

Book-10, Canto Three

The Debate of Love and Death

“I don't have far to go on my translation of *The Synthesis of Yoga* (it's going very quickly), and I have found what I'll do next. It will be something like those notebooks [*Prayers and Meditations*]. I am going to take the whole section of *Savitri* (to start with, I'll see later) from "The Debate of Love and Death" to the point where the Supreme Lord makes his prophecy about the earth's future; it's long – several pages long. This is for my own satisfaction.

I am going to translate it line by line (not word by word – line by line), leaving a space between each line; and when I've finished I will try to recapture it in French (*gesture of pulling down from above*).

I am not doing it to show it to people or to have anyone read it, but to remain in *Savitri's* atmosphere, for I love that atmosphere. It will give me an hour of concentration, and I'll see if by chance. I have no gift for poetry, but I'll see if it comes! (It surely won't come from a mentality developed in this present existence – there's no poetic gift!) So it's interesting, I'll see if anything comes. I am going to give it a try.

I know that light. I am immediately plunged into it each time I read *Savitri*. It is a very, very beautiful light.

So I am going to see.

First of all, I'll concentrate on it just as Sri Aurobindo said it in English, using French words. Then I'll see if something comes WITHOUT changing anything – that is, if the same inspiration he had comes in French. It will be an interesting thing to do. If I can do one, two, three lines a day, that's all I need; I will spend one hour every day like that.

I don't have anything in mind. All I know is that being in that light above gives me great joy. For it is a supramental light – a supramental light of aesthetic beauty, and very, very harmonious.

So now I don't mind finishing *The Synthesis*. I was a little bothered because I have no other books by Sri Aurobindo to translate that can help me in my sadhana: there was only *The Synthesis*. As I said, it always came right on time, just when it was needed for a particular experience.

When this new translation is finished (because I know *Savitri*, I know what it is), I know that when it's finished ... either I'll be there or else things will take a very long time.¹⁸⁴

All his other books that could help me are already translated. And with *Savitri*, the idea isn't to make a translation, but to SEE. To try something. To give me the daily experience of that contact.

I had some magnificent experiences when I read it the first time (two years ago, I believe). Wonderful, wonderful experiences! And since then, each time I read those lines, the same thing happens – not the same experience, but I come in contact with the same realm.

It will be an interesting thing to do.

It's more interesting than listening to everybody's stories! Oh .. (*Mother raps her head*). That's all." The Mother/18th September, 1962

"A little later, about 'Savitri'

And the Debate of Love and Death:

He (Sri Aurobindo) said he wanted to redo this passage, but he never did it. And when he was asked, he said, "No later."

And he knew very well that there was no "later." At the time he already knew it.

"No later."

I don't know..."

The Mother

21st July, 1965

"...And from the universal stand point, it is this inertia, this unconsciousness that made the existence of death necessary—the "existence" of death!"

The Mother

24th July, 1965

"As for me, I am debating with Death.

It's exactly the universal state of mind: a state of disbelief, oh, terrible! If we didn't know that something will come to replace it, it would be terrible.

This *Savitri* is wonderful, he foresaw everything, saw everything, everything, absolutely everything, there isn't one point he left unexplored!" The Mother/ **April 20, 1963**

"Do you remember Savitri's debate with Death ["The Debate of Love and Death"]? ... According to it, Sri Aurobindo seems to be saying that Disorder arose when Life entered Matter.

(Mother leafs through her thick translation notebook121)

Although God made the world for his delight,
An ignorant Power took charge and seemed his Will

In other words, that Power assumed the appearance of God's Will.
And Death's deep falsity has mastered Life.

All grew a play of Chance simulating Fate.

(X.III.629)

And before, Sri Aurobindo writes:

O Death, this is the mystery of thy reign.

He seems to imply it's only on earth:
In earth's anomalous and tragic field
Carried in its aimless journey by the sun
Mid the forced marches of the great dumb stars,
A darkness occupied the fields of God,

(Mother repeats)

A darkness occupied the fields of God,
And Matter's world was governed by thy shape.

The shape of Death.
Thy mask has covered the Eternal's face,
It's marvelous!
The Bliss that made the world has fallen asleep.
Abandoned in the Vast she slumbered on: An evil transmutation
overtook Her members till she knew herself no more.

(X.III.627)

And so on, a whole passage. And he seems to imply that it's when Life entered
inert Matter that an ignorant Power ... what I read at the beginning:
An ignorant Power took charge and seemed his Will
And Death's deep falsity has mastered Life.

Consequently, according to this, Death would exist only on the earth.

(silence)

That's where I am in my translation. *(Mother closes her notebook)*

What are your conclusions?

I'll have to go to the end to understand what he wants to demonstrate.
You see, I was always under the impression that the earth was a symbolic
representation of the universe in order to concentrate the Work on one point so that it
could be done more consciously and deliberately. And I was always under the
impression that Sri Aurobindo too thought that way. But here ... I had read *Savitri*
without noticing this. But now that I read it and I am so immersed in that problem ...
In other words, it's as if it were THE question given me to resolve.

I noticed it while reading.

(long silence)

It would seem to legitimize or justify those who want to escape entirely from the
earth's atmosphere. The idea would be that the earth is a special experiment of the
Supreme in His universe; and those who are not too keen on that experiment (!)
prefer to get out of it (to say things somewhat offhandedly).

The difference is this: In one case, the purpose of the earth is a concentration of the Work (which means it can be done more rapidly, consciously and perfectly here), and so there is a serious reason to stay on and do it. In the other case, it's just one experiment amidst thousands or millions of others; and if that experiment doesn't particularly appeal to you, to want to get out of it is legitimate.

I don't see how it would be possible for one point of the Supreme not to be the whole Supreme. If there is a difficulty here, it's a difficulty for the WHOLE, isn't it?

Not necessarily.

Why should there be something apart from the rest?

It all depends, in fact, (*laughing*) on what He is driving at!

We can very well conceive that He may be carrying on some very different experiments. And so you could go from one experiment to another, you see.

It would be as Buddha said: it's attachment or desire that keeps you here, otherwise there's no reason for you to stay here.

(Satprem protests wordlessly)

Everything is possible to me, you know, absolutely everything, even the seemingly most contradictory things – really, I am totally unable to raise a mental or logical or reasonable objection either to this or to that. But the question ... (*Mother leaves her sentence unfinished*). That is to say, the Lord's Will is very clear to Him, and (*laughing*) the whole thing is to unite with that Will and know it.

It had always seemed to me that way [the earth as a symbolic point of concentration], but I am so convinced that Sri Aurobindo saw things more truly and totally than anyone did that, naturally, when he says something, you tend to consider the problem!

I don't know, I haven't reached the end of *Savitri* yet. Because I notice (rereading it after the space of a few months, barely two years) that it's altogether something else than the first time I read it. Altogether something else: there is in it infinitely more than what I had experienced; my experience was limited, and now it's far more complete (maybe if I reread it in a year or two, it would be still more complete, I don't know), but there are plenty of things that I hadn't seen the first time.

Perhaps that passage I've just read is only one aspect? ... I will see when I reach the end.

What he announces, and what I am sure of, is that the Victory will be won on the earth and that the earth will become a progressive being (eternally progressive) in the Lord – that's understood. But it doesn't preclude the other possibility. The future of the earth he has announced clearly, and it's understood that such is the future of the earth; only, if that possibility [of death as an exclusively earthly phenomenon] is what we could term "historically" correct, it would sort of legitimize the attitude of those who get away from it. How is it that Buddha, who undeniably was an Avatar,

laid so much stress on Deliverance as the conclusion of things? He who stayed behind only to help others ... to get away faster. Then that means he saw only one side of the problem? ...

Oh, yes!

But if there is a whole universe, thousands of universes with altogether different modes, and if to be here is merely a matter of CHOICE ... then the choice is free, of course – there are those who like conquest and victory, and those others who like doing nothing.

But Buddha represented only one stage of consciousness. AT THAT TIME it was good to follow that path, therefore ... We can conceive it was a particular necessity within the whole, of course. But these are all conceptions, it's still something mental – I recently had in my hands a quotation from Sri Aurobindo in which he said that there is "no problem the human mind cannot solve if it wants to." (Laughing) There is no problem that the mind cannot solve if it applies itself to it! But I don't care, I have no need of mental logic – no need. And it would have no effect on my action – that's not what I want, not at all! It's only because there is that increasingly acute contradiction between the Truth and what is. It's becoming painfully acute. You know, that suffering, that general misery is becoming almost unbearable.

There was a time when I looked at all that with a smile – a long time. For years and years it was a smile, the way you smile at a childish question. Now, I don't know why it has come ... it has been THRUST on me like a sort of acute anguish – which certainly is necessary to get out of the problem.

To get out, I mean, to cure, to change – not to flee. I don't like flight.

That was my major objection to the Buddhists: all that you are advised to do is merely to give you an opportunity to flee – that's not pretty.

But change, yes.

(silence)

There are some lines [in *Savitri*] that all of a sudden are so magnificent! They come with such power, but once written down, that's not it any more.

For example, you SEE that image of the mask of Death covering the Supreme's face.

It's marvelous. So intense. And then that ignorant Power that took charge of the earth and made it ... that "seemed," SEEMED the Supreme's Will. It's so pregnant with meaning." The Mother/ **September 28, 1963**

Summary:

In this canto the arguments between Death and Savitri continue and both sides lay their claim to the evolving soul of man. In many ways between the arguments made by Death (Soul slaying truth) and Savitri (Soul saving truth) all of man's past questions and doubts about the true purpose of life and the existence of the divine are laid bare.

After hearing the gospel of Death, which to mortal ears and a rational mind based on reason may seem acceptable, (because man lives by the fixed Iron law of Nature) Savitri counters it (because she lives in her Supernature.). Death's arguments can seem logical especially to a mind that uses reason as its guide, but its arguments satiate only the fragmented mind which is an instrument of ignorance, it does not quench the thirst of the spirit nor does it see the entire arc of (Divine plan) the initial divine descent/involution into matter, the divine evolution out of matter into life and mind and the final divine ascent and descent of higher truth into matter transforming it. Death seems to see only the slow change of (surface) nature which always seems to end in futility.

Death demands from Savitri that let her (1) show him miracles to prove that she is Divine and (2) tempts her to leave Satyavan by granting another (inferior earth-ward) boon. Savitri rejects and counters all his arguments with her Soul's clarity but Death refuses to convert and refuses to accept her divinity.

Detail:

A *SAD* destroying cadence the voice sank;
It seemed to lead the advancing march of Life
Into some still original Inane.

Savitri starts off by giving a brief (account) summary of the involution of the divine into matter and the evolution of life and mind out of it and the final merging of the dormant consciousness in the lower nature with its source above....

But Savitri answered to almighty Death: (Death's almightiness is an appearance.

"O dark-browed sophist of the universe

Who veilst the Real with its own Idea,

Hiding with **brute objects** Nature's living face,

Masking eternity with thy dance of death,

Thou hast woven the ignorant mind into a screen

And made of Thought error's purveyor and scribe,

And a **false witness** of mind's servant sense.

An aesthete of the sorrow of the world,

Champion of a harsh and sad philosophy (Death always espouses and champions its own philosophy of negation, denial and failure)

Thou hast used words to shutter out the Light

And called in Truth to vindicate a lie.

A **lying reality** is falsehood's crown

And a **perverted truth** her richest gem.

O Death, thou speakest truth but truth that slays,(the ephemeral, surface, seen through the fragmented lens of the mind)

I answer to thee with the Truth that saves.(as seen by the spirit)

(Sri Aurobindo vulgarised human love to such extent that any young conscious aspiring Soul will be aware of its limitation and strives to trace the Divine Love which is a 'mighty Vibration' descending into the human vessel directly from the Supreme. In one occasion of descent into night He speaks of 'harlot Power' which can slay the living Soul. In another occasion in the debate between human love represented by *Death* and Divine Love represented by *Savitri*, He speaks through *Death* of the 'soul slaying truth' of human love. He also speaks of a Consciousness by whose intervention human love can be transformed into Divine Love. This indicates that human love is a passage through which one falls into harlot's clutch and it is also the passage through which Divine Love and comprehensive virginity can be traced. So the *Savitri* book proposes developing Souls to reject human love in order to escape from *Death's* clutch and few privileged developed Souls to

transform human love into Divine Love and subsequently discovery of immortal life. So we are in search of that Psychic and Spiritual Love which rejects human love and Supramental Love which destroys the falsehood in human love and transforms it into Divine Love.)

A traveller new-discovering himself (he journeys from himself in the light to finding himself in the darkness and then again himself in the superconscious light),

One made of Matter's world his starting-point,

He made of Nothingness his living-room

And Night a process of the eternal light (Night and Death are merely transition rooms or transit lounges – there are neither places from which we came nor places where we will finally reside)

And death a spur towards immortality (without the spur, the evolving spirit within us would sleep).

God wrapped his head from sight in Matter's cowl, (in the form of Inconscious and Subconscious Sheath.)

The conditions precedent to the divine descent are described below...

His consciousness dived into inconscient depths, (His Supreme consciousness lived as Subconscious and Inconscious self)

All-Knowledge seemed a huge dark Nescience; (In the Inconscious, all-Knowledge entered the state of oblivion.)

Infinity wore a boundless zero's form.

His abyssms of bliss became insensible deeps,

Eternity a blank spiritual Vast.

Annulling an original nullity

The Timeless took its ground in emptiness

And drew the figure of a universe,

That the spirit might adventure into Time (through evolution of consciousness.)

And wrestle with adamant Necessity

And the soul pursue a cosmic pilgrimage.

A spirit moved in **black immensities**

And built a Thought in ancient Nothingness;

A soul was lit in God's tremendous Void, (Subconscious Self)

A secret labouring glow of nascent fire (the descent of the divine fire into matter was the first step necessary for matter to evolve out of the darkness). (Subconscious Self is the fire in the Subconscious sheath.)

Savitri's above discovery of Subconscious Self can be compared with King Aswapati's discovery of Subconscious Self:

"A treasure was found of a supernal Day.
In the **deep subconscious** glowed her jewel-lamp;
Lifted, it showed the riches of the Cave
Where, by the miser traffickers of sense
Unused, guarded beneath Night's dragon paws,
In folds of velvet darkness they sleep
Whose **priceless value could have saved the world.**"

Savitri-42

In Nihil's gulf his mighty Puissance wrought;

She swung her formless motion into shapes,

Made Matter the body of the Bodiless.

Infant and dim the eternal Might awoke.

In inert Matter breathed a slumbering Life (the evolution of life first in small plants and then in larger creatures),

In a subconscious Life Mind lay asleep (mind could not activate itself in matter, it needed life to evolve first);

In **waking** Life it (Mind) stretched its giant limbs

To shake from it the torpor of its drowse;

A senseless substance quivered into sense,

The world's heart commenced to beat, its eyes to see,

In the crowded dumb vibrations of a brain

Thought fumbled in a ring to find itself (thoughts can be generated either from the sub
conscient or superconscient),
Discovered speech and fed the new-born Word
That bridged with spans of light the world's ignorance.
In **waking** Mind, the Thinker built his house (the intellectual was born after mind had evolved
sufficiently).

A reasoning animal willed and planned and sought;
He stood erect among his brute compeers,
He built life new, measured the universe,
Opposed his fate and wrestled with unseen Powers,
Conquered and used the laws that rule the world,
And hoped to ride the heavens and reach the stars (the scientific mind),
A master of his huge environment.

Now through Mind's windows stares the demigod
Hidden behind the curtains of man's soul:
He has seen the Unknown, looked on Truth's veiless face (the sage and the seer);
A ray has touched him (the moderate Thinker) from the eternal sun;

Its complementary line is:

"I (Satyavan) lived in the ray (or Divine's touch) but faced not the sun (or not His
constant embrace)" Savitri-407,

Motionless, voiceless in foreseeing depths,
He stands awake in Supernature's light
And sees a glory of arisen wings
And sees the vast descending might of God.(having risen to the superconscient he then
partakes in God's descent into matter to transform it)

Savitri holds that the world as it is now is only a partially built structure consistently obstructed
by Death in its progress. A survey of the earth as it currently is does not give a clue to the
human mind of the grand future that awaits it (just as a muddy pool does not reveal the
beauty of the lotus that can arise from it). Nature's goal is to uncover the secret divine within
her.

“O Death, thou lookst on an **unfinished world**

Assailed by thee and of its road unsure,

Peopled by imperfect minds and ignorant lives,

And sayest God is not and all is vain.

How shall the child already be the man?

Because he is infant, shall he never grow?

Because he is ignorant, shall he never learn?

In a small fragile seed a great tree lurks,

In a tiny gene a thinking being is shut;

A little element in a little sperm,

It grows and is a conqueror and a sage.

Then wilt thou spew out, Death, God’s mystic truth,

Deny the occult spiritual miracle?

Still wilt thou say there is no spirit, no God?

A mute material Nature wakes and sees;

She has invented speech, unveiled a will.

Something there waits beyond towards which she strives,

Something surrounds her into which she grows:

To uncover the spirit, to change back into God,

To exceed herself is her transcendent task.

Its complementary line:

“Above, her spirit in its mighty trance

Saw all, but lived for its **transcendent task**,” Savitri-606

In God concealed the world began to be,

Tardily it travels towards manifest God:

Our imperfection towards perfection toils,

The body is the chrysalis of a soul:

The infinite holds the finite in its arms,

Time travels towards revealed eternity.

Its complementary lines are:

“Unending **Space** was beaten into a curve,

Indivisible **Time** into small minutes cut,
The infinitesimal massed to keep secure
The mystery of the Formless cast into form.”

Savitri-266-67

“She crossed through **spaces** of a **secret self**
And trod in passages of **inner Time.**”

Savitri-490

“She passed beyond **Time** into eternity,
Slipped out of **space** and became the Infinite;”

Savitri-555

A miracle structure of the eternal Mage,
Matter its mystery hides from its own eyes,
A scripture written out in cryptic signs,
An occult document of the All-Wonderful’s art.

The Divine shows his presence through the various manifestations in the world, to eyes and hearts that are open, these symbols are visible ...all nature is a testament to his power and presence.

All here bears witness to his secret might,
In all we feel his presence and his power.
A blaze of his sovereign glory is the sun,
A glory is the gold and glimmering moon,
A glory is his dream of purple sky (**Mother (Maa Krishna) what is the significance of ‘purple’...the Lord mentions the colour a lot in this text – is it just the vital plane or is it more than that?**) (purple colour represents vital plane, vital power, vital force. Sky is the symbol of consciousness above mind. It also indicates infinite.)

A march of his greatness are the wheeling stars.
His laughter of beauty breaks out in green trees,
His moments of beauty triumph in a flower;
The blue sea’s chant, the rivulet’s wandering voice

Are murmurs falling from the Eternal's harp.

This world is God fulfilled in outwardness.

His ways challenge our reason and our sense;

By blind brute movements of an ignorant Force (when looked upon by our mind or reason or ego the external world appears uncivilised and slow and savage),

By means we slight as small, obscure or base,

A greatness founded upon little things,

He has built a world in the unknowing Void.

His forms he has massed from **infinitesimal dust;**

“Let us understand that however great may have been our efforts, our struggles, even our victories, compared with the distance yet to be travelled, the one we have already covered is nothing; and that all are equal—infinitesimal grains of dust or identical stars—before Eternity.” The Mother/TMCE/1/Prayers and Meditations-50,

His marvels are built from insignificant things.

If mind is crippled, life untaught and crude,

If brutal masks are there and evil acts,

They are incidents of his vast and varied plot,

His great and dangerous drama's needed steps (all evil in the world is only incidental and a tool used to advance his divine creation in Ignorance.);

This creation is to be wholly accepted and embraced as the manifestation of the *Brahman*. If the existing mind of most man is crippled; life is untaught and crude; if there exists brutal and evil activities, then they are to be accepted as incidents of Divine's vast and varied plot; His great and dangerous drama's needed steps. We have to meet our Lord in the nescient sleep of shadow and the Night and in the wakefulness of the stars and Sun and wait for the hour in which high meets the low. The emergence of Divine Life on earth is possible by reconciliation of God's Night and His fathomless Light.

He makes with these and all his passion-play,

A play and yet no play but the deep scheme (it is called a play or illusion because we cannot explain the purpose behind the existence of creation to our minds, yet creation is much more than a play or an illusion or a dream...it has a profound reality behind it)

Of a transcendent Wisdom finding ways

To meet her Lord in the shadow and the Night (**Nature seeks the involved energy - the divine in matter as it does in the superconscious**): (Savitri has to unite with Satyavan in the Subconscious and Inconscious world by calling down Divine energy there. Satyavan's death created such an opportunity for Savitri. She has to prove her Divine Love which can transform those dark worlds. So her task is to call down Divine Love from higher planes and there exists a long hierarchy Supramental plane and not to limit herself with preliminary stairs of Supramental plane. .)

Above her is the vigil of the stars;

Watched by a **solitary Infinitude**

She embodies in dumb Matter the Divine,

In symbol minds and lives the Absolute.

A miracle-monger her mechanical craft;

Matter's machine worked out the laws of thought,

Life's engines served the labour of a soul:

The Mighty Mother her creation wrought,

A huge caprice self-bound by iron laws (**the energy is self-bound – so not bound by some external force**),

And shut God into an enigmatic world:

She lulled the Omniscient into nescient sleep,

Omnipotence on Inertia's back she drove,

Trod perfectly with divine unconscious steps

The enormous circle of her wonder-works. ([Description of Divine work in the Subconscious plane.](#))

Immortality assured itself by death;

The Eternal's face was seen through drifts of Time.

His knowledge he disguised as Ignorance,

His Good he sowed in Evil's monstrous bed,

Made error a door by which Truth could enter in,

His plant of bliss watered with Sorrow's tears (**my Mother (Maa Krishna), I hope all my tears will end one day in Bliss**). [Yes](#)

A thousand aspects point back to the One;

A dual Nature covered the Unique (**Mother (Maa Krishna) is this dual nature, the inconscient on one pole and the superconscient on the other?**). (the duality or *dwanda* of the Gita- Heat and cold, pleasure and pain, good and bad etc.) (Through dual Nature the Divine is veiled.)

In this meeting of the Eternal's mingling masques,

This tangle-dance of passionate contraries

Locking like lovers in a forbidden embrace (Matter and Spirit)

The **quarrel** of their lost identity, (Spirit can reconcile with Matter in Supramental plane and in ordinary consciousness of three modes of nature they can quarrel with each other.)

Through this wrestle and wrangle of the extremes of Power

Earth's million roads struggled towards deity.

All stumbled on behind a stumbling Guide (**is this stumbling guide, the human mind?**), (Guide is also a beginner in Eternal's path.) (Here the Divine Guide's stumbling is an appearance and stumbling of all His creation is real.)

Yet every stumble is a needed pace (stumble and Spiritual fall is a part of the Divine play.)

On unknown routes to an unknowable goal. (Integral Yoga is like hewing a path in the virgin forest.)

Its complementary line:

"This too the supreme **Diplomat** can use,
He makes our fall a means for greater rise." Savitri-34,
"The spirit rises mightier by each defeat;
Its godlike wings grow wider with each fall." Savitri-458,
"A huge descent began, (followed by) a giant fall:" Savitri-456,

All blundered and straggled towards the One Divine.

As if transmuted by a titan spell (**Mother (Maa Krishna) who laid this spell on the Eternal powers?**) (Consciousness.)

The eternal Powers assumed a dubious face (**the darkened/opposite powers of divinity in the lower nether worlds**): (Eternal assumed a dubious face in the Subconscient world.)

Idols of an oblique divinity,

They wore the heads of animal or troll,

Assumed ears of the faun, the satyr's hoof,

Or harboured the demoniac in their gaze:

A crooked maze they made of thinking mind,

They suffered a metamorphosis of the heart,
Admitting bacchant revellers from the Night
Into its sanctuary of delights,
As in a Dionysian masquerade.

On the highways, in the gardens of the world
They wallowed oblivious of their divine parts,
As drunkards of a dire Circean wine

Circean: 1: relating to or resembling Circe. 2 : having the quality of a fascinating sorceress : dangerously or fatally attractive or misleading : lulling. 3: sorceress who changed men to swine.

Or a child who sprawls and sports in Nature's mire.

Even wisdom, hewer of the roads of God,

Is a partner in the deep disastrous game:

Lost is the pilgrim's wallet and the scrip,

Scrip: a provisional certificate of money subscribed to a bank or company, entitling the holder to a formal certificate and dividends.

She fails to read the map and watch the star (**the forces that guide man can themselves be corrupted and man loses his way**).

A poor self-righteous **virtue** is her stock

And **reason's** pragmatic grope or abstract sight,

Or the technique of a brief hour's success

She teaches, an usher in utility's school.

On the **ocean surface** of vast Consciousness (**all our thoughts and acts and reactions are only surface oriented and do not plumb the depths of our being**)

Small thoughts in shoals are fished up into a net

But the great truths escape her narrow cast (**the human mind cannot grasp the great truths only small fragmented surface truths**);

Guarded from vision by creation's depths,

Obscure they swim in blind enormous gulfs (**Mother (Maa Krishna) this suggests that the greatest Truths are hidden in the deepest inconscient**) (also Subconscient.)

Safe from the little sounding leads of mind,

Too far for the puny diver's shallow plunge.

Our mortal vision peers with ignorant eyes;

It has no gaze on the deep heart of things.

Our knowledge walks leaning on Error's staff,

A worshipper of false dogmas and false gods,

Or fanatic of a fierce intolerant creed (religious mind)

Or a seeker doubting every truth he finds,

A sceptic facing Light with adamant No (like we are when we are depressed and refuse to believe in the divine power to transform and save us) Its complementary line:

“And barks at every unfamiliar light” Savitri-246

Or chilling the heart with dry ironic smile,

A cynic stamping out the god in man;

A darkness wallows in the paths of Time

Or lifts its giant head to blot the stars;

It makes a cloud of the interpreting mind

And intercepts the **oracles** of the Sun.

Oracle (noun): (especially in ancient Greece) an utterance, often ambiguous or obscure, given by priest or priestess at a shrine as response of a god to the inquiry. A divine communication and revelation. Origin of Oracle from Latin: Oraculum which is equivalent to plead.

Although man lives his life on the surface vital and mental consciousness, there is a divine light that awaits his attention that will help him plumb the hidden depths and find the secret truth – science will help him uncover the mysteries of nature and this light of his consciousness within will reveal the vast spiritual worlds....so eventually all knowledge shall be man's and he will no longer be a stumbling blind creature once the spirit is awakened in him.

Yet Light is there; it stands at Nature's doors:

It holds a torch to lead the traveller in.

It (Light) waits to be kindled in **our secret cells;** (Outcome of Subconscious transformation.)

It is a star lighting an ignorant sea,

A lamp upon our poop piercing the night.

Poop: the aftermost and highest deck of a ship, especially in a sailing ship where it typically forms the roof of a cabin in the stern.

As knowledge grows Light flames up from within:

It is a shining warrior in the mind,

An eagle of dreams in the divining heart,

An armour in the fight, a bow of God.

Then larger dawns arrive and Wisdom's pomps

Cross through the being's dim half-lighted fields;

Philosophy climbs up Thought's cloud-bank peaks (**Philosophy and Science together will solve the riddle behind Nature**)

And **Science** tears out Nature's occult powers,

Enormous **djinns** who serve a dwarf's (**Mother (Maa Krishna) is this the ego being served by**

lower vital powers?) small needs, (**Djinns are dark powers of Subconscient world, physical**

(tamasic) mind is projected as dwarf whose needs are always small.)

Exposes the sealed **minutiae** of her art

Minutiae: the small, precise, or trivial details of something.

And conquers her by her own captive force.

On heights unreached by mind's most daring soar,

Upon a dangerous edge of failing Time

The soul draws back into its deathless Self;

Man's knowledge becomes God's supernal Ray.

There is the mystic realm whence leaps the power

Whose fire burns in the eyes of seer and sage;

A lightning flash of visionary sight,

It plays upon an inward verge of mind:

Thought silenced gazes into a brilliant Void.

A **voice** comes down from mystic unseen peaks:

A cry of splendour from a mouth of storm,

It is the **voice** that speaks to night's profound,

It is the thunder and the flaming call.

Above the planes that climb from nescient earth,

A **hand** is lifted towards the Invisible's realm,

Beyond the superconscient's blinding line

And plucks away the screens of the Unknown;

A spirit within looks into the Eternal's eyes.

It hears the **Word** to which our hearts were deaf,

It sees through the blaze in which our thoughts grew blind;

It drinks from the naked breasts of glorious Truth,

It learns the secrets of eternity.

Thus all was plunged into the riddling Night,

Thus all is raised to meet a dazzling Sun.

Savitri then outlines how Death's rule came about, how the original divine power that came to earth fell asleep in the deep heart of matter . This allowed for a distorting influence like Death and Night to take over (Mother in reality though is not Death and the Night actually a spur to awaken the sleeping energy and hasten it in its journey to find the superconscious above? Yes. This distorting consciousness is also one of the greatest instruments of the Divine helping man in evolving from Ignorance.). The divine consciousness slowly awakes and in its first movements creates life and mind which are initial efforts...unable to grasp its original glory it seeks it via a million roads and many through pain and hardship, but the secret consciousness feeds on all emotions (joy/sorrow/difficulties) and all these enrich it and help its growth, although man's mental and vital may be seen to sin and fall, in reality all these are steps are food for the divine consciousness within in its upward journey...however even though the soul never suffers and is enriched by the suffering of the mind/physical and vital, this suffering is not eternal, secretly the crowning experience of the union of nature (the consciousness hiding in nature) with its source above is being planned and it will surely come to pass. Like the lotus , man starts in the mud but flowers into the sky.

O Death, this is the mystery of thy reign.

In earth's anomalous and magic field

Carried in its aimless journey by the sun

Mid the forced marches of the great dumb stars,

A darkness occupied the fields of God,

And Matter's world was governed by thy shape.

Thy mask has covered the Eternal's face,

The Bliss that made the world has fallen asleep. (in the Subconscious world.)

Abandoned in the Vast she slumbered on:

An evil transmutation overtook

Her members till she knew herself no more.

Only through her creative slumber flit

Frail memories of the joy and beauty meant

Under the sky's blue laugh mid green-scarfed trees

And happy squanderings of scents and hues,

In the field of the **golden** promenade of the sun

And the vigil of the dream-light of the stars,

Amid high **meditating** heads of hills,

On the bosom of voluptuous rain-kissed earth

And by the sapphire tumbings of the sea.

But now the primal innocence is lost

And **Death and Ignorance govern the mortal world**

And Nature's visage wears a greyer hue.

Earth still has kept her early charm and grace,

The grandeur and the beauty still are hers,

But veiled is the divine Inhabitant.

The souls of men have wandered from the Light

And the great Mother turns away her face.

The eyes of the **creatrix Bliss** are closed

Highest Hinted Secret of *The Mother Book*:

“There are other great Personalities of the Divine Mother, but they were more difficult to bring down and have not stood out in front with so much prominence in the evolution of the earth-spirit. There are among them Presences indispensable for the Supramental realisation, --most of all one who is her Personality of that mysterious and powerful ecstasy and Ananda (The eyes of the creatrix Bliss are closed Savitri-628) which flows from a supreme divine Love, the Ananda that alone can heal the gulf between the highest heights of the Supramental spirit and the lowest abysses of the Matter, the Ananda that holds the key of a wonderful divinest Life and even now supports from its secrecies the work of all the other Powers of the universe.” **The Mother-53**

And sorrow's touch has found her in her dreams.

As she turns and tosses on her bed of Void,

Because she cannot **wake** and find herself
And cannot build again her perfect shape,
Oblivious of her nature and her state,
Forgetting her instinct of felicity,
Forgetting to create a world of joy,
She weeps and makes her creatures' eyes to weep;

Testing with sorrow's edge her children's breasts,
She spends on life's vain waste of hope and toil
The poignant luxury of grief and tears.
In the nightmare change of her half-conscious dream,
Tortured herself and torturing by her touch,
She comes to our hearts and bodies and our lives
Wearing a hard and cruel mask of pain.

Our nature twisted by the abortive birth
Returns wry answers to life's questioning shocks,
An acrid relish finds in the world's pangs,
Drinks the sharp wine of grief's perversity.

A curse is laid on the pure joy of life:

Delight, God's sweetest sign and Beauty's twin,
Dreaded by aspiring saint and austere sage (**the ascetic always takes the hard dry road to escape from the world and shuns all beauty and joy as temptation that may lead him astray**),
Is shunned, a dangerous and ambiguous cheat,
A specious trick of an infernal Power
It tempts the soul to its self-hurt and (**Spiritual**) fall.
A puritan God made pleasure a poisonous fruit,
Or red drug in the market-place of Death, (**The poisonous fruit of pleasure is sold in the market place of Death.**)

And sin the child of Nature's ecstasy.

Its complementary line:

"Desire is a child-heart's cry crying for bliss," Book-2, Canto-10

Yet every creature hunts for happiness,

Buys with harsh pangs or tears by violence

From the dull breast of the inanimate globe
Some fragment or some broken shard of bliss.
Even joy itself becomes a poisonous draught;
Its hunger is made a dreadful hook of Fate.
All means are held good to catch a single beam,

Eternity sacrificed for a moment's bliss:

Yet for joy and not for sorrow earth was made

Its complementary line:

“Truth made the world, not a blind Nature-Force.” Savitri-484

And not as a dream in endless suffering Time.

Although God made the world for his delight,

An ignorant Power took charge and seemed his Will (Mother (Maa Krishna) how can another power usurp God and how can God's power really fall asleep in nature...?) (Ignorant Powers are Divine's dark instruments in ignorance. Their play will be over with the emergence of Supramental world. In the Inconscient God's power fell asleep.)

And Death's deep falsity has mastered Life.

All grew a play of Chance simulating Fate.

“A secret air of pure felicity

Deep like a sapphire heaven our spirits breathe (regardless of the pangs of suffering of our mind and vital might have to endure, our inner spirits are always residing in that pure heavenly air...it is this that gives us the strength to bear all the shocks of life);

Our hearts and bodies feel its obscure call,

Our senses grope for it and touch and lose.

If this withdrew, the world would sink in the Void;

If this were not, nothing could move or live.

A hidden Bliss is at the root of things.

A mute Delight regards Time's countless works:

To house God's joy in things Space gave wide room,

To house God's joy in self our souls were born.

This universe an old enchantment guards;

Its objects are carved cups of **World-Delight**

Whose charmed wine is some deep soul's rapture-drink:

The All-Wonderful has packed heaven with his dreams,

He has made blank ancient Space his marvel-house;

He spilled his spirit into Matter's signs:

His fires of grandeur burn in the great sun,

He glides through heaven shimmering in the moon;

He is beauty carolling in the fields of sound;

He chants the stanzas of the odes of Wind;

He is silence watching in the stars at night;

He wakes at dawn and calls from every bough,

Lies stunned in the stone and dreams in flower and tree.

Even in this labour and dolour of Ignorance,

On the hard perilous ground of difficult earth,

In spite of death and evil circumstance

A will to live persists, a joy to be.

There is a joy in all that meets the sense,

A joy in all experience of the soul,

A joy in evil (**Mother (Maa Krishna), what joy is this? Does it refer to the ephemeral joy we feel from desire and lower vital or is it hinting at something else?**) and a joy in good, (**The origin of evil is some secret good and Delight. In evil this origin is distorted.**)

128a, What is vital personality? CWSA-21/The Life Divine-645

Ans: "It does not follow that this is all that **the vital personality** is in its native composition or that evil is its very nature. It is not primarily concerned with truth and good, but it can have the passion for truth and good as it has, more spontaneously, the passion for joy and beauty. In all that is developed by the life-force there is developed at the same time a secret delight somewhere in the being, **a delight in good and a delight in evil, a delight in truth and a delight in falsehood, a delight in life and an attraction to death, a delight in pleasure and a delight in pain, in one's own suffering and the suffering of others, but also in one's own joy and happiness and good and the joy and happiness and good of others.**"

“Again, of good and evil it can be said that one exists by true consciousness, the other survives only by wrong consciousness: if there is an unmixed true consciousness, good alone can exist; it is no longer mixed with evil or formed in its presence. Human values of good and evil, as of truth and error, are indeed uncertain and relative: what is held as truth in one place or time is held in another place or time to be error; what is regarded as good is elsewhere or in other times regarded as evil. We find too that what we call evil results in good, what we call good results in evil. But this untoward outcome of good producing evil is due to the confusion and mixture of knowledge and ignorance, to the penetration of true consciousness by wrong consciousness, so that there is an ignorant or mistaken application of our good, or it is due to the intervention of afflicting forces. In the opposite case of evil producing good, the happier and contradictory result is due to the intervention of some true consciousness and force acting behind and in spite of wrong consciousness and wrong will or it is due to the intervention of redressing forces. This relativity, this mixture is a circumstance of human mentality and the workings of the Cosmic Force in human life; it is not the fundamental truth of good and evil. It might be objected that physical evil, such as pain and most bodily suffering, is independent of knowledge and ignorance, of right and wrong consciousness, inherent in physical Nature: but, fundamentally, all pain and suffering are the result of an insufficient consciousness-force in the surface being which makes it unable to deal rightly with self and Nature or unable to assimilate and to harmonise itself with the contacts of the universal Energy; they would not exist if in us there were an integral presence of the luminous Consciousness and the divine Force of an integral Being. Therefore the relation of truth to falsehood, of good to evil is not a mutual dependence, but is in the nature of a contradiction as of light and shadow; a shadow depends on light for its existence, but light does not depend for its existence on the shadow. The relation between the Absolute and these contraries of some of its fundamental aspects is not that they are opposite fundamental aspects of the Absolute; falsehood and evil have no fundamentality, no power of infinity or eternal being, no self-existence even by latency in the Self-Existent, no authenticity of an original inherence.” The Life Divine-621-22

A joy in virtue and a joy in sin:

Indifferent to the threat of Karmic law,

Joy dares to grow upon forbidden soil,

Its sap runs through the plant and flowers of Pain:

It thrills with the drama of fate and tragic doom,

It tears its food from sorrow and ecstasy (**Mother (Maa Krishna) this suggests that the divine joy grows feeding itself on both the sorrows and ecstasy of this world**), (Pleasure and pain are distortion of original Delight by ego and desire respectively.) (Darkness and Light are the two poles of creation necessary for His world action.)

On danger and difficulty whets its strength;

It wallows with the reptile and the worm

And lifts its head, an equal of the stars;

It shares the **faeries'** dance, dines with the **gnome**:

It basks in the light and heat of many suns,

The sun of Beauty and the sun of Power

Flatter and foster it with golden beams;

It grows towards the Titan and the God.

On earth it lingers drinking its deep fill,

Through the symbol of her pleasure and her pain,

Of the grapes of Heaven and the flowers of the Abyss,

Of the flame-stabs and the torment-craft of Hell

And dim fragments of the glory of Paradise.

In the small paltry pleasures of man's life,

In his petty passions and joys it finds a taste,

A taste in tears and torture of broken hearts (**Mother (Maa Krishna) how does the Divine find a taste in this?**), (because delight of existence is everywhere evolving out of every distortion of existence in Ignorance.)

In the crown of gold and in the crown of thorns,

In life's nectar of sweetness and its bitter wine.

All being it explores for **unknown bliss**,

Sounds all experience for things new and strange.

Life brings into the earthly creature's days

A tongue of glory from a brighter sphere:

It deepens in his musings and his Art,

It leaps at the splendour of some **perfect word**,

It exults in his high resolves and noble deeds,

Wanders in his errors, dares the abyss's brink,

It climbs in his climbings, wallows in his (Spiritual) fall.

Angel and demon brides his chamber share (Mother (Maa Krishna) sometimes I feel that I am torn between these two entities), (Both experiences are part of His Divine play and transformation action in Ignorance and in the Supramental consciousness, there is no role of dark entities.)

Possessors or competitors for life's heart.

To the enjoyer of the cosmic scene

His greatness and his littleness equal are (Mother (Maa Krishna) does this mean to the indwelling spirit both the higher nature and lower nature are equal), (The action of the Spirit is equal in both the world, in the former it is swift and in the latter it is tardy.)

His magnanimity and meanness hues

Cast on some neutral background of the gods:

The Artist's skill he admires who planned it all.

But not for ever endures this danger game (Mother (Maa Krishna) if the divine is indifferent (not indifferent but evolves out of them) to both pain and pleasure and takes equal joy in both, it could mean that this game could go on indefinitely, (the game of Ignorance is different from the game of knowledge. In Knowledge the negations like suffering, falsehood, death and ignorance will not be there.) and yet the Lord says that the game does not endure forever...what would bring the game to a close?): (By evolution of Knowledge.)

Beyond the earth, but meant for delivered earth,

Wisdom and joy prepare their perfect crown;

Truth superhuman calls to thinking man.

At last the soul turns to eternal things, (Supramentaied Psychic being)

In every shrine it cries for the clasp of God (symbol of universalised Psychic being.)

Then is there played the crowning Mystery,

Then is achieved the longed-for miracle.

Immortal Bliss her wide celestial eyes (Mother (Maa Krishna) does this refer to the Kundalini Shakti within us rising up to meet the superconscient above?) (That is one way of approaching existence.)

Opens on the stars, she stirs her mighty limbs;

Time thrills to the **sapphics** of her amour-song

(Sapphics: A type of verse attributed to ancient Greek lyric poetess, Sappho, specifically composed of four line stanzas, the first three of which are dactyls combined with trochees or anapaests combined with iambs, and the last completing line being an adonic (a dactyl and a spondee). (origin of Sapphic Latin sapphicus, Greek sapphikos, French saphiques.)

And **Space** fills with a white beatitude.

Its Complementary lines:

“Unending **Space** was beaten into a curve,
Indivisible **Time** into small minutes cut,
The infinitesimal massed to keep secure
The mystery of the **Formless** cast into **form**.”

Savitri-266-67

“She crossed through **spaces** of a **secret self**
And trod in passages of **inner Time**.”

Savitri-490

“She passed beyond **Time** into eternity,
Slipped out of **space** and became the Infinite;”

Savitri-555

“The infinite holds the finite in its arms,
Time travels towards revealed eternity.”

Savitri-623

“A mute Delight regards **Time’s** countless works:
To house God’s joy in things Space gave wide room,
To house God’s joy in self our souls were born.”

Savitri-630

“**Time** thrills to the **sapphics** of her amour-song
And **Space** fills with a white beatitude.”

Savitri-632

Then leaving to its grief the human heart,
Abandoning speech and the name-determined realms,
Through a gleaming far-seen sky of wordless thought,
Through naked thought-free heavens of absolute sight,

She climbs to the summits where the unborn Idea (the force that has slept in matter arises and unites with its source above)

Remembering the future that must be (having united itself with its original source it then understand the secret behind its labour and what is yet to be manifested in the world)

Looks down upon the works of labouring Force,
Immutable above the world it made.

In the vast golden laughter of Truth's sun

Like a great heaven-bird on a motionless sea

Is poised her winged ardour of creative joy (once the Truth is revealed to our risen consciousness, we then collaborate become joyful co creators in Life's evolution)

On the still deep of the Eternal's peace (this is secret of the divine's presence within the Subconscious and inconscient).

This was the aim, this the supernal Law,

Nature's allotted task when beauty-drenched

In dim mist-waters of inconscient sleep,

Its complementary line:

The Inconscient's mindless waters block all done." Savitri-371

Out of the Void this grand creation rose,—

For this the Spirit came into the Abyss

And charged with its power Matter's unknowing force,

In Night's bare session to cathedral Light,

In Death's realm repatriate immortality.

A mystic slow transfiguration works.

All our earth starts from mud and ends in sky,

And Love that was once an animal's desire (lower vital urges transformed into divine love),

Then a sweet madness in the rapturous heart,

An ardent comradeship in the happy mind,

Becomes a wide spiritual yearning's space.

A lonely soul passions for the Alone (as man evolves he leaves his vital passions and mental crowded thoughts and seeks for the divine alone), (Or when the soul becomes alone separated from the attachment of the world he passions for the Diivne only.)

Its complementary line:

“The soul that can live alone with itself meets God;” Savitri-460

“The **ideal sadhaka** should be able to say in the Biblical phrase, “My zeal for the Lord has eaten me up.” The Synthesis of Yoga-58

The heart that loved man thrills to the love of God (**the heart and mind that sought the touch of vital relationships with family now only seeks the love of the divine**), (The origin and essence of human love is always Divine.) (Human love has the capacity to discern the Divine love.) (This passage gives hint that human love can be transformed into Divine Love.)

A body is his chamber and his shrine (**he also realises that his body is no more something to be used for his pleasure but a temple of the divine manifestation**).

Then is our being rescued from separateness (**because we feel the divine in all our sheaths**);

All is itself, all is new-felt in God:

A Lover leaning from his cloister’s door

Gathers the whole world into his single breast.

Then shall the **business** fail of Night and Death (**because they will no longer be needed as a transit stage or as a spur, their purpose finished they cease to exist and show their true form – as Savitri will later see Death’s true form in the penultimate canto**):

When human love transforms into universalised Divine Love, annulling all division and separation of Consciousness, ‘Then shall the **business** fail of Night and Death.’

When unity is won, when strife is lost (**unity is won in Supramental Consciousness and lost in three gunas.**)

And all is known and all is clasped by Love

Who would turn back to ignorance and pain (**she says they are a current necessity but not a lasting inevitability**)?

“(Then Mother translates Sri Aurobindo's letter on the descent of Love, on which she has already commented on July 24, and she adds this comment:)

If divine Love were to descend first, before divine Truth, certain beings with a special power or receptivity might draw it into themselves, personally, and then all those wrong impulses might occur.¹²² But if this divine Love descends only in the Truth, in the Truth-Consciousness, it will enter someone only if that person is

ready to receive it. Without a preparation of Truth, there might occur a very powerful attraction of elements unable to keep that Love in its purity; whereas if the preparation of Truth has been done, with that preparation, It will CHOOSE, in order to manifest, the persons, the individualities, who are ready.

* * *

Later

Are you still in "The Debate of Love and Death"?

I haven't finished, I have no time left to work, that's the nuisance! I have so much work in the afternoon – I don't call it "work," it's being busy with people to see, letters ... hosts of letters! And the entire organization: everything is in a terrible confusion. I should finish seeing people at four and take up my translation till five – they leave at ten to five! So I have no time left for anything. One day out of four I get some translation done, so it's going very slowly.

I'll have to change something in the organization again – it goes wrong very quickly.

In the beginning [when Mother withdrew], I used to receive one or two letters daily, not even that many; now it's ten or twelve daily, and when I don't reply immediately, two days later I receive another letter: "I wrote to you but I haven't had a reply." So immediately I scribble on their letter two or three very curt words (*Mother laughs*) ... to show them it isn't worthwhile to be too impatient.

Anyway ...

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

I saw a square again.

It was fringed with red, like little red sparks. The same white square. Afterwards, it was as though absorbed and replaced by a square of blue and green light – the blue and green of the Tantrics: it's like vividly colored emerald and sapphire, a powerful color. Translucent, luminous. And the two squares became superposed – the blue first, the green on top.

But before that, when the white square fringed with red entered (it took form first, you see; it seemed to take form between us), it took form and then something eased in you – did you feel a relaxation?

(Satprem nods his head ... silence)

The last two days, Sri Aurobindo was here all the time, all the time. Constantly, constantly mingled with things. And many people saw him and spoke

to him – he was very, very present. The last two days.

At times he seemed to go into a kind of ... (I can't say) of inner stillness, then at other times he was very active.

And once (two or three days ago) he told me, "You are with me as much as you like, you speak with me as much as you like," as if it weren't he who was directing but I (!) I said it wasn't true! (*Mother laughs*) But anyway....

Since that experience of the translucent bowl, he has been very, very close. This morning, he seemed to be mingled with everything.

There are also some rather amusing things: yesterday I saw some people who aren't from here; usually I don't speak to people, but I spoke to them. I started saying something, then Sri Aurobindo interrupted me: "Don't tell them that, they'll be convinced that you always harp on the same thing!" And it was true – I took a look and stopped instantly. He is always letting me know, "This one feels this way, that one thinks that way, that one ..." He is very, very much mingled with everything, all the time, all the time.

Then at other times, it's as if he were no longer here at all – "no longer here," only up there ... in the Supermind! (*Mother laughs*)" The Mother/ October 3, 1963

"O Death, I have triumphed over thee within (*she has conquered death within her being and now that is manifesting in her conquering Death in the world and in its realm*); (Her conquest of Death within refers to Spiritual experience in Book-VII, Canto-VI, page-534-38.) (So meeting Death from within and conquering Death from without are the double task entrusted to a *Sadhaka* of integral Yoga, which he has to accomplish.)

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

11.01.2013

Divine Amar Atman!

My Sweet Child,

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

My Child, you will feel strange that...I saw a vision last night(10.01.2013) around 3.00 AM that the Lord of Death had come and he was talking with me with full of calm and equanimity and he was asking me,"TODAY I HAVE TO TAKE THREE PERSONS AND ALREADY I HAVE TAKEN TWO....NOW YOU

COME....." When I saw him in a human form and not like dark colour....and he was looking good...so there was no fear at all....I also started talking with him..First I told him that I cannot go now...Because I am having lot of the Lord's works to finish here...So many works are there and I have not started yet....You go backHe calmly responded my words and asked some price from me and I came to my room and find some money from my bag and gave him....He took that money and went away....." I got up and saw the time.....AND I OFFERED IT AT

THEIR FEET.....It was very interesting vision and I saw him first time in a human form.....I was also thinking in the vision that if the Lord of Death will not go then I will speak about his presence to Sri Krishna, with whom I am having relation...

OM TAT SAT

With my Eternal love & blessings....
At Their Lotus Feet only

S.A. Maa Krishna

(This vision was informed to our Spiritual Guide Sri K. Anurakta, who showed great interest in this particular vision and during the narration of this dream, he repeatedly interfered with the word, "Is it really so?" "Is it really so?" with exclamation.)

I quiver no more with the assault of grief;

A mighty calmness seated deep within (Supramental energy interferes when there is deep silence within.)

Has occupied my body and my sense:

It takes the world's grief and transmutes to strength,

It makes the world's joy one with the joy of God. (This is Savitri's siddhi in the Subconscious world where he could transform world grief into joy.)

My love eternal sits throned on God's calm; (Supramental Love descends when there is deep silence within.)

For Love must soar beyond the very heavens

And find its secret sense ineffable;

It must change its human ways (of love) to ways divine,

Yet keep its sovereignty of earthly bliss (the true integral divine manifestation, not leaving earth to find a joy above but manifesting it in this world).

O Death, not for my heart's sweet poignancy

Nor for my happy body's bliss alone

I have claimed from thee the living Satyavan,

But for his work and mine, our sacred charge (to raise earth's consciousness to heaven –

Savitri (the descending Godhead) and to bring down heaven's power to earth – Satyavan (the ascending Godhead)).

"I know that I (Savitri) can lift man's soul to God,

I know that he (Satyavan) can bring the Immortal down." Savitri-687,

Our lives are God's messengers beneath the stars;
To dwell under death's shadow they have come
Tempting God's light to earth for the ignorant race (**without the human incarnation, the light cannot act without the medium of birth in the world**),
His love to fill the hollow in men's hearts,
His bliss to heal the unhappiness of the world.
For I, the woman, am the force of God,
He the Eternal's delegate soul in man.
My will is greater than thy law, O Death;
My love is stronger than the bonds of Fate:
Our love is the **heavenly seal** of the Supreme.
I guard that seal against thy (**Death's**) rending hands.
Love (**Divine**) must not cease to live upon the earth;
For Love is the bright link twixt earth and heaven,
Love is the far Transcendent's angel here;
Love is man's lien on the Absolute."

Death again confronts Savitri that she is using the mind to structure her arguments when they are in fact disguised to satisfy her desires to have Satyavan back for her vital longings...again holding that the soul is only a figment of the mind and a product of matter and that the divine can never manifest in a being as feeble as man. He insists that Savitri should accept the hard facts of life and fate that she is nothing more than mere mortal being destined to die.

But to the woman Death the god replied,
With the ironic laughter of his voice
Discouraging the labour of the stars:
"Even so men cheat the Truth with splendid thoughts.
Thus wilt thou hire the glorious charlatan, Mind,
To weave from his Ideal's gossamer air
A fine raiment for thy body's nude desires
And thy heart's clutching greedy passion clothe?
Daub not the web of life with magic hues:

Make rather thy thought a plain and faithful glass
Reflecting Matter and mortality,
And know thy soul a product of the flesh,
A made-up self in a constructed world.
Thy words are large murmurs in a mystic dream.
For how in the soiled heart of man could dwell
The immaculate grandeur of thy dream-built God,
Or who can see a face and form divine

In the naked two-legged worm thou callest man? (Man becoming God seems impossible for Death.) Savitri-634

“The ascent (of the Soul) to the divine Life is the human journey, the Work of works (Karma Yoga of the all works), the acceptable Sacrifice. This (union with the Divine through Karma Yoga) alone is man’s real business in the world and the justification of his existence, without (this Divine action) which he would be only an **insect crawling among other ephemeral insects** on a speck of surface mud and water which has managed to form itself amid the appalling immensities of the physical universe.” The Life Divine-48

O human face, put off mind-painted masks:
The animal be, the worm that Nature meant;
Accept thy futile birth, thy narrow life.
For truth is bare like stone and hard like death;
Bare in the bareness, hard with truth’s hardness live.”

Savitri again tries to educate Death of the Truth behind the ephemeral mask of nature to reveal the hidden Divinity within her, increasingly she points out to him her Divinity that overturns his will.

But Savitri replied to the dire God:
“Yes, I am human. Yet shall man by me,
Since in humanity waits his hour the God,
Trample thee down to reach the immortal heights,

Transcending grief and pain and fate and death.

Yes, my humanity is a mask of God (**just as Death is also only a mask**):

He dwells in me, the mover of my acts,

Turning the great wheel of his cosmic work.

I am the living body of his light,

I am the thinking instrument of his power,

I incarnate Wisdom in an earthly breast,

I am his conquering and unslayable will.

The formless Spirit drew in me its shape;

In me are the Nameless and the secret Name."

"(Regarding an old Talk of 19 April 1951 in which Mother said: "You seem to be on an inner hunt, you go hunting for the dark little corners. ... You offer the

difficulty, whether it is in yourself or in others, whatever the seat of its manifestation, to the Divine Consciousness, asking It to transform it.")

That's precisely what I have been doing for two days! For the last two days I have spent all my time seeing all that ... oh, an accumulation of heaps of sordid little things we constantly live in, sordid tiny little things. And then, there is only one way – only one way, always the same: to offer it.

This Supreme Consciousness almost seems to put you in contact with quite forgotten things that belong to the past – that are even, or that were or seemed, completely erased, with which you no longer had any contact: all kinds of little circumstances, but seen now in the new consciousness, in their true place, and because of which all life, all human life is such a pathetic, miserable, mean whole. And then, there's a luminous joy in offering all that for it to be transformed, transfigured.

Now it has become the movement of even the cellular consciousness. All the weaknesses, all the response to adverse suggestions (I mean the tiny little things of every minute, in the cells), it sometimes comes in waves, to such a point that the body feels it's going to buckle under the onslaught, and then ... there's such a warm, deep, sweet light, so powerful, which restores order everywhere, puts everything in its place and opens the road towards transformation.

These phases are very difficult times for the body's life; you feel as if there only remains one thing that decides: the supreme Will. There's no support left – no support; from the support of habit to the support of knowledge and the support of will, all the supports have disappeared: there is only the Supreme.

(silence)

The aspiration in the cellular consciousness to the perfect sincerity of the consecration.

And the lived experience – intensely lived – that only that absolute sincerity of the consecration allows existence.

The slightest pretense is an alliance with the forces of dissolution and death.

So it's like a chant in the cells – but they mustn't even have the insincerity to watch themselves – the chant of the cells: "Your Will, Lord, Your Will ..."

And the immense habit of depending on the will of others, the consciousness of others, the reactions of others (of others and of all things), that sort of universal playacting everyone does for everyone and everything does for everything must be replaced by a spontaneous, absolute sincerity of consecration.

It is obvious that that perfection in sincerity is possible only in the most material part of the consciousness.

That's where you can be, exist, act without watching yourself be, without watching yourself exist, without watching yourself act, with perfect sincerity." The Mother/ June 8, 1966

Death dismissed Savitri's claim of her secret divinity behind her mortal body. He says she is imagining things and should demonstrate miracles to prove her case. He holds that matter and spirit are inimical to each other and to believe in the Truth of one of them is to negate the Truth of the other. He says that man has only 2 options - (1) to experience the death of his body or (2) the death of his soul(in Nirvana), either way he faces extinction. He then claims to be the one God and asks Savitri to take refuge in him and give up all her mental constructions and imaginations... (Death was not aware of that dynamic Spirituality which reconciles Matter with Spirit.)

Death from the incredulous Darkness sent its cry:

"O priestess in Imagination's house,

Persuade first Nature's fixed immutable laws (he is asking she shows miracles to prove she has powers to transcend Death) (Death was conversant with Nature's fixed Law in Ignorance and intolerant of Law of Supernature which was manifesting in Savitri.)

And make the impossible thy daily work.

How canst thou force to wed two eternal foes?

Irreconcilable in their embrace

They cancel the glory of their pure extremes:

An unhappy **wedlock maims** their stunted force.

How shall thy will make one the true and false?

Where Matter is all, there Spirit is a dream (the materialist version of life):

If all are the Spirit, Matter is a lie (the later vedhantists/ascetic view),

And who was the liar who forged the universe?

The Real with the unreal cannot mate. (Death's later Vedantic approach towards life, which is also a soul slaying truth.)

He who would turn to God, must leave the world; (the development of Ascetic/Illusionist vision.)

He who would live in the Spirit, must give up life; (Death is aware of partial truth and oblivious of God's comprehensive vision.)

He who has met the Self (Paramatma), renounces self (Jivatma).

The voyagers of the million routes of mind

Who have travelled through Existence to its end,

Sages exploring the world-ocean's vasts, (ten sheaths of which Death is not aware)

Have found extinction the sole harbour safe (the extinction of their limited personality, and the bounds and limits of consciousness but never the extinction of consciousness itself).

(easier Escapist solution of life.)

Two only are the doors of man's escape (either via death (below) or to a void of extinction above in Nirvana.),

Death of his body Matter's gate to peace, (Moderate solution toward life.)

Death of his soul his last felicity. (Later Vedantic solution towards life.)

In me all take refuge, for I, Death, am God." (The instrument of God felt himself as Omnipotent God without the Spiritual experience of Indwelling, Over-dwelling and Identity.)

"There are some lines [in Savitri] that all of a sudden are so magnificent! They come with such power, but once written down, that is not it any more.

For example, you SEE that image of the mask of Death covering the Supreme's face.

It is marvellous.

So intense.

And then the ignorant Power that took charge of the earth and made it...that

"seemed," SEEMED the Supreme's Will.

It is so pregnant with meaning."

The Mother

28th September, 1963

Death, claiming himself as Supreme Power is also observed from the following verse:

1. "Their orbs were coiled before thy soul was formed.

I, Death, created them out of my void;

All things I have built in them and I destroy.

I made the worlds my net, each joy a mesh." Book-9,Canto-2

2. "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." Book-10, Canto-2

3. "Man has no other help but only Death;

He comes to me at his end for rest and peace.

I, Death, am the one refuge of thy soul.

The Gods to whom man prays can help not man;

They are my imaginations and my moods

Reflected in him by illusion's power."book-9, Canto-2

4. "I am the shapeless formidable Vast,

I am the emptiness that men call Space,

I am a timeless Nothingness carrying all,

I am the Illimitable, the mute Alone.

I, Death, am He; there is no other God.

All from my depths are born, they live by death;

All to my depths return and are no more.

5. I have made a world by my inconscient Force." Book-9, Canto-2

6. "O soul, drown in his still beatitude.

For thou must die to thyself to reach God's height:

I, Death, am the gate of immortality." Book-10, Canto-4

7. "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.**" Book-10, Canto-3

8: "My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time,
And Satyavan can never again be thine." Savitri-, Book-10, Canto-3

"Instead of taking the attitude of servant and instrument of which *Sri Aurobindo* speaks in what I have just read to you, they (attributes of the Divine) naturally took the attitude of the master, and this mistake—as I may call it—was the first cause, the essential cause of all the disorder in the universe." **The Mother/The Mother's Centenary Works** (second edition)/9/207, "The sword has a joy in the battle-play, the arrow has a mirth in its hiss and its leaping, the earth has a rapture in its dizzy whirl through space, the sun has the royal ecstasy of its blazing splendours and its eternal motion. O thou self-conscious instrument, take thou too the delight of thy own appointed workings." *Sri Aurobindo/The Supramental Manifestation*, SABCL, Vol-16/p-288,

Savitri having united herself with her soul rejects Death again, having united herself with the Transcendent above and living in the cosmic consciousness of oneness with all beings she asserts that she can bear all delight and all difficulties and still carry on without being disturbed or losing her union with the true divine

But Savitri replied to mighty Death:

"My heart is wiser than the Reason's thoughts,

My heart is stronger than thy bonds, O Death.

Its complementary line:

"My will is greater than thy law, O Death;

My love is stronger than the **bonds of Fate:**" Savitri-633

It sees and feels the one Heart beat in all (**cosmic consciousness**),

It feels the high **Transcendent's sunlike hands**,

It sees the cosmic Spirit at its work;

In the dim Night it (Savitri's heart) lies alone with God.

My heart's strength can carry the grief of the universe (like you do my sweet Mother (Maa Krishna), you must carry the grief in your children's hearts)

And never falter from its luminous track, (never disrupt her link with the Divine.)

Its **white** tremendous orbit through God's peace.

It (Savitri's heart) can drink up the sea of All-Delight

And never lose the white **spiritual** touch, (The Divine's touch prevents one from extinction.)

(White represents the Divine Mother's touch.)

“(Every time Mother receives Satprem, she translates one line from "Savitri" that has been copied for her in large characters. Today's line is from the debate between Death and Savitri's heart:)

And never lose the white spiritual touch

(Mother repeats)

And never lose the white spiritual touch²¹

Sans jamais perdre le blanc contact de l'Esprit

(silence)

Yesterday, I read with H. Savitri's series of experiences when she begins with self-annulment: *Annul thyself so that God alone exist (I no longer remember, but that's the idea).*²² It begins with self-annulment, then she has the experience of BEING the All, that is, of being the Supreme (the Supreme in herself) and the entire Manifestation and all things. There are three passages. It's absolutely ... an absolutely wonderful description. It's extraordinarily beautiful.²³

It's a chapter that doesn't have a title.

(Mother vainly looks for the passage in "Savitri")

First she meets her soul: a house of flames. She enters the house of flames and unites with her soul ["The Finding of the Soul," VII.V]. It's after that. After, there is Nirvana ["Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute," VII.VI]. She goes into Nirvana – and becomes just a violet line in Nothingness.²⁴ Then finds herself back in her body – that's where it begins. A chapter without a title [VII.VII].

I'll find it some other time.

(Mother puts aside the book)

It has been a revolution in the atmosphere, that's why I am telling you about it. Because all the experiences described [in *Savitri*] are precisely the experiences I have. So then, suddenly, in the body .. I was over there in the music room, and H. was reading to me; then when she had finished reading, all of a sudden the body sat up straight in an aspiration and a prayer of such intensity! It was a dreadful anguish, you know: "See, the whole experience is here [in Mother], complete, total, perfect, and because this thing [the body] has lived too long, it no longer has the power of expression." And it said, "But why, Lord? Why, why do You take away from me the power of expression because this has lived too long?" It was a sort of revolution in the body's consciousness.

Things have been much better since, much better. There has been a decisive change.

You see, it was the exact description of the body's present state, yet it constantly feels fragile, in a precarious balance. And then, with all its aspiration, it said, "But WHY? Why?... See, the experience is all there – why isn't it expressed?"

As always (*laughing*), I had the feeling that the Lord was laughing and saying to me, "But since such is your will, it will be that way!" Meaning simply: it's you who CHOSE to be like that.

And it's perfectly true. All our incapacities, all our limitations, all our impossibilities, it's this idiotic Matter that chooses them all – not with intelligence, but with a sort of feeling that "that's how things must be," that they are "naturally" like that. An adherence – an idiotic adherence – to the mode of the lower nature.

Then there was laughter, tears, a whole revolution, and afterwards all was fine.

But nobody on earth will be able to convince me it isn't because this material nature chooses to be that way that it is that way.

And the Lord looks on, smiles, waits ... (*laughing*) for the body to be cured of its idiocy.

He does all that is needed, but ... we don't take any notice.

It's the trigger of FAITH that's not there, that famous faith Sri Aurobindo always mentions.

When people write me long letters (what letters I receive! laments all the time: my health is going wrong, my work is going wrong, my relationships are going wrong – laments all the time), and I always see, behind, that Consciousness, luminous, magnificent, marvelous – sun-filled, you know – exactly as if to say, "Whenever will you be cured of that mania!" The mania of the tragic and the lower.

Somewhere in the reason, one understands – it isn't that reason doesn't understand, but the reason has no power to make this matter obey.

And every minute, I have now the feeling of a choice between victory and defeat, sun and shadow, harmony and disorder, the easy solution ... truly, the comfortable or pleasant and the unpleasant; and the feeling that if you don't intervene with authority, there's a sort of ... oh, it's a combination of cowardice and

spinelessness: it's something limp – limp, you know, slack.

When I speak like this, it's very simple and it seems very easy, but EVERY MINUTE you are hanging between three possibilities (generally three) for the body: the fainting or the acute suffering, the indifferent, mechanical movement, or the glorious Mastery. And I am talking about washing your eyes, rinsing your mouth, doing any of those absolutely indifferent little things (in big things it always goes well because nature is in the habit of thinking that one should bear oneself "properly" to rise to the occasion – all that is ridiculous), but in little things, that's how it is. So the head whirls, and hup! ... And you can see – you can see with extreme precision – the three possibilities, and if you aren't constantly attentive (*gesture of a closed fist, of authority and control*), the physical nature, with such repulsive spinelessness, you know, absolutely disgusting, lets itself go.

This repeats itself hundreds upon hundreds of times a day.... So if this isn't called "sadhana," I don't know what a sadhana is! You see, eating is a sadhana, sleeping is a sadhana, washing is a sadhana, everything is a sadhana. What's a sadhana least of all is, for instance, receiving someone, because the body immediately keeps quite still – it calls the Lord and says, "Now be here," and then everything is fine (because it keeps still). The visitor comes, the body smiles, everything is fine – the Lord is there, so of course everything goes very smoothly. But when we're dealing with what we call "material" things, the things of daily life, it's hell, because of that idiot.

The other day, after you left, I couldn't eat anything! I couldn't eat because the body felt it was being diluted in the world like that (*expansive gesture*); so it was being diluted (which is quite all right, the experience is proceeding well), but it had a feeling that it couldn't eat – why? I don't know. And it was impossible. The doctor, who was there as always during my meals, said, "What's wrong?..." (Because the day before, there had been an attack, a sort of malice: I started vomiting; it happens to me once in six or seven years; an affair recurring at long intervals; and it was serious, but it didn't last long.) But the other day it was something else: the body felt it was being diluted (you remember, you said I was white), and when it came to eating, the body said (*in a moaning tone*), "Look how I am, I can't eat." If I had had a little time (*laughing*), I would have given it a good smack and told it not to make such a fuss! But I didn't have time, it was time for me to sit down and eat – and I couldn't eat. So I had difficulty the whole day, because naturally those little pranks make life difficult.

But what to people is unconscious, what they don't understand or call "illness," is to me as clear as daylight; and it's always a CHOICE, there is always a choice every minute (for the material nature), and if the will isn't unshakable, if you aren't holding on to the higher Will with desperate and unrelenting eagerness, you let yourself go; and then the body becomes stupid: it faints, it has pains. That same day when I couldn't eat (after lunch I always rest for some time to ... well, those are the hours when I put the body in direct reception of the Force – it doesn't last very long, I don't have much time), but as soon as I lay down on the chaise longue, such pains! Howling pains that take hold of you ... (*gesture to the waist*) at those spots that are open to the adverse attacks. I was lying down, but I was fully

conscious then and I said to myself, "Oh, very well! You want to make a big scene.... All right, I will bear everything and I won't make a sound – and I won't budge, and you're going to keep still." Then I started repeating my mantra quietly, as though the body weren't in any pain. And after a while, the pain went away. The body saw it was no use, so it went away!

And I KNOW it's the same for everything, for all "illnesses," without exception. I see, I know the "origin" of illnesses, of the various disorders, all that is now crystal clear (it's a story that it could take hours and days to tell), and that's how it is. So when, in a more or less dogmatic or literary way, the sages say, "Disorder occurs because the nature has decided to be in disorder," it's not so silly. It's oh, a spinelessness which is one of the things most contrary to the divine Glory. The spinelessness that accepts illness, you know. And I am saying this to my body, not to anyone else – others, that's not my business, it's their work, not mine; I mean, I am present [in them] only as the divine Consciousness, and then it's very easy, a very easy work; but the work here, the sadhana in here ...

But sick people when I tell them, "Be sincere," I know what I mean: if they REALLY want the Divine, all that must stop. That's all.

I've made myself late again!

You know what's called *self-pity*? (*Mother caresses her cheek*) "Poor little thing, how you suffer! How you are to be pitied!" Well, the material nature is like that, it says, "I want to be like You, Lord; but then why do You leave me in this condition?" – a good slap and march!" The Mother/ May 8, 1965

The calm that broods in the deep Infinite."

Death angered at Savitri's strength asks her to prove herself and demonstrate some miracle that will overturn his law, but Savitri holds that all are the workings of the secret divine even apparent failings for behind the fall is the divine edging closer to his goal...

He said, "Art thou indeed so strong, O heart,
O soul, so free? And canst thou gather then
Bright pleasure from my wayside flowering boughs,
Yet falter not from thy hard journey's goal,
Meet the world's dangerous touch and never fall?

Show me thy strength and freedom from my laws (he again asks for proof, for miracles)."

The popular concept of the *Avatara* circles around the idea, "Show your power, change the world. And to begin with, do as I want; because the first, most

important thing is to what I want—show your power!” Sep-25/1965/The Mother’s
Agenda/Vol-6/P: 259-260

But Savitri answered, “Surely I shall find
Among the green and whispering woods of Life
Close-bosomed pleasures, only mine since his,
Or mine for him, because **our joys are one**. (In Supramental oneness is realised.)
And if I linger, Time is ours and God’s,
And if I fall, is not his hand near mine? (Behind the failure the God’s protecting hand is there.)
All is a single plan; each wayside act
Deepens the soul’s response, brings nearer the goal.”

Death angered at Savitri’s calmness and firmness asserts that unless she can provide miracle
he will never release Satyavan...he wants her to return to earth and prove that she can live
above her ego and mortal self

Death the contemptuous Nihil answered her:
“So prove thy absolute force to the wise gods,
By choosing **earthly joy!** For self demand
And yet from self and its gross masks live free.
Then will I give thee all thy soul desires,
All the brief joys earth keeps for mortal hearts.
Only the one dearest wish that outweighs all,
Hard laws forbid and thy ironic fate.
My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time,
And Satyavan can never again be thine.”

“Regarding a letter Mother wrote to a disciple:

... There are all kinds! Complications, lots of complications; there are all kinds
of ill will, at least of people who go round in circles instead of going forward. And
stupid inventions. The other night ... Because the head is always still, like this
(gesture to the forehead, palms open to the Light from above); I give thanks to the
Lord for that, and it's always like that; so I don't decide what's to be done, I don't
decide what's to be answered – nothing: when it comes, it comes. And some

people had played a really nasty trick (*[laughing]* I couldn't care less!) and I wasn't budging. And as it happens, in the middle of the night, a force comes, takes hold of me and tells me, "Here's the answer, here is what you must say." I say, "Very well" (I was lying in bed, of course) and I don't budge. (*Mother puts on a more imperative tone:*) "Here is what you must say." – "Oh, very well!" And I still don't budge. (*In a still more imperious tone:*) "Here is what you must say." (*Mother laughs*)

So I got up, went over there, and in the dark I wrote what I had to say!
And then it was over.

*(Mother then takes up the translation of "Savitri": The Debate of Love and
Death.)*

(Mother reads the text) Aha! What a joker!

... Then will I give thee all thy soul desires

He's a joker.

All the brief joys earth keeps for mortal hearts

But I don't want them! – He is a real
joker. And what happens to him?

... My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time

Oho, that's what you think!
And Satyavan can never again be thine." Savitri-636

Not true, a old chap!

(Mother translates)

Alors je te donnerai tout ce que ton âme désire ...

[Then will I give thee all thy soul desires]

The soul doesn't desire anything! It's easy to say, "I will give thee all thy soul desires," the soul desires nothing. So he doesn't commit himself to much!
He's a joker – he made him quite a joker." The Mother/ June 12, 1965

*"(Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri," from The Debate of Love and
Death. Then she stops in the middle of a line:)*

I can't hear anything just now, I am in ... Well, the feeling is absolutely of being inside a blanket of fog (*Mother "looks"*) a very pale pearl-gray fog. And a fog for both sound and sight.

As if things were far, far away, far away from me: things, people, noises, images, everything, far, far away ... (*Mother takes up "Savitri" again*):

My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time
And Satyavan can never again be thine.

He made him a bit stupid, because even if Satyavan doesn't come back in this body, what prevents him from taking another!

He's bragging!

And Savitri (or "the Voice") afterwards tells him, you remember, "Ah, we'll keep you all the same, we still need you for a while." When he has been beaten hollow, when he is finished, she tells him, "We'll still keep you because we still need you,"³⁵ don't you remember?

A nice gift.... Oh, it is true that in many cases it's indispensable. I remember having read a story, at the time when I used to receive ... I think it was *Le Matin*, the newspaper *Le Matin*. There were novels in it and I used to read the novels to see the state of mind of people. And there was an extraordinary novel in which the main character was a woman who was immortal (she had been condemned to immortality by God knows which deity), and she tried her best to die, without success! It was stupid, the whole thing was stupid, but the standpoint was reversed: she was compelled to be immortal and ... she said, "Oh! When will I be allowed to die?", with the ordinary idea that death is the end, that everything is over and one rests. And she had been told, "You will be able to die only when you meet true love...." Everything was topsy-turvy. But when I read that, it set me thinking a lot – sometimes it's the most stupid things that set you thinking the most. And to complete the story ... you see, she had been someone, then someone else, a priestess in Egypt, anyway all kinds of things, and finally (I don't remember), it was in modern times: she met a young married couple; the husband was a remarkable man, intelligent (I think he was an inventor); his wife, whom he loved passionately, was a stupid and wicked fool who spoilt all his work, who ruined his whole life ... and he went on loving her. And that's what (*laughing*) they gave as example of perfect love!

I read that maybe more than fifty years ago, and I still remember it! Because it set me thinking for a long time. I read that and I said to myself, "Here's how people understand things!"

It was, oh, certainly more than fifty years ago, because I had already come upon the "Cosmic," Theon's teaching and the inner divine Presence, and I knew that the new creation would be a creation of immortality – I immediately felt it was true (that it was a way of expressing something true). So then, when I read that, I thought, "Here's how people make everything topsy-turvy! Head and feet upside down." And I pondered for a long, long time over the problem: "How to bring this to the true position?" And I set to work. Already at the time, I used to practice adopting that standpoint, looking at things from that standpoint, understanding how that standpoint could exist. And those two things made me ponder: the will to die, and what that man considered to be "perfect love" – two

idiotic things.

But I discovered what was true in it; that's what was interesting: I tried and tried to find, and suddenly I felt that aspiration towards the immutable, immutable peace. Well, it was upside down: only immutable peace can give you eternal existence. There, it was all upside down, the idea was to cease existence in order to find immutable peace. But it's immutable peace one is after and that's what compels the cessation of existence, in order to allow the transformation to take place.

And love, which is unconditioned: it doesn't depend on whether you are loved or not, whether you are intelligent or not, whether you are wicked or not – that goes without saying. But it was put in a ridiculous way. But it goes without saying, love is unconditioned, otherwise it isn't love, it's what I call bargaining: "I give you my affection so you give me yours; I am nice to you so you are nice to me"! That's how people understand it, but it's stupid, it's meaningless. That's something I understood when I was quite small, I used to say, "No! You may wish others to be nice to you if you are nice to them, but that has nothing to do with love, no, nothing, absolutely nothing." The very essence of love is unconditioned." The Mother/ June 14, 1965

Death is now referred to as a "vague" Power, because increasingly its arguments are erratic and it refuses to see the Truth behind Savitri's words, it constructs arguments that it discards later on...Savitri then admonishes Death and challenges him to look within Her and consent to her wishes or refuse if he is unable to...

Death grudgingly consents to give Savitri her 2nd boon – (What is first boon?) that she will have many sons and daughters who will be fair and strong and fill her remaining days with delight...but still no Satyavan. (There is considerable difference between Vyasadeva's Savitri and Sri Aurobindo's Savitri. The latter is projected as virgin Power in addition to her Mother Power and Yogic Power.)

"Gifts I (Death) can give to soothe thy wounded life." Savitri-588

The first boon Death offered to Savitri is as per Savitri's wish:

"Indulgent to the dreams my touch shall break,
I yield to his blind father's longing heart
Kingdom and power and friends and greatness lost
And royal trappings for his peaceful age,
The pallid pomps of man's declining days,
The silvered decadent glories of life's fall.

To one who wiser grew by adverse Fate,
Goods I restore the deluded soul prefers
To impersonal nothingness's bare sublime.
The sensuous solace of the light I give
To eyes which could have found a larger realm,
A deeper vision in their fathomless night.
For that this man desired and asked in vain
While still he lived on earth and cherished hope.
Back from the grandeur of my perilous realms
Go, mortal, to thy small permitted sphere!
Hasten swift-footed, lest to slay thy life
The great laws thou hast violated, moved,
Open at last on thee their marble eyes." Savitri-589

The third boon Death offered to Savitri is the lure of heavenly Joy:

"If heavens there are whose gates are shut to grief,
There seek the joy thou couldst not find on earth;
Or in the imperishable hemisphere
Where Light is native and Delight is king
And Spirit is the deathless ground of things,
Choose thy high station, child of Eternity.
If thou art Spirit and Nature is thy robe,
Cast off thy garb and be thy naked self
Immutable in its undying truth,
Alone for ever in the mute Alone.
Turn then to God, for him leave all behind;
Forgetting love, forgetting Satyavan,
Annul thyself in his immobile peace.
O soul, drown in his still beatitude.
For thou must die to thyself to reach God's height:
I, Death, am the gate of immortality." Savitri-647

But Savitri replied to the vague Power:

"If the eyes of Darkness can look straight at Truth,
Look in my heart and, knowing what I am,
Give what thou wilt or what thou must, O Death.

Nothing I claim but Satyavan alone."

There was a hush as if of doubtful fates.

As one disdainful still who yields a point

Death bowed his sovereign head in cold assent:

The second boon Death offered to Savitri is the lure of earthly Joy: Savitri-636

“I give to thee, saved from death and poignant fate

Whatever once the living Satyavan

Desired in his heart for Savitri.

Bright noons I give thee and unwounded dawns,

Daughters of thy own shape in heart and mind,

Fair hero sons and sweetness undisturbed

Of union with thy husband dear and true. (that means Death wanted Savitri to marry again which is a common event in human love. This lure is good and attractive for weak Souls.)

“Then Mother takes up "Savitri": The Debate of Love and Death.

Is he going on? What does he offer Savitri?

Q: "Daughters," "sons"!

Oh, he is base (*laughing*), base with vulgarity. (*Mother reads:*)

“Daughters of thy own shape in heart and mind

Fair hero sons and sweetness undisturbed ...” (X.III.637)

See that joy! Oh! ... How vulgar that being is! Can there really be people who are tempted by this?

I think Sri Aurobindo deliberately made this Death very vulgar to discourage all the illusionists and Nirvanists.

But even when I was quite small, five years old, it seemed to me *commonplace*, while if I had been told, "Let there be no more cruelty in the world," ah, there is something I would have found worthwhile. "Let there be no more injustice, let there be no more suffering because of people's wickedness," there is something one can dedicate oneself to. But producing daughters and sons ... I have never felt physically very maternal. There are millions and millions who do that, so do it again? – No, truly that's not what one is born for.” The Mother/7th July-1965

Sri Aurobindo vulgarised Death in order to discourage the Moderate Spiritualist and later

Vedantists/ascetics. Death proposed Savitri escapist moderate and ascetic solution of problem

life and Savitri rejected them completely. Savitri proposed ancient Vedantic solution towards life which treats Matter and Spirit equally and Spirit is reconciled with the Matter.

'Leave then thy dead (Husband), O *Savitri*, and live.' Savitri-656, (This is Moderate approach towards life as proposed by Death.)

Death said: "What knowst thou of earth's rich and changing life

Who thinkst that one man dead all joy must cease?

Hope not to be unhappy till the end:

For grief dies soon in the tired human heart;

Soon other guests the empty chambers fill." Savitri-637 (Moderate solution towards life)

Death said: "Return and try thy soul!

Soon shalt thou find appeased that other men

On lavish earth have beauty, strength and truth,

And when thou hast half forgotten, one of these

Shall wind himself around thy heart that needs

Some human answering heart against thy breast;

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,

Till thou shalt wonder if thou lov'dst at all.

Such is the life earth's travail has conceived,

A constant stream that never is the same." Savitri-637-638, (Moderate solution towards life.)

"Live in thyself; forget the man thou lov'st." Savitri-594, (Later Vedantic solution as proposed by Death.)

Death said: "Turn then to God, for him leave all behind;

Forgetting love, forgetting *Satyavan*,

Annul thyself in his immobile peace.” Savitri-647, (Later Vedantic solution towards life. *Savitri* book proposes a *Sadhaka* to pursue Sadhana in such a manner that he would under no circumstance accept the Moderate and later *Vedantic* solution towards life.)

“Out of thy shadow give me back again

Into earth’s flowering spaces *Satyavan*

In the sweet transiency of human limbs

To do with him my spirit’s burning will.

I will bear with him the ancient Mother’s load,

I will follow with him earth’s path that leads to God.” Savitri-590 (Ancient Vedantic Solution as proposed by Savitri where Spirit and Matter receive equal importance.)

“For I who have trod with him the tracts of Time,

Can meet behind his steps whatever night

Or unimaginable stupendous dawn

Breaks on our spirits in the untrod Beyond.

Wherever thou leadst his soul I shall pursue.” Savitri-590 (Ancient Vedantic Solution as proposed by Savitri where Spirit and Matter receive equal importance..)

““Give me back *Satyavan*, my only lord.” Savitri-637 (Ancient Vedantic Solution as proposed by Savitri.)

“But standing on Eternity’s luminous brink

I have discovered that the world was He;

I have met Spirit with spirit, Self with self,

But I have loved too the body of my God.

I have pursued him (Satyavan) in his earthly form.” Savitri-649 (Ancient Vedantic Solution as proposed by Savitri where Spirit and Matter receive equal importance.)

To become ancient Vedantist one has to realise the dynamic aspect of Psychic and Spiritual Being. He can confront with Death and change his individual, collective and human destiny.

And thou shalt harvest in thy joyful house

Felicity of thy surrounded eves.

Love shall bind by thee many gathered hearts.

The opposite sweetness in thy days shall meet

Of tender service to thy life’s desired

And loving empire over all thy loved,

Two poles of bliss made one, O Savitri.

Return, O child, to thy forsaken earth.”

Savitri does not reject his gift (This gift is automatically rejected because those who realise Psychic and Spiritual beings do not enter lower vital enjoyment) but refuses to walk away without Satyavan. Death is angered and asserts that Savitri should not think that only Satyavan can make her happy, other beautiful men will come into her lives and make her happy and as she has children, soon the memory of Satyavan will fade into a distant memory and she will wonder if she loved him at all...Death’s argument is true of most human vital based relationships

But Savitri replied, “Thy gifts resist.

Earth cannot flower if lonely I return (because the dual power is required...a constant aspiration from below and an answering force from above).” (This is ancient Vedantic solution. A Sadhaka must learn to confront with Death.)

“A little later, about "Savitri" and the Debate of Love and Death:

He said he wanted to redo all this passage, but he never did it. And when he was asked (I don't know if it was Nirod or Purani who asked him), he said, "No, later."

And he knew very well that there was no "later." At the time he already knew it.

"No, later."
I don't know...." The Mother/ July 21, 1965

Then Death sent forth once more his angry cry,
As chides a lion his escaping prey:
"What knowst thou of earth's rich and changing life
Who thinkst that one man dead all joy must cease?
Hope not to be unhappy till the end:
For grief dies soon in the tired human heart;
Soon other guests the empty chambers fill. (A seeker of truth must reject human association.)
A transient painting on a holiday's floor
Traced for a moment's beauty (human) love was made. (Death has understood human love perfectly.) (Divine Love is linked with timeless state of consciousness.)
Or if a voyager on the eternal trail,
Its objects fluent change in its embrace
Like waves to a swimmer upon infinite seas."

Savitri casually dismisses Death's argument because she can see the reality of things..

But Savitri replied to the vague god,
"Give me back Satyavan, my only lord.
Thy thoughts are vacant to my soul that feels (Death's understanding of human love is meaningless for Savitri's Soul's Mission of ascent and descent of Divine Consciousness and during this movement of Consciousness she meets the Divine Love. Whereas human love is the outcome of man's inability to move consciousness in vertically.)
The deep eternal truth in transient things." (Divine love is the deep eternal truth which can descend into transient things.)
Death answered her, "Return and try thy soul!
Soon shalt thou find appeased that other men
On lavish earth have beauty, strength and truth,
And when thou hast half forgotten, one of these

Shall wind himself around thy heart that needs
Some human answering heart against thy breast;
For who, being mortal, can dwell glad alone? (Mortal limitation is that he cannot live alone. So living alone is considered as beginning of Spiritual life.)

“One thing only I can tell you that whatever the sincerity, simplicity and purity of the relation between two human beings, it shuts them off more or less from the direct divine force and help and limits their strength, light and power only to the sum of their potentialities.” The Mother

Then Satyavan shall glide into the past,
A gentle memory pushed away from thee (Death does not know that Psychic memory or memory born due to Soul experience are not perishable and does not die rather it becomes stronger in passage of time due to Soul interference.)
By new love and thy children’s tender hands, (the new human love and children’s tender hands are inferior events before the Soul’s vast call and vast experience.)
Till thou shalt wonder if thou lov’dst at all.
Such is the life earth’s travail has conceived,
A constant stream that never is the same.”

“Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri," the Debate of Love and Death:

... And from the universal standpoint, it is this inertia, this unconsciousness that made the existence of death necessary – the "existence" of death!!” The Mother/
July 24, 1965

Savitri admonishes Death for being a critic of man’s long efforts and the divine’s creation. While it may be true that man’s vital love is ephemeral it is a sign of diviner things to come. Savitri again tells death of the bright future that is to descend on earth and that all contraries will be annulled and the opposites harmonised...but this debate goes to and fro with neither side giving up their case...eventually Savitri’s spirit realising the futility of a convincing Death recalls her surface consciousness to withdraw within...for the time for the fuller manifestation of the divine

Shakti within her to annual Death was approaching. Death was given an opportunity to convert but he kept refusing blindly....all continue on their walk through this (subtle) realm

But Savitri replied to mighty Death:

“O dark ironic critic of God’s work,

Thou mockst the mind and body’s faltering search (Death is not well aware of mind and body’s true search of pure Delight with the help of Psychic and Spiritual opening.)

For what the heart holds in a prophet hour

And the immortal spirit shall make its own.

Mine is a heart that worshipped, though forsaken,

The image of the god its love adored;

I have burned in flame to travel in his (Satyavan’s) steps.

Are we not they who bore vast solitude

Seated upon the hills alone with God?

Why dost thou vainly strive with me, O Death,

A mind delivered from all twilight thoughts, (the symbol of mental virginity. This is also outcome of Subconscient transformation.)

To whom the secrets of the gods are plain?

For now at last I know beyond all doubt,

The great stars burn with my unceasing fire (Love is transformed into fire and fire is transformed into Light.)

And life and death are both its fuel made.

Life only was my blind attempt to love: (Divine Love penetrates the Subconscient darkness which is identified as tracing of the path in the virgin forest or blind attempt.)

Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory; (earth will see one day Savitri’s victory over Death.)

(Mother reads a few lines from "Savitri" which she prepares to translate into French. It is Savitri's heart that speaks:)

The great stars burn with my unceasing fire
And life and death are both its fuel made.
Life only was my blind attempt to love: Earth
saw my struggle, heaven my victory.

(X. III . 638)

She says, *Life and death are the fuel, then, In my blind attempt LIFE ONLY was my attempt to love.*⁷⁶ Because my attempt to love was blind, I limited it to life

– but I won the victory in death.

It's very interesting. (*Mother repeats:*)

Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory.

Yet, earth should see the victory? The victory should be on earth, shouldn't it?

Yes, but she couldn't win the victory on earth because she lacked heaven – she couldn't win the victory in life because she lacked death and she had to conquer death in order to conquer life.

That's the idea. Unless we conquer Death, the victory isn't won. Death must be vanquished, there must be no more death.

That's very clear.

(*silence*)

According to what he says here, it is the principle of Love that is transformed into flame and finally into light. It isn't the principle of Light that is transformed into flame when it materializes: it's the flame that is transformed into light.

The great stars give light because they burn; they burn because they are under the effect of Love.

Love would be the original Principle?

That seems to be what he is saying.

I didn't remember this passage. But I told you, my experience⁷⁷ is that the last thing as one rises – the last thing beyond light, beyond consciousness, beyond ... – the last thing one reaches is love. "One," this "one" is ... it's the "I" – I don't know. According to the experience, it's the last thing to manifest now in its purity, and it is the one that has the transforming power.

That's what he appears to be saying here: the victory of Love seems to be the final victory.

(*silence*)

He said, *Savitri, a Legend and a Symbol*; it's he who made it a symbol. It's the story of the encounter of Savitri, the principle of Love, with Death; and it's over Death that she won the victory, not in life. She could not win the victory in life without winning the victory over Death.

I didn't know it was put so clearly here. I had read it, but only once.

It's very interesting.

How many times, how many times have I seen that he had written down my experiences.... Because for years and years I didn't read Sri Aurobindo's books; it

was only before coming here that I had read *The Life Divine*, *The Synthesis of Yoga*, and another one, too. For instance, *Essays on the Gita* I had never read, *Savitri* I had never read, I read it very recently (that is to say, some ten years ago, in 1954 or '55). The book *Sri Aurobindo on Himself and on the Mother* I had never read, and when I read it, I realized what he wrote to people about me – I had no idea, he had never told me anything about it! ... You see, there are lots of things that I had said while speaking to people – that I had said just like that, because they came (*gesture from above*) and I would say them – and I realized he had written them. So, naturally, I appeared to be simply repeating what he had written – but I had never read it! And now, it's the same thing: I had read this passage from *Savitri*, but hadn't noticed it – because I hadn't had the experience. But now that I have had the experience, I see that he tells it.

It's quite interesting.

Maybe we'll have to reread *Savitri*?...

In fact, if we wanted to be really good, we would try to translate the whole of *Savitri*, wouldn't we? What we are doing now with the end [Book X], we would do with all the rest. There is a part I tried to translate all alone, but it would be fun to do it together. We could try. Not for publication! Because there is immediately a debasing: everything that is published is debased, otherwise people don't understand. We would do it for ourselves.

But it's very interesting.

Just the other day I noted something down on the subject (*Mother looks for a note, then reads it*):

"Very rare and exceptional are the human beings who can understand and feel divine Love, because divine Love is free of attachment and of the need to please the object loved."

That was a discovery.

That's why people don't understand; for them, love is so much like this (*Mother intertwines the fingers of her two hands*) that they cannot even feel or believe that they love if there isn't an attachment like this (*same gesture*). And necessarily, the consequence of attachment is the will, the desire, the need to please the object of one's love.

If you take away the attachment and the need to please, people scratch their heads and wonder if they love. And it's only when you take away those two things that divine Love begins!

This, mon petit, we'll talk about again, it's a revelation.

That's why they don't understand and that's why they can't feel it."

The Mother

8th September, 1965

All shall be seized, transcended; there shall kiss

Casting their veils before the marriage fire

The eternal bridegroom and eternal bride. (It is through the gate of virginity they have arrived at the status of eternal bridegroom and eternal bride.) (Those who experience constant and uninterrupted Divine union, or experience constant marriage with Timeless Eternity and Spaceless Infinity are recognised as eternal bridegroom and eternal bride. Or they reconcile the marriage of eternal bride, Ishwari with eternal bridegroom, Ishwara in the heart centre.)

The heavens accept our broken flights at last.

On our life's **pro** that breaks the waves of Time

Prow: the pointed front part of a ship; the bow

No signal light of hope has gleamed in vain." (All hope are affirmative Psychic energy and they manifest in the passage of time.)

She spoke; the boundless members of the god

As if by secret ecstasy assailed (**Death began to feel Savitri's divinity overpower him**),

Shuddered in silence as obscurely stir

Ocean's dim fields delivered to the moon.

Then lifted up as by a sudden wind

Around her in that vague and glimmering world

The twilight trembled like a bursting veil. (**Savitri's power was beginning to overwhelm Death's influence in this realm**) (Before Savitri's Spiritual Presence the Subconscient twilight ceases to exist and all became Light and Love.)

Thus with armed speech the great opponents strove.

Around those spirits in the glittering mist

A deepening **half-light fled** with pearly wings

As if to reach some far ideal Morn.

Outlined her thoughts flew through the gleaming haze

Mingling bright-pinioned with its lights and veils

And all her words like dazzling jewels were caught

Into the glow of a mysterious world,

Or tricked in the rainbow shifting of its hues

Like echoes swam **fainting** into far sound.

“This morning, for example, several times for a certain length of time (I don't know how long, but not a very short time: a quarter of an hour, half an hour, I don't know), the body's cells, that is, the body's form had the experience that staying together or dissolving depends on a certain attitude – an attitude or a will; something that has to do with will and attitude. And with the perception (sometimes simultaneously an almost double perception, one being more a memory and the other a lived thing) of what makes you move, act, know; the old way like a memory, and the new way in which, obviously, there is no reason at all to dissolve, except if you choose to do so – it's meaningless, it's something meaningless: why dissolve?

That was there yesterday a little, and very much there this morning.

And if, when you fall back ... That's not exactly the point: when the old consciousness comes back to the surface, if you aren't very attentive, naturally it results in fainting.

For ... oh, a long time, for the whole time between 5 o'clock and quarter to six, that's how it was.

It gives, AT THE SAME TIME, a sense of the unreality of life and of a reality that we could call eternal⁷²: the meaning of death does not exist, it's meaningless. It is only a choice. And dislocation has no meaning, no raison d'être: it's an extravagance.

And then the entire old way of seeing, feeling, perceiving, is behind a sort of blanket – a blanket of fog – which makes the contact . woolly, imprecise.

Now, of course, I have recovered the ordinary consciousness, so I can express that; otherwise it was hard to express. And the contrast or the opposition is difficult, painful; both ways of being are complaining: the other way feels as if it is fainting, and the new one as if it isn't left in peace. When you are in one or in the other, it's all right, but when both are there together ... it's not very pleasant. And there is a sort of sense of uncertainty: you don't very well know where you are, whether you are here or whether you are there; you don't very well know.

Well.

And then, the stupidity of people and things becomes cruel, because even in the ordinary consciousness, for me all those things are meaningless; but then with that need to keep two almost contradictory states together (a transitional period, of course), if you add to it a truckload of nonsense, it's not pleasant.

It's like this "gentleman" [Death in *Savitri*], all the rubbish he says!" The Mother/
August 21, 1965

All utterance, all mood must there become

An unending tissue sewn by mind

To make a gossamer robe of beautiful change. ([The mystery of Subconscious transformation.](#))

Intent upon her silent will she walked

On the dim grass of vague unreal plains,
A floating veil of visions in her front,
A trailing robe of dreams behind her feet.

But now her spirit's flame of conscient force

Retiring from a sweetness without fruit

Called back her thoughts from speech to sit within (Subconscious transformation cannot be pursued in waking activities/waking trance but by going within to deep meditation.) (So the descent of Divine Force in waking trance is followed by non-waking trance in which Divine Force works out Subconscious transformation.)

In a deep room in meditation's house.

For only there could dwell the soul's firm truth: (So in meditation's deep state the Soul's firm truth are uncovered in the Subconscious sheath.)

Entry into Subconscious plane is a terrible battle against the forces of darkness and in *the Mother's* language, "I am given the awareness of how huge this thing (Divine descent) is one drop at a time...so I won't be crushed," (The Mother's Agenda, July 15, 1961,) and this Subconscious transformation could be done 'only in deep meditation...and not in any other time, in activity or even in concentration.' (The Mother's Agenda, December 11, 1963,)

"D. was telling me just now that he is advised to meditate with his eyes open (I know, it keeps you active somewhere), and he said that if by mischance he closes his eyes, he can't move any more! He is conscious but completely paralyzed: he can't get up, can't move, can't even turn his head!

It's dangerous.

So I advised him to be sure to keep his eyes open: it maintains a certain activity. When you close your eyes, you plunge into trance (you are perfectly conscious, but you go into trance and the body is absolutely stilled). That's what Théon had taught me: you free the body consciousness and train it in such a way that it can act on its own, so that while you are deep in trance, you can get up, write, speak, do anything – you are outside the body, there's just a link left. But it's a whole training. It's not too easy, but still it can be done.

I did it to the point that even if the link is cut (I had the experience), the body

can go on speaking. Very useful.

I told D. that I will teach him later, because it's not good to be paralyzed like that: if someone came in abruptly, anything could happen.

But it requires some work.

In my case I never went into trance in my life, I never even lost the contact with the outside.

Didn't you ever see your body?

Never.

Well, it's safer that way than the other way!

I've known several people, especially I., who worked with Dilip (she used to have visions, she danced also): when she went into meditation, it was all over; even when she tried to come back and move, she couldn't. Dilip had to come and pull her hands, disengage her fingers and move her body, till she began coming around. But you understand, that sort of thing won't do at all.

Better be more on this side than on that side.

But it's an incapacity, all the same, isn't it?

It's a lack of connection! She doesn't have any control over her body, that's all. Something that has never, never happened to me.

I mean that being unable, like me, to go into trance is an incapacity, isn't it?

No, I am certain that you went into trance, because I saw you, but you didn't know it.

In meditation?

No, not in meditation: at night.

In my case, I found out I had that capacity because it made me prone to fainting – not too often, but off and on it happened. When I was a child and didn't know a thing, I fainted a couple of times; the fainting, as it happened, wasn't unconscious – it was conscious – and after a bit of practice (not the practice of fainting!), of occult practice, when I fainted I would see myself. Even before that, I had seen myself but without knowing what it all meant, I couldn't make head or tail of it. But I would see myself. And afterwards, whenever I would faint, the first thing I did was to see my body lying down in a ridiculous position. So I would rush back into it vigorously, and it would be all over.

Of course, I was probably born with some abilities! *(laughter)*

But are my meditations ...

Oh, mon petit, they're excellent, don't speak ill of your meditations, they're perfect! I have rarely seen such peace. Because I have seen many meditations with some peace, but generally a very tamasic, heavy peace. But this kind of peace that rises and turns into a white bliss, that's very rare. Very rare. And it's the same every time: regular, automatic, effortless; it's your natural state. I don't know if you had it before coming here, I can't say....

No, with you it becomes very concrete. When I'm alone, the perception is more vague; with you, I almost seem to see.

But that's because when you're alone, it lacks some *shakti!* (*laughter*)

Yes, that's true.

But generally, the best I've seen here with people who have practiced a lot is a *blank* – a *blank silence*, you know. It's empty, still, quiet, silent, but *blank* – so after a while, you've had enough of it! That can't last very long. That's what people in India generally have and they come out of it in a daze.

But with you, it's like a surging up into whiteness – something luminous but white – in other words, it has a CONTENT. Very luminous, very white, and wonderfully still. It's blissful too, one can stay in it for a very long time – most pleasant.

The only thing I've done since I started meditating with you is a broadening, because at the beginning, it was a bit limited.⁴⁷ It's extremely difficult to have this white peace together with breadth. Sri Aurobindo said to me (when I told him about all those experiences), he always said to me that to have this FULL silence – concrete, white, pure, absolutely pure – TOGETHER WITH IMMENSITY ... *there are not many who can have it.* But I must say that I have broadened your silence a lot, quite a lot. Now I no longer feel hemmed in – I don't like to feel hemmed in! I no longer feel like that: it's a spreading out.

It's good. kilo, don't complain of what you have, some people work many LIVES to get that.

The other extreme is an innate ability to go out of one's body, a spontaneous ability to go out of one's body. To have a trance as you understand it, concrete, absolutely material, one must be able to go out, come back in, go out, come back in [at will]. But as people generally take great pains to go out, they don't know how to get back in any more! So they find themselves in ridiculous situations.

I had two experiences of that kind. The first was at Tlemcen⁴⁸ and the second in Japan.... There was an epidemic of influenza, an influenza that came from the war (the 1914 war), and was generally fatal. People would get pneumonia after three days, and plop! finished. In Japan they never have epidemics (it's a country where epidemics are unknown), so they were caught unawares; it was an ideal breeding ground, absolutely unprepared – incredible: people died by the thousandsevery day, it was incredible! Everybody lived in terror, they didn't dare to go out without masks over their mouths. Then somebody whom I won't name asked me (*in a brusque tone*), "What Is this?" I answered him, "Better not think about it." "Why

not?" he said, "It's very interesting! We must find out, at least you are able to find out whatever this is." Silly me, I was just about to go out; I had to visit a girl who lived at the other end of Tokyo (Tokyo is the largest city in the world, it takes a long time to go from one end to the other), and I wasn't so well-off I could go about in a car: I took the tram. What an atmosphere! An atmosphere of panic in the city! You see, we lived in a house surrounded by a big park, secluded, but the atmosphere in the city was horrible. And the question, "What Is this?" naturally came to put me in contact – I came back home with the illness. I was sure to catch it, it had to happen! (*laughing*) I came home with it.

Like a bang on the head – I was completely dazed. They called a doctor. There were no medicines left in the city – there weren't enough medicines for people, but as we were considered important people (!) the doctor brought two tablets. I told him (*laughing*), "Doctor, I never take any medicines." "What!" he said. "It's so hard to get them!" "That's just the point," I replied, "they're very good for others!" Then, then suddenly (I was in bed, of course, with a first-rate fever), suddenly I felt seized by trance – the real trance, the kind that pushes you out of your body – and I knew. I knew: "It's the end; if I can't resist it, it's the end." So I looked. I looked and I saw it was a being whose head had been half blown off by a bomb and who didn't know he was dead, so he was hooking on to anybody he could to suck life. And each of those beings (I saw one over me, doing his "business"!) was one of the countless dead. Each had a sort of atmosphere – a very widespread atmosphere – of human decomposition, utterly pestilential, and that's what gave the illness. If it was merely that, you recovered, but if it was one of those beings with half a head or half a body, a being who had been killed so brutally that he didn't know he was dead and was trying to get hold of a body in order to continue his life (the atmosphere made thousands of people catch the illness every day, it was swarming, an infection), well, with such beings, you died. Within three days it was over – even before, within a day, sometimes. So once I saw and knew, I collected all the occult energy, all the occult power, and ... (*Mother bangs down her fist, as if to force her way into her body*) I found myself back in my bed, awake, and it was over. Not only was it over, but I stayed very quiet and began to work in the atmosphere.... From that moment on, mon petit, there were no new cases! It was so extraordinary that it appeared in the Japanese papers. They didn't know how it happened, but from that day on, from that night on, not a single fresh case. And people recovered little by little.

I told the story to our Japanese friend in whose house we were living, I told him, "Well, that's what this illness is – a remnant of the war; and here's the way it happens.... And that being was repaid for his attempt!" Naturally, the fact that I repelled his influence by turning around and fighting [dissolved the formation]. But what power it takes to do that! Extraordinary.

He told the story to some friends, who in turn told it to some friends, so in the end the story became known. There was even a sort of collective thanks from the city for my intervention.... But the whole thing stemmed from that: "What Is this illness? You're able to find out, aren't you?" (*Laughter*) Go and catch it!

But that feeling of being absolutely paralyzed, a prey to something – absolutely paralyzed, you can't ... You are no longer in your body, you understand, you can't act on it any more. And a sense of liberation when you are able to turn around.

I had a tremendous fever, which naturally dropped little by little – after a few days I was completely cured; even immediately, I was almost cured.

There, petit.

So you're going there ... [to X's place].

(silence)

As for me, I am debating with Death.

It's exactly the universal state of mind: a state of disbelief, oh, terrible! If we didn't know that something will come to replace it, it would be terrible.

This *Savitri* is wonderful, he foresaw everything, saw everything, everything, absolutely everything, there isn't one point he left unexplored!" The Mother/ April 20, 1963

Imperishable, a tongue of sacrifice,

It flamed unquenched upon the central hearth

Where burns for the high householder and his mate

The homestead's sentinel and witness fire

From which the altars of the gods are lit.

All still compelled went gliding on unchanged,

Still was the order of these worlds reversed:

The mortal (*Savitri*) led (*Satyavan*), the god (*Death*) and spirit (*Satyavan*) obeyed (*Death*)

And she behind was leader of their march (*Savitri*) (As leader of the march *Savitri* walked behind *Death* and *Satyavan*.)

And they in front were followers of her will (she being *Divine* (indeterminate and descending *godhead*) was the final determinate of both the mortal (ascending *Godhead*) and the universal *god*).

Onward they journeyed through the drifting ways

Vaguely companioned by the glimmering mists.

Similar leadership was also observed towards her followers:

"She walked in their front towards a greater light,

*Their **leader** and queen over their hearts and souls,*

One close to their bosoms, yet divine and far." Savitri-Book-4, Canto-2

But faster now all fled as if perturbed

Escaping from the **clearness of her soul**. (Savitri's Soul's clarity (also mind's clarity) made Death powerless.)

A heaven-bird upon jewelled wings of wind

Borne like a coloured and embosomed fire,

By spirits carried in a pearl-hued cave,

On through the enchanted dimness moved her soul.

Death walked in front of her and Satyavan, (This line hints Death in the front, Satyavan in the middle and Savitri behind in this Subconscious journey.)

In the dark front of Death, a **failing star**. (Death's existence is provisional. As long as Ignorance is there, Death is a Spiritual necessity. His business on earth will fail with more and more working of universalised Divine Love.)

Above was the unseen balance of his fate.

END OF CANTO THREE

"As for me, I am debating with Death.

It is exactly the universal state of mind: a state of disbelief, oh, terrible! If we did not know that something will come to replace it, it would be terrible.

This Savitri is wonderful, he (Sri Aurobindo) foresaw everything, saw everything, everything, absolutely everything, there is not one point he left unexplored!"

The Mother
20th April-1963

OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH

Divine Amar Atman!

My Divine Blessed Child,

My all love and blessings to you. Let the Divine Mother's Love and Light of a conscious certitude and joy of an eternal Presence be always with you and transform you concretely...

OM TAT SAT

With my intense love and Their blessings.

At Their Feet

Your ever loving mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

Om Namo Bhagavateh

“A spirit moved in **black immensities**
And built a Thought in ancient Nothingness;
A soul was lit in God’s tremendous Void, (emergence of Subconscient Self)
A secret labouring glow of nascent fire”

“She lulled the Omniscient into nescient sleep,
Omnipotence on Inertia’s back she drove,
Trode perfectly with divine unconscious steps (Description of Divine work in the
Subconscient plane.)
The enormous circle of her wonder-works.”

“It (Light) waits to be kindled in **our secret cells;**” (Outcome of subconscient
transformation.)

“The souls of men have wandered from the Light
And the great Mother turns away her face.
The eyes of the **creatix Bliss** are closed (Or **The Bliss that made the world has
fallen asleep. (in the Subconscient world.)**)
And sorrow’s touch has found her in her dreams.”

“At last the soul turns to eternal things, (Supramentalised Psychic being)
In every shrine it cries for the clasp of God
Then is there played the crowning Mystery,
Then is achieved the longed-for miracle.” Savitri-631,

“A Lover leaning from his cloister’s door
Gathers the whole world into his single breast.
Then shall the **business** fail of Night and Death”

“**My heart is stronger than thy bonds, O Death.** (Supramentalised Psychic being)
It sees and feels the one Heart beat in all (cosmic consciousness),
It feels the high **Transcendent’s sunlike hands,**
It sees the cosmic Spirit at its work;
In the dim Night it (Savitri’s heart) lies alone with God.”

Sri Matriniketan Ashram
08.01.2020

Divine Amar Atman!
My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. This book-10, Canto-3, reveals first Savitri's discovery of Subconscient Self within Subconscient Sheath. This discovery is important for purification and transformation of Subconscient and adjacent worlds of mind, life and body.

This creation is to be wholly accepted and embraced as the manifestation of the *Brahman*. If the existing mind of most man is crippled; life is untaught and crude; if there exists brutal and evil activities, then they are to be accepted as incidents of Divine's vast and varied plot; His great and dangerous drama's needed steps. We have to meet our Lord in the nascent sleep of shadow and the Night and in the wakefulness of the stars and Sun and wait for the hour in which high meets the low. The emergence of Divine Life on earth is possible by reconciliation of God's Night with His fathomless Light and Life and Death become the fuel of the great world action and world existence.

Savitri has to unite with Satyavan in the Subconscient and Inconscient world by calling down Divine energy there. Satyavan's death created such an opportunity for Savitri. She has to prove her Divine Love which can transform those dark worlds. So her task is to call down Divine Love from higher planes and the emergence of same Divine Love by activation of Subconscient Self and the 'two rivers of Light' wait 'to be kindled in our secret cells.'

Lastly this Canto gives the clue how the business of Death and Night fail on earth. That is possible by universalisation of Divine Love, by attainment of unity consciousness of Supermind and all is known and clasped by Divine Love.

This Canto also proposes that Subconscient transformation can only be experienced in deep meditation or non-waking trance.

There are also many secrets of Subconscient world which is not possible to catch in this letter, but few of them are caught in revised Auroprem's study.

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.

Sri Matriniketan Ashram Sri Aurobindo Centre,
Managed by The Mother's International Centre Trust,
Regd.No-146/24.11.97. Vill: Ramachandrapur, PO: Kukudakhadi-761100,
Via: Brahmapur, Dist: Ganjam, State: Odisha, India
www.srimatriniketanashram.org