

Canto Four

The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real

“No, as long as the world isn't changed, death doesn't matter in the least, and when the world is changed, there will be no more death, that's all. Or else it will be death for plants, death for animals, death for man (man as man), and for them, it will be a quite natural state, there won't be anything to feel sorry about.

Death as it is understood, on the inner level, means the loss of consciousness.... That would be the most the most dreadful and horrible thing, if it were possible. But it's not possible. If you have consciousness, it cannot be lost. Some things don't have consciousness yet, so little by little, little by little, they learn to have it; but the consciousness you have cannot be lost, that's not possible. All the deaths in the world cannot take it away from you, and that's why I smile – try, mon petit!

It's impossible.

Consciousness is something eternal. Consciousness is divine, consciousness is eternal, and NOTHING can destroy it.

Appearances are another matter.

And it's only unconsciousness that's destroyed (meaning that there is an appearance of destruction), but not consciousness.

So then, all the drama – all the tragedy, all the horror, all the dread, all of it – is vital fabrication. Well, those who are God's warriors don't allow themselves to be affected by that. One smiles, "Yes, yes, you may put on a big show, we don't care; go ahead with the big show if you enjoy it." As for us, we know it's only a show – an ugly show, if you like, it's not pretty, but it's just a show.” The Mother/ December 10, 1965

Summary:

The canto marks the final confrontation of Savitri with Death in his own realm (of Night). The next time Savitri meets Death will be in the realm of light where Death's contorted mask is removed and his true divine nature is revealed.

Death (after his gospel in the previous canto) argues for Savitri to give up her quest and conviction of revealing the Divine behind all matter and bringing down the divine from the highest planes. Savitri destroys all his arguments with the Truth. Finally Death slowly recognises

that the Divine Mother maybe present in Savitri asks for that darshan and agrees to release him if he is blessed with that vision. A vast transformation comes over Savitri and the divine Mother within steps forward and reveals herself to Death and asks him to return Satyavan's soul. In spite of this Death remain stubborn and refuses to give up Satyavan. But the light and force of the Divine Mother overwhelms him and he retreats defeated, giving up the soul of Satyavan.

Savitri and Satyavan remain alone awaiting the word of the Supreme.

Mother, the 1st canto of this book of double twilight is called "The dream twilight of the Ideal" and the last canto of the "the dream twilight of the earthly real". (The Ideal above of Canto -1 becoming real below in Canto-4.) Does the 1st canto represent the possibilities of the higher Truth that are attempting to manifest in the lower hemispheres (Subconscious closer to Subliminal plane) and the last canto presents the aspiration and destiny of earth and matter to move towards the divine station above (Subconscious closer to Inconscious plane). In both cases the word twilight is used because there are forces opposing the divine descent (hence the light does not manifest fully and is partial like a twilight) and forces opposing the ascent of lower consciousness to unite with the divine above (and the lower matter evolves partially but is still fundamentally ignorant, like the mind which may seem brilliant but is only a bright mask of ignorance).

Detail:

Savitri descends deeper into the Night's realm where the influence and light from the higher Truth realms can no more be felt...this is an area into the very heart of darkness...and Savitri experienced the pressure of the unconscious (Subconscious) on her heart even more. In this heart she saw the aimless toil of humanity who are never aware of their soul or true nature and toil without rest aimlessly...she saw how all the Truths and teaching that had descended in the past, then became religions eventually died out leaving no real change in the world, all the revolutions and apparent change made no real difference to the huge world machinery of the universe....

THERE came a slope that slowly downward sank;
It slipped towards a stumbling grey descent.
The dim-heart marvel of the ideal was lost;

Its crowding wonder of bright delicate dreams
And vague half-limned sublimities she had left (the plane where the higher conscious was trying to manifest, where its influence and potential was felt was no more...now Savitri was entering a deeper heart of the night where the Truth consciousness' influence and presence was no more or very limited):
Thought fell towards lower levels; hard and tense
It passioned for some crude reality.
The twilight floated still but changed its hues (That part of Subconscious which is closer to Inconscious and farther from the subliminal plane.)
And heavily swathed a less delightful dream (the twilight the meeting point of the higher light (of subliminal and superconscious plane) and the influence of the (Subconscious closer to the) inconscient was now fading with the inconscient having greater influence);
It settled in tired masses on the air;
Its symbol colours tuned with duller reds
And almost seemed a lurid mist of day.
A straining taut and dire besieged her heart (the growing effect of the inconscient);
Heavy her sense grew with a dangerous load,
And sadder, greater sounds were in her ears,
And through stern breakings of the lambent glare
Her vision caught a hurry of driving plains
And cloudy mountains and wide tawny streams,
And cities climbed in minarets and towers (Mother (Maa Krishna) are these the worlds in the inconscient plane or they a symbol world where soul's work endlessly with no real change and do not rise from their lot?) (Subconscious plane)
Towards an unavailing changeless sky:
Long quays and ghauts and harbours white with sails
Challenged her sight awhile and then were gone.
Amidst them travailed toiling multitudes
In ever shifting perishable groups,
A foiled cinema of lit shadowy shapes
Enveloped in the grey mantle of a dream.
Imagining meanings in life's heavy drift,
They trusted in the uncertain environment (are these migratory souls, who are these beings?) (Dark beings of Subconscious plane.)

And waited for death to change their spirit's scene (these were beings who did not know about their soul or its power...like mere animals moved by the universal and cosmic forces of nature, they moved on doing their work like cogs in her wheel, being born, living a little while open to a thousand different influences and then perishing, no different from when they were born).

“The Mother takes up the translation of Savitri:

‘Imagining meanings in life’s heavy drift,

They trusted in the uncertain environment

And waited for death to change their spirit’s scene.’ Savitri-X.IV-641

Yes, those are the people who are hoping to go to a beatific heaven.

The entire West is convinced, of course, that the earth has to be taken as it is and that it is a preparation for a life in another world, which according to your ‘faults’ or ‘qualities’ will be a heaven or a hell. But anyway, doing away with hell, all those who have goodwill will go to a beatific heaven.

It is a weird invention, isn’t it!

Anyway...

But there is an accumulation, an extraordinary compactness of knowledge in this whole Savitri, at every turn. There is nothing that is void of knowledge. It is truly interesting.”

The Mother

30th November, 1965

A savage din of labour and a tramp

Of armoured life and the monotonous hum

Of thoughts and acts that ever were the same,

As if the dull reiterated drone

Of a great brute machine, beset her soul,—

A grey dissatisfied rumour like a ghost

Of the moaning of a loud unquiet sea.

A huge inhuman cyclopean voice,

A Babel-builders’ song towering to heaven,

A throb of engines and the clang of tools

Brought the deep undertone of labour’s pain (there seems to be this huge machinery in the **inconscient (Subconscient) that works and holds a multitude of souls doing the same work over and over again...**).

As when pale lightnings tear a tortured sky,

High overhead a cloud-rimmed series flared

Chasing like smoke from a red funnel driven (the colour red is used again here...Mother what does it symbolise?), (symbolic description of haziness of Subconscious world)

The forced creations of an ignorant Mind: (Ignorant Mind cannot be natural and normal creators.)

Drifting she saw like pictured fragments flee

Phantoms of human thought and baffled hopes,

The shapes of Nature and the arts of man,

Philosophies and disciplines and laws,

And the dead spirit of old societies,

Constructions of the Titan and the worm. (Mother (Maa Krishna) does this realm house the discarded (obsolete) ideas and memories and constructions of the past (are construction of Asuric forces) that are eventually cast aside due to evolution (of Spirit) ?...)

As if lost remnants of forgotten light,

Before her mind there fled with trailing wings

Dimmed revelations and delivering words,

Emptied of their mission and their strength to save,

The messages of the evangelist gods,

Voices of prophets, scripts of vanishing creeds (Mother (Maa Krishna) this suggests that those who have come before...their words and power are now empty, the sage, the prophet the seer...is that because they did not have the supramental force in their teachings or is it the nature of all teaching that descends to the mental and physical plane...the Divine Mother has said that Sri Aurobindo's teaching will last a long time in earth's consciousness...?). (each Script is written from some planes of Consciousness and they become obsolete in the passage time as man is advancing in Consciousness. Sri Aurobindo's writings, particularly these four major works that of The Synthesis of Yoga, The Life Divine, The Mother and Savitri are written from very high universal planes of Consciousness and will take very long time to become obsolete.)

Each in its hour eternal claimed went by (as each religion claims to be the one true means to freedom): (Each teaching claimed to be eternal becomes obsolete afterwards.)

Ideals, systems, sciences, poems, crafts

Tireless there perished and again recurred,

Sought restlessly by some creative Power;

But all were dreams crossing an empty vast.

Ascetic voices called of lonely seers (the old philosophies representing an escape from the world...for even that has not saved man)

On mountain summits or by river banks

Or from the desolate heart of forest glades

Seeking heaven's rest or the spirit's worldless peace,

Or in bodies motionless like statues, fixed

In **tranced** cessations of their sleepless thought

Sat sleeping souls, and this too was a dream.

All things the past has made and slain were there, (As Subconscient memory)

Its lost forgotten forms that once had lived,

And all the present loves as new-revealed

And all the hopes the future brings had failed

Already, caught and spent in efforts vain,

Repeated fruitlessly age after age (the aimless cycles of the world, ever repeating the same old in new faces and forms...).

“(Mother carries on with her translation of "Savitri": the vision of the plane where all the formations of the human mind are found.)

All things the past has made and slain were there (Savitri-643)

Quite interestingly, I am following all these experiences of *Savitri*. The experience of those different joys, I was surprised to have it a few days ago; I said to myself, "Strange, why am I made to see **the joy in all those things: the joy of destroying, the joy of creating, the joy of laboring and conquering, and all of it?**" I was very surprised, and then ...

Just last night, I must have been going about for some time among all human constructions, but those of a higher quality, not the ordinary constructions (those Sri Aurobindo refers to here: the philosophical, religious, spiritual constructions

...). And they were symbolized by huge buildings – huge – that were so high ... as if men were as tall as the edge of this stool, quite tiny, in comparison with those huge things – huge, huge. I was going about, and each person came (I saw now one come, now another), each person came saying, "Mine is the true path." So I would go with him to an open door through which an immense landscape could be seen, and just when we came to the door, it would close!

It was really very interesting. With all sorts of diverse details, each one with his own habits. I have forgotten the details now, but when I came out of that place last night, in the middle of the night, I was quite amused, I said to myself, "It's quite amusing!" You know, when they spoke you could see through a door vast expanses before you, in full light, it was superb; then I would go with that person towards the door and ... the door was closed. It was really interesting.

And so large, so large, so high – we were very small.

There was no end to them. And there were people, always new people: now men, now women, now young people, now old people, and from every possible country. It lasted a very long time.

I remember that I said to one of them, "Yes, all this is very fine, but it isn't true food, it leaves you famished." Then there was one who was I don't know which country he was from: he wore a dark robe, he had black hair, a somewhat round face (he may have been a Chinese, I can't say, I don't remember). He said to me, "Oh, not with me! Taste this and see." And he gave me something to eat – it was absolutely first-rate, oh, it was excellent! So I looked at him, and I said, "Oh, you are clever show me, show me your path." He told me, "I have no path."

Anyway, details If I noted all that down in the middle of the night, it would be very amusing. It was really amusing. And it corresponds to what we've just read in *Savitri*.

Yes, he was comfortably seated in front of a pillar (a pillar whose end couldn't be seen; it rose so high that its end couldn't be seen), and he said to me, "Oh, I have no path." (*Mother laughs*) But what he gave to eat was very good! I remember I crunched it, I bit into it, and it had a marvelous taste.

Who could it be?... I don't know. They must have been known people.

And it was rather strange: I was always a bit taller than all of them, and when I moved about, I did so with much greater speed than they, and I would reach the doors, just about to go through ... when they would come along and the door would close!

Very amusing. I could write volumes with all that!

But last night I didn't understand, I wondered, "Why do I go strolling in such places?" Now I understand!" The Mother/ February 11, 1966

Unwearied all returned insisting still

Because of joy in the anguish of pursuit

And joy to labour and to win and lose

And joy to create and keep and joy to kill (**this is why perhaps inspite of our consistent failures man never gives up but hopes and carries on**).

The rolling cycles passed and came again,

Brought the same toils and the same barren end,

Forms ever new and ever old, the long

Appalling revolutions of the world.

Death points to the unchanging nature of creation of the endless fruitless cycles and argues that the mind/life/matter can never be reconciled with spirit. Countless sages and seers have tried to bring down the truth and all have ended in the trash bin of history...new truths are nothing more than old truths with new forms...nothing changes and if there is a divine he lives

above untouched. He suggests that Savitri should cast off her instruments and unite with that transcendent soul.

(1) Once more arose the great destroying Voice:

Across the (apparent) fruitless labour of the worlds

His huge denial's all-defeating might

Pursued the ignorant march of dolorous Time.

“(Then (the) Mother goes on to "Savitri," the beginning of the new dialogue between Savitri and Death:)

“Once more arose the great destroying Voice:

Across the fruitless labour of the worlds

His huge denial's all-defeating might

Pursued the ignorant march of dolorous Time.” (X.IV.643)

The ignorant march of dolorous Time.... That's quite it, we're poor devils.

That's exactly the state of mind I have been in for two days, but more particularly this morning.... Oh, as an experience it's very interesting.

The spontaneous activity of Matter is defeatist ["the all-defeating might"]. It has to *surrender*, it has to annul itself so that a creative power – truly creative and victorious – can manifest. That's quite interesting.

Théon used to say that this defeatist state (the result of which is death), this destructive power, was born with the Vital's infusion into Matter. The rock, the stone, that is, the most exclusively material, isn't defeatist. The beginning of destruction came with the beginning of the entry of the vital force: with water – water, air, all that moves. All that begins to move brings along the power of destruction.

And in human matter, this destructive power is associated with movement.

(silence)

In other words, on earth (let's limit ourselves to the earth), it's only with Life that Death came in.

(silence)

And certainly, the first manifestations of Life were water and air, the wind, weren't they?

Fire ... But fire, there's no fire without air – fire is the symbol of the supreme Power.

(long silence Mother scribbles a few words)

Here's the answer:

“Truth does not depend on any external form and shall manifest in spite of all bad will or opposition.”

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I've written this in answer to this gentleman [Death]. It came with a power: "Ah, you shall see."

But I'd like to know what Savitri says. What does Savitri say?...

There's no time left, we'll see that next time.

What does she say to him? I think she always says the same thing: the omnipotence of Love.

There you feel the Force. Otherwise it wouldn't be worth living – it really isn't worth it, it's no fun." The Mother-19th February, 1966

"Behold the figures of this **symbol realm**,

Its solid outlines of creative dream (**Mother (Maa Krishna) is this the realm of the subconscious energy that drives earth to all its work in its sleep...?**) **Yes as understood by Death who represents soul slaying truth.**)

Inspiring the great concrete **tasks** of earth.

In its motion-parable of human life

Here thou canst trace the outcome Nature gives (**of constant and inevitable failure**)

To the sin of being and the error in things

And the desire that compels to live

And man's incurable malady of hope.

"(After the (Mother's) translation of "Savitri" – the dialogue with Death)

"Behold the figures of this symbol realm....
Here thou canst trace the outcome Nature gives
To the sin of being and the error in things
And the desire that compels to live
And man's incurable malady of hope."

(X.IV.64 3)

But she will answer you!... I'd like to know what she will answer him.

(silence)

If we follow to its end the idea with which Sri Aurobindo wrote this, Death would be the principle that created Falsehood in the world.... It's obviously either Falsehood that created Death, or Death that created Falsehood.

It's rather Falsehood that created Death!

Logically, yes.

According to the story (if it can be called a story) that Théon told, it was Falsehood that created Death. But according to what we've just read, Death would be what created Falsehood.... Obviously it must be neither this way nor that! It must be something else, which we should find.

⁹
(silence)

Theon's idea (which also fits with the teaching here in India in which they say it was the sense of separation that created the whole Disorder – Death, Falsehood and all the rest), Theon's idea was that those first four Emanations, that is, Consciousness,

Love, Life, and Truth (Love was the last, I think, but I no longer remember what he said), those four individual emanated Beings, according to him, in full consciousness of their power and existence, cut themselves off from their Origin. In other words, they wanted to depend only on themselves, they didn't even feel the need to keep the connection with their Origin (I am putting it very materially). So then, that cut is what instantly caused Consciousness to become Unconsciousness, Love to become Suffering (it wasn't Love – it was actually Ananda which became Suffering), Life to become Death and Truth to become Falsehood. And they hurled themselves into the creation like that. Then, there was a second creation, which was the creation of the gods, to mend the mischief caused by those four (the story is told in almost a childlike way in order not to be abstract, in order to become concrete). The gods are the second emanation and they came to mend. In India and everywhere, they were given various names and functions, and they are found in the Overmind region, that is to say, above the physical quaternary, the material quaternary. And the function of those gods is to mend the damage wrought by the others. And the region in which the others (the first Emanations) concentrated is the vital region.

All this can be translated philosophically, intellectually and so on. It is told as a story so that the most physical intellectuality may understand. But in principle, it's the separation from the Origin that created the whole Disorder. And, as far as I know, in India too the Upanishads say the same thing; Sri Aurobindo, at any rate, says that Disorder came with the sense of Separation. So those are different ways of saying the same thing. In one case, seen in a certain way, it's a willed separation; in the other case, it's an inevitable consequence – inevitable consequence of ... of what? I don't know.

Because, according to theogonies, the gods have remained in contact with their Origin and they feel themselves to be the representation of the Origin, as in the Indian theogony in which they say that Shiva is the representative of the Supreme – Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, Shiva, the transformer – and all three are conscious representatives of the Supreme, but partial ones.

It's perfectly obvious that those are only manners of speaking. There are indeed entities, they do exist, but ... it's only a way of telling the story; in one way or another, it's the same thing. Metaphysics is also one way of telling the story. And one isn't truer than the other.

(silence)

But to me, the problem is to find ... You know, I am after the process that will lead to the power to undo what was done.

When people asked Théon, "How did things come to happen that way?" (he used to say that the first Emanation and the next three separated themselves), "Why did they separate themselves?", he would reply very simply (*laughing*), "Why is the world as it is, in this state of disorder? Why is it like that?... That's not the interesting point: the interesting point is to make it what it must be." But after all those years, there is something in me that would like to have the power or the key: the process. And is it not necessary to feel or live or see (but "see," I mean, see actively) how it went this way (*Mother bends her wrist in one direction*) in order to be able to go that way (*she bends it in the opposite direction*)? That's the question.

(silence)

What's interesting is that now that this mind of the cells has been organized, it appears to be going with dizzying speed through the process of human mental development all over again, in order to reach ... the key, precisely. There is of course the sense that the state we are in is a false unreality, but there is a sort of need or aspiration to find, not a mental or moral "why," nothing of the sort, but a HOW – how it got twisted this way (*Mother bends her wrist in one direction*), in order to straighten it out (*gesture in the opposite direction*).

The pure sensation has the experience of the two vibrations [the false and the true, the twisted and the straight vibrations], but the transition from one to the other is still a mystery. It's a mystery, because it cannot be explained: neither when it goes this way (*gesture to the false direction*) nor when it goes that way (*gesture to the true direction*).

So there is something that says like Théon, "Learn to BE that way [on the true side] and stay that way." But there is an impression that the "stay that way" must depend on knowing why one is that way or how one is that way?

I don't know if I make myself understood! ..." The Mother/**February 26, 1966**

In an immutable order's hierarchy

Where Nature changes not, man cannot change (man being a creature of nature can change only if his parent changes for he is made of the substance of his parent):

Ever he obeys her fixed mutation's law;(Mother (Maa Krishna) why does nature have a fixed mutation's law...(That was necessary for the stabilisation of lower part of evolution.) where everything new is just a recycling of the past...even though the divine is within her and above her...is it simply due to the resistance of the night? (Through repeated failure the success comes. That is the way of evolutionary ascent.) Or does night provide (a base for precipitation of Matter) a churning mechanism to reveal the divine within just like the milk is churned to get butter?)

In a new version of her oft-told tale

In ever-wheeling cycles turns the race.

His mind is pent in circling boundaries:

For mind is man, beyond thought he cannot soar (Mother (Maa Krishna) I feel this way at times). (If he will not practice certain self discipline then he cannot soar beyond mind.)

If he could leave his limits he would be safe (previously Death has argued that only within limits can man be safe): (Here Death has enlarged and amended his previous views.)

He sees but cannot mount to his greater heavens (we know that there are spiritual realms beyond the mind but are unable to escape the gravitation pull of our mind and earthly nature);
(Now this is the time to transcend because of the greater awareness towards it.)

Even winged, he sinks back to his native soil.

He is a captive in his net of mind (he finds it difficult to transcend his mind, because being a mental creature he finds it difficult to differentiate himself from his thoughts and mental sheath) (with the cultivation of mind and intellect he will come out of the net of the mind.)

And beats soul-wings against the walls of life.

In vain his heart lifts up its yearning prayer,

Peopling with brilliant Gods the formless Void (the vital and mental gods cannot help us in realising the divine;)

“(Then Mother reads two lines from "Savitri," the Debate of Love and Death.)

Ah, it's still this gentleman

I had this whole experience a few days ago. It was so amusing!

“In vain his heart lifts up its yearning prayer,

Peopling with brilliant Gods the formless Void”

(X.IV.644)

Why? Were you in the formless Void?

I saw that, it was so amusing! I saw it all. Oh, it was an extraordinary experience. All of a sudden I was outside and, I can't say "above" (but it was above), but outside the whole human creation, outside everything, everything man has created in all the worlds, even in the most ethereal worlds. And seen from there, it was ... I saw that play of all the possible conceptions men have had of God and of the way to approach God (what they call "God"), and also of the invisible worlds and the gods, all that: one thing came upon another, one upon another, it all went by (as it's written in *Savitri*), one thing upon another went by (*gesture as if on a screen*), one upon another ... with its artificiality, its inadequacy to express the Truth. And with such precision! A precision so accurate that you felt in anguish, because the impression was of being in a world of nothing but imagination, of imaginative creation, but in nothing real, there wasn't a feeling of ... of touching the Thing. To such a point that it became ... yes, a terrible anguish: "But then, what? What? What's truly TRUE and outside all that we can conceive?"

And it came. It was like this: (*gesture of self-abandon*) the total, complete self-annulment, annulment of that which can know, of that which tries to know – even "*surrender*" isn't an adequate word: a sort of annulment. And suddenly it ended with a slight movement as a child could have who doesn't know anything, doesn't try to know anything, doesn't understand anything, doesn't try to understand – but who abandons himself. A slight movement of such simplicity, such ingenuousness, such extraordinary sweetness (words can't express it): nothing, just this (*gesture of self-abandon*), and instantaneously, THE Certitude (not expressed, lived), the lived Certitude.

I wasn't able to keep it very long. But "it" is wonderful.

But the anguish had reached its peak: the sense of the futility of human efforts to understand – to embrace and understand – what isn't human, what's beyond. And I am talking about humanity in its supreme realizations, of course, when man feels himself to be a god.... That was still down below.

The experience lasted, oh, I don't know, perhaps a few minutes, but it was ... something.

Only, with a certainty that as soon as you come back, as soon as you just try to speak one word (or even if you don't speak), as soon as you try to formulate in one way or another: finished.

Yet there OBSTINATELY remains a certitude that the creation is NOT a transitory way to recapture the true Consciousness: it's something that has its own reality and that will have its own existence IN THE TRUTH.

That's the next step.

That's why that realization [the Void] isn't the goal, that's exactly why. A conviction that it isn't the goal. It's an absolute necessity, but not the goal. The goal is something ... the capacity to keep That here.

When will that come? I don't know.

But when it comes, everything will be changed.

Until then, let's prepare ourselves.

There is only one thing I have noted (that I am forced to note): there is a power of action on others which infinitely exceeds what it was before. Oh, it makes waves everywhere, everywhere, even in those people who were the most settled in their lives and basically fairly satisfied, as much as one can be – even those are touched.

We'll see, we'll see.

Anyhow, things are moving along.

(*Reverting to the "Sannyasin":*) Try it my way, I think it will work!" The Mother/27th April, 1966

Then disappointed to the Void he turns

And in its happy nothingness asks release (after a lifetime of struggles man finally succumbs),

The Mother's comment on above two lines: "That is the Nihilists: Shankaracharya and so on, the worshippers of Nothingness." 30th April 1966

The calm Nirvana of his dream of self (the separate entity or imaginary being finally dissolves):

"It's like that famous **Nirvana** – you can find it behind everything. There's a psychic nirvana, a mental nirvana, even a vital nirvana. I think I already told you about the experience I had with Tagore in Japan. Tagore always used to say that as soon as he started meditating he entered Nirvana, and he asked me to meditate with him. We sat together in meditation. I was expecting to make a very steep ascent, but he simply went into his MIND, and there ... (what I do, you see, is tune in to the person I am meditating with, identify with him – that's how I know what happens). Well, he started meditating, and everything quite rapidly came to a halt, became absolutely immobile (this he did very well), and from there he sort of fell backwards, and it was Nothingness. And he could remain in that state indefinitely! We did in fact stay like that for a rather long time; I don't remember how long, three quarters of an hour or an hour, but anyway it was long enough. I was keeping alert the whole time to see if, by chance, he would go on into something else, but there he stayed – he stayed there nice and calm, without stirring. ~~The~~ he came back, his mind started up again, and that was that.

I said nothing to him.

But it was a true nirvana: Nothingness. Not a single sensation, not a movement

– no thoughts, of course – nothing, not a vibration: just like that, Nirvana. So I quite naturally concluded that there is a nirvana behind the mind, since he went there directly. And through my own experiments in the different zones of the being I became aware that, indeed, there is a nirvana behind everything (there must be a nirvana behind the physical cell too – maybe that's what death is! Who knows, it's possible). A nothingness, nothing stirs any more. And nothing's there any more – nothing's there, there's nothing to stir (*Mother laughs*). It's the Nothing.

But what's the use of it?

No idea! It must be good for something.

I mean, do things necessarily have to be useful?

But still, can it help one's progress?

These are experiences.

Yes, but do they help us progress?

At any rate, they must help to make people steady.

(silence)

I don't know if you can look at things from that angle, because it's only one angle. Certainly if we asked the Lord, "What's the use of it?" He would either say "It's all the same to Me," or "It's none of your business," or "I get some fun out of it" – that would be enough for Him!

But...

(silence)

The Buddha, you know, was deeply shocked by the impermanence of things – the impermanence of the whole creation, that there was nothing permanent anywhere. That was the starting point of his quest, when he saw that nothing was permanent – constant and permanent – hence there was nothing one could call "forever." That's what shocked him, and he felt he had to find something permanent, and in his quest for the Permanent he came upon Nothingness. So his conclusion ran something like this: "Only one thing is permanent – Nothingness. As soon as there's creation, it's impermanent."

Why did he object to impermanence? That, I don't know – a question of temperament, I suppose. But as far as he was concerned, that's what Nothingness is good for: it's permanent.

It's permanent, the one thing that's permanent.

Still, to me it seems....

What Sri Aurobindo says is, "Yes, true, it's the only permanent thing – a certain permanent Nonbeing behind everything. But why shouldn't He sometimes

– not 'sometimes,' but at the SAME time, the same moment – have the fun of being both permanent and impermanent? There's no objection to that." In any case, He has none!

Our minds may not like it, but He....

But I don't understand what's so great about Nirvana. I don't know whether I go into Nirvana, but when I sit in meditation and everything becomes still, well – so what? Nothing's there any more! If that's what they call Nirvana, I don't see what's so great about it.

Do you remain conscious of yourself?

Oh, yes! I remain conscious. But nothing's there any more. It's clear, it's luminous, and there's absolutely nothing.

It is the state of mental tranquillity. Nothing exists for you any more?

I hear noises.

Ah!

I can still physically hear what's going on around me.

Then you're not in Nirvana.

But isn't it a sort of annihilation?

No. It's a total tranquilization, but not an annihilation.

(long silence

Mother tunes in to Satprem)

You probably enter into the state of pure Existence. First mental silence, then pure Existence, Existence outside of the Manifestation: the state of *Sat*.

It is pure Existence, outside of the Manifestation.

Whenever we've meditated together, I've always had the impression that you entered into that sort of rather blissful silence; it's something permanent, yes, but not an annihilation. It's *Sat* – the *Sat* that comes before *Chit-Tapas*.²⁰² In other words it can last an eternity with no sense of time, and be an infinity with no sense of space.

But I tell you, it also has an EXTRAORDINARY utility: it automatically renews all the energies. Actually, that's the true reason for sleep: to be able to enter that state. And that's why those who can enter it consciously in meditation need much less sleep. Much less. It's what enables the body to last: *Sat*. And whenever I have meditated with you, I've always had a feeling of entering that state.

Pure existence, outside of the Manifestation. It is wonderfully luminous, immobile, tranquil, and ... a sort of bliss devoid of any vibration, beyond vibration.

It is very useful.

Actually, one should always keep this in the background of the consciousness and refer to it automatically to correct or avoid or annul ... *all disturbances*.

It's what I use, for example, when the body has some trouble (I use it for the most ordinary and minor things: coughing when something goes down the wrong way, hiccups, things like that). All these minor problems of the body can be stopped almost instantly by entering that state. It takes a few seconds. It should be kept in the background all the time,

all the time, all the time, as if supporting everything from behind. By nature it is absolutely silent, immobile, luminous....

Yes, it gives the sense of Eternity and Infinity. It is eternal, infinite, outside of time, outside of space, it's its *Sat*.

If one can keep that constantly in the background of one's consciousness, there's no further need to take off anywhere (*ethereal gesture towards the heights*): all you have to do is this (*gesture of stepping back*), and there it is.

And it is the root cure of disorder. It is anti-disorder.

That's how you can cure somebody, if he's able to receive it. It's the antidote to disorder, the perfect antidote to disorder.

Yes, one leaves that state refreshed, rested.

Yes, exactly." The Mother/ October 30, 1962

The Word in silence ends, in Nought the name. (All his knowledge on the Divine is not the outcome of comprehensive Spiritual experience and hence distorted and intolerant.)

Apart amid the mortal multitudes,

He calls the Godhead incommunicable (all of man's devotions and spiritual exercises seem to be man's imaginations and attribution to something he does not really see or touch)

To be the lover of his lonely soul

Or casts his spirit into its void embrace.

Or he finds his copy in the impartial All;

He imparts to the Immobile his own will,

Attributes to the Eternal wrath and love

And to the Ineffable lends a thousand names.

Hope not to call God down into his life. (Calling down the God to life was new for him and was not believable.)

How shalt thou bring the Everlasting here? (again asks the same question)

There is no house for him in hurrying Time. (He knows that those who are in hurry to them God does not come.) (If one can go beyond mind and live there in the timeless state then he can overcome hurriiness.)

Vainly thou seekst in Matter's world an aim;

No aim is there, only a will to be. ('A will to be' is identified as 'deep original sin' of man. Savitri-16-599) (Common ordinary man has no aim and he runs after his whole life in satisfying the desire.) (Those who have realised their Psychic being and Spiritual being have their conscious aim. All

the time they return to the memory of their aim. They concentrate, contemplate and meditate on their aim.))

“There was no thinking self, aim there was none:

All was unorganised stress and seekings vague.

Only to the unstable surface rose

Sensations, stabs and edges of desire

And passion’s leaps and brief emotion’s cries,

A casual colloquy of flesh with flesh,

A murmur of heart to longing wordless heart,

Glimmerings of knowledge with no shape of thought

And jets of subconscious will or hunger’s pulls.” Savitri-147

All walk by Nature bound for ever the same. (Death can see no change he has no idea of change due to descent of Divine force.)

Look on these forms that stay awhile and pass,

These lives that long and strive, then are no more,

These structures that have no abiding truth,

The saviour creeds that cannot save themselves (all religions perish eventually or are falsified by their followers), (Supramental is a strong Spirituality which can save oneself and others.)

But perish in the strangling hands of the years,

Discarded from man’s thought, proved false by Time,

Philosophies that strip all problems bare

But nothing ever have solved since earth began, (Through Spirit’s Supramental Instrumentation all problems of existence can be solved.)

And sciences omnipotent in vain (even science which has uncovered things cannot satisfy the inner thirst of man and bring him any lasting happiness)

Science itself is a mental construction, a multitude of pragmatically correct formulas and devices, masterful in the creation of apt machinery, automatically infallible in its own field, but is entirely ignorant of the foundations of our being and of world-being and it does not throw any light on the major question of original cosmic process of how these determinates were created out of the original Indeterminate Existence. It cannot transform and perfect our nature and therefore cannot perfect our life. Rather it transforms all forms to serve their outward need. We do not gain essentially anything most needful by utmost widening of a physical objective knowledge like embracing the most distant solar systems, ride through the sky, explore the deepest layers of earth, sail beneath the sea and tracing the most subtle powers of material energy. That is why in spite of dazzling triumphs of physical science with all its achievements of making life of humanity materially one, proves

itself always in the end a vain and helpless creed by fixing everything into an artificially arranged and mechanised unity of material life and can never achieve happiness and fullness of being for the humanity. Our true happiness and completeness lies in true growth of our whole being and transcendence of our existing Nature. So first we must grow into our full mental being which is the first transitional movement towards human perfection and freedom; it does not actually liberate the Soul but prepares loosening of the hold of material and vital absorption.

By which men learn of what the suns are made,

Transform all forms to serve their outward needs, (not aware of inner need.)

Ride through the sky and sail beneath the sea, (all these are only surface material knowledge)

But learn not what they are or why they came;

“(The Mother reads a few lines in which Death derides all human beliefs, concepts, philosophies, inventions.)

“And sciences omnipotent in vain

By which men learn of what the suns are made,

Transform all forms to serve their outward needs,

Ride through the sky and sail beneath the sea,

But learn not what they are or why they came....”

(X.IV.644)

It's really charming! I

like this:

Ride through the sky and sail beneath the sea,

But learn not what they are or why they came

He's a monument of pessimism.

But it's true, that's the trouble, it's true! Only, something is missing: what she is going to say. Or does she say nothing?

Certainly, she is going to answer.

But she doesn't shut him up. It's difficult.

But that's because it's "He"!³⁶

The other day I had an extraordinary experience, in which all the pessimistic arguments, all the negations and denials came from all sides, represented by everybody. And then, those who believed in the presence of a God or something – something more powerful than they and ruling the world – were in a fury, a dreadful revolt: "But I want none of him! But he spoils all our life, he " It was a

dreadful revolt, from every side, a truckload of abuse for the Divine with such force of asuric reaction from every side. So I sat there (*as if Mother sat in the middle of the mêlée*), watching: "What can be done?..." You know, it was impossible to answer, impossible, there wasn't one argument, not one idea, not one theory, not one belief, nothing, nothing

whatsoever that could answer it. For the space of a second, the impression was: it's hopeless. Then, all of a sudden ...

all of a sudden It's indescribable (*gesture of absolute abandon*). There was that violence of revolt against things as they are, and, mixed with it, there was: "Let this world disappear, let nothing remain, let it not exist!" All that, which at bottom is a revolt, all that nihilist revolt: let nothing remain, let everything cease to exist. It reached a height of tension, and just at the height of tension, when you felt there was no solution, suddenly ... *surrender*. But something stronger than *surrender* – it wasn't abdication, it wasn't self-giving, it wasn't acceptance, it was ... something much more radical, and at the same time much sweeter. I can't say what it was. It had the joy and flavor of giving, but with such a sense of plenitude!

... Like a dazzling flash, you know, suddenly like that: the very essence of *surrender*, the True Thing.

It was ... it was so powerful and marvelous, such sublime joy that the body started quivering for a second. Afterwards it was gone.

And after that, after that experience, all of it, all the revolt, all the negation, all of it was as if swept away.

If one could keep that, that experience, keep it constantly – it's there, it's always there; it's there, of course, but I have to stop in order to feel it. I have to stop – stop speaking, moving, acting – in order to feel it in its plenitude. But if it were here, ACTIVE ... it would be All-Powerfulness. It means becoming "That" instantaneously.

There were two days recently (since I saw you last time), two days ... especially Thursday, the day the peacock³⁷ was there.... The peacock crowed victory the whole day (I saw it in the evening, it came and saw me on the terrace, it was so sweet!).... Two very, very difficult days. After that, a sort of solidly established feeling that nothing is impossible – nothing is impossible (*Mother points to Matter*). What thought has long known, what the heart has long known, what the whole inner being has long known, now the body too knows: nothing, nothing whatever is impossible, everything is possible. Here inside, here inside, in this (*Mother strikes her body*), everything is possible.

All the impossibilities created by material life have disappeared.

One must have the strength – the strength to carry it in oneself always." The Mother/
May 14, 1966

These polities, architectures of man's brain,
That, bricked with evil and good, wall in man's spirit
And, fissured houses, palace at once and jail,
Rot while they reign and crumble before they crash;
These revolutions, demon or drunken god, (the revolutions of man and wars seem to come and go and yet man is still fundamentally the same)
Convulsing the wounded body of mankind

Only to paint in new colours an old face (a new tyrant takes the place of the old tyrant who was ousted, a new faith replaces the old religion but gives the same result);

These wars, carnage triumphant, ruin gone mad,

The work of centuries vanishing in an hour, (The Soul slaying truth uttered by Death.)

A complementary line:

“An idiot hour destroys what centuries made,” Book-6, Canto-2 (The Soul slaying truth uttered by Savitri’s birth mother.) (The truth in which Soul cannot flower, the truth in which there is presence of negation and negative energy which depresses the consciousness.)

The blood of the vanquished and the victor’s crown

Which men to be born must pay for with their pain,

The hero’s face divine on satyr’s limbs,

The demon’s grandeur mixed with the demigod’s,

The glory and the beasthood and the shame;

Why is it all, the labour and the din,

The transient joys, the timeless sea of tears,

The longing and the hoping and the cry,

The battle and the victory and the fall,

The aimless journey that can never pause,

The waking toil, the incoherent sleep,

Song, shouts and weeping, wisdom and idle words,

The laughter of men, the irony of the gods?

Where leads the march, whither the pilgrimage? (here Death acts completely ignorant and spiteful of the evolutionary efforts of nature and man, later Death tells Savitri that earth is following a slow arc of change to something higher but that she should not be too rushed)

Who keeps the map of the route or planned each stage? (A detailed plan is available in man’s subliminal self.) (About it Death is ignorant.)

Or else self-moved the world walks its own way,

Or nothing is there but only a Mind that dreams:

The world is a myth that happened to come true, (true only to the figment imaginations of the mind and it will eventually perish and return to the void from which all things came)

A legend told to itself by conscious Mind,

Imaged and played on a feigned (or unreal) Matter’s ground

On which it stands in an unsubstantial Vast.

Mind is the author, spectator, actor, stage:

Mind only is and what it thinks is seen. (he holds that there is nothing past the mind and even if there was man cannot exceed it, everything in creation is mind made)

If Mind is all, renounce the hope of bliss; (Mind cannot embrace all-Bliss)

If Mind is all, renounce the hope of Truth.

For Mind can never touch the body of Truth (Mind cannot touch and embrace Supramental Truth. It has to be silenced.)

And Mind can never see the soul of God (Death uses a partial Truth to justify his argument, while it is true that the mind must be transcended to reach the supreme, the divine is present in all sheaths and realms);

Only his shadow it grasps nor hears his laugh (Brahma satya and Jagat mithya is the realisation of God's shadow.)

As it turns from him to the vain seeming of things.

Mind is a tissue woven of light and shade

Where right and wrong have sewn their mingled parts (its an instrument of duality);

Or Mind is Nature's marriage of convenience

Between truth and falsehood, between joy and pain: (In mind mixing of truth and falsehood, joy and pain take place.)

This struggling pair no court can separate (argues that everything is born from mind and mind divides, it can never harmonise and synthesise hence Savitri's mission is doomed).

Each thought is a gold coin with bright alloy

And error and truth are its obverse and reverse (argues that truth and error in the mind go hand in hand and cannot be separated...):

This is the imperial mintage of the brain

And of this kind is all its currency.

Think not to plant on earth the living Truth (Death believes that Supramental truth cannot invade earth through prepared human vessel.)

Or make of Matter's world the home of God; (The present material world is the home of myriad dark forces.)

Truth comes not there but only the thought of Truth, (all religions only talk about God and his countless names but none of them have been successful in actually revealing God...they are only pointers, not the actual force of the divine) (Revelation of God through ascent of Soul and descent of Shakti of which more and more humanity are to be made aware now though its root

is there in ancient teachings.) (Without this vertical movement of consciousness man moves in mind's horizontal circle and for him God and Truth are only a figment of his imagination.)
God is not there but only the name of God. (God's touch is superior experience than God's name. Man receives God's touch but does not nurture it to receive God's embrace.)

“(Mother resumes her translation of the debate with Death.)

Think not to plant on earth the living Truth
That's just what I am doing, Sir.

Do you think he hears me?

Think not to plant on earth the living Truth *(turning to Satprem with a smile)*

“Or make of Matter's world the home of God;
Truth comes not there but only the thought of Truth,
God is not there but only the name of God.” (X.IV.646)

(Mother remains pensive) Basically, according to Sri Aurobindo, materialistic thought is the gospel of death. No?

It is very interesting.

(silence)

That is basically the point. We say Savitri is an “epic;” so Savitri is the epic of the victory over death.

Very interesting. Because once again, all these last few days I have lived almost minute after minute all those things [we've just read], but on a large scale: not on a personal but on a terrestrial scale.

This last line, this argument, it was so concrete: “No, it's not God, it's only his name” — that was yesterday or the day before, not earlier. And then... *(the Mother recalls her experience)*... Strangely, the victories over these arguments have the same character of bursts as did those bursts of Love I lived up above—the same character—and they shatter the resistance. And the something that bursts forth is Love—true Love.

It is very interesting.

And from everywhere, but everywhere, the opposition, the resistance is rising up; and the more it rises up, the more imperative That is.

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But at such times one feels how precarious the equilibrium of material life... Oh, it's very, very interesting. When I am able to say all this, it will be worthwhile.” The Mother, 19th August, 1966

If Self there is it is bodiless and unborn;

It is no one and it is possessed by none. (argues that if there is something beyond mind it is One and not dual and can never live in this world of duality)

On what shalt thou then build thy happy world?

Cast off thy life and mind, then art thou Self (argues that if Savitri wants immortality and eternity then she should give up the world and cast off her instruments of body mind and vital and escape and dwell in the One transcendent), (the later Vedantist theory suitable to serve Death's purpose.)

An all-seeing omnipresence stark, alone.

If God there is he cares not for the world (he is transcendent and not immanent and even if he is immanent he does not involve himself in the activities of nature); (Static Divine union cannot take care of the world. Death was unaware of dynamic Divine union which could take care of the world.)

All things he sees with calm indifferent gaze, (God's witness state, *sakhi*, is not the only identity. He is also the *anumanta and Ishwara*.)

He has doomed all hearts to sorrow and desire,

He has bound all life with his implacable laws;

He answers not the ignorant voice of prayer. (Those who have direct contact with Divine, or dynamised the law of Supernature, like Savitri, for them above conviction is no longer true.) (Death here speaks of static Divine union which cannot answer man's prayer.)

“For instance, there are passages I wrote in those *Prayers and Meditations*, some of which have been published – passages I wrote in Japan, and when I wrote them, I didn't at all know what they meant. For a very long time I didn't know. And very recently, one of those things that had always remained mysterious cleared up, I said, "There! It's crystal clear, that's what it means."

In other words, a prophetic little spirit without knowing it!

Oh, it's better not to have any pretension, you know. There's nothing more silly than ... I see people who pontificate and prophesy, oh! No, no, no. It's better to BE the thing without knowing it than to pretend to be it.

That's why I heartily detest publicity.

Let's see *Savitri (Mother takes her notebook)*. *Savitri* is full of wonders, oh, how true!

What is it about?

It's still Death speaking.

Oh, he's going on – "he" is going on: I don't want it to be a "she"! (*Mother laughs*) In French it's a mistake (*laughing*): it's a "he." *The Mother*/ May 7, 1966

Eternal while the ages toil beneath,

Unmoved, untouched by aught that he has made,

He sees as minute details mid the stars

The animal's agony and the fate of man:

Immeasurably wise, he exceeds thy thought;

His solitary joy needs not thy love (argues that the divine is above everything and does not need anything or anyone including Savitri's love). (Death was not aware of different planes of consciousness from which Divine Love can manifest.) (Integral Yoga proposes to open towards all-embracing universal Divine love and rejects any solitary heavenly joy.)

“After reading an excerpt from the debate with Death:

“If God there is he cares not for the world;
All things he sees with calm indifferent gaze,
He has doomed all hearts to sorrow and desire,
He has bound all life with his implacable laws;
He answers not the ignorant voice of prayer.
Eternal while the ages toil beneath,
Unmoved, untouched by aught that he has made,
He sees as minute details mid the stars
The animals's agony and the fate of man:
Immeasurably wise, he exceeds thy thought;
His solitary joy needs not thy love.” (X.IV.646)

Yes, but we need his joy.

All this was said to me this morning. Absolutely the same thing (with different words, but the very same thing), and not "said": lived, as if I were shown the thing so as to feel it. And I said, "Why? Why this test? What's the use?" It was my body that said, "What's the use?" Then it stopped.

I said, "Why? What does it all mean?" I didn't contradict, didn't argue, just this "What's the use?" (*Mother gestures as if to sweep away a speck of dust*)

You know, what the consciousness of this body is made to live is a sort of intensive discipline, at a gallop – every minute counts. 24

But it copes well, I can't deny it.⁸⁰

We'll see how it stands the shock (that's quite the point!).

So this other Gentleman [Death] would say, "See! See there, the kind of pity people have for you!" But I answer, "I don't need pity.... (*laughing*) That's not what I want: I want the victory."

It's interesting.

Oh, if you knew what a crowd there is! ... And at the last minute, people come and tell me, "I've just arrived, I want to see you." Very well, I say, "All right." We'll extend the day! (*Mother laughs*)

Ah, good-bye, my children, stay very quietly at home. Very quietly. It's enough if there is one who "toils"! I'd really like it to be that way, I regret it's necessary for some to be ill,⁸¹ why? ... Oh, I know why, but ... It's a pity.

It's the Grace learning its lesson. It learns that It isn't yet as It should be... You understand, there are always two ways of looking at things; we can say, "The world isn't ready" and look at it with a smile (it's a ... what can we call it?. We could call it a selfish way), and the other way, which is to say, "I am not capable yet. If I were really capable, all this [illnesses, catastrophes, etc.] wouldn't be necessary, everything would be done in a harmonious rhythm."

We could very well say, "The Divine is learning his lesson." (*Laughing*) He has everything to learn! When He knows it well, the world will be as it should be, that's all.

Why not? We could just as well say that: the one is as true as the other." The Mother/ November 23, 1966

His truth in human thinking cannot dwell: (His truth can be partly perceived by intellect, *Buddhi*, if he can go beyond intellect, ascends and descends in the stairs of Consciousness then he can hold the whole of the God's truth.)

If thou desirest Truth, then still thy mind (*argues to either live in the mind and suffer and die or transcend it and live in the soul, these are mutually exclusive options...cannot be reconciled*) (Death was not aware that after stilling the mind there is stair of Consciousness in which one can ascend and descend and reconcile Divine Love with material life.) (Similar statements of irreconcilable Divine Love are observed from Savitri' birth mother:

"Only when thou hast climbed above thy mind

And liv'st in the calm vastness of the One

Can love be eternal in the eternal Bliss

And love divine replace the human tie." Savitri-434

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For ever, slain by the dumb unseen Light.

Immortal bliss lives not in human air: (Immortal Bliss has not yet manifested in the surface mind, vital and body and it will one day fully manifest there also of which Death is not aware.)

How shall the mighty Mother her calm delight

Keep fragrant in this narrow fragile vase (argues that even if the Divine Mother's force and light and bliss descends into the human vessel it will be contaminated by the latter's impurity...again does not believe in the higher truth that can transform), (Mighty Mother can be accommodated in the universalised subtle body, subtle vital and subtle mental planes.)

Or lodge her sweet unbroken ecstasy (Psychic being can hold the sweet unbroken ecstasy.)

In hearts which earthly sorrow can assail

And bodies careless Death can slay at will?

Dream not to change the world that God has planned,

Strive not to alter his eternal law.(now Death acts like he believes in God and knows the Divine's comprehensive law...) (His law in Ignorance can be changed when he is established in comprehensive knowledge.)

If heavens there are whose gates are shut to grief, (The third boon offered by Death to Savitri, this is Vedantic solution towards life. Savitri rejected this boon.)

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. (Death prefers the later Vedantic solution as it will serve his purpose. Integral Yoga accepts this solution for beginners and rejects it thoroughly as it advances in Yoga.)

If thou art Spirit and Nature is thy robe, (Savitri's mission is to manifest Divine in both Spirit and Nature equally.)

Cast off thy garb and be thy naked self (given matter/life/mind and spirit cannot be reconciled, he argues that Savitri should (1) either give up her quest to bring the divine down and live in this world or (2) cast off her instruments and ascend to the spirit and live in it...either way she should forget about Satyavan as he is no longer relevant in both cases...and (2) if she chooses the latter solution to live in her spirit, then Death is the gate to that state...in effect Death is encouraging Savitri joins Satyavan and leave off her body rather than fight him and be united with the divine above (below))

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: (Nirvanist and Illusionist arrive at Param Dham through Death's door of escape.)

I, Death, am the gate of immortality." (Lure of heavenly joy.)(The third boon) (Savitri-647)

"(Then Mother takes up the reading of Savitri: the end of the Debate of Love and Death Book-10, Canto-4.)

Is it a speech by this gentleman?

Q: Yes [laughing], yes, it's the end.

The end of his speech?

One of us should write.... If it's more convenient for me to write, I'll write.

Q: It's always better to have your handwriting! But if it tires you, it's quite easy for me to note it down.

"Tires," oh no! It's just that it [Mother's handwriting] is no longer good. It's no longer as it should be – but it doesn't tire me. So we'll put:

(Mother writes her French translation of the following verses:)

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 ...

That's for sure! Thou must die to thyself to reach ... *à la suprématie divine* [divine supremacy]?...

Q: "To reach the divine heights"?

No, we must put "God" in Death's mouth.

For thou must die to thyself to reach God's height:
I, Death, am ...

Happiness?

I, Death, am the gate of immortality.

Savitri, X.IV.647

He's *clever!*

Every time you read it again, it's new.

But that's a very interesting phenomenon. Every time I read *Savitri*, I feel as if I am reading it for the first time, really. It's not that I understand differently, it's that it's completely new: I never read it before! It's odd. It's at least the fourth time I read it.

And truly there's everything in it. All the things I've discovered lately were there. And I hadn't seen it. It's odd.

The first time I read it was a revelation; it hung together perfectly well from beginning to end, and I felt I had understood (I did understand something). The second time I read it, I said to myself, "But this isn't the same thing as what I read!..." It hung together, it made up a whole – and I understood something else. Then, recently when I read, at every passage I said to myself, "**How new this is! And how the things I have found since are there!**" Today again, that's how it is, as if I read it for the first time! And it puts me into contact with the things I have just discovered.

It's a miraculous book! (*Mother laughs*)
We'll continue in the same way." The Mother/6th June-1970

Savitri points out to Death that just as life and mind have evolved from the inconscience so shall the spirit evolve out of mind and life and that Death is not the gate to immortality or the divine but rather only a **transit lounge** in the transmigration of the soul.

But Savitri answered to the sophist God:

Sophist: A person who argues with clever but false arguments.

"Once more wilt thou call Light to blind Truth's eyes,(she chides him for using a partial truth to justify things.)

Make Knowledge a catch of the snare of Ignorance

And the Word a dart to slay my living soul?

Offer, O King, thy boons to tired spirits

And hearts that could not bear the wounds of Time,

Let those who were tied to body and to mind,

Tear off those bonds and flee into white calm

Crying for a refuge from the play of God.

Surely thy boons are great since thou art He!

But how shall I seek rest in endless peace

Who house the mighty Mother's violent force (Savitri informs Death that she in fact does house the Divine Mother's force of Mahakali),

Her vision turned to read the enigmaed world,

Her will tempered in the blaze of Wisdom's sun

And the flaming silence of her heart of love?

The world is a spiritual paradox

Invented by a need in the Unseen,

A poor translation to the creature's sense (our minds and senses cannot understand the mystery behind this world)

Of That which for ever exceeds idea and speech,

A symbol of what can never be symbolised,

A language mispronounced, misspelt, yet true.

She then explains the involution into matter, the evolution of life and mind out of it...and chides him for obstructing the evolution and explains to Death his role in the grand scheme of things...he is only a **transit lounge** for the travel of the soul in its ever higher journeys

The above yellow marked lines have been translated by the Mother into French:

<<Mais comment puis-je chercher le repos dans une paix sans fin

Moi qui abrite la force violente de la formidable Mère,

Sa vision attentive à lire le monde énigmatique,

Sa volonté trempée par le brasier du soleil de la Sagesse

Et le silence flamboyant de son cœur d'amour?

Le monde est une paradoxe spiritual

Inventé par un besoin dans l'Invisible,

Une pauvre traduction pour les sens de creatures

De Cela qui à jamais dépasse l'idée et la parole,

Un symbole de ce qui ne peut jamais être symbolisé

Un langage mal prononce, mal épelé, pourtant vrai.>>

Its powers have come from the eternal heights

And plunged into **the inconscient dim Abyss**

And risen from it to do their marvellous work. (Divine transformation work in the Inconscient plane.)

The soul is a figure of the Unmanifest,

The mind labours to think the Unthinkable,

The life to call the Immortal into birth,

The body to enshrine the Illimitable.

The world is not cut off from Truth and God.

In vain thou hast dug the dark unbridgeable gulf, (the gulf has to be bridged by invasion of Supramental force.)

In vain thou hast built the blind and doorless wall:

This unbridgeable gulf is also observed in previous Canto which is considered very important for a Sadhaka of integral Yoga.

The purpose of entry into this dark Inconscient world is to bridge the gulf between her golden relation with *Satyavan* ('But now a silent gulf between them came') through

large scale invasion of Divine Love. Now this action of Divine Love is still remote from Inconscient plane or 'Even from herself cast out, from love **remote**.' Due to this gulf, 'Her eyes had lost their luminous *Satyavan*' or 'The soul of the beloved now seen no more.' **Ordinary human love cannot bridge this gulf, so death becomes inevitable.** After the gulf is bridged in the Inconscient sheath she again restored her relation with *Satyavan* through series of Spiritual experiences: 'Her husband, grew into a **luminous shade**;' 'I will bear with him the ancient Mother's load I will follow with him earth's path that leads to God.' 'For I (*Savitri*) who have trod with him (*Satyavan*) the tracts of (all) Time;' 'Wherever thou (Death) leadst his (*Satyavan*'s) soul I shall pursue.' This is identified as great victory of *Savitri* in the Inconscient world. (Refer *Savitri*-584-590)

Man's soul crosses through thee (Death, the Godhead of Inconscient plane) to Paradise (for **Death is only a transit room**),

Heaven's sun (**Supramental force**) forces its way through death and night;
Its light is seen upon our being's verge.

My mind is a torch lit from the eternal sun,

My life a breath drawn by the immortal Guest,

My mortal body is the Eternal's house (**not some figment of the mind that can never house the divine**).

Already the torch becomes the undying ray,

Already the life is the Immortal's force (**the raising of the vital to its true source in the chit shakti above**),

The house grows of the householder part and one (**the house represents the body and the householder the divine spirit within...Savitri indicates that the body is becoming divinised like the spirit**).

How sayst thou Truth can never light the human mind

And Bliss can never invade the mortal's heart

Or God descend into the world he made? (Soul saving truth which has to be dynamised in daily life.)

If in the meaningless Void creation rose,

If from a bodiless Force Matter was born, (**the evolution in nature is the promise of the future state to come it points to the increasing manifestation of the divine in matter**)

If Life could climb in the unconscious tree (**if life can climb out of insentience then it is possible for the spirit to come out of mind**),

Its green delight break into emerald leaves
And its laughter of beauty blossom in the flower,
If sense could wake in tissue, nerve and cell
And Thought seize the grey matter of the brain,
And soul peep from its secrecy through the flesh,
How shall the nameless Light not leap on men,
And unknown powers emerge from Nature's sleep?
Even now hints of a luminous Truth like stars
Arise in the mind-mooned splendour of Ignorance;

Even now the deathless Lover's touch we feel:

If the chamber's door is even a little ajar,

What then can hinder God from stealing in

Or who forbid his kiss on the sleeping soul?

Its complementary line:

"A Voice calls from the chambers of the soul;

We meet the ecstasy of the Godhead's touch

In golden privacies of immortal fire." Savitri-48

"Even the **many** shall some answer make
And bear the splendour of the Divine's rush
And his impetuous knock at unseen doors." Savitri-709

Pondicherry
21.08.2012

My dearest child,

All love & blessings to you. Last three/ four days I was little preoccupied in some outer works and my consciousness also was disturbed somehow.....But

I was trying to remain my own (self) state and moment to moment I was offering everything.....

And on 18th night I saw to my beloved Yogeshwara Sri Krishna in a tribal area....I was also there.....It is a very lonely place like a jungle and I am moving here and there.....I found Him. He is standing Just only one feet far from me. I am clearly seeing Him. But I am not comfortable with Him as I feel comfortable with my child Krishna...Just I am trying to avoid Him...I started moving....And He also very slowly walked with me and behind me... and HE explained with very sweet voice about the secret knowledge of Karma yoga, Jnana yoga & Bhakti yoga.... But I could remember some sentences...not all....And lastly, He told me,

–“ I AM HERE.....THIS IS MY CREATION, SO I AM NOT FAR FROM IT.....I AM VERY

CLOSELY WITH THIS WORLD AND ALSO NEAR BY YOU.....”After this vision suddenly

I got up and saw the time and it was the God’s hour...exactly 3.00AM and again I tried

to go to my vision place... But I could not return back....That seen was so fantastic and His Supreme Presence was so concreteI could not forget.... Also I am unable to express....

Last four days I am feeling physically , HE IS WITH ME...& HE IS WATCHING TO ALL MY FOOTSTEPS.....

Now I am praying-“ Oh! Vasudeva! Let Thy Will be done, not mine.....

With my Eternal love & Special blessings...

Om Tat Sat

At Their Lotus Feet

S.A .Maa Krishna

Pondicherry

19.08.2012

Divine Amar Atman!

My Divine Child,

All love and blessings for you. As you have rightly pointed out that I am preoccupied in some external activities, so I can not communicate you elaborately. I will wait for some leisure hour when I can write you in detail.

Yesterday morning (18.08.2012), I had one hour meditation in the meditation hall below the Sri Aurobindo's room, and in meditation my body lifted up to a heavenly abode and I entered into Sri Aurobindoloka like Brahamaloka and Shivaloka in the higher plane. In that world along with many scene I met the Lord Sri Aurobindo and asked Him three boons related with my Ashram requirements.

And He granted them with full of Love and Compassion. The details of which I can write you later.

And yesterday night, the night of 18th and 19th of August-2012, I had a vision of Lord Sri Vasudev for long hours and the Lord was explaining me the mystery of the Karma, Jnana and Bhakti Yoga and their reconciliation and I met Him in His formless Form...

With my Eternal love and Their special blessings...

32

At Their Lotus Feet

S.A. Maa Krishna

Already God is near, the Truth is close:

Because the **dark atheist body** knows him not, (this dark atheist body will experience cellular transformation through Divine inrush of force.)

Must the sage deny the Light, the seer his soul?

I am not bound by thought or sense or shape;

I live in the glory of the Infinite,

I am near to the Nameless and Unknowable,

The Ineffable is now my household mate.

But standing on Eternity's luminous brink (she argues that she has reached and is settled in the transcendent but in doing so she has also had the experience of cosmic consciousness where this world and creation is not a dream but the body of the divine and that she is one with all creatures)

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. (Earthly incarnation of Satyavan, her only Lord.)

I have pursued him in his earthly form.

A lonely freedom cannot satisfy (an ascetic escape like the later vedhantists cannot satisfy one who has attained the cosmic consciousness)

A heart that has grown one with every heart (cosmic consciousness):

I am a deputy of the aspiring world,

My spirit's liberty I ask for all." Its complementary line "Imperfect is the joy not shared by all."

Savitri-686

Then rang again a deeper cry of Death.

As if beneath its weight of sterile law

Oppressed by its own obstinate meaningless will,

Disdainful, weary and compassionate (why is called compassionate is it because unable to see the progress of the divine in matter, it actually thinks it is helping all beings by receiving them into its rest after their life of suffering?), (Not the Divine compassion, but compassion born out of fear and impatience and doubt about his own existence.)

It kept no more its old intolerant sound (a change was slowly coming upon Death),

But seemed like life's in her unnumbered paths

Toiling for ever and achieving nought

Because of birth and change, her mortal powers

By which she lasts, around the term-posts fixed

Turning of a wide circling aimless race
 Whose course for ever speeds and is the same.
 In its long play with Fate and Chance and Time
 Assured of the game's vanity lost or won,
Crushed by its load of ignorance and doubt
 Which knowledge seems to increase and growth to enlarge,
 The earth-mind sinks and it despairs and looks
 Old, weary and discouraged on its work (**here Death seems to reflect and feel the frustration of life after its numberless aeons of rise and fall of circling with no apparent change**).
 Yet was all nothing then or vainly achieved?
 Some great thing has been done, some light, some power
 Delivered from the huge Inconscient's grasp:
 It has emerged from night; it sees its dawns
 Circling for ever though no dawn can stay.
 This change was in the godhead's far-flung voice (**he accepts that there is evolution and a dawning of some light, but not enough to change the nature of things**);
 His form of dread was altered and admitted
 Our transient effort at eternity,
 Yet flung vast doubts of what might else have been
 On grandiose hints of an impossible day. (**although he concedes that the divine light breaks on earth and matter is slowly evolving, the high change where matter and spirit are reconciled is still too great a change for him to admit**)

A change comes over Death and then recognising that the Divine Mother's power works in Savitri and that she is also a universal force, his peer (Satyavan), asks her not to rush and seek earth's change too quickly for such a force cannot be borne by earth nature, it will be crushed if too great a change or power were to descend on it (A soul made ready through a thousand years Is the living mould of a supreme Descent. Savitri-398) ...like the Divine Mother asked king Aswapathi, (Man is too weak to bear the Infinite's weight. Truth born too soon might break the imperfect earth. Savitri-335) like the queen asked Savitri, (Only the gods can speak what now thou speakst. Thou who art human, think not like a god. Savitri-434) Narad speaks 'A huge descent began, (followed by) a giant (Spiritual) fall:' Savitri-456 now Death also asks the same of her ('Lest man's frail days into the unknown should sink' Savitri-651 'If strength from heaven surprised the imperfect earth And veiless knowledge smote these unfit souls.' Savitri-651)...Savitri will

face the same question from the supreme in the next canto (So the Divine advised *Savitri* not to disturb the life of common man and their settled balance of created things by intervention of Spiritual energy and leave them to 'heavy toil and slow aeonic steps' and all shall be done for them 'by the long act of Time.' *Savitri--689-91*)...it seems all those who seek to bring the higher light to hasten earth's transformation must be tested by all forces ("Or must (the) fire always test the great (purity) of soul?" *Savitri-423*)... (Very Important observation by Auroprem.)

The great voice surging cried to *Savitri*:

"Because thou knowst the wisdom that transcends

Both veil of forms and the contempt of forms,

Arise delivered by the seeing gods.

If free thou hadst kept thy mind from life's fierce stress,

Thou mightst have been like them omniscient, calm.

But the violent and passionate heart forbids.

It is the storm bird of an anarch Power

That would upheave the world and tear from it

The indecipherable scroll of Fate,

Death's rule and Law and the unknowable Will.

Hasten to action, violators of God

Are these great spirits who have too much love,

And they who formed like thee, for both art thou,

Have come into the narrow bounds of life

With too large natures overleaping time. (Death recognises too large nature of *Savitri* and *Satyavan*.)

Worshippers of force who know not her recoil,

Their giant wills compel the troubled years.

The **wise** are tranquil; silent the great hills

Rise ceaselessly towards their unreached sky,

Seated on their unchanging base, their heads

Dreamless in heaven's immutable domain.

On their aspiring tops, sublime and still,

Lifting half-way to heaven the climbing soul

The mighty mediators stand content

To watch the revolutions of the stars:
 Motionlessly moving with the might of earth,
 They see the ages pass and are the same.
 The **wise** think with the cycles, they hear the tread
 Of far-off things; patient, unmoved they keep
 Their dangerous wisdom in their depths restrained,
 Lest man's frail days into the unknown should sink (**the descent of too large a power would crush the earth**) (**the dangerous wisdom may be descent of huge Divine force which is the cause of sinking into abyss.**)
 Dragged like a ship by bound leviathan
 Into the abyss of his stupendous seas.
 Lo, how all shakes when the gods tread too near!
 All moves, is in peril, anguished, torn, upheaved. (**all the great natural catastrophes are a symbol of some divine intervention and change in the earth consciousness...if too much of the divine powers were to descend at once, earth could not bear it**)
 The hurrying aeons would **stumble** on too swift (**swift Spiritual evolution**)
 If strength from heaven surprised the imperfect earth
 And veiless knowledge smote these **unfit souls**.
 The deities have screened their dreadful power:
 God hides his thought and, even, he seems to err (**here Death seems to show that he understands the secret knowledge that each fall is a part of the plan to greater perfection**).
Be still and tardy in the slow wise world.
 Mighty art thou with the dread goddess filled (**accepts that the divine mother's power works in savitri**),
 To whom thou criedst at dawn in the dim woods.
 Use not thy strength like the wild Titan souls!
 Touch not the seated lines, the ancient laws, (**fixed law of Nature to which Death understands as ancient laws.**)
Respect the calm of great established things. (**again asks her not to uproot the ancient laws that the wise gods have established in their wisdom**)

"I saw clearly that no rule was vast and supple enough to be perfectly adapted to Thy law, and that the only true solution was to be always in communion with Thee, so that it could be **adapted perfectly** to all the infinite variety of circumstances." Prayers and Meditation-07.02.1914, "I make a habit of doing

everything against the rules, otherwise there would be no point in my being here; the rules could just go on and on!" The Mother's Agenda-3/64,

The Mother

But Savitri rejects Death's argument and says that if Death has his way nothing would have happened, earth would still remain inert and man would not have been united with the Divine, she rejects his law ...

But Savitri replied to the huge god:

"What is the calm thou vauntst, O Law, O Death?

Is it not the dull-visioned tread inert

Of monstrous energies chained in a stark round

Soulless and stone-eyed with mechanic dreams?

Vain the soul's hope if changeless Law is all: (Soul's hope is more than changeless law)

Ever to the new and the unknown press on

The speeding aeons justifying God.

What were earth's ages if the grey restraint

Were never broken and glories sprang not forth

Bursting their obscure seed, while man's slow life

Leaped hurried into sudden splendid paths

By divine words and human gods revealed? (Here Savitri points out that man's hurriness to jump into a splendid path by hearing sermon from human gods does not change his life.)

During Savitri's outer wandering in search of her own Self and before becoming guide of the race, she came across a crowded place where devotees were gathered together for Spiritual yearning and she felt the impatient longing to 'hasten like them'²⁷ to save the God's world. But she 'reined back the high passion in her heart'²⁷ as she knew that those who have found their Soul can only save themselves and save others and those who have found the desire soul but not the true Self can guide the world⁴¹ but they cannot guide themselves; so she took the firm resolution that she must first find her Psychic Being. She also observed that the age long grey restraints of earth cannot be broken by the man's slow impatient evolutionary life which is hurried towards a 'sudden splendid path'²⁸ by the revelation, sermon and profound words of 'human gods.'²⁸ Human words can only shadow the Divine Mother's golden glorious Truth, to human thought 'she is an unthinkable rapture of light,⁹⁹ and to mortal speech she is an inexpressible marvel.⁹⁹ Savitri felt that the most of the devotees or 'tired Spirits' are 'tied to body and to mind'⁵⁵ and approach the God with the hope of satisfying their desire or lure of earthly boons and they are

incapable of bearing the million 'wounds of Time.'⁵⁵ She was further informed by the Divine that most of the human beings are built on Nature's early evolutionary plan and 'owe small debt to a superior plane;'⁸⁹ thus man's 'mind is closed between two firmaments'²⁹ of seeking truth through (1) sight and sound or images and words, and (2) surface and brute out sides or consciousness is projected outward, and is unwilling to plunge into the inner depth of Truth. So the Divine advised *Savitri* not to disturb the life of common man and their settled balance of created things by intervention of Spiritual energy and leave them to 'heavy toil and slow aeonic steps'⁸⁹ and all shall be done for them 'by the long act of Time.'⁸⁹

"Others, those who are unfit to pursue *Karma, Jnana, Sankhya* and *Dhyana Yoga*, may hear the Truth from realised Souls and mould the mind and heart into the sense of That to which they listen with faith and concentration and these devotees also go beyond death to immortality." The Gita-13-26,

Impose not upon sentient minds and hearts

The dull fixity that binds inanimate things.

Well is the unconscious rule for the animal breeds (because mind has not evolved sufficiently in them)

Content to live beneath the immutable yoke;

Man turns to a nobler walk, a master path (he can surpass the mind because the Psychic being is in him and he can access the higher realms of mind).

I trample on thy law with living feet; (With Spiritual and Supramental Force the Nature's fixed law can be crushed.)

For to arise in freedom I was born.

If I am mighty let my force be unveiled (Yes. This is the demand of Time-Spirit.)

Equal companion of the dateless powers,

Or else let my frustrated soul sink down

Unworthy of Godhead in the original sleep.

I claim from Time my will's eternity,

God from his moments." (This is *Savitri's* firm Mission.)

Death asks why should the high divine who is eternal and infinite bother himself with this petty world of petty and transient joys when the heavens are filled with grandeur and bliss and why is *Savitri* pulling *Satyavan* back from his grand release to merge in the divine, for if he returns the joy he will face on earth is so paltry compared to that in heaven...

Death replied to her,
“Why should the noble and immortal will
Stoop to the petty works of transient earth,
Freedom forgotten and the Eternal’s path?
Or is this the high use of strength and thought,
To struggle with the bonds of death and time
And spend the labour that might earn the gods
And battle and bear agony of wounds
To grasp the trivial joys that earth can guard
In her small treasure-chest of passing things?
Child, hast thou trodden the gods beneath thy feet
Only to win poor shreds of earthly life
For him thou lov’st cancelling the grand release,
Keeping from early rapture of the heavens
His soul the lenient deities have called (He accuses Savitri of using her power to keep Satyavan
from his liberation and sharing his place with the Gods)?
Are thy arms sweeter than the courts of God?” (The Divine Love of Savitri is far sweeter than
the Nirvana, Param Dham of the Vedantist.)

Savitri counters that it is the divine within Satyavan that draws her to him and to him in all the
creatures of the world...that her drive is a breath from the Divine and not some force from her
mind or ego...they are a dual power to do the Divine’s work in matter which is much harder
work than the station of the blissful gods in the heavens...

She answered, “Straight I trample on the road
The strong hand hewed for me which planned our paths.
I run where his sweet dreadful voice commands
And I am driven by the reins of God.
Why drew he wide his scheme of mighty worlds
Or filled infinity with his passionate breath?
Or wherefore did he build my mortal form
And sow in me his bright and proud desires,
If not to achieve, to flower in me, to love,
Carving his human image richly shaped

In thoughts and largenesses and golden powers?

Far Heaven can wait our coming in its calm.

Easy the heavens were to build for God.

Earth was his difficult matter, earth the glory (To realise God is easier task and transform Matter in the image of God is difficult task.)

Gave of the problem and the race and strife. (Savitri's mission was on earth.)

There are the ominous masks, the terrible powers;

There it is greatness to create the gods (to unearth the divine in matter is far harder than to find rise out of mind and find the divine in the superconscient).

Is not the spirit immortal and absolved

Always, delivered from the grasp of Time?

Why came it down into the mortal's Space?

A charge he gave to his high spirit in man

And wrote a hidden decree on Nature's tops.

Freedom is this with ever seated soul,

Large in life's limits, strong in Matter's knots,

Building great stuff of action from the worlds

To make fine wisdom from coarse, scattered strands

And love and beauty out of war and night,

The wager wonderful, the game divine.

The words below give a wonderful sense of how the Divine views his prison in matter. For the limited self and mind and ego consciousness, this body and world is a prison from which he always tries to escape but for the Divine it is akin to 2 lovers where one holds the other in his tight embrace. The person who is embraced yields and consents to be bound all the while knowing that they are always free and blissfully held in that divine embrace. So the (dynamic) spirit never feels prisoned.

(‘And Matter is the Spirit's willing bride’ Savitri-538, ‘Matter and spirit mingled and were one.’ Savitri-232)

What liberty has the soul which feels not free

Unless stripped bare and cannot kiss the bonds

The Lover winds around his playmate's limbs, (Marriage between dynamic Spirit and static Matter.)

Choosing his tyranny, crushed in his embrace? (Inrush of large Divine Force is like a tyranny which can crush the material substance.)

To seize him better with her boundless heart

She accepts the limiting circle of his arms, (Matter accepts and possesses the limiting circle of dynamic Spirit.)

Bows full of bliss beneath his mastering hands (imperfect Matter consecrates itself before Perfect Spirit.)

And laughs in his rich constraints, most bound, most free. (Matter is delighted by meeting and handling the Spirit's constraints.)

This is my answer to thy lures, O Death." (This is also the relation between Paramatma Satyavan (static Spirit) and Para-prakriti Savitri (dynamic Spirit).)

Integral Yoga recognises conventional marriage of human love, associations, joy of companionship, mutual help and co-operation as the oldest established institution of self-expansion to widen and extend selfishness, to make up the emotional deficiency that does not dry up the heart and to secure permanence of his transient existence through procreation. This wedding is the substitute of original urge of Soul's (*atma*) marriage with the Divine (*Paramatma*) as foreseen by the *Vedantists* and dynamic Spirit's (*Para Prakriti*) marriage with static Matter (*Apara Prakriti*) as foreseen by the *Tantric* self-discipline and they initiate double movements of Soul's ascent to the Supreme state and the Supreme's descent into the material life and can turn human emotion Godward, fulfil the wide range emotional deficiencies, impermanences and imbalances of man through this double marriage. With the evolution of life or Soul maturity, this temporary substitute and deformation drop out and the heart and mind turn 'from earthly objects to the spiritual source of all beauty and delight.' One becomes aware of that Divine Love in which 'nothing is lost of mortal love's delight.' and that human love which 'has grown greater by that mighty (Divine) touch.' The desire of mind to become exclusive father, mother, master, teacher, friend, lover and play-mate is transformed in integral Yoga into all-inclusive seven-fold integral Divine personality and this self-less and motiveless relation does not ask 'anything in return.' He becomes conscious participant of Divine life where all the seven-fold personal relations 'known to human personality are there in the soul's contact with the Divine.'⁷

Death then asks Savitri to reveal the Divine Truth to him and show him how Truth can exist in this world that is an illusion and yet not an illusion. Man is a transitional being caught between the animal and the God and how can Truth manifest in him. He argues that even the Divine who has created all obeys his laws and that the cosmic gods too do the same. He agrees to

release Satyavan if Savitri can show him this Divine truth/divine Mother in matter for he is certain it does not exist within...and that once Death touches something it is final and cannot be reversed...for such a thing has not been done before...

Immutable, Death's denial met her cry:

"However mighty, whatever thy secret name

Uttered in hidden conclaves of the gods,

Thy heart's ephemeral passion (he still holds her need for Satyavan as ephemeral) cannot break

The iron rampart of accomplished things

With which the great Gods fence their camp in Space.

Whoever thou art behind thy human mask, (Behind her human mask, she is greater God, greater poser than Death.)

Even if thou art the Mother of the worlds

And pegst thy claim upon the realms of Chance,

The cosmic Law is greater than thy will. (he argues that the supreme Mother is subordinate to the very law that she has set)

Even God himself obeys the Laws he made:

The Law abides and never can it change, (the fixed law of Death must be transformed into changeable law of Supernature.)

The Person is a bubble on Time's sea.

A forerunner of a greater Truth to come (Death finally utters some Truth here, he secretly knows the (ultimate) fate of man, yet he obstructs),

Thy soul creator of its freer Law,

Vaunting a Force behind on which it leans,

A Light above which none but thou hast seen,

Thou claimst the first fruits of Truth's victory (the fruits of victory over Death – of immortality).

But what is Truth and who can find her form (Finding this Truth is the highest call of the Soul.)

Amid the specious images of sense,

Amid the crowding guesses of the mind

And the dark ambiguities of a world

Peopled with the incertitudes of Thought?

For where is Truth and when was her footfall heard (This truth is Supramental and her footfall is now heard in earth's atmosphere.)

Amid the endless clamour of Time's mart

And which is her voice amid the thousand cries
That cross the listening brain and cheat the soul? (This Supramental crosses the listening brain
and elevates the Soul.)
Or is Truth aught but a high starry name (This Truth remains vague for those who are
preoccupied with mind.)
Or a vague and splendid word by which man's thought
Sanctions and consecrates his nature's choice,
The heart's wish donning knowledge as its robe,
The cherished idea elect among the elect,
Thought's favourite mid the children of half-light (Mental men are children of half-light and half
darkness.)
Who high-voiced crowd the playgrounds of the mind
Or people its dormitories in infant sleep?
All things hang here between God's yes and no,
Two Powers real but to each other untrue (Mother (Maa Krishna) is this matter and spirit?), Yes.
Two consort stars in the mooned night of mind
That towards two opposite horizons gaze,
The white head and black tail of the mystic drake (does the white head refer to the
superconscious light above and the black tail to the unconscious below), Yes.
The swift and the **lame foot**, wing strong, wing broken (Supramental is the swift foot and mind
is the lame foot. Supramental is the strong wing, mind is the broken wing.)
Sustaining the body of the uncertain world, (To mind this existing world is uncertain. To the
Supramental existing world is certain and secured and has bright Supramental future.)
A great surreal dragon in the skies.
Too dangerously thy high proud truth must live
Entangled in Matter's mortal littleness.
All in this world is true, yet all is false: (In Supramental this world is rightly linked with the
Source, in mind this truth distorts and falsifies due to its divisible consciousness.)
Its thoughts into an eternal cipher run,
Its deeds swell to Time's rounded zero sum.
Thus man at once is animal and god (man houses both animal that has evolved from nature and
still shares the animalistic traits as well as the divine light of his psychic being as well as the
influence of his spiritual being and other Divine forces that have descended into him to hasten
the evolution),

A disparate enigma of God's make

Unable to free the Godhead's form within, (He will be able to extricate the Godhead from within.)

A being less than himself (when he is dragged down by his animalistic urges), yet something more (when he answers to the Divine within),

The aspiring animal, the frustrate god (Sweet mother (Maa Krishna) this remind me of my state at time, the frustrations that my inner being feels at the slow aspiration of my lower nature and its tardy progress) (We have to keep our effort constantly alive for both swift and tardy evolution.)

Yet neither beast nor deity but man (a transitional being),

But man tied to the kind earth's labour strives to exceed

Climbing the stairs of God to higher things.

Objects are seemings and none knows their truth (what we perceive with our senses are always precarious and the knowledge is always inferred through observation and experimentation, it is not a knowledge by identity),

Ideas are guesses of an ignorant god.

Truth has no home in earth's irrational breast:

Yet without reason life is a tangle of dreams,

But reason is poised above a dim abyss

And stands at last upon a plank of doubt (the limitations of reason).

After strenuously arguing that the Divine does not reside in matter, Death agrees to concede and return Satyavan if Savitri can reveal the Divine Truth in matter or the Divine Mother within Savitri.

Eternal truth lives not with mortal men.

Or if she dwells within thy mortal heart,

Show me the body of the living Truth (During critical transitional hour God reveals Himself.)

Or draw for me the outline of her face

That I too may obey and worship her.

Then will I give thee back thy Satyavan.

But here are only facts and steel-bound Law.

This truth I know that Satyavan is dead

And even thy sweetness cannot lure him back.

No magic Truth can bring the dead to life,
No power of earth cancel the thing once done,
No joy of the heart can last surviving death,
No bliss persuade the past to live again.

The **future 'high task'** of integral Yoga is to call down the Supreme Lord and His magic Will in its entirety that can break down all established laws, all the limitations of mortal life instantly; search for that fire of Love which can bring dead back to life; that Power which can cancel the things once done; that supreme Consciousness which can arrest the advance of time and slipping moments and that Bliss which can persuade the past perfect hours to live again with greater intensity. If we examine deeply into the problem of existence we conclude that every physical law and resistances are nothing for Him. But this kind of comprehensive direct Divine intervention can take place only at the extreme limit of ascension and descent of Consciousness in a universalised subtle and causal body and all are pressed towards the very last second to reach an apex fire of Consciousness of world destiny where all is won and saved by dynamic Divine intervention or all is lost and destroyed by static Divine non-intervention or Divine's witness state for the race.

But Life alone can solace the mute Void
And fill with thought the emptiness of Time.
Leave then thy dead, O Savitri, and live."

Savitri explains to Death his true nature. He is not God, but only one aspect of the Divine, of the Divine's seeming unconsciousness (it is only apparently unconsciousness because as all is Sachchidananda, everything is secretly conscious within), of the ignorance aspect. He is unable to see the full integral Divine, which holds within it all contraries and all aspects, the finite and the infinite, the time bound and the eternal, the immanent and the transcendent, the absolute and the many, and that both the subconscious (that Death is a part of) and the Superconscient are necessary for the Divine plan.

The Woman answered to the mighty Shade,
And as she spoke, mortality disappeared;
Her Goddess self grew visible in her eyes,
Light came, a dream of heaven, into her face.

"O Death, thou too art God and yet not He,

But only his own black shadow on his path

As leaving the Night he takes the upward Way

And drags with him its clinging inconscient Force.

Of God unconscious thou art the dark head,

Of his Ignorance thou art the impenitent sign,

Impenitent: not feeling shame or regret about one's actions or attitudes.

Of its vast tenebrous womb the natural child,

On his immortality the sinister bar.

All contraries are aspects of God's face.

Its complementary lines are:

"All contraries heal their long dissidence." Savitri-450-51

All contraries were true in one huge spirit" Savitri-555

The Many are the innumerable One,

The One carries the multitude in his breast;

He is the Impersonal, inscrutable, sole,

He is the one infinite Person seeing his world;

The Silence bears the Eternal's great dumb seal,

His light inspires the eternal Word;

He is the Immobile's deep and deathless hush,

Its white and signless blank negating calm, (Realisation of Brahma satya Jagat Mithya)

Yet stands the creator Self, the almighty Lord (realises that this unreal world is created from Brahman.)

And watches his will done by the forms of Gods (dynamic realisation of Divine or realisation of Brahma satya jagat satya.)

And the desire that goads half-conscious man

And the reluctant and unseeing Night.

"There is another **basic realization**, the most extreme of all, that yet comes

sometimes as the first decisive opening or an early turn of the Yoga. (1) It is the 46

awakening to an ineffable high transcendent Unknowable above myself and above

this world in which I seem to move, a timeless and spaceless condition or entity

which is at once, in some way compelling and convincing to an essential

consciousness in me, the one thing that is to it overwhelmingly real. (1a) This experience is usually accompanied by an equally compelling sense either of the dreamlike or shadowy illusoriness of all things here or else of their temporary, derivative and only half-real character. For a time at least all around me may seem to be a moving of cinematographic shadow forms or surface figures and my own action may appear as a fluid formulation from some Source ungrasped as yet and perhaps unseizable above or outside me. To remain in this consciousness, to carry out this initiation or follow out this first suggestion of the character of things would be to proceed towards the **goal** of dissolution of self and world in the Unknowable, -- Moksha, Nirvana. (2) But this is not the only line of issue; it is possible, on the contrary, for me **to wait** till through the silence of this timeless unfilled liberation I begin to enter into relations with that yet ungrasped **Source** of myself and my actions; (3) then the void begins to fill, there emerges out of it or there rushes into it all the manifold Truth of the Divine, all the aspects and manifestations and many levels of a **dynamic** Infinite. At first this experience imposes on the mind and then on all our being an absolute, a fathomless, almost an abysmal peace and silence...If there were not that **source** of all things, there could be no universe; all powers, all works and activities would be an illusion, all creation and manifestation would be impossible." The Synthesis of Yoga-117-118

These wide divine extremes (**Matter and Spirit**), these inverse powers

Are the right and left side of the body of God (the harmonisation of the superconscious and **inconscious**);

Existence balanced twixt two mighty arms

Confronts the mind with unsolved abysms of Thought. (**Mind cannot reconcile these two powers.**)

Darkness below, a fathomless Light above,

In Light are joined, but sundered (**split apart**) by severing Mind (**Mind is a delineating agent**)

Stand face to face, opposite, inseparable,

Two contraries needed for his great World-task (**Mother (Maa Krishna) I don't understand this verse...is the Lord referring to the Death/Night versus the Higher Light as contrary forces and that both are required for the divine's world task of divinising matter**), Yes, like positive and negative of electricity, both are indispensable for His world task. Isha Upanishad Speaks by

Ignorance he goes beyond Death and by knowledge he attains Immortality. Both are necessary and indispensable and both are to be transcended by the Knowledge beyond them, *Vijnana*.

Two poles whose currents wake the immense World-Force.

In the stupendous secrecy of his Self,

Above the world brooding with equal wings,

He is both in one, beginningless, without end:

Transcending both, he enters the Absolute.

His being is a mystery beyond mind,

Savitri then explains how man's limited mind cannot fathom the Divine, because we rely on reason and logic, we cannot understand how something infinite, eternal and immortal would choose to become something limited, time bound and subject to mortality

His ways bewilder mortal ignorance;

The finite in its little sections parked,

Amazed, credits not God's audacity

Who dares to be the unimagined All

And see and act as might one Infinite.

Against human reason this is his offence,

Being known to be for ever unknowable,

To be all and yet transcend the mystic whole,

Absolute, to lodge in a relative world of Time,

Eternal and all-knowing, to suffer birth,

Omnipotent, to sport with Chance and Fate,

Spirit, yet to be Matter and the Void,

Illimitable, beyond form or name,

To dwell within a body, one and supreme

To be animal and human and divine:

A still deep sea, he laughs in rolling waves;

Universal, he is all,—transcendent, none.

Our sense of right and wrong rebels against the divine and accuses him of cruelty and a hard heart when we see good people in the world suffer and criminals enjoy.

To man's righteousness this is his cosmic crime,
Almighty beyond good and evil to dwell

Leaving the good to their fate in a wicked world

And evil to reign in this enormous scene.

All opposition seems and strife and chance,

An aimless labour with but scanty sense,

To eyes that see a part and miss the whole;

The surface men scan, the depths refuse their search:

A hybrid mystery challenges the view,

Or a discouraging sordid miracle.

What ever seems to be error or a mistake or a tragedy is in fact a divinely calculated step to take it to its goal in the shortest possible and integral manner, this world has manifested because of 'Truth Supreme', not some error or tragedy or fall of the Divine...however the Divine works in the world shrouded in secrecy and ignorance and death. Savitri then explains the evolution of man from the lower species, the rise of the life and mind. She then charts out man's rise within the mental spheres to higher mind, illumined mind, intuitive mind and finally to the overmind level where he has the taste of cosmic consciousness

Yet in the exact Inconscient's stark conceit,

In the casual error of the world's ignorance

A plan, a hidden Intelligence is glimpsed.

There is a purpose in each stumble and fall;

Nature's most careless lolling is a pose

Preparing some forward step, some deep result.

Ingenious notes plugged into a motived score,

These million discords dot the harmonious theme

Of the evolution's huge orchestral dance.

A Truth supreme has forced the world to be;

It has wrapped itself in Matter as in a shroud,

A shroud of Death, a shroud of Ignorance (the original involution into matter).

It compelled the suns to burn through silent Space,

Flame-signs of its uncomprehended Thought

In a wide brooding ether's formless muse:

It made of Knowledge a veiled and struggling light,
Of Being a substance nescient, dense and dumb,
Of Bliss the beauty of an insentient world.

In finite things the conscious Infinite dwells:

Involved it (Inconscient self) sleeps in Matter's helpless trance,

It (Inconscient self) rules the world from its sleeping senseless Void (it is only apparently asleep, when in fact it is directing everything in this world – Mother (Maa Krishna) does this refer to the Divine Sachchidananda asleep in the heart of the inconscient?); Yes. Also it rules the world from Sleep Self or Supramental plane.

Dreaming it throws out mind and heart and soul

To labour crippled, bound, on the hard earth;

A broken whole it works through scattered points;

Its gleaming shards are Wisdom's diamond thoughts,

Its shadowy reflex our ignorance.

It starts from the mute mass in countless jets,

It fashions a being out of brain and nerve,

A sentient creature from its pleasures and pangs.

A pack of feelings obscure, a dot of sense

Survives awhile answering the shocks of life,

Then, crushed or its force spent, leaves the dead form,

Leaves the huge universe in which it lived

An insignificant unconsidered guest (after man's efforts he may perish and seem a spent force that has amounted to nothing but the soul grows through its experience of all contraries).

But the soul grows concealed within its house; (inspite of what happens to the outward form and instruments, the Divine soul within is always growing)

It (Psychic being) gives to the body its strength and magnificence;

It (Psychic being) follows aims in an ignorant aimless world,

It lends significance to earth's meaningless life.

A demigod animal, came thinking man;

He wallows in mud, yet heavenward soars in thought;

He plays and ponders, laughs and weeps and dreams,

Satisfies his little longings like the beast;

He pores upon life's book with student eyes.

Out of this tangle of intellect and sense,

Out of the narrow scope of **finite thought**
At last he wakes into **spiritual mind**;
A high liberty begins and luminous room:
He glimpses eternity, touches the infinite,
He meets the gods in great and sudden hours,
He feels the universe as his larger self,
Makes Space and Time his opportunity
To join the heights and depths of being in light,
In the heart's cave speaks secretly with God (*finding the psychic being or feels its influence*).
But these are touches and high moments lived;
Fragments of **Truth supreme** have lit his soul,
Reflections of the sun in waters still.

A few have dared the last supreme ascent (*many stop with the liberation of the mind or soul and do not go further*) (*Last Supreme ascent has the capacity of last supreme descent which is identified as 'Truth Supreme'.*)

And break through borders of blinding light above,

And feel a breath around of mightier air,

Receive a vaster being's messages

And bathe in its immense intuitive Ray (*illumined mind*). (*Supramental and above. Illumined mind is below the Intuitive mind.*)

On summit Mind (*Overmind*) are radiant altitudes

Exposed to the lustre of Infinity,

Outskirts and dependencies of the house of Truth,

Upraised estates of Mind and measureless.

There man can visit but there he cannot live. (*All Man can get Supramental touch or God's touch but unfit or not prepared to get His embrace.*)

A cosmic Thought spreads out its vastitudes;

Its smallest parts are here philosophies

Challenging with their detailed immensity, (*smallest fragments of Supramental or little drop are having immense repercussion on earth life.*)

"It is very easy to be a saint! Oh, even to be a sage is very easy. I feel I was born with it—it is spontaneous and natural for me... but Supramental transformation⁵¹ is another thing altogether, oh!... No one has ever followed that path; *Sri Aurobindo* was the first, and He left before telling us what He was doing, I am literally carving out a trail through the virgin forest—worse than a virgin forest...I am given the awareness of how huge this thing is one drop at a time...so I won't be crushed. It has

reached a point where all Spiritual life, all those people and races that have tried since the beginning of the earth, all that seems like nothing, **like child's play** in comparison. And it is a work without glory: you have no results, no experiences filling you with ecstasy or joy—none of that, it is a hideous labour.”

The Mother

The Mother's Agenda, July 15, 1961

“A little gift comes from the Immensitudes,

But measureless to life its gain of joy;”

Savitri-237

Each figuring an omniscient scheme of things.

But higher still can climb the ascending light;

There are vasts of vision and eternal suns, (Ananda, Chit and Sat are the three suns beyond Supramental Sun.)

Oceans of an immortal luminousness,

Flame-hills assaulting heaven with their peaks,

There dwelling all becomes a **blaze of sight**;

A burning head of vision leads the mind, (Supramentalisation of Spiritual sheath

Thought trails behind it its long comet tail;

The heart glows, an illuminate and seer, (Supramentalisation of Psychic sheath)

And **sense** is kindled into identity. (transformation of sense. Supramentalisation of vital self or Pranamaya Purusha))

A highest flight climbs to a deepest view:

In a wide opening of its native sky

Intuition's lightnings range in a bright pack(intuitive mind)

Hunting all hidden truths out of their lairs,

Its fiery edge of seeing absolute

Cleaves into locked unknown retreats of self,

Rummages the sky-recesses of the brain,

Lights up the occult chambers of the heart;

Its spear-point ictus of discovery

Pressed on the cover of name, the screen of form,

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Strips bare the secret soul of all that is (Mother (Maa Krishna) does access to the intuitive mind allow us to see the secret soul and influence behind all things?). (Intuitive mind is overhead

Spiritual experience. Its influence or descent can strip bare the secret soul in the heart.)

Thought there has revelation's sun-bright eyes;

The Word, a mighty and inspiring Voice,

Enters Truth's inmost cabin of privacy

And tears away the veil from God and life. (An overhead word can tear the veil that separates God.)

Then stretches the boundless finite's last expanse,

The cosmic empire of the Overmind, (overmind plane)

Time's buffer state bordering Eternity,

Too vast for the experience of man's soul:

All here gathers beneath one golden sky (the golden sky above the overmind representing the realms of the supermind):

The Powers that build the cosmos station take

In its house of infinite possibility;

Each god from there builds his own nature's world; (Here Gods represent from lower range of Supramental plane.)

Ideas are phalanxed like a group of suns,

Each marshalling his company of rays (this realm of overmind has infinite godheads each launching their own world and creation, but all work harmoniously with each other).

Thought crowds in masses seized by one regard;

All Time is one body, Space a single look:

There is the Godhead's universal gaze

And there the boundaries of immortal Mind:

The line that parts and joins the hemispheres (the overmind represents the convergence of the Truth planes and the lower planes of ignorance)

Closes in on the labour of the Gods

Fencing eternity from the toil of Time (the supermind stands above time and ignorance).

In her glorious kingdom of eternal light

All-ruler, ruled by none, the Truth supreme, (Truth Supreme is identified of highest Spiritual experience of Integral Yoga.)

Omnipotent, omniscient and alone,

In a golden country keeps her measureless house;

In its corridor she hears the tread that comes

Out of the Unmanifest never to return

Till the Unknown is known and seen by men (the transcendent mahashakti or supramental Mother is the intermediary who channels the energies from the Supreme to take birth in the ignorance where they will work and finally return after they have evolved back to the superconscient...this is the case with all souls who are born in nature).

Above the stretch and blaze of cosmic Sight,
Above the silence of the wordless Thought,
Formless creator of immortal forms,
Nameless, investitured with the name divine,
Transcending Time's hours, transcending Timelessness,

The Mighty Mother sits in lucent calm

And holds the eternal Child upon her knees (Supramental child)

Attending the day when he (Supramental child) shall speak to Fate.(in other words the Divine Mother cradles the evolving divinity of earth and prepares him till he will answer back one day to the fixed fate of the world and overturn it) Yes

“Europe prides herself on her practical and scientific organisation and efficiency. I am waiting till her organisation is perfect; then a child shall destroy her.” Sri Aurobindo/SABCL/17/The Hour of God-87 (This aphorism hints the action of Supramental child.)

There is the image of our future's hope;

There is the sun for which all darkness waits (Mother (Maa Krishna), the growth of this divine child representing the soul of earth is what all work to date has been about and will continue to be), (The promise of Savitri is that all darkness will be quenched by the sun represented as Truth Supreme.)

There is the imperishable harmony (when one reaches to that level of consciousness all are seen with a unifying vision);

The world's contradictions climb to her and are one (spirit and matter are reconciled):

There is the Truth of which the world's truths are shreds (the single sun or truth from which all the worlds and creation are fragments or partial lights), (There is a Soul saving overhead Truth before which world's Soul slaying truths are shreds or scraps.)

The Light of which the world's ignorance is the shade (the ignorance force or the planes of the lower manifestation are a shadow of that superconscient light)

Till Truth draws back the shade that it has cast,

The Love our hearts call down to heal all strife,

The Bliss for which the world's derelict sorrows yearn:

“The 19th was so-so, and on the 20th I was concentrated all day long: no contacts with anyone, nothing external, only an intense invocation ... as intense and concentrated

as when you're trying to melt into the Lord at death. It was like that. The same movement of identification, but at its core a will for everything to work out in a good way here [on the material plane]. "In a good way" ... I mean I said to the Lord, "YOUR Good, the true Good, not. The true Good, a victorious Good, a real progress over the way life is usually lived." And I stayed in this unwavering concentration the whole day, all the time, all the time: even when I spoke, it was something very external speaking. And then at night when I went to bed I felt something had changed – the body felt completely different. When I got up in the morning, all the pains and disorders and dangers had vanished. "Lord,"

I said, "You have given me a gift of health. "

And with this change, the bodily substance, the very stuff of the cells, was constantly being told, "Don't you forget, now you see that miracles CAN happen." In other words, the way things work out in physical substance may not at all conform to the laws of Nature. "Don't forget, now!" It kept coming back like a refrain: "Don't forget, now! This is how it is." And I saw how necessary this repetition was for the cells: they forget right away and try to find explanations (oh, how stupid can you be!). It's a sort of feeling (not at all an individual way of thinking), it's Matter's way of thinking. Matter is built like that, it's part of its make-up. We call it "thinking" for lack of a better word, but it's not "thinking": it is a material way of understanding things, the way Matter is able to understand." The Mother/24th February 1962

Thence comes the glory sometimes seen on earth,

The visits of Godhead to the human soul (**the descent of the divine into a human body**),

The Beauty and the dream on Nature's face.

There the perfection born from eternity (**superconscious**)

Calls to it the perfection born in Time (**evolving inconscient – but both are labelled perfections because ultimately the divine is present in both**), (**Perfection of time born Ignorance.**)

The truth of God surprising human life,

The image of God overtaking finite shapes.

There in a world of **everlasting Light** (**the world that Savitri will visit in the next canto – worlds of the superconscious**),

Savitri then describes the supramental realms with their unity with the divine where everything is a manifestation of the divine in all its glory and there is no clouding or warping of the Truth....

In the realms of the immortal Supermind

Truth who hides here her head in mystery (**in this world of ignorance, Truth is hidden**),

Her riddle deemed by reason impossible

In the stark structure of material form,

Unenigmaed lives, unmasked her face and there (in the supramental worlds, the Truth is unmasked)

Is Nature and the common law of things.

There in a body made of spirit stuff,

The hearth-stone of the everliving Fire,

Action translates the movements of the soul,

Thought steps infallible and absolute

And life is a continual worship's rite,

A sacrifice of rapture to the One (Mother (Maa Krishna) what is meant by this?). Its complementary line:

"The sacrifice of suffering and desire

Earth offers to immortal Ecstasy

Began again beneath the eternal Hand."

Savitri-10

(In Knowledge sacrifice of rapture, in Ignorance sacrifice of suffering and desire re experienced.)

A cosmic vision, a spiritual sense

Feels all the Infinite lodged in finite form

And seen through a quivering ecstasy of light

Discovers the bright face of the Bodiless,

In the truth of a moment, in the moment's soul

Can sip the honey-wine of Eternity.

A Spirit who is no one and innumerable,

The one mystic infinite Person of his world

Multiplies his myriad personality,

On all his bodies seals his divinity's stamp

And sits in each immortal and unique.(as the immanent divine)

The Immobile stands behind each daily act,

A background of the movement and the scene,

Upholding creation on its might and calm

And change on the Immutable's deathless poise.

The Timeless looks out from the travelling hours;

The Ineffable puts on a robe of speech

Where all its words are woven like magic threads

Moving with beauty, inspiring with their gleam,

And every thought takes up its destined place

Recorded in the memory of the world.

The Truth supreme, vast and impersonal

Fits faultlessly the hour and circumstance,

Its substance a pure gold ever the same

But shaped into vessels for the spirit's use,

Its gold becomes the wine jar and the vase (the single supramental divine substance is used to create all materials of various shapes and forms).

All there is a supreme epiphany:

The All-Wonderful makes a marvel of each event,

The All-Beautiful is a miracle in each shape;

The All-Blissful smites with rapture the heart's throbs,

A pure celestial joy is the use of sense.

Each being there is a member of the Self,

A portion of the million-thoughted All,

A claimant to the timeless Unity,

The many's sweetness, the joy of difference

Edged with the intimacy of the One.

"But who can show to thee Truth's glorious face?

Our human words can only shadow her.

To thought she is an unthinkable rapture of light,

To speech a marvel inexpressible.

O Death, if thou couldst touch **the Truth supreme**

Thou wouldst grow suddenly wise and cease to be (Death has no access to these higher realms and therefore does not see the integral truth behind creation, if he did unite with this Truth, there would no longer be any need for his existence).

If our souls could see and love and clasp God's Truth,

Its infinite radiance would seize our hearts,

Our being in God's image be remade (even the physical substance would be divinised)

And earthly life become the life divine."

"What I myself have seen ... was a plan that came complete in all details, but that doesn't at all conform in spirit and consciousness with what is possible on earth now (although, in its most material manifestation, the plan was based on existing terrestrial conditions). It was the idea of an ideal city, the nucleus of a small ideal country, having only superficial and extremely limited contacts with the old world. One would already have to conceive (it's possible) of a Power sufficient to be at once a protection against aggression or bad will (this would not be the most difficult protection to provide) and a

protection (which can just barely be imagined) against infiltration and admixture.... From the social or organizational standpoint, these problems are not difficult, nor from the standpoint of inner life; the problem is the relationship with what is not supramentalized – preventing infiltration or admixture, keeping the nucleus from falling back into an inferior creation during the transitional period.

(silence)

All who have considered the problem have always imagined some place like a Himalayan gorge, unknown to the rest of humanity, but this is no solution. No solution at all.

No, the only solution is occult power. But that. Before anything at all can be done, it already demands a certain number of individuals who have reached a great perfection of realization. Granting this, a place is conceivable (set apart from the outside world – no actual contacts) where each thing is exactly in its place, setting an example. Each thing exactly in its place, each person exactly in his place, each movement in its place, and all in its place in an ascending, progressive movement without relapse (that is, the very opposite of what goes on in ordinary life). Naturally, this also means a sort of perfection, it means a sort of unity; it means that the different aspects of the Supreme can be manifested; and, necessarily, an exceptional beauty, a total harmony; and a power sufficient to keep the forces of Nature obedient: even if this place were encircled by destructive forces, for example, these forces would be powerless to act – the protection would be sufficient.

It would all require the utmost perfection in the individuals organizing such a thing.”
The Mother’s Agenda/18th July 1961,

For the final time Death repeated his demand and his disbelief but his tone had completely changed – no longer did he regard Savitri as a mortal being but could sense the Divine within her - he sensed the divine mother within Savitri and asked for her darshan. He says it is not enough for the Divine to descend with just (partial) light and truth, (Divine Force is inherent in Divine light and truth.) it must descend with its force aspect for without force nothing can be achieved. Its effect even Death understands that the force aspect or Chit (consciousness force) or the Divine Mother’s aspect alone can transform the earth, no other aspect can. He agrees to free Satyavan if he is granted that darshan and feels that if the Divine Mother descends to earth and reveals herself then true change can manifest in the world.

Then Death the last time answered Savitri:

“If Truth supreme transcends her shadow here

Severed by Knowledge and the climbing vasts,

What bridge can cross the **gulf** that she has left (This line indicates that a bridge must be built in the subtle world in order to bridge the gulf between Truth supreme and the world. The Truth Supreme must descend down to earth in order to complete the work of transformation.)

Between her and the dream-world she has made?(This is a hint of what would happen if Savitri left the world and lived only in the superconscient realms, as the Divine Mother has said, Saivtri always lives in this world and its atmosphere helping the supreme truth to descend gradually and subsequently constantly, intensely, comprehensively and instantaneously)

Or who could hope to bring her (Truth supreme) down to men

And persuade to tread the **harsh globe** with wounded feet

Leaving her unapproachable glory and bliss,

Wasting her splendour on pale earthly air (the work that Savitri does which is preparatory sets the conditions for the descent of the Divine Mother to be born to hasten that work till finally the Supreme Lord (Truth supreme herself) himself will descend one day when the world is ready)?

Is thine that strength, O beauty of mortal limbs,

O soul who flutterest to escape my **net**?

Its complementary line:

“A net of death in which by chance we live.” Savitri-50,

Who then art thou hiding in human guise?

Thy voice carries the sound of infinity,

Knowledge is with thee, Truth speaks through thy words;

The light of things beyond shines in thy eyes.

(Satyavan said) “O thou who com’st to me out of Time’s silences,
Yet thy voice has wakened my heart to an unknown bliss,
Immortal or mortal only in thy frame,
For more than earth speaks to me from thy soul
And more than earth surrounds me in thy gaze,
How art thou named among the sons of men?” Savitri-400

But where is thy strength to conquer Time and Death?

Hast thou God’s force to build heaven’s values here?

For truth and knowledge are an idle gleam

If Knowledge brings not power to change the world,

If **Might comes not to give to Truth her right.**

A blind Force, not Truth has made this ignorant world,

A blind Force, not Truth orders the lives of men:

By Power, not Light, the great Gods rule the world; (Soul slaying truth)(Death again distorts the truth and confuses the relation between Divine Power and Divine Light. Right use of Power asks

for self-knowledge and self-mastery.) (Inspiration, revelation and intuition are the Light of Conscious existence- Refer The Synthesis of Yoga-17) (It is the Divine Light that transforms life, "When Light with a golden ecstasy fills his brain" Savitri-665)
"Only by force and ruse can man survive:" (Soul slaying truth) Savitri-506
"But without wisdom power is like a wind, (the power of Mahakali is to be combined with the power of Maheswari.)

It (Power) can breathe upon the heights and kiss the sky,

It cannot build the extreme eternal things." Savitri-514 (For building extreme eternal things the Divine Will and Knowledge are to be combined.) (Divine Power cannot build alone extreme eternal thing.)

Power is the arm of God, the seal of Fate.

"Our **world-knowledge** is therefore a **difficult structure** made up of the imperfect documentation of the sense image, an intuitional interpretation of it by perceptive mind, life-mind and sense-mind, and a supplementary filling up, correction, addition of supplementary knowledge, co-ordination, by the reason. Even so **our knowledge of the world** we live in is narrow and imperfect, our interpretations of its significances doubtful: imagination, speculation, reflection, impartial weighing and reasoning, inference, measurement, testing, a further correction and amplification of sense evidence by **Science**, --all this apparatus had to be called in to complete the incompleteness. After all that the result still remains a half-certain, half dubious accumulation of acquired **indirect knowledge**, a mass of significant images and ideative representations, abstract thought counters, hypotheses, theories, generalisations, but also with all that a mass of doubts and a never-ending debate and inquiry. **Power has come with knowledge**, but our imperfection of knowledge leaves us without any idea of **the true use of the power**, even of the **aim** towards which our utilisation of knowledge and power should be turned and made effective. This is **worsened** by the imperfection of our self-knowledge which, such as it is, meagre and pitifully insufficient, is of our surface only, of our apparent phenomenal self and nature and not of our true self and the true meaning of our existence. Self-knowledge and self-mastery are **wanting** in the user, **wisdom and right will in his use of world-power** and world-knowledge." The Life Divine-548-49

“And if this Self, God or Brahman is no helpless state, no bounded power, no limited personality, but the self-conscious All, there must be some good and inherent reason in it for the manifestation, to discover which we must proceed on the hypothesis of some potency, some wisdom, some truth of being in all that is manifested. The discord and apparent evil of the world must in their sphere be admitted, but not accepted as our conquerors. The deepest instinct of humanity seeks always and seeks wisely **wisdom** as the last word of the universal manifestation, not an eternal mockery and illusion, —a secret and finally triumphant good, not an all-creative and invincible evil, — an ultimate victory and fulfilment, not the disappointed recoil of the soul from its great adventure.” The Life Divine-35

"A wisdom worked in all, self-moved, self-sure,

A plenitude of illimitable Light,

An authenticity of intuitive Truth,

A glory and passion of creative Force." *Savitri-324*

“An ecstasy and an immortal change;

He (King Aswapati) feels a Wideness and becomes a Power,

All knowledge rushes on him like a sea:" *Savitri-375*

O human claimant to immortality,

Reveal thy power, lay bare thy spirit's force,

Its complementary line:

"The Spirit's bare and absolute potencies (Last perfection of integral Yoga.)

*Burn in **the solitude of the thoughts of God.**" Book-1, Canto-4*

Then will I give back to thee Satyavan. (So for immortality the development of Spirit's bare and absolute power is indispensable)

Or if the Mighty Mother is with thee,

Show me her face that I may worship her; (Or for physical immortality or survival from death threat/change of doom, the darshan of the Divine Mother in dream vision/sleep vision is indispensable.)

Let deathless eyes look into the eyes of Death,

An imperishable Force touching brute things

Transform earth's death into immortal life.

Then can thy dead return to thee and live.

“Yesterday afternoon, I had an experience in relation to a woman who has been in a coma for sixty-five days (!). After fifty or fifty-five days (the whole family was around her, but her son had gone to work), all of a sudden after fifty-five days, because her son had left, she started calling for him, shouting frantically! (*Laughing*) I think they all had a scare. And the usual stupid remarks: "She was

unconscious." I said, "Good God! But why do you say she was unconscious, you know nothing about it' She can't express herself, but she isn't unconscious." She

is entirely conscious, only the means of expression are damaged, she can no longer use them. And I made a long speech on the subject, but there was no one to record it and I can never say the same thing twice. It came clearly (Sri Aurobindo was there), and with the absolutely clear picture of what death is. Now I can't repeat

it.

In reality, to put it practically (but that's no longer the thing), what people call "death" is when the instrument of expression – the instrument of connection with the milieu, of expression – has deteriorated to the point where it can no longer be used, and so there comes a moment when the consciousness ... abandons it. Probably for all sorts of reasons (there must be different reasons in each case), but the consciousness abandons it because it can no longer be used.

But yesterday it came well; now it's nothing. It was lived. Lived, and so clear, so concrete, so obvious, it was, "But human beings know nothing, nothing, nothing at all! ..." Only now it sounds like a platitude.

(*silence*)

The vision was so clear (not vision: lived, the experience), it was so clear that it contained in itself the purpose of the creation. You could see the work of the consciousness to permeate the inconscient and make it progressively more capable of manifesting the consciousness (*gesture like a flower rising out of the earth*), with growing complications, but the complications are the result of the inability of the inconscient – of inconscient matter – which adds *one device to another* in the hope of reconstructing the supreme Possibility. Then, through all those complications, and as the substance becomes increasingly permeated with consciousness, the need for "devices" will diminish, and we will be able to return to the higher Simplicity.

But all that was lived, seen – seen, and so clear!

(*silence*)

And in each "life," as people call it, that is to say, the use of a portion of matter organized in what we call a body, how that use aims at the greatest possibility of manifestation (reception and manifestation) of the consciousness.

Naturally, this can be done because even in the inconscient, at its very bottom, there is consciousness; but that's philosophy. Yesterday, it was the perfectly concrete and material experience of it all.

And individualization is part of the process, it's a necessity of the process, because it permits a more minute and direct action.

And when Matter is supple enough to be transformed under the action of the consciousness – a CONSTANT transformation – then this need to abandon here something that has become useless, or is in impossible conditions, will no longer exist. That is how it will be possible, for the requirements of the transformation, to have at will a continuity, at least, of existence for a form which was transitional.

But yesterday, the impression was that it [death] is now only an old habit, no longer a necessity. It's only because ... First, because the body is still unconscious enough to (how should I put it?), not to "desire," because that's not the word, but to feel the need of complete rest, that is, inertia. When that is abolished, there is nodisorganization that cannot be mended, or at any rate (the field of accidents hasn't been studied, but let's say in the normal course of things) no wear and tear, no deterioration, no disharmony that cannot be mended by the action of the consciousness.

It's only this residue (a considerable one), this residue of unconscious that asks for rest (*gesture of dissolution*). What it calls rest is the state of inertia. That is to say, the refusal to manifest the consciousness. It's no more than that.

There is also that FORMIDABLE collective suggestion ... weighing down. That suggestion of old age ... old age, wear and tear, death ("death," anyway what they call death, which isn't dying – what does "dying" mean? Annulment does not exist, nothing is annulled), but anyway, giving up the form because the form refuses to be transformed (that's nearly what it is) and isn't receptive, it accepts a progressive deterioration because of the formidable weight of the collective suggestion – the habit of millennia: "It's always been like that, it can't be helped." The great argument. Which isn't true, besides.

But there is such idiocy in this body. For instance, there is every moment (it's every second or minute), every moment there is the choice between continuation of the old habit and progress towards consciousness. It's constantly like that. And through ... (what can I call it?) listlessness (what is it?... It's not bad will because it's idiotic; it's more idiotic than bad will), there is a spontaneous tendency to choose deterioration rather than the effort of progress, and it's only when there is something like a slightly awakened consciousness that says, "You silly fool! You've gone through much more difficulty than the little difficulty of making an effort of progress," then that has some weight – not always.

There is a sort of passive knowledge (not that the body doesn't know how it is, it knows how it is – it's listlessness), but when it knows and makes effort, it is always, every time, translated as lights, yes, like vibratory waves, and those of progress are the ones which have all the colors, that twinkling of all the colors: a light made of a twinkling of all the colors. Those are the lights that choose the immediate little effort to reject the listlessness.... But it's not over important events: it's something going on every minute, for everything, all the time, all the time – for everything.

It must be a phase. I don't know how long that phase will last, but it must be a phase because it's obviously a transitional state. And then, when there is that inner aspiration, oh! ... I have seen those cells, I've seen them saying like this, "Oh, won't there be a possibility to be You effortlessly?" Then there comes such a marvelous Response! For a few seconds it's ... (*blissful gesture*), then the old routine starts up again.

But the big difficulty is mental observation: the mind observing (not a personal mind: an observing Mind). That makes things much more difficult. If one can keep the mind busy, it's easier. Because the mind is something extremely hard, dry, positive, phew! and logical, reasonable – it's dreadful. Dreadful. And yet, putting things at their best, the general waves are full (especially now, in our time) full of doubt – such a vile and obstinate doubt! They call all this fantastic imagination.

You are led to tell the mind, "I'd rather be mistaken this way than be mistaken in your way."

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(*silence*)

Then, in the psychological makeup, there are all those old things that come from human atavism: you must be reasonable, prudent, shrewd ... you must take precautions, be

provident, oh! ... The whole web of ordinary human equilibrium. It's so sordid. And it's like that, the whole mentalization of the cells is like that, full of that, and not only in your own way of being, according to your own experience, but in the way of being of your parents, grandparents, the people around, and ...oh!" **The Mother/21st October-1967**

The prostrate earth perhaps shall lift her gaze
And feel near her the secret body of God
And love and joy overtake fleeing Time."

Death's change of tone and request to have the darshan of the divine Mother marks a turning point in his interaction with Savitri – he now seems receptive and the Divinity within Savitri now reveals itself in its full glory. At this time a mighty transformation and force descends into Savitri activating the true being in each of her chakras causing the energy in the lowest chakras to unite with the superconscious energy above. (Vedic Sacrifice: The descent of Shakti followed by ascent of the Soul.)

And Savitri looked on Death and answered not.
Almost it seemed as if in his symbol shape
The world's darkness had consented to Heaven-light (Death's request for the darshan of the Divine Mother marks the point where the Divine with Savitri no longer needs her veil and can manifest her innate Divinity fully)
And God needed no more the Inconscient's screen.
A **mighty transformation** came on her. (This transformation can be compared with the mighty transformation of King Aswapati.)

"A **last and mightiest transformation** came.

His soul was all in front like a great sea

Flooding the mind and body with its waves;

His being, spread to embrace the universe,

United the within and the without

To make of life a cosmic harmony,

An empire of immanent Divine.

In this tremendous universality

Not only his soul-nature and mind-sense
Included every soul and mind in his,
But even the life of flesh and nerve was changed
And grew one flesh and nerve with all that lives;
He felt the joy of others as his joy,
He bore the grief of others as his grief;
His universal sympathy upbore,
Immense like ocean, the creation's load
As earth upbears all beings' sacrifice,
Thrilled with the hidden Transcendent's joy and peace.
There was no more division's endless scroll;
One grew the Spirit's secret unity,
All Nature felt again the single bliss."

Savitri-318-19

A halo of the indwelling Deity,
The Immortal's lustre that had lit her face
And tented its radiance in her body's house,
Overflowing made the air a luminous sea (no longer was it an oppressive air of death and loss).
In a flaming moment of **apocalypse**
The Incarnation thrust aside its veil.

Apocalypse:

1. the complete final destruction of the world, as described in the biblical book of Revelation.
"the bell's ringing is supposed to usher in the Apocalypse"
○
2. an event involving destruction or damage on a catastrophic scale.
"the apocalypse of World War II"

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A little figure in infinity
Yet stood and seemed the Eternal's very house (the body of Savitri houses the Eternal),
As if the world's centre was her very soul

And all wide space was but its outer robe.

“Sri Aurobindo wants to make the distinction between the progressive soul (the soul which has experiences and progresses from life to life), what can be called the ‘lower soul,’ and the higher soul, that is, the eternal, immutable and divine soul – essentially divine. He wrote this when he was in contact with certain Theosophical writings, before I introduced Theon’s vocabulary to him. For Theon, there is the ‘**divine center**’ which is the eternal soul, and the ‘psychic being’; similarly, to avoid using the same word in both cases, Sri Aurobindo speaks in later writings of the ‘psychic being’ and of **the divine center** or ‘central being’ – the essential soul.” The Mother/February 14, 1961

“It is the individual consciousness. Aspiration is almost always an expression of the psychic being – the part of us that’s organized around **the divine center**, the small divine flame deep within human beings. You see, this divine flame exists inside each human being, and little by little, through all the incarnations and karma and so on, a being takes shape around it, which Théon called the “psychic being.” And when the psychic being reaches its full development, it becomes a kind of bodily or at any rate individual raiment of the soul. The soul is a portion of the Supreme – the jiva is the Supreme in individual form. And since there is only one Supreme, there is only one jiva, but with millions of individual forms. This jiva begins as a divine spark – immutable, eternal and infinite too (infinite in possibility rather than dimension). And through all the incarnations, whatever has received and responded to the divine Influence progressively crystallizes around the jiva, which becomes more and more conscious as well as more and more organized. Ultimately it becomes a completely conscious individual being, master of itself and moved exclusively by the divine Will. That is to say, an individual expression of the Supreme. This is what we call the “psychic being.”

Generally speaking, those who practice yoga have either a fully developed, independent psychic being which has taken birth again to do the Divine’s work, or else a psychic being in its last incarnation wanting to complete its development and realize itself.

This is what aspires, this is what has the contact.

So, when you’re told “become conscious of your psychic being,” it’s for the being formed by external Nature to contact the divine Presence through the psychic being. Then the psychic takes charge of the whole being; in fact, it is the inner Guide.... Well, when I was a little child, this “person” (which wasn’t a person, but an expression of a certain consciousness and will) was actually the psychic presence; there was something else behind, but that’s a rather special case. And what happened to me happens to everyone whose psychic being has deliberately incarnated: the psychic being guides your life, and if you let it act freely, it arranges ALL circumstances – it’s truly wonderful! ... I have seen – not only for myself but for so many people who also had conscious psychic beings – that everything is arranged with a view to ... not at all your personal egoistic satisfaction, but your ultimate progress and realization. And all circumstances of life, even those you call “disastrous,” are there to lead you where you have to go as swiftly as possible.

Yours is more than a psychic being. As I have told you, your psychic being is accompanied by something which has come for a special purpose, with a particular intellectual power – a luminous, conscious power – which has come from regions higher than the mind, regions Sri Aurobindo calls the Overmind, to do a special work. It is here (*gesture enveloping the chest and head*) and, along with the psychic, it’s trying to organize everything. This, in your psychic, is what you are feeling. It must have great power.... Don’t you feel a kind of luminous force?” The Mother/July 25, 1962

A curve of the calm hauteur of far heaven
 Descending into earth's humility,
 Her forehead's span vaulted the Omniscient's gaze,
 Her eyes were two stars that watched the universe.
 The Power that from her being's summit reigned,
 The Presence chambered in lotus secrecy, (in the heart) (Above the head)
 Came down and held the centre in her brow
 Where the mind's Lord in his control-room sits; (the Ajna chakra) (Suramentalisation of Spiritual Being)
 There throned on concentration's native seat
 He opens that **third mysterious** eye in man, (Through this third mysterious eye Arjuna was able to see the Viswa rupa, universal vision as described in the Gita, chapter-11.)
 The Unseen's eye that looks at the unseen,
When Light with a golden ecstasy fills his brain
 And the Eternal's wisdom drives his choice
 And eternal Will seizes the mortal's will.
 It stirred in the lotus of her throat of song,(the throat chakra -Vishuddha)
 And in her speech throbbed the immortal Word,
 Her life sounded with the steps of the world-soul
 Moving in harmony with the cosmic Thought.
 As glides God's sun into the mystic cave
 Where hides his light from the pursuing gods,
 It glided into the lotus of her heart (Anahata chakra) (supramentalisation of Psychic being.)
And woke in it the Force that alters Fate.
 It poured into her navel's lotus depth,(Manipura chakra)
 Lodged in the little life-nature's narrow home,
 On the body's longings grew heaven-rapture's flower
 And **made desire a pure celestial flame,**
 Broke into the cave where coiled World-Energy sleeps (the lower chakras of Swadistana and Muladhara and the chakras in the subconscious and inconscient planes)
 And smote the thousand-hooded serpent Force
That blazing towered and clasped the World-Self above, (Vedic sacrifice of descent of Shakti followed by ascent of the Soul.)
 Joined Matter's dumbness to the Spirit's hush

And filled earth's acts with the Spirit's silent power.

The Divine Mother now speaks directly to Death, her veil completely cast off and her light of Divinity is completely apparent. She instructs Death that he is her instrument to goad man to climb to his spiritual destiny. He grants that he continues to exist but for now he must release Satyavan as he represents the soul of the world and together with Savitri they both will need to do the work of the Divine.

Thus changed she waited for the Word to speak.

Eternity looked into the eyes of Death

And Darkness saw God's living Reality.

Then a Voice was heard that seemed the stillness' self

Or the low calm utterance of infinity

When it speaks to the silence in the heart of sleep.

"I hail thee, almighty and victorious Death,

Thou grandiose Darkness of the Infinite.

O Void that makest room for all to be,

Hunger that gnawest at the universe

Consuming the cold remnants of the suns

And eatst the whole world with thy jaws of fire,

Waster of the energy that has made the stars,

Inconscience, carrier of the seeds of thought,

Nescience in which All-Knowledge sleeps entombed

And slowly emerges in its hollow breast

Wearing the mind's mask of bright Ignorance (the mind might seem great and infinite but it is only a bright mask of the Ignorant consciousness).

Thou art my shadow and my instrument.

I have given thee thy awful shape of dread

And thy sharp sword of terror and grief and pain

To force the soul of man to struggle for light

On the brevity of his half-conscious days.

Thou art his spur to greatness in his works,

The whip to his yearning for eternal bliss,

His poignant need of immortality.

Live, Death, awhile, be still my instrument. (She commands him to be still and not to be hostile to the divine intent and also sanctions his continued presence, for his work still seems to be necessary, Mother why does the Divine not put an end to Death at this stage, why does She allow him to "Live, Death, awhile" ...) (Due to the long evolution in Ignorance. When more and more persons live in Knowledge, then Death's temporary instrumental action ends.)

One day man too shall know thy fathomless heart

Of silence and the brooding peace of Night

And grave obedience to eternal Law

And the calm inflexible pity in thy gaze. (Mother (Maa Krishna) when shall man learn this, is it when he is united with the superconscient above and the mysteries of the Divine are revealed to him?) (the greatness of Divine instrumentation of Death is still hidden from man. This will be revealed to man when he will be aware of the Divine's comprehensive plan or when

'The Mighty Mother shall (again) take birth in Time...

Then shall the Truth supreme be given to men:" Savitri-705)

But now, O timeless Mightiness, stand aside

And leave the path of my incarnate Force.

Relieve the radiant God from thy black mask:

Release the soul of the world called Satyavan

Freed from thy clutch of pain and ignorance

That he may stand master of life and fate,

Man's representative in the house of God,

The mate of Wisdom and the spouse of Light,

The eternal bridegroom of the eternal bride."

She spoke; Death unconvinced resisted still,

Although Death saw and understood the Divine Mother, he refuses to accept her presence and power, he refuses (that is why surrender is to be practiced through long years.) to surrender to the Divine Mother willingly and with an open heart....like one who is ever used to his rule and unchallenged, he stands his ground and does not give up Satyavan...this marks the turning point where his stubbornness and hostility to the Divine becomes overwhelmed by the Divine force. He is besieged by the light of the Divine Mother who pervades his entire enormous being and he feels it completely devouring his being. All the support from the inconscient and the Night are of no avail, in fact all forms of ignorance flee and offer him no support. He relinquishes the Soul of Satyavan. Finally Death is defeated and Savitri and Satyavan and left together awaiting the world of the Supreme and her final test.

Although he knew refusing still to know,

Although he saw refusing still to see.

Unshakable he stood claiming his right.

His spirit bowed; his will obeyed the law (Mother (Maa Krishna) does this mean that the inner spirit of Death submitted to the Divine Mother, but his will/outer nature refused?) (Yes. His will obeys the fixed perishable law of Nature and not obedient to Divine Mother's Supernature or Divine Will.)

Of its own nature binding even on Gods.

The Two opposed each other face to face.

His being like a huge fort of darkness towered;

Around it her light grew, an ocean's siege.

Awhile the Shade survived defying heaven:

Assailing in front, oppressing from above,

A concrete mass of conscious power, he bore

The tyranny of her divine desire.

A pressure of intolerable force

Weighed on his unbowed head and stubborn breast;

Light like a burning tongue licked up his thoughts,

Light was a luminous torture in his heart,

Light coursed, a splendid agony, through his nerves;

His darkness muttered perishing in her blaze.

Her mastering Word commanded every limb

And left no room for his enormous will

That seemed pushed out into some helpless space

And could no more re-enter but left him void. (This is the dynamisation of Supramental state in Savitri, towards which Death is helplessly open and Savitri's limitless Light, Force and Love penetrated into his body.)

He called to Night but she fell shuddering back,

He called to Hell but sullenly it retired:

He turned to the Inconscient for support,

From which he was born, his vast sustaining self;

It drew him back towards boundless vacancy

As if by himself to swallow up himself:

He called to his strength, but it refused his call.

His body was eaten by light, his spirit devoured.

"I'd like to ask you a question on death.

Ohhh! ...

All that I thought I knew now seems to me completely superficial, and I have almost ... laid my finger on something which, in contrast, gave me the impression of a stupendous discovery. But it was just a flash, the thing is not at my command. I can't speak about it. So it might be better to wait a while before dealing with that subject.

Is this aphorism on death?

Yes, it refers to dualities: life and death, error and knowledge, love and cruelty.... We can, of course, leave aside any question on death, but that was the question that came to me.

I tell you, it would mar a subject that may, in a few months (a few months or a few years, I don't know), grow clearer. There may be something worth telling then.

On a few occasions, you know, I was like this (*Mother makes a gesture of hovering between two worlds*²⁶), as if I were really put in contact with what I have called "**the death of death.**" It was the unreality of death. From a COMPLETELY material standpoint. It was a question of cells and of the consciousness in the cells. Like when you are within an inch of something: "There it is! I'm going to catch it, there it is! ..." But then it fades away. It has stayed as an impression.

A few seconds' experience which gave me the sense that the most central problem was solved. And then....

When it is like that, it will be interesting." The Mother/ March 9, 1963

"(Regarding the conversation of March 9: "A few seconds' experience that gave me the sense that the most central problem was solved." That experience was what Mother called "the death of death.")

Those things are strange. You don't remember actively, that is, you can't find any thought whatsoever to express the experience; even the active sensation of the experience fades away. And yet you are no longer the same person – that's the remarkable thing! I experienced this phenomenon several times (I don't remember clearly enough to tell you exactly how many times), several times in my life, it was always the same thing: no longer the same person, you've become someone else. All the relationships with life, with consciousness, with movement – everything changes. Yet the central thing is just a vague impression. At the moment of the experience, for a second, it's so clear, so precise – a thunderbolt. But then probably the cerebral and nervous system is incapable of preserving it.

But all the relationships are changed, you are another person.

I've seen this phenomenon very often. For example, the impression people have in ordinary life (few are conscious of it, but everyone has the impression, I know that) of a Destiny or a Fate or a will ... "hanging over" them, a set of circumstances (it doesn't matter what you call it), something that weighs you down and tries to manifest through you. But weighing you down. That was the first of my experiences: emerging above (very long

ago, at the beginning of the century). And it was that kind of experience: one second, but suddenly, oh, you find yourself above it all. I remember because at the time I told the people I knew (maybe I was already looking after the *Cosmic Review*, it was the beginning, or maybe just before), I told them: "There is a state in which you are free to decide what you will do; when you say, 'I want this,' it means it will happen." That was the impression I lived with. Instead of thinking "I'd like to do this, I'd like that to happen," with the sense of the decision being left to Fate, the impression that you are above and you make the decision: things WILL BE like that, things WILL BE like that.

That's my memory of the beginning of the century.

I had several experiences of the kind – quite a number of them. And since that last experience [the death of death], which lasted a second, I've had the feeling ... the same kind of feeling. Before that, whenever I intervened for people, either to prevent them from dying or to help them once they were dead – hundreds and hundreds of things I used to do all the time – I did them with the sense of Death like this (*gesture above Mother*), as something to be conquered or overcome, or the consequences of which had to be mended. But it was always that way, Death was ... (*laughing*) just a little above. And from that moment [the death of death], the head emerged above – the head, the consciousness, the will were above. On the side of the Lord.

I had an experience quite a long time ago, when Sri Aurobindo was here: one night I had the experience of being in contact with the Supreme Lord, and it was concrete:

"One dies only when You will it."

I don't remember in detail (I wrote it down), but the idea was like this: the Lord makes you die only with your consent – your consent is necessary for you to die. And unless He decides, you can never die. Those two things: for you to die, something (the inmost soul, that is) must consent, the soul must say yes, then you die; and when the soul says yes, it's for the Lord to decide. Ever since that experience, there had been the certainty that you can die only when the Lord wills it, that it depends entirely and exclusively on His Will, that there are no accidents, no "unforeseeable mishaps," as human beings think – all that doesn't exist: it's His Will. From that experience till this latest one [the death of death], I lived in that knowledge. Yet with the feeling of ... not quite the unknown but the incomprehensible. The feeling of something in the consciousness which doesn't understand (what I mean by "understand" is having the power to do and undo, that's what I call "to understand": the power to realize or to undo, that's the real understanding, the POWER), well, of something which eluded me. It was still the mystery of the Infinite Supreme. And when that experience [the death of death] came, then, "Ah, there it is! I have it, I've caught it! At last, I have it."

I didn't have it long (*laughing*), it went away! But my position changed. It's one more thing I see from above; I rose above, my position is above.

I have always observed very carefully every time somebody died here in the Ashram, and well (one or two persons have died since that experience, in particular the old doctor's sister), well, since then it has been ABSOLUTELY DIFFERENT. It was something I saw from above. There was no longer any mystery. But if you ask me to explain ... That I can't – words, the mind, no. But the POSITION of the consciousness was different – the position of the consciousness. Altogether different.

And it happened the same way every time.³¹ But it may take years to turn into a conscious power. And IN THE PRESENT CASE, the conscious power would mean the power to give or prevent death equally; to effect the necessary movement of forces – almost ... almost an action on the cells, a mechanical action on the cells. With that power, you can give death, you can prevent death.

But there is NO LONGER any of that sensation people have of a brutal clash between life and its opposite, death – death is not the opposite of life! At that moment I understood, and I never forgot: death is NOT the opposite of life, it is not the opposite of life.³²

It's a sort of change in the cells' functioning,³³ or in their organization. When I say all this now, I try to pull back a deep-buried memory. But that's the point. Once you have understood that (all that you understand, you can do), once you've understood that, you can do it. Then it's very simple: you can easily stop the thing from going this way or that way; you can go like that or like this or like that (*Mother seems to handle forces or shift the position of the consciousness*). Then it almost becomes child's play to make someone die or make someone live! But that is better left unsaid.

But it will surely come! In how many years, I don't know, but the thing has become plain. And to me (as I said the other day), to me it seemed quite a central secret – not the most central of all, no, but fairly central with regard to life on earth.

It's of course, it would mean a new phase for life on earth.

(silence)

It may almost result (later, once modern science has run an ascending curve) in a MATERIAL knowledge. It wouldn't be that [Mother's experience], but the image of it: what Sri Aurobindo calls *a figure, a representation*; the closest word is "image." An image: not the thing itself but its projection, as on a movie screen.

(silence)

It is clear that ... It is clear that we are drawing near to what ordinary consciousness regards as the Marvelous.

(long silence)

At bottom, to understand the creation is to be able to make it – that's it. When you understand, you can do. Whatever men do is done with a conscious will here (*Mother makes a gesture as if she were wearing blinkers*), but with an invisible Power which may or may not come, which is at their disposal or isn't. And that invisible Power is what ACTS. Men can have conceptions, but they don't have the power. But when you make that movement and go from here to THERE (*gesture above*), then you realize that all those conceptions are like the notes of a universal keyboard; you can play all the notes, it's very fine and makes a beautiful orchestra, but it isn't essential, it's incidental. THAT [the invisible Power] is what is needed. THAT is what knows how things are to be done and how one should play." The Mother/ March 16, 1963

At last he knew defeat inevitable

And left crumbling the shape that he had worn,

Abandoning hope to make man's soul his prey

And force to be mortal the immortal spirit.

73

"(Mother opens "Savitri." She intended to translate "The Debate of Love and Death." The book opens "by chance" on the last lines of Death's defeat, which Mother reads aloud:)

“And [Death] left crumbling the shape that he had worn,
Abandoning hope to make man's soul his prey
And force to be mortal the immortal spirit.” (X.IV.667)

No matter where you open, no matter where you read, it's wonderful! Immediately it's wonderful – strange, these three lines, aren't they....

Abandoning hope to make man's soul his prey
And force to be mortal the immortal spirit.

Wonderful.

These people could very easily lure me: for a long time they have been asking me to read them the whole of Savitri – quite a work! But this [translation] work is irresistible.

So, in fact (the trouble is, my notebook won't be thick enough!), in fact I would like to translate all of the "Debate" [of Love and Death], it's so wonderful.

(Mother leafs through the book)

When she says ... I don't remember the words, she says:

My God is love

Oh, that's....

(Mother goes back to the beginning of Book X, Canto IV)

Here:

The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real

Look at this:

“Or in bodies motionless like statues, fixed
In tranced cessations of their sleepless thought
Sat sleeping souls, and this too was a dream.”

(X.IV.642)

They are the ones who want to attain Nirvana.... "And this too was a dream"!

(Mother looks further)

It begins here:

“Once more arose the great destroying Voice:
Across the fruitless labour of the worlds
His huge denial's all-defeating might
Pursued the ignorant march of dolorous Time.”

(X.IV.643)

Here is where I should begin.

Book X is long: "The Book of the Double Twilight."... Of course, if I start reading

...

You'll end up at the beginning!

I would do the whole book!

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(Mother leafs back)

"The Gospel of Death and Vanity of the Ideal"

This is invaluable to answer all, all, all the arguments people use.

(Mother leafs further)

Ah, here we are! "The Debate of Love and Death."

That's where it begins.

It's Canto III.

There's a passage underlined here.

If it's underlined, it's not by me! ... No, that's the place where I stopped when I was reading: I used to mark in red the place where I stopped.

He says ... (*Death to Savitri, in a supremely ironic tone*):
... Art thou indeed so strong, O heart, O Soul, so free?...

(X. III . 63 6)

It's wonderful!

So we would have to start at the beginning of the "Book of the Double Twilight," Book X. Let's see how it goes....

(Mother reads)

All still was darkness dread and desolate;
There was no change nor any hope of change.
In this black dream which was a house of Void,
A walk to Nowhere in a land of Nought,
Ever they drifted without aim or goal....

(X599)

My God, how wonderful! It's wonderful.

(Mother turns the pages)

And Book XII ["The Return to the Earth"]... I don't know.

(Mother reads the concluding lines of "Savitri":)

Night, splendid with the moon dreaming in heaven
In silver peace, possessed her luminous reign.
She brooded through her stillness on a thought
Deep-guarded by her mystic folds of light,
And in her bosom nursed a greater dawn.

(XII.724)

It heralds the Supermind.

But I had a feeling he hadn't completed his revision. When I read this, I felt it wasn't the end, just as when I read the last chapter of the "Yoga of Self-Perfection,"²⁹ I felt it was unfinished. He left it unfinished. And he said so. He said, "No, I will not go down to this mental level any more."

But in *Savitri's* case ... (I didn't look after it, you know), he had around 175 in Purani, that Chinmayi, and ... (what's his name?) Nirod – they all swarmed around him. So I didn't look after *Savitri*. I read *Savitri* two years ago, I had never read it before. And I am so glad! Because I read it at the time I could understand it – and I

realized that none of those people had understood ONE BIT of it. Both things at the same time.

(silence)

Let's see, open a page at random, I want to see if you find something interesting – concentrate a moment and open the book, I'll read it to you.

Just put your finger.... Do you want a blade? *(Mother gives Satprem a letter opener)*

(Satprem concentrates and opens the book)

Oh!

In the passion of its solitary dream

It lay [the heart of the King] like a closed soundless oratory
Where sleeps a consecrated argent floor
Lit by a single and untrembling ray
And an invisible Presence kneels in prayer

Pretty lovely!

Oh, it's good.... Let me go back a little:

In the luminous stillness of its mute appeal

It looked up to the heights it could not see;
It yearned from the longing depths it could not leave.
In the centre of its vast and fateful trance
Half way between his free and fallen selves,
Interceding twixt God's day and the mortal night,
Accepting worship as its single law,
Accepting bliss as the sole cause of things,
Refusing the austere joy which none can share,
Refusing the calm that lives for calm alone,
To her it turned for whom it willed to be.
In the passion of its solitary dream
It lay like a closed soundless oratory
Where sleeps a consecrated argent floor
Lit by a single and untrembling ray
And an invisible Presence kneels in prayer.
On some deep breast of liberating peace
All else was satisfied with quietude;
This only knew there was a truth beyond.
All other parts were dumb in centred sleep
Consenting to the slow deliberate Power
Which tolerates the world's error and its grief,
Consenting to the cosmic long delay,
Timelessly waiting through the patient years
Her coming they had asked for earth and men;
This was the fiery point that called her now.
Extinction could not quench that lonely fire;
Its seeing filled the blank of mind and will;
Thought dead, its changeless force abode and grew....

I can't see clearly any more.... But I know what this is about: it's when the King makes his last *surrender* to the universal Mother – he annuls himself before the universal Mother, and She gives him the mission he must fulfil. Its seeing filled the blank of mind and will;

“Thought dead, its changeless force abode and grew.
Armed with the intuition of a bliss
To which some moved tranquillity was the key,
It persevered through life's huge emptiness
Amid the blank denials of the world.
It sent its voiceless prayer to the Unknown;
It listened for the footsteps of its hopes
Returning through the void immensities,
It waited for the fiat of the Word
That comes through the still self from the Supreme.”

(III.III.332)

Well, this is certainly a beautiful choice!

That's it, there's no doubt.

When he wakes up from that state, he has a vision of the universal Mother, and receives his mission.

This is very good, a very good indication.

It's captivating, *Savitri*!

I believe it's his Message – all the rest is preparation, while

Savitri is the Message. Unfortunately, there were two morons (*stupid persons*) here who fancied correcting him – while he was alive! (A. especially, he's a poet.) Hence all those *Letters on Poetry* Sri Aurobindo wrote. I've always refused to read them – I find it outrageous. He was forced to explain a whole "poetic technique" – the very idea! It's just the contrary: it comes down from above, and AFTERWARDS you explain. Like a punch in sawdust: inspiration comes down, and afterwards you explain why it's all arranged as it is – but that just doesn't interest me!

(*silence*)

So you came (you see, it's the answer) to manifest (it's very good, I like this answer very much), to manifest *the bliss above*. You understand? He goes beyond all past attempts to unite with the Supreme, because none of them satisfies him – he aspires for something more. So when everything is annulled, he enters a Nothingness, then comes out of it with the capacity to unite with the new Bliss.

That's it, it's good!” The Mother/ **March 13, 1963**

Afar he fled shunning her dreaded touch

And refuge took in the retreating Night. (*Death escaped into Night of Inconscient home, which means he was neither transformed nor killed by the pressure of Supramental Force in his inconscient home. For this final work the Divine Mother will again incarnate.*)

In the dream **twilight** of that symbol world

The dire universal Shadow disappeared

Vanishing into the Void from which it came. (This description indicates that Death is not slain in his own unconscious home. We can refer the Avatara's world task below:

“A greater power must come, a larger light.

Although Light grows on earth and Night recedes,

Yet till the evil is slain in its own **home**

And Light (Truth Supreme) invades the world's unconscious base

And perished has the adversary Force,

He (Avatara) still must labour on, **his work half done.**”

Savitri-448-49

As if deprived of its original cause,

The twilight realm passed fading from their souls,

And Satyavan and Savitri were alone.

But neither stirred: between those figures rose

A mute invisible and translucent wall.

In the long blank moment's pause nothing could move:

All waited on the unknown inscrutable Will.

The above Canto indicates that Death is a universal Force of darkness and can be met and confronted with similar or greater universal Power of Light and the invasion of Light can cancel the discord and disharmony created by the dark forces. So any earth's problem can be resolved by entering the dark hell and calling down the Divine forces which can harmonise the disharmony. This exercise is possible in the subtle, superconscious and Subconscious world.

END OF CANTO FOUR

END OF BOOK TEN

With my love and blessings...

OM TAT SAT

At Their Feet

S.A. Maa Krishna

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Om Namo Bhagavateh

“How sayst thou Truth can never light the human mind

And Bliss can never invade the mortal's heart

Or God descend into the world he made? (Soul saving truth which has to be dynamised in daily life.)

If in the meaningless Void creation rose,

If from a bodiless Force Matter was born,(the evolution in nature is the promise of the future state to come it points to the increasing manifestation of the divine in matter)

If Life could climb in the unconscious tree (if life can climb out of insentience then it is possible for the spirit to come out of mind),

Its green delight break into emerald leaves

And its laughter of beauty blossom in the flower,

If sense could wake in tissue, nerve and cell

And Thought seize the grey matter of the brain,

And soul peep from its secrecy through the flesh,

How shall the nameless Light not leap on men,

And unknown powers emerge from Nature's sleep?

Even now hints of a luminous Truth like stars

Arise in the mind-mooned splendour of Ignorance;

Even now the deathless Lover's touch we feel:

If the chamber's door is even a little ajar,

What then can hinder God from stealing in

Or who forbid his kiss on the sleeping soul?" Savitri-648-49

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

05.02.2020

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. Death offered Savitri four boons. The first boon was restoration of earth's Spiritual fall represented by King Dyumatsena. He was at once blind, (symbol of earth's Ignorance) lame (symbol of slow mental evolution) and lost the outer kingdom (symbol of losing kinship to seven immortal worlds). Here Death is a dark universal Force who can invade into man's life. Those who are weak in Soul submit themselves to this force and meet death. The second and third boon Death offered to Savitri are earthly joy of moderates and heavenly joy of Vedantists, Illusionists, Nirvanists and ascetics and Savitri rejected both of them. The last boon Death offered is restoration of Satyavan's life which is conditional. If Death can see the Spirit's absolute power or the Mighty Divine Mother, who can transform Death, then alone he can give back Satyavan. Death saw

Savitri's shape of universal Godhead, Viswarupa, and Her Light and Force pierced Death's body and transformed him partly.

So a seeker of truth (1) must change his outer nature and it must be followed by change of surrounding world. This is possible by opening of his Psychic and Spiritual being and after long movement in these worlds his Supramental being will open; (2) he must reject all the lure of earthly enjoyment and afterward turn all his emotions God-ward. (3) He must reject the lure of heavenly joy which is rather an escape from the problems of existence. (4) Lastly, he must increase his static and dynamic Soul force to their absolute state in order to confront Death.

This Canto-IV, Book-X contains many secrets of Subconscious world which will be slowly or quickly revealed in the passage of time.

This writing of Savitri must continue till Book-II, Canto-15. Because my observation on each Canto through a letter to you begins from Book-III, Canto-1 and this letter is included in Auroprem's study.

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

"When was the last time you came? The day before yesterday? ... The day before yesterday, at 5 in the morning, I read a letter from T.F. which I hadn't had the time to read. I was all alone, concentrated, and two sentences came in answer to her letter, which I wanted to write down. I started writing, and I found myself writing with a tiny handwriting! I tried to make it bigger – impossible. Then I drew within, I looked, and I saw it was Sri Aurobindo who was writing! So naturally, I let him write.

It's not his handwriting, but not mine either! It's a sort of combination of both.... I had the same experience years ago, very soon after that "illness," when I began translating *Savitri* here.³⁸ One day, while writing, it was he who wrote; it was his handwriting, that is, nearly illegible! So (*laughing*) I said, "No, I don't want it!" (Because it was illegible – if it had been clearer than mine, I'd have been happy!) And I stopped. But it came the day before yesterday, and it was ... I forget where I put that paper (*Mother*

looks for it). T. F. said in her letter her impression of who I am, and at the end she wrote, "If it is truly so, if I am not mistaken ...". So in answer to that, Sri Aurobindo came and said ... (*Mother tries in vain to remember*). I don't remember the words.

It's strange, I can't remember.

(*here is the text, found later:*)

"Divine life in the process of evolution, the divine Consciousness at work in Matter – here is, so to speak, what this existence represents."

And at the same time, there was the clear vision, the very clear consciousness of the whole thing from the point of view of the earth's evolution: what's being worked out in the earth's evolution.

(*long silence*)

All these last days, there has been an INTENSE work, extremely intense, of impersonalization of the physical consciousness.... It results in a sort of ... (*unsteady gesture*) You understand, the whole solid base that makes up the corporeal person – hop! gone, taken away. So then, at times there's a wobbliness. For instance, for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, I had a total abolition of memory – of recollection and memory. And ... Now I am used to those things (there's a tremendous number of them), so I stay like that, exclusively turned towards ... all the cells are still, silent and exclusively turned towards the Force, the Consciousness, like this (*gesture with the arms opened upward*), and they wait. And then, there is a sort of concentration of energy, of force, and suddenly, as if coming from elsewhere (that's a very odd sensation) ... You see, all that we do, all that we know, everything is based on a sort of semiconscious memory which is there – that's gone. And there's nothing anymore. It's replaced by a sort of luminous Presence, and ... things are there, but you don't know how. It's not as if they had come back as before, it's not that, it's ... They're there effortlessly. And what's there is ONLY JUST what's needed at a given moment. There isn't all that baggage you constantly drag behind yourself like that, as before, it's not that: there's JUST the thing you need. But you have to be very, very still; if you're restless or excited in the least, or even if you make an effort, there's nothing anymore.... And on the most material level, there is also a sort of perception that the whole material equilibrium of the past has disappeared too, and that anything may happen at any time.... Fortunately (that must be why it's done), fortunately the cells have a very ardent faith, very ardent." The Mother/ **May 4, 1968**

“*And your translation of "Savitri"?*”

But I have work to do. I no longer have time. I no longer have time to do anything.

It's a pity.

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That is to say, now F. has taken it into her head to translate *Savitri* with me (all she does is look in the dictionary when I need a word), right from the start, and I've reached the second page! It'll take ten or fifteen years!

But I find it very interesting, because I only have to be still, and Sri Aurobindo dictates to me. So there remains one or two little corrections in the French, and that's that. He tells me the word: for this word, this word. Like that. It's very interesting. Only, I do five or six lines every time.... But now I do it better than I used to." The Mother/ **July 3, 1968**

“(Then Mother returns to the previous conversation about materializations, and Satprem's note in which he asked, “But Savitri goes into death in search of Satyavan ... so Mother is going to bring back Sri Aurobindo?”)

I've received your note But you know that Sri Aurobindo said he wanted to come back on the earth only in a superhuman body ... a supramental body.” The Mother/ **July 30, 1969**

“(Mother takes up her translation of Savitri: Savitri's answer to Death.)

But Savitri answered to the sophist God:
“Once more wilt thou call Light to blind Truth's eyes,
Make knowledge a catch of the snare of Ignorance
And the Word a dart to slay my living Soul?”

One can't slay the soul!

Offer, O king, thy boons to tired spirits ...

(Mother smiles)

And hearts that could not bear the wounds of Time,
Let those who were tied to body and to mind,
Tear off those bonds and flee into white calm
Crying for a refuge from the play of God,
Surely thy boons are great since thou art He!"

Savitri, X.IV.647

"Do we have time for some *Savitri*?"

Yes, *Mother*. In the last verses, *Savitri* said:

Let those who were tied to body and to mind,
Tear off those bonds and flee into white calm

Is it *Savitri* who says that?

Yes, *Death* told her one must leave one's body in order to find God's height....

(Mother translates the sequel)

But how shall I seek rest in endless peace
Who house the mighty Mother's violent force,
Her vision turned to read the enigmaed world,
Her will tempered in the blaze of Wisdom's sun
And the flaming silence of her heart of love?
The world is a spiritual paradox
Invented by a need in the Unseen,
A poor translation to the creature's sense
Of That which for ever exceeds idea and speech,
A symbol of what can never be symbolised,
A language mispronounced, misspelt, yet true....

Savitri, X.IV.647-648

Is there more?

Yes, *there is more*.

(those were the last line of the Debate of Love and Death Mother was to translate)" The Mother/ July 1, 1970

"(Mother translates a few fragments from Savitri which were chosen for her.)

A miracle of the Absolute was born,
Infinity put on a finite soul,
All ocean lived within a wandering drop,
A time-made body housed the Illimitable.
To live this Mystery out our souls came here.

A figure sole on Nature's giant stair,
He mounted towards an indiscernible end
On the bare summit of created things.

II.I.101-102

That's really good. It's a pity it was cut into small bits!" The Mother/ **October 24, 1970**

"(Mother tries to read with difficulty a few lines from Savitri written in large characters. These passages are meant to be set to music.)

At times I read very clearly, and at other times ...

There walled apart by its own innerness
In a mystical barrage of dynamic light
He saw a lone immense high-curved world-pile
Erect like a mountain chariot of the Gods
Motionless under an inscrutable sky.

.....

Once in the vigil of a deathless gaze
These grades had marked her giant downward plunge,
The wide and prone leap of a godheads fall.
Our life is a holocaust of the Supreme.
The great World-Mother by her sacrifice
Has made her soul the body of our state....

II.I.97-99

The body of our state ...

Of our human state.

(Mother repeats) She has made her soul the body of our state....

(silence)

So I had better try and read it out.

No, Mother, you'll tire your eyes.

I don't see clearly.

Yes, Mother, there's no need to try.

If you aren't tired sitting ...

Oh, no, Mother!

We can stay another ten minutes. You're not tired?

*(meditation)" The Mother/ **October 28, 1970***

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

The Important Secret of this chapter:

The More Important Secret of this chapter:

The Most Important Secret of this chapter:

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

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