a transformative force) (Death has not understood the work of Avatara in the evolutionary process and not aware that it is through the manifestation of the last Avatara that Death will be conquered.) (He has no respect and regard for Avataras because he has not understood Their great sacrificial action and payment of God's debt through Their body's death.)

Vain was the sage's thought, the prophet's voice;

In vain is seen the shining upward Way (because it points a way to the escape from this earthly life...but Death does not accept that the upward way is also a path for the descent of the higher consciousness). (Death was ignorant of that consciousness which can ascend and descend.)

Earth lies unchanged beneath the circling sun; (It seems because of the theory of negations.)

She (earth) loves her (Spiritual) fall and no omnipotence

Her mortal imperfections can erase,

Force on man's crooked ignorance Heaven's straight line

Or colonise a world of death with gods.

Death again accosts Savitri of a worshipper of the higher consciousness and Eternal love and derides her as worshipping something that is only the stirring of the sensation of vital and physical....it will pass, as does the world...

O traveller in the chariot of the Sun,

High priestess in thy holy fancy's shrine

Who with a magic ritual in earth's house

Worshippest ideal and eternal love,

What is this love thy thought has deified,

**This sacred legend and immortal myth?**

It is a conscious yearning of thy flesh,  
It is a glorious burning of thy nerves,  
A rose of dream-splendour petalling thy mind,  
A great red rapture and torture of thy heart.  
A sudden transfiguration of thy days,  
It passes and the world is as before.  
A ravishing edge of sweetness and of pain,  
A thrill in its yearning makes it seem divine,  
A golden bridge across the roar of the years,  
A cord tying thee to eternity.

**And yet how brief and frail! how soon is spent**

This treasure wasted by the gods on man,  
This happy closeness as of soul to soul,  
This honey of the body's companionship,  
This heightened joy, this ecstasy in the veins,  
This strange illumination of the sense!  
If Satyavan had lived, love would have died (because human love always ends in bitterness, indifference and acrimony);  
But Satyavan is dead and love shall live (the memory of her love of Satyavan which has not been corrupted by age will live on in her heart)  
A little while in thy sad breast, until  
His face and body fade on memory's wall (Psychic sweetness of memory does not fade in the passage of time.) (It strengthens birth after birth.)  
Where other bodies, other faces come. (this memory of love will also fade as others come into her life who will take his place)  
When love breaks suddenly into the life  
At first man steps into a world of the sun (man when he first experiences vital love);  
In his passion he feels his heavenly element:  
But only a fine sunlit patch of earth  
The marvellous aspect took of heaven's outburst;

The snake is there and the worm in the heart of the rose (all worldly vital love has a poison in it...it eventually turns on itself and disintegrates unless it is turned into spiritual love).

A word, a moment's act can slay the god; (can slay god's manifestation.)

A complementary line:

"An idiot hour destroys what centuries made," Book-6, Canto-2

Precarious is his immortality,

He has a thousand ways to suffer and die.

Love cannot live by heavenly food alone, (Divine Love is a mighty vibration coming directly from the Supreme to which Death has no experience.)

Only on sap of earth can it survive (vital love is dependent on emotions, reciprocation, fulfilment of desires etc).

For thy passion was a sensual want refined,

A hunger of the body and the heart;

Thy want can tire and cease or turn elsewhere.

Or love may meet a dire and pitiless end

By bitter treason, or wrath with cruel wounds

Separate, or thy unsatisfied will to others

Depart when first love's joy lies stripped and slain:

A dull indifference replaces fire

Or an endearing habit imitates love:

An outward and uneasy union lasts (human love is outward and an artificial oneness.)

Or the routine of a life's compromise:

Where once the seed of oneness had been cast (The root of human love is Divine Love which is a uniting energy.)

Into a semblance of spiritual ground

By a divine adventure of heavenly powers

Two strive, constant associates without joy, (human love does not give true joy and satisfaction.)

Two egos straining in a single leash, (human love is a confrontation of two egos.)

Two minds divided by their jarring thoughts, (Their mind have not realised oneness.)

Two spirits disjoined, for ever separate. (Human love cannot unite two souls. )

“You must never forget that I disapprove of quarrels and always consider that both sides are equally wrong. To surmount one’s feelings, preferences, dislikes and impulses, is an indispensable discipline here.” **The Mother/The Mother’s Centenary Works/14/262**

“When you start a quarrel it is as if you were declaring war on the Divine’s work.” **The Mother/The Mother’s Centenary Works/14/263**

Thus is the ideal falsified in man’s world;  
Trivial or sombre, disillusion comes,  
Life’s harsh reality stares at the soul: (Here Sri Aurobindo seems to discourage human love of Mundane and Moderate Spiritualists.)  
Heaven’s hour adjourned flees into bodiless Time.  
Death saves thee from this and saves Satyavan (death contends that he is actually saving their vital love from disintegrating by taking Satyavan away):  
He now is safe, delivered from himself;  
He travels to silence and felicity. (A journey to param dham.)  
Call him not back to the treacheries of earth  
And the poor petty life of animal Man. (Here Sri Aurobindo seems to discourage later Vedantists.)  
In my vast tranquil spaces let him sleep  
In harmony with the mighty hush of death  
Where love lies slumbering on the breast of peace.  
And thou, go back alone to thy frail world: (Not acceptable to Savitri.)  
Chastise thy heart with knowledge, unhood to see,  
Thy nature raised into clear living heights,  
The heaven-bird’s view from unimagined peaks.  
For when thou givest thy spirit to a dream  
Soon hard necessity will smite thee awake:  
Purest delight began and it must end. (purest delight has no beginning and no end.)  
Thou too shalt know, thy heart no anchor swinging,  
Thy cradled soul moored in eternal seas.

Death then uses seductive, alluring and comforting words asking Savitri to desist from her vain and tiring efforts, to let Satyavan rest in peace, to let their love be cherished in her mind and give up this weary work of existence, to give up and rest in Death will grant Satyavan and her all the rest they need....

Vain are the cycles of thy brilliant mind.

Renounce, forgetting joy and hope and tears,

Thy passionate nature in the bosom profound

Of a happy Nothingness and worldless Calm,

Delivered into my mysterious rest.

One with my fathomless Nihil all forget.

Forget thy fruitless spirit's waste of force, (Savitri's mission from the beginning of creation cannot go waste.)

Forget the weary circle of thy birth,

Forget the joy and the struggle and the pain,

The vague spiritual quest which first began

When worlds broke forth like clusters of fire-flowers,

And great burning thoughts voyaged through the sky of mind

And Time and its aeons crawled across the vasts

And souls emerged into mortality.”

Savitri retorts that Death's soothing words has no effect on her and he will not let his surface Truths that distort the underlying reality sway her. The love in her heart is not a vital craving, it s the Divine Love that has descended into the vessel "Savitri" from the Supreme and it belongs to the Supreme alone.

But Savitri replied to the dark Power:

“A dangerous music now thou findest, O Death, (Soul slaying truth is a dangerous music.)

Melting thy speech into harmonious pain,

And flut'st alluringly to tired hopes

Thy falsehoods mingled with sad strains of truth (there is a surface truth to Death's words...some of what he says about the world is true from a surface perspective).

But I forbid thy voice to slay my soul. (The murmurs of our physical and vital mind also slays the Soul.)

**My love is not a hunger of the heart,**

My love is not a craving of the flesh;

It came to me from God, to God returns.

“It came in English. We should put it in French, too.

‘Love is not sexual intercourse.

Love is not vital attraction and interchange.

Love is not heart's hunger for affection.

Love is a mighty vibration coming straight

From the One. And only the very pure and

Very strong are capable of receiving and

Manifesting it.’

‘L’Amour n’est pas les relations sexuelles.

L’Amour n’est pas les attractions et les échanges vitaux.

L’Amour n’est pas le besoin d’affection du cœur

L’Amour est une vibration toute-puissante

émanée directement de l’Un. Et seul, le très

pur et le très fort est capable de la recevoir

et de la manifester.’

Then an explanation on what I mean by “pure,” the very pure and very strong.

‘To be pure is to be open only to the Supreme's influence, and to no other.’

Far more difficult than what people consider purity to be! Which is something quite artificial and false.

The last sentence I wrote in French, too:

‘Être pur, c’est être ouvert seulement à  
l’influence du Suprême et à nulle autre.’

It is simple and definite.”

The Mother

25<sup>th</sup> September-1963

Even in all that life and man have marred,  
A whisper of divinity still is heard (*inspite of the all the problems and poison of vitalistic and egoistic love, and its distortion of the pure divine love, it is still allowed on earth as a progression to something higher...it contains the seed to something more sublime*),  
A breath is felt from the eternal spheres. (*Love descends from above.*)

Its complementary line:

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

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

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

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

Allowed by Heaven and wonderful to man

A sweet fire-rhythm of passion chants to love.

There is a hope in its wild infinite cry;

It rings with callings from forgotten heights,

And when its strains are hushed to high-winged souls

In their empyrean, its burning breath

Survives beyond, the rapturous core of suns

That flame for ever pure in skies unseen,

A voice of the eternal Ecstasy.



Savitri then gives her vision of the coming age of dawn when the godhead within will awake and put off his mask and all shall be transformed including the asuras who now oppose the divine...

One day I shall behold my great sweet world  
Put off the dire disguises of the gods,  
Unveil from terror and disrobe from sin.  
Appeased we shall draw near our mother's face,  
We shall cast our candid souls upon her lap;  
Then shall we clasp the ecstasy we chase,  
Then shall we shudder with the long-sought god,  
Then shall we find Heaven's unexpected strain.

Not only is there hope for godheads pure;

The violent and darkened deities

Leaped down from the one breast in rage to find

What the white gods had missed (**Mother (Maa Krishna) what have the white Gods missed that the darkened gods have sought?**): they too are safe; (**The white Gods have missed the transformation of Nature. That is why darkened deities or Asuras are considered superior to Gods as they have the possibility of transformation of Nature.**)

A mother's eyes are on them and her arms

Stretched out in love desire her rebel sons.

*"(Q)I read a passage in Savitri which seems to link up exactly with what you were saying...."*

Ah, read it to me!

*I'd rather you read it yourself, because my English.... I found it really striking – these four lines here...."*

*(Mother reads:)*

"Not only is there hope for godheads pure;

The violent and darkened deities

Leaped down from the one breast in rage to find

What the white gods had missed: they too are safe;

A Mother's eyes are on them and her arms

Stretched out in love desire her rebel sons."

Yes, that's it.

*"What the white gods had missed...."*

I didn't remember it. But that's it exactly. It's strange; when I read I see only what's needed at the moment. The rest seems to go unnoticed. And then as soon as it's needed, it comes back – as happened with what you just showed me.

Yes, that's it – that's what just happened.

It's exactly like pulling open a curtain: everything is waiting there behind.

It's difficult for me to speak during these experiences because French comes to me more spontaneously, and the experiences all happen in English – Sri Aurobindo's power is so much with them....

All right, mon petit – when do I see you again?" The Mother/ **January 24, 1962**

*"(Q) I'd like to ask you a question about those lines from Savitri I showed you the other day. I don't know if you remember – the passage about the "white gods."*

What did you want to ask? What was it that "the white gods had missed"? But Sri Aurobindo has written it all down in full, right here in the *Aphorisms*. He has mentioned everything, taken up one thing after another: "Without this, there would not have been that; without this, there would not have been that ..." and so on.

But I also remember reading *The Tradition*, before I met Sri Aurobindo (it was like a novel, a serialized romance of the world's creation, but it was very evocative; Théon called it *The Tradition*). That was where I first learned of the universal Mother's first four emanations, when the Lord delegated his creative power to the Mother. And it was identical to the ancient Indian tradition, but told like a nursery story; anyone could understand – it was an image, like a movie, and very vivid.

So She made her first four emanations. The first was Consciousness and Light (arising from Sachchidananda); the second was Ananda and Love; the third was Life; and Truth was the fourth. Then, so the story goes, conscious of their infinite power, instead of keeping their connection with the supreme Mother and, through Her, with the Supreme, instead of receiving indications for action from Him and doing things in proper order, they were conscious of their own power and each one took off independently to do as he pleased – they had power and they used it.

They forgot their Origin. And because of this initial oblivion, Consciousness became unconsciousness, and Light became darkness; Ananda became suffering, Love became hate; Life became Death; and Truth became Falsehood. And they were instantly thrown headlong into what became Matter. According to Théon, the world as we know it is the result of that. And that was the Supreme himself in his first manifestation.

But the story is easy to understand, and quite evocative. On the surface, for intellectuals, it's very childish; but once you have the experience you understand it very well – I understood and felt the thing immediately.

And once the world has become like that, has become the vital world in all its darkness, and they, from this vital world, have created Matter, the supreme Mother sees (*laughing*) the result of her first four emanations and She turns towards the Supreme in a great entreaty: "Now that this world is in such a dreadful state, it has to be saved! We can't just leave it this way, can we? It has to be saved, the divine consciousness must be given back to it. What to do?" And the Supreme says, "Thrust yourself into a new emanation, an emanation of the ESSENCE of Love, down into the most material Matter." That meant plunging into the earth (the earth had become a symbol and a representation of the whole drama). "Plunge into Matter." So She plunged into Matter, and that became the primordial source of the Divine within material substance. And from there (as is so well described in *Savitri*), She begins to act as a leaven in Matter, raising it up from within.

And as She plunged into the earth, a second series of emanations was sent forth – the gods – to inhabit the intermediary zones between Sachchidananda and the earth. And these gods (*laughing*) ... well, great care was taken to make them perfect, so they wouldn't give any trouble! But they are a bit ... a bit too perfect, aren't they? Yes, a bit too perfect: they never make mistakes, they always do exactly as they're told.... In short, rather lacking in initiative. They do have some, but....

In fact, they were not *surrendered* in the way a psychic being can be, because they had no psychic in them. The psychic being is the result of that descent. Only human beings have it. And that's what makes humanity so superior to the gods. Théon insisted greatly on this: throughout his story, humans are far superior to gods and should not obey them – they should only be in contact with the Supreme in his aspect of perfect Love.

I don't know how to put it.... To me, those gods always seemed ... (not those described in the Puranas, they're different ... well, not so very different!) but the way Théon presented them, they seemed just like a bunch of marshmallows! It's not that they had no power – they had a lot of power, but they lacked that psychic flame.

And to Théon, the God of the Jews and Christians was an Asura. This Asura wanted to be unique; and so he became the most terrible despot imaginable. Anatole France said the same thing (I now know that Anatole France had never read Théon's story, but I can't imagine where he picked this up). It's in *The Revolt of the Angels*. He says that Satan is the true God and that Jehovah, the "only God," is the monster. And when the angels wanted Satan to become the one and only God, Satan realized he was immediately taking on all Jehovah's failings! So he refused: "Oh, no – thank you very much!" It's a wonderful story, and in exactly the same spirit as what Théon used to say. The very first thing I asked Anatole France (I told you I met him once – mutual friends introduced us), the first thing I asked him was, "Have you ever read *The Tradition*?" He said no. I explained why I had asked, and he was interested. He said his source was his own imagination. He had caught that idea intuitively.

Well, if you speak this way to philosophers and metaphysicians, they'll look at you as if to say, "You must be a real simpleton to believe all that claptrap! " But these things are not to be taken as concrete truths – they are simply splendid images. Through them I really did come in contact, very concretely, with the truth of what caused the world's distortion, much better than with all the Hindu stories, far more easily.

Buddhism and all similar lines of thought took the shortest path: "The desire to exist is what has caused all the trouble." If the Lord had refrained from having this desire, there would have been no world! It's childish, very childish, really a much too human way of looking at the problem.

To see it from the angle of delight of being is qualitatively far superior, but then there's still the problem of why it all became the way it is. The usual reply is: because all things were possible, and this is ONE possibility. But it's not a very satisfying feeling: "Yes, all right, that's just the way it is, it's a fact." People used to ask Théon too, "Why did it happen like this? Why ...?" "Wait till you get to the other side, then you will know. And meanwhile do what's necessary to get there – that's the most urgent thing."

But there is one advantage: without those beings, without the world's distortion, many things would be lacking. Those beings potentially embodied certain absolutely unique elements – understandably so, since they were the first wave. And precisely because they still WERE the Supreme to such a great extent, each one felt he was the Supreme, and that was that. Only it wasn't quite sufficient, for the simple reason that they were already divided into four, and one single division is enough to make everything go wrong. It's readily understandable: it's not something essentially evil, but a question of wrong FUNCTIONING; it's not the substance, not the essence. The essence isn't evil, but the functioning is faulty.

But if you understand....

The words are so childish that if you tell this story to intelligent people, they look at you with pity – but it gives such a concrete grasp of the problem! It helped me a lot.

It was written in English and I am the one who translated it into French – into horrible French, perfectly ghastly, because I put in all the new words Théon had dreamed up. He had made a detailed description of all the faculties latent in man, and it was remarkable – but with such barbarous words! You can make up new words in English and get away with it, but in French it's utterly ridiculous. And there I was, very conscientiously putting them all in! Yet in terms of experience, it was splendid. It really was an experience – it came from Madame Théon's experiences in exteriorization. She had learned what Théon also taught me, to speak while you're in the seventh heaven (the body goes on speaking, rather slowly, in a rather low voice, but it works quite well). She would speak and a friend of hers, another English woman who was their secretary, would note it all down as she went along (I think she knew shorthand). And afterwards it was made into stories, told as stories. It was all shown to Sri Aurobindo and it greatly interested him. He even adopted some of the words into his own terminology.

The divisions and subdivisions of the being were described down to the slightest detail and with perfect precision. I went through the experience again on my own, without any preconceived ideas, just like that: leaving one body after the other, one body after the other, and so on twelve times.... And my experience – apart from certain quite negligible differences, doubtless due to differences in the receiving brain – was exactly the same.

*(the clock strikes)*

I have to go....

I don't know if those experiences have been described in traditional scriptures. I haven't read any – I know nothing of Indian literature, nothing at all. I only know what Sri Aurobindo has said, plus a few odds and ends from here and there. And each time I found myself faced with their vocabulary ... oh, it really puts you off!" The Mother/  
**January 27, 1962**

Savitri then describes the immanent divine ...how he resides within us and draws us to him secretly...this is not a God that is only transcendent, but intimately and thoroughly united with his creation is all facets...joy and tears and happiness and suffering...

One who came love and lover and beloved  
Eternal, built himself a wondrous field  
And wove the measures of a marvellous dance.  
There in its circles and its magic turns  
Attracted he arrives, repelled he flees.  
In the wild devious promptings of his mind  
He tastes the honey of tears and puts off joy  
Repenting, and has laughter and has wrath,  
And both are a broken music of the soul  
Which seeks out reconciled its heavenly rhyme.  
Ever he comes to us across the years  
Bearing a new sweet face that is the old.  
His bliss laughs to us or it calls concealed  
Like a far-heard unseen **entrancing flute**  
From moonlit branches in the throbbing woods,  
Tempting our angry search and passionate pain.  
Disguised the Lover seeks and draws our souls (our search for the immanent divine).

Om Namo Bhagavateh

"To become conscious of the Divine Love, all other love must be abandoned."

**The Mother**

"Lean more exclusively on the Divine's love. When one receives the Divine's love, of what value can be any human love?"

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

01.05.2017

Divine Amar Atman!

My Sweet Blessed Child,

My all love and blessings to you. My child I was in His deep love and supreme touch in the whole day. When I am closing my eyes, I am seeing Him constantly...

Dream Vision on the night of 30<sup>th</sup>-1<sup>st</sup> May-2017

“I felt I was in Pondicherry with some known people. There the child God Sri Krishna reveals Himself. Whoever was going near Him He was crying and He was not willing to go to anybody. He was a child of around six month baby and was sitting like ‘anthua Gopal.’ From a distance He was smiling towards me and wherever I was looking I found His multiple faces everywhere. And from all end He was smiling towards me. Then I went closer to Him and He jumped and sat on my lap. He was unable to talk. But by His magic look He was smiling towards everybody and it appears as if He has known everybody’s all the past births and His smile appears like that of all knowledge, *veda sarvani*. All those who were present were looking towards Him with great wonder. Then I came to know that he was feeling hungry and I fed him with hot milk and rice made soft with my pressing hand and He ate happily with full of smile. Like this I embraced Him in my bosom and felt ineffable delight. I felt as if I have no separate identity and in this ecstatic state I returned from that dream world to this objective waking world and got up from sleep. And the time was 3.00 A.M. In this waking state I felt His deep Presence still continuing the whole day”

OM TAT SAT

My sweet child, you know I don’t want anything from this world but THAT...

With my very intense love and blessings...

At Their Feet

Your ever loving mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

She then describes that it is the Divine who wears the face of Satyavan and that they are from the same divine fire as twin souls always searching and uniting for each other through endless births...

He named himself for me, grew Satyavan.

For we were **man and woman from the first**, (They are also considered as first man and woman of earth or first dual Avatara of earth.)

The twin souls born from one undying fire.  
Did he not dawn on me in other stars?  
How has he through the thickets of the world  
Pursued me like a lion in the night  
And come upon me suddenly in the ways  
And seized me with his glorious golden leap!  
Unsatisfied he yearned for me through time,  
Sometimes with wrath and sometimes with sweet peace  
Desiring me since first the world began.  
He rose like a wild wave out of the floods  
And dragged me helpless into seas of bliss.  
Out of my curtained past his arms arrive;  
They have touched me like the soft persuading wind,  
They have plucked me like a glad and trembling flower,  
And clasped me happily burned in ruthless flame.  
I too have found him charmed in lovely forms  
And run delighted to his distant voice  
And pressed to him past many dreadful bars.  
If there is a yet happier greater god,  
**Let him first wear the face of Satyavan**  
And let his soul be one with him I love;  
So let him seek me that I may desire.  
For only one heart beats within my breast  
And one god sits there throned.

*A Sadhaka (of Savitri book) must realise his oneness of Soul with Satyavan, the representative symbol of Paramatma and must realise his oneness of untransformed Nature, Apra Prakriti with Savitri, representative symbol of Para Prakriti. Then only he can 'wear the face of Satyavan' and his equally divinised and*

transformed Soul and Nature is fit to hold the dual Godhead in the Psychic heart centre and receives Their (or *Savitri's*) Divine Love.

Savitri like a being who has transcended Death, like Guru, calls on Death not to remain stagnant and fixed but to progress, to see more than just the surface illusory world and find the underlying divinity within....

Advance, O Death,

Beyond the phantom beauty of this world;

For of its citizens I am not one.

I cherish God the Fire, not God the Dream.” (Savitri’s God is not a figment of imagination but a living fire with whom she has direct contact.)

Death rejects Savitri’s call...and contends Savitri is hallucinating and then talks about the disharmony and frailty of the matter, life and mind.

But Death once more inflicted on her heart

The majesty of his calm and dreadful voice:

“A bright hallucination are thy thoughts.

A prisoner haled by a spiritual cord,

Of thy own sensuous will the ardent slave,

Thou sendest eagle-poised to meet the sun

Words winged with the red splendour of thy heart.

But knowledge dwells not in the passionate heart;

The heart’s words fall back unheard from Wisdom’s throne.

Vain is thy longing to build heaven on earth.

Artificer of Ideal and Idea,

Mind, child of Matter in the womb of Life,

To higher levels persuades his parents’ steps (there is some (surface apparent) truth

here...the lower consciousness of physical/vital/mental have evolved out the inconscient



and the mind by its influence of the higher mental and divine spheres is always pulling the other sheaths upwards to the diviner influences):

Inapt, they follow ill the daring guide.

But Mind, a glorious traveller in the sky,

Walks **lamely** on the earth with footsteps slow;

159, What difficulty intellect encounters in dealing with life? The Life Divine- 343

Ans: "Again, our intellect, founding itself on reason, finds it difficult to deal with what is infrarational; life is infrarational and we find that our intellectual reason applying itself to life is constantly forcing upon it a control, a measure, an artificial procrustean rule that either succeeds in killing or petrifying life or constrains it into rigid forms and conventions that **lame and imprison its capacity** or end by a bungle, a revolt of life, a decay or disruption of the systems and superstructures built upon it by our intelligence."

What is Mind? The Life Divine-126

A: Mind is not a faculty of knowledge nor an instrument of omniscience; it is a faculty for seeking of knowledge. For Mind is that which does not know, which tries to know and which never knows except as in glass darkly. It is the power which interprets truth of universal existence for the practical uses of a certain order of things; it is not the power which knows and guides that existence and therefore it cannot be the power which created or manifested it.

Hardly he can mould the life's **rebellious stuff** (there is always disharmony between the 3 lower sheaths),

40, What are the fundamental opposition the Matter presents to Spirit? The Life Divine-260

Ans: They are Ignorance, Inertia and Division.

41, What are the fundamental opposition the Life and Mind presents to Spirit? The Life Divine-225-227

Ans: (1) He is aware of only of a small part of his own being: his surface mentality, his surface life, his surface physical being is all that he knows and he does not know even all of that; below is the occult surge of his subconscious and his subliminal mind, his subconscious, and his subliminal life-impulses, his subconscious corporeality, all that large part of himself. (2) The second difficulty is that man is separated in his mind, his

life, his body from the universal. (3) The third difficulty is the division between force and consciousness in the evolutionary existence.

Hardly can he hold **the galloping hooves** of sense: (Mind cannot control the sense.)

His thoughts look straight into the very heavens;

**They draw their gold from a celestial mine,**

His acts work painfully a common ore.

All thy high dreams were made by Matter's mind

To solace its dull work in Matter's jail,

Its only house where it alone seems true.

A solid image of reality

Carved out of being to prop the works of Time,

Matter on the firm earth sits strong and sure.

It is the first-born of created things,

It stands the last when mind and life are slain,

And if it ended all would cease to be (Death gives prominence to matter, because it is the material/plane that least resists his law and where he has the most influence, Life and Mind have evolved to resist and conquer Death).

All else is only its outcome or its phase:

Thy soul is a brief flower by the gardener Mind (he contends the Soul is a creation of the Mind and is mind stuff)

Created in thy matter's terrain plot;

It perishes with the plant on which it grows (he contends that the soul dies with the life),

For from earth's sap it draws its heavenly hue (he contends that all of the soul's powers and effulgence is drawn from matter's base not some other spiritual base):

Thy thoughts are gleams that pass on Matter's verge,

Thy life a lapsing wave on Matter's sea.

A careful steward of Truth's limited means,

Death after praising matter as more important than mind and life, then highlights matter's lack of substance and reality as well...he calls it an imposter and says that it has no right to birth...and holds that eventually the last change of matter is Death.

Treasuring her founded facts from the squandering Power,

It tethers mind to the tent-posts of sense,

To a leaden grey routine clamps Life's caprice

And ties all creatures with the cords of Law.

A vessel of transmuting alchemies,

A glue that sticks together mind and life,

If Matter fails, all crumbling cracks and falls.

All upon Matter stands as on a rock.

Yet this security and guarantor

Pressed for credentials an impostor proves:

A cheat of substance where no substance is,

An appearance and a symbol and a nought,

Its forms have no original right to birth:

Its aspect of a fixed stability

Is the cover of a captive motion's swirl,

An order of the steps of Energy's dance

Whose footmarks leave for ever the same signs,

A concrete face of unsubstantial Time,

A trickle dotting the emptiness of Space:

A stable-seeming movement without change,

Yet change arrives and the last change is death.

What seemed most real once, is Nihil's show (the matter that seemed as substantial and real is an illusion...only a show of the Night).

Its figures are snares that trap and prison the sense;

The beginningless Void was its artificer:

Nothing is there but aspects limned by Chance

And seeming shapes of seeming Energy.

All by Death's mercy breathe and live awhile, (He holds himself as the only true divine on earth that cares for all animate and inanimate beings...for any other divine that may exist is only a figment of mind or an uncaring transcendent above)

All think and act by the Inconscient's grace.

Addict of the roseate luxury of thy thoughts,

Turn not thy gaze within thyself to look

At visions in the gleaming crystal, Mind,

Close not thy lids to dream the forms of Gods (holds that Gods are just a dream of human mind).

Death then instructs Savitri to stop dreaming and open her eyes to the true realisation, to see the Truth that the world sprang inexplicably from the inconscient and is sustained by it ...but nature/earth was unsatisfied with this Truth that there was nothing more than the inconscience so for a little while, it grew life, imagined an immortal soul and tried to search and find something lasting and divine, thus tormenting itself. When everything was inconscient all was well and at peace, there was no search and no pain and Death as Lord ruled over all.

At last to open thy eyes consent and see

The stuff of which thou and the world are made.

Inconscient in the dumb inconscient Void

Inexplicably a moving world sprang forth:

Awhile secure, happily insensible,

It could not rest content with its own truth.

For something on its nescient breast was born

Condemned to see and know, to feel and love,

It watched its acts, imagined a soul within;

It groped for truth and dreamed of Self and God.

When all unconscious was, then all was well.

I, Death, was king and kept my regal state,

Designing my unwilled, unerring plan,

Creating with a calm insentient heart.

In my sovereign power of unreality  
Obliging nothingness to take a form,  
Infallibly my blind unthinking force  
Making by chance a fixity like fate's,  
By whim the formulas of Necessity,  
Founded on the hollow ground of the Inane  
The sure bizarrerie of Nature's scheme.  
I curved the vacant ether into Space;  
A huge expanding and contracting Breath  
Harboured the fires of the universe:  
I struck out the supreme original spark  
And spread its sparse ranked armies through the Inane,  
Manufactured the stars from the occult radiances,  
Marshalled the platoons of the invisible dance;  
I formed earth's beauty out of atom and gas, (part truth distorting the comprehensive truth.)  
And built from chemic plasm the living man.

Death continues that all was well when he created and ruled the cosmos, only when Thought or the higher vital and mental planes descended on Earth and into the physical did all the problems start...he lays the blame for all of Life's suffering on evolution and interference of the higher planes on Earth.

Then Thought came in and spoiled the harmonious world:

Matter began to hope and think and feel,  
Tissue and nerve bore joy and agony.

The inconscient cosmos strove to learn its task;

An ignorant **personal God** was born in Mind  
And to understand invented reason's law,  
The impersonal Vast throbbled back to man's desire,  
A trouble rocked the great world's blind still heart  
And Nature lost her wide immortal calm.

Thus came this warped incomprehensible scene

Of souls emmeshed in life's delight and pain

And Matter's sleep and Mind's mortality,

Of beings in Nature's prison waiting death

And (Mental) consciousness left in seeking ignorance

Its complementary line:

*"Where (mental) knowledge is a seeking ignorance," Savitri-321*

And evolution's slow arrested plan.

This is the world in which thou mov'st, astray

In the tangled pathways of the human mind,

In the issueless circling of thy human life,

Searching for thy soul and thinking God is here.

But where is room for soul or place for God

In the brute immensity of a machine?

A transient Breath thou takest for thy soul,

Born from a gas, a plasm, a sperm, a gene,

A magnified image of man's mind for God,

A shadow of thyself thrown upon Space.

Interposed between the upper and nether Void, (Subconscient and Inconscient Void)

Thy consciousness reflects the world around

In the distorting mirror of Ignorance

Or upwards turns to catch imagined stars.

Or if a half-Truth is playing with the earth

Throwing its light on a dark shadowy ground,

It touches only and leaves a luminous smudge.

Immortality thou claimest for thy spirit,

Death holds that Savitri's vision of an immortal physical being on earth would lead to a life of perpetual suffering for man for he is a creature led by an ignorant force that causes him to stumble at every step...

But immortality for imperfect man, (man lives in the boundary of three *gunas*, which define his limitation and imperfection.)

A god who hurts himself at every step,

Would be a cycle of eternal pain.

He also dismissed higher knowledge as nothing but the twin and consort of ignorance and love as nothing more than an imposter – a vitalistic urge...

Wisdom and love thou claimest as thy right;

But knowledge in this world is error's mate,

A brilliant procuress of Nescience,

And human love a posturer on earth-stage (Death understands the limitation of human love but ignorant of Divine love and he is the guardian of human lovers.)

Who imitates with verve a faery dance.

Verve: Vigour/Spirit/Enthusiasm

An extract pressed from hard experience,

Man's knowledge casked in the barrels of Memory

Has the harsh savour of a mortal draught:

A sweet secretion from the erotic glands (In Divine life this gross enjoyment is transcended.

Those who seek Divine life must be determined to transcend this limitation of Nature's strong vital energy which is necessary for procreation. If this lower vital urge were not strong humanity would not have survived. So a strong Spiritual force can counter this vital energy and finally transform and conserve energy, *viryā*.)

“Love is not sexual intercourse.

Love is not vital attraction and interchange.

Love is not heart's hunger for affection.

Love is a mighty vibration coming straight

from the One. And only the very pure and

very strong are capable of receiving and

manifesting it.' Then an explanation on what I mean by "pure," the very pure and very strong. 'To be pure is to be open only to the Supreme's influence, and to no other.' Far more difficult than what people consider purity to be! Which is something quite artificial and false." The Mother/The Mother's Agenda/4/319-20.

Flattering and torturing the burning nerves,

Love is a honey and poison in the breast

Drunk by it as the nectar of the gods.

Earth's human wisdom is no great-browed power,

And love no gleaming angel from the skies;

If they aspire beyond earth's dullard air,

Arriving sunwards with frail waxen wings,

How high could reach that forced unnatural flight (considers man's efforts to transcend his lower qualities as an unnatural flight)?

But not on earth can divine wisdom reign

And not on earth can divine love be found;

Heaven-born, only in heaven can they live;

Or else there too perhaps they are shining dreams.

Nay, is not all thou art and doest a dream?

Thy mind and life are tricks of Matter's force.

If thy mind seems to thee a radiant sun,

If thy life runs a swift and glorious stream,

This is the illusion of thy mortal heart

Dazzled by a ray of happiness or light. (considers our vision of a higher Truth mind and a life without pain as an illusion)

Impotent to live by their own right divine,

Convinced of their brilliant unreality,

When their supporting ground is cut away,

These children of Matter into Matter die (when the body dies, all hopes, aspirations, struggles die with the body, nothing survives, no soul or Self survives the death of the physical).



Even Matter vanishes into Energy's vague

And Energy is a motion of old Nought (eventually the matter itself disappears into the void of nothingness).

Death contends that the Ideal (higher Truth consciousness) which itself is a dream of the mind cannot be painted onto the earth (which is also a dream...so a dream within a dream)

How shall the Ideal's unsubstantial hues

Be painted stiff on earth's vermilion blur,

A dream within a dream come doubly true?

How shall the will-o'-the-wisp become a star?

The Ideal is a malady of thy mind,

A bright delirium of thy speech and thought,

A strange wine of beauty lifting thee to false sight.

A noble fiction of thy yearnings made,

Thy human imperfection it must share (contends that the ideal which is a figment of our mind must share the same imperfections as our mind, it cannot be anything else):

Its forms in Nature disappoint the heart,

And never shall it find its heavenly shape

And never can it be fulfilled in Time.

O soul misled by the splendour of thy thoughts,

O earthly creature with thy dream of heaven,

He instructs her to give up her delusions and obey the iron law of Death to accept whatever little joy that life affords her, to live in the little light that shines upon her days and create whatever little pleasure that is available to her within the bounds of nature and also undergo whatever pain and suffering that a mortal life endures and finally at the end Death will find her and she will enter into that unconscious sleep from which she originated.

Obey, resigned and still, the earthly law.

Accept the brief light that falls upon thy days; (Death is intolerant towards large Divine descent.)

Take what thou canst of Life's permitted joy;  
Submitting to the ordeal of fate's scourge  
Suffer what thou must of toil and grief and care.  
There shall approach silencing thy passionate heart  
My long calm night of everlasting sleep:  
There into the hush from which thou cam'st retire."

END OF CANTO TWO

Death has understood life by complete separation from Self and Divine. So these philosophies of death receive full support from our untransformed Nature. So these ideas that are strongly printed in our Subconscient mind are to be erased by the touch of Superconscient Light. Sri Aurobindo has given us a huge task of transforming the untransformed nature and the above philosophy of Death will help us to find the falsehood or distortion of truth we suffer in our lower Nature and their transformation by the pressure of higher Nature or descent of the Divine Shakti.

Divine Amar Atman!

*My Divine Child Auroprem,*

*My all love & blessings to you...*

*This SAVITRI sadhana will give us the true strength to conquer the death and achieve the Supramental state towards the immortality....*

OM TAT SAT

*With my all eternal love & blessings forever...*

**At Their Feet**

**S. A. Maa Krishna**

---

Om Namo Bhagavateh

“His bliss laughs to us or it calls concealed  
Like a far-heard unseen **entrancing flute**  
From moonlit branches in the throbbing woods,  
Tempting our angry search and passionate pain.

Disguised the Lover seeks and draws our souls.” Savitri-614 (Here the immanent God who lives within Savitri’s heart is identified as Satyavan.) (A Sadhaka has to first discover immanent God in the Psychic heart centre, here symbolized as Satyavan, then to discover the immanent Goddess symbolized as Savitri. They are the twin souls born from one undying fire. They are the twin Souls from the beginning of the creation.)

Sri Matriniketan Ashram  
17.12.2019

Divine Amar Atman!  
My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. We mark two things from Savitri. First she could travel Inconscient world without dying and secondly she was calling down large Divine Force to those dark world. Both these actions are impossible for earth bound man. She was also determined to follow Death wherever he would take Satyavan and Death could not catch her in his world spreading death-net-trap.

This Book-10, Canto-2 also makes us aware of her Subconscient task and her mission:

“One day I shall behold my great sweet world  
Put off the dire disguises of the gods,  
Unveil from terror and disrobe from sin.  
Appeased we shall draw near our mother’s face,  
We shall cast our candid souls upon her lap;  
Then shall we clasp the ecstasy we chase,  
Then shall we shudder with the long-sought god,  
Then shall we find Heaven’s unexpected strain.” Savitri-613

In this chapter Death has carefully developed his own philosophy towards life which is ‘falsehoods mingled with sad strains of truth.’ A seeker of truth and immortality must identify it and reject it.

In this letter revised Auroprem’s study is attached.

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

## The Post Thesis

Each line of Savitri is equally important. Here below a division is made for the purpose of Sadhana, for the purpose of concentration, contemplation and meditation and tracing a path of Unknowable.

**The Important Secret of this chapter:**

**The More Important Secret of this chapter:**

**The Most Important Secret of this chapter:**

N.B. In this study (third review) *Auroprem's* observations are marked red, *Guruprasad's* observations are marked maroon and *S.A. Maa Krishna's* observations are marked in blue script.

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