

Epilogue The Return to Earth

“It heralds the Supermind.

But I had a feeling (after reading the last chapter of Savitri) he (Sri Aurobindo) had not completed his revision. When I read this, I felt it was not the end, just as when I read the last chapter of the “Yoga of Self-Perfection,” (of The Synthesis of Yoga) I felt it was not finished. He left it unfinished. And he said so. He said, “No, I will not go down to this mental level anymore.”

But in Savitri’s case... (I didn’t look after it, you know), he had around him Purani, that Chinmayi, and... (what is his name) Nirod—they all swarmed around him. So I didn’t look after Savitri. I read Savitri two years ago (1961), I had never read it before. And I am so glad! Because I read it at the time I could understand it – and I realised that none of those people had understood ONE BIT of it.”

The Mother
13th March-1963

Summary:

This chapter signifies permanent descent of Sachchidananda Consciousness to earth consciousness which was the result of Savitri’s permanent ascent of Soul to Sachchidananda consciousness, here symbolically represented as Everlasting Day. Savitri along with Satyavan return to earth consciousness and to their bodies with the blessings of the Supreme to stay in the Earth’s atmosphere and continue their eternal work as the dual incarnating power of the Supreme (1) to raise the consciousness of man to God and (2) to bring down the higher consciousness to the Earth plane.

Satyavan recognizes the great (subjective and objective) change that Savitri has undergone (during this long cataleptic trance) and realizes that it is due to her love alone (Or accumulation of her Yoga Shakti in the form of Divine love that was able to bring back Satyavan from the clutch of Death or Their strong bond of Divine union failed death to take Satyavan away from Savitri) that he has consented to remain on the earth plane and continue their work.

The boons Death gave to Savitri have resulted in the King’s (Dyumatsena’s) outward vision (and inner vision of seven immortal world) being restored and his lost kingdom (symbolized as Dyumatsena’s lame identity with Ignorance) and returned (with eye of wisdom and integral Knowledge).

The poem finishes with marked difference in the consciousness of the Earth, (permanent manifestation of Sachchidananda Consciousness on earth) especially in the inconscient plane, which now houses the promise of greater dawn and light due to the work of this dual force on the (Subconscient/Inconscient plane) earth plane.

Detail:

OUT OF **abysmal trance** her spirit woke.

Lain on the earth-mother’s **calm inconscient breast**

She saw the green-clad branches lean above
Guarding her sleep with their enchanted life,
And overhead a blue-winged ecstasy
Fluttered from bough to bough with high-pitched call.
Into the magic secrecy of the woods
Peering through an emerald lattice-window of leaves,
In indolent skies reclined, the thinning day
Turned to its slow fall into evening's peace.
She pressed the living body of Satyavan:
On her body's wordless joy to be and breathe
She bore the blissful burden of his head
Between her breasts' warm labour of delight,
The **waking gladness** of her members felt
The weight of heaven in his limbs, a touch
Summing the whole felicity of things,
And all her life was conscious of his life (They both were conscious or aware of
their all life or successive past, present and future births and bodies.)
And all her being rejoiced enfolding his.
The immense remoteness of her trance had passed; (Swiftest Spiritual evolution is
possible by cataleptic or absolute trance.)
Human she was once more, earth's Savitri,
Yet felt in her **illimitable change.**
A power dwelt in her soul too great for earth,
A bliss lived in her heart too large for heaven;

Light too intense for thought and love too boundless (These lines indicate that after return to earth from eternal Night and everlasting Day, she was established in higher Supramental consciousness. It is only with the help of Supramental consciousness one can consciously enter God's Inconscient night.)

For earth's emotions lit her skies of mind

And spread through her deep and happy seas of soul.

All that is sacred in the world drew near

To her **divine passivity** of mood. (passive mind, life and body are also Supramental condition of life.)

A marvellous **voice of silence** breathed its thoughts.

All things in Time and Space she had taken for hers; (for Divine transformation)

In her they moved, by her they lived and were,

The whole wide world clung to her for delight,

Created for her rapt embrace of love. (The all inclusive Divine Love.)

Now in her spaceless self released from bounds

Unnumbered years seemed moments long drawn out,

The brilliant time-flakes of eternity.

Outwingings of a bird from its bright home,

Her earthly morns were radiant flights of joy.

Boundless she was, a form of infinity.

Absorbed no longer by the moment's beat (She has gone beyond second exclusive concentration.)

“Time is a **great bank** of conscious existence turned into values of experience and action: the surface mental being draws upon the past (and the future also) and coins it continually into the present; he accounts for and stores up the gains he has gathered in what we call the past, not knowing how ever-present is the past in us; he uses as much of it as he needs as coin of knowledge and realized being and pays it out as coin of mental, vital and physical action in the commerce

of the present which **creates to his view the new wealth of the future.** Ignorance is a utilization of the Being's self knowledge in such a way as to make it **valuable** for Time-experience and valid for Time-activity; what we do not know is what we have not yet taken up, coined and used in our mental experience or have ceased to coin or use. Behind, all is known and all is ready for use according to the will of the Self in its dealings with Time and Space and Causality. One might almost say that our surface being is only the deeper eternal Self in us throwing itself out as the **adventurer in Time, a gambler and speculator** in infinite possibilities, limiting itself to the succession of moments so that it may have all the surprise and delight of the adventure, keeping back its self-knowledge and complete self-being so that it may win again what it seems to have lost, reconquering all itself through the chequered joy and pain of an aeonic passion and seeking and endeavour." The Life Divine-527-28

Her spirit the unending future felt

And lived with all the unbeginning past.^{[L] [SEP]} (All life links past births with future births in the subtle world.)

Her life was a dawn's victorious opening,

The past and unborn days had joined their dreams,

Old vanished eves and far arriving noons

Hinted to her a vision of prescient hours.

Supine in musing bliss she lay awhile

Given to the wonder of a **waking trance;**

Half-risen then she sent her gaze around,

As if to recover old sweet trivial threads,

Old happy thoughts, small treasured memories,

^{[L] [SEP]}**And weave them into one immortal day.**

Ever she held on the paradise of her breast

Her lover charmed into a fathomless sleep,

^{[L] [SEP]}Lain like an **infant spirit** unaware

Lulled on the verge of **two consenting worlds.**(Supramental world links the two consenting worlds of higher and lower hemisphere.)

But soon she leaned down over her loved to call
His mind back to her with her travelling touch
On his closed eyelids; settled was her still look
Of strong delight, not yearning now, but large
With limitless joy or sovereign last content,
Pure, passionate with the passion of the gods.
Desire stirred not its wings; for all was made
An overarching of celestial rays

Like the absorbed control of sky on plain,

Heaven's leaning down to embrace from all sides earth,

Satyavan awakes from his deep slumber (trance) and has a vague recollection of the events since his spirit left his body and returned. (Descent of Divine force from top of the head, below the feet and all around.)

“Even the body will awake and unite at last its consciousness subliminal no longer to the Supramental superconscious Force, feel all her powers permeating from above and below and around it and thrill to a supreme Love and Ananda.” 57

The above words can be linked with following lines:

“Our life is entrenched between **two rivers of Light**,
We have turned space into a gulf of peace
And made the body a Capitol of bliss.”

Savitri-531

“The first and the highest are truth; in the middle there is falsehood, but it is taken between the **truth on both sides** of it and it draws its being from the truth.”

Brihadaranyaka Upanishad-V.5.1.

(The meaning of above line can be interpreted as, there is a Truth-Consciousness or Supramental concealed in the Inconscious sheath below and revealed in the Superconscious sheath above. In between these two, the intermediate sheaths of Subconscious, Physical, Vital, Mental, Psychic, Spiritual and Universal planes exist where falsehood can enter or ‘All was a chaos of true and false,’ (Savitri-244). Truth-consciousness is pressing from both ends to turn the misconstruction and transform the seven sheaths into the truth of life and truth of spirit.)

“Extended within the Infinite...**headless and footless**, concealing his two ends.”

Rig Veda-IV.1.7, 11

(The meaning of the above line can be interpreted as the Supramental is all pervading and can penetrate all the sheaths and can be approached from the two gates of head and feet.)

In *The Mother* book, the first secret of receiving Divine call, “a fixed unflinching aspiration that calls from below and a supreme Grace from above that answers,” and the last secret of physical transformation, “feel all her powers permeating from above and below and around it and thrill to a supreme Love and Ananda,” are included in its discussion. Cellular transformation is the last transition through which humanity can proceed through development of three elements of Yoga that of awakening integral consciousness in all parts of being, integral plasticity of *Para* and *Apara-Prakriti* and integral surrender known as combination of *Purusha Yajna* and *Prakriti Yajna*.

A quiet rapture, a vast security.

Then sighing to her touch the soft-winged sleep

[[sep]]Rose hovering from his flowerlike lids and flew

Murmurous away. Awake, he found her eyes

Waiting for his, and felt her hands, and saw

The earth his home given back to him once more

And her made his again, his passion's all.

With his arms' encircling hold around her locked,

A living knot to make possession close,

He murmured with hesitating lips her name,(Her name is a supreme word.)

“O Sun-Word, thou shalt raise the earth-soul to Light
And bring down God into the lives of men;” Book-11, canto-1
(Through Japa of Savitri's name, Soul can ascent and Shakti can descend.)

And vaguely recollecting wonder cried,

“Whence hast thou brought me captive back, love-chained,

To thee and sunlight's walls, O golden beam

And casket of all sweetness, Savitri,

Godhead and woman, moonlight of my soul? (Not the sunlight of piercing heat. Because of the companion (soft and sweet) Soul status.) The other complementary line is:

“And His gold sun has shone on me from thy face.” Savitri-408

For surely I have travelled in strange worlds

By thee companioned, a pursuing spirit,

Together we have disdained the gates of night.

I have turned away from the celestials' joy (Both the gates of night and Heaven were rejected by the dual incarnating force)

And heaven's insufficient without thee.(without Paraprakriti, Paramatma is incomplete.) (For a Sadhaka, his life will be fulfilled when Soul's (Jivatma) union with the Divine (Paramatma) is complemented by Paramatma's union with Paraprakriti and Paraprakriti's or dynamic Spirit's descent or union with Matter.)

Its complementary line:

***“Too far thy heavens for me from suffering men
Imperfect is the joy not shared by all.”***

Savitri-686

Where now has passed that formidable Shape

Which rose against us, the Spirit of the Void,(This dark force of Inconscient rushes in to capture man in his death-trap. So one must accumulate Spiritual force to confront Death.)

Claiming the world for Death and Nothingness,

Denying God and soul? Or was all a dream (Keeping direct contact with Divine and Soul can only make Death powerless.)

Or a vision seen in a spiritual sleep,

A symbol of the oppositions of Time

Or a mind-lit beacon of significance

In some stress of darkness lighting on the Way

Or guiding a swimmer through the straits of Death,

Or finding with the succour of its ray

In a gully mid the crowded streets of Chance

The soul that into the world-adventure came,

A scout and voyager from Eternity?"

“One might almost say that our surface being is only the deeper eternal Self in us throwing itself out as the adventurer in Time, a gambler and speculator in infinite possibilities, limiting itself to the succession of moments so that it may have all the surprise and delight of the adventure, keeping back its self-knowledge and complete self-being so that it may win again what it seems to have lost, reconquering all itself through the chequered joy and pain of an aeonic passion and seeking and endeavour.” The Life Divine-chapter-8

But she replied, “Our parting was the dream;

We are together, we live, O Satyavan.

Look round thee and behold, glad and unchanged

Our home, this forest with its thousand cries

And the whisper of the wind among the leaves

And, through rifts in emerald scene, the evening sky,

God’s canopy of blue sheltering our lives,

And the birds crying for heart’s happiness,

Winged poets of our solitary reign,

^[1]_[SEP]Our friends on earth where we are king and queen.

Only our souls have left Death’s night behind (only weak souls can be caught in Death’s net, the strong souls always determine the time and circumstance of their exit like the Lord Sri Aurobindo did),

Changed by a mighty dream’s reality,

Illumined by the light of symbol worlds

And the stupendous summit self of things,

And stood at Godhead’s gates limitless, free.”

Then filled with the glory of their happiness

They rose and with **safe clinging fingers locked**

Hung on each other in a silent look.

But he with a new wonder in his heart

And a new flame of worship in his eyes:

“What high change is in thee, O Savitri? Bright (Satyavan can see the great transformation that has occurred in Savitri as she now is a living temple that house the Mighty Mother’s force)

Ever thou wast, a goddess still and pure,

Yet dearer to me by thy sweet human parts

Earth gave thee making thee yet **more divine.**(Divinity increases with confrontation against the fundamental forces of Negations.)

My adoration mastered, my desire

Bent down to make its subject, my daring clasped,

Claiming by body and soul my life’s estate,

Rapture’s possession, love’s sweet property,

A statue of silence in my templed spirit,

A yearning godhead and a golden bride.

But now thou seemst almost too high and great

For mortal worship; Time lies below thy feet

And the whole world seems only a part of thee,

Thy presence the hushed heaven I inhabit,

And thou lookst on me in the gaze of the stars,

Yet art the earthly keeper of my soul, (The Soul is in need of a Fosterer, Guardian and Protector.)

My life a whisper of thy dreaming thoughts,

My morns a gleaming of thy spirit’s wings,

And day and night are of thy beauty part.

Hast thou not taken my heart to treasure it

In the secure environment of thy breast? (He realizes that she is always around him to protect him and keep him safe)

Awakened from the silence and the sleep,

I have consented for thy sake to be.

By thee I have greated my mortal arc of life (Satyavan hints that he has consented to continue leading a mortal life due to Savitri's presence and love, otherwise like many other sages and seers of the past, he would left his body and risen to reside in a higher plane of existence – also because without the touch of Savitri his cellular transformation would not have been possible), (Due to Savitri's presence, it was possible for Satyavan to live in a higher plane of Consciousness increasing the height, width and depth of mortal life.)

But now far heavens, unmapped infinitudes (Satyavan will now move freely in between ten Selves and tenfold Sheaths.)

Thou hast brought me, thy illimitable gift!

If to fill these thou lift thy sacred flight,

My human earth will still demand thy bliss.

Make still my life through thee a song of joy

And all my silence wide and deep with thee.”

A heavenly queen consenting to his will,

She clasped his feet, by her enshrining hair

Enveloped in a velvet cloak of love,

And answered softly like a murmuring lute:

The words below from Savitri is not just a response to her husband Satyavan, but a promise by the Divine Mother Savitri to all those who in their consciousness will wear the face of Satyavan or rise to his consciousness - it is the promise of grace, a constant presence of protection and joy.

“All now is changed, yet all is still the same.

Lo, we have looked upon the face of God,

Our life has opened with divinity.

We have borne identity with the Supreme

And known his meaning in our mortal lives.

Our (human) love has grown greater by that mighty touch

And learned its heavenly significance,

Yet nothing is lost of mortal love's delight.

Heaven's touch fulfils but cancels not our earth: (with the latter vedhantic sages, they

wanted their escape to cancel earth)

“Sri Aurobindo opens a door in this world stifled by its material or heavenly excesses. He tells us, first, that there is something to be discovered and that we are rich, richer than we may ever think with our heads – we are like beggars sitting on a gold mine. But we must get down into the mine. And he tells us that we have the power, if only we are pure enough to seize it. The power over Death and over Life and over Matter, for the Spirit is in us and it is here below that It wants to conquer:

‘Heaven's touch fulfills but cancels not our earth.’

And he tells us that just because we have invented a few rockets and cultivated a few cerebral pyramids, that does not mean we have done with being men. A still greater adventure awaits us, divine and superhuman, if only we have the courage to get under way.

And he gives us the means to do so.

For "what Sri Aurobindo represents in the world's history is not a teaching, not even a revelation: it is an action."⁶⁹ Sri Aurobindo is not a thinker or a sage, not a mystic or a dreamer. He is a force of the future that takes hold of the present and leads us towards, ‘The miracle for which our life was made.’ (Savitri-278)” Satprem/The Mother’s Agenda/ August 7, 1965

Our bodies need each other in the same last; (Body is identified as base and foundation of Spiritual and Supramental life.)

Still in our breasts repeat heavenly secret rhythm

Our human heart-beats passionately close.

Still am I she who came to thee mid the murmur

Of sunlit leaves upon this forest verge;

I am the (human Savitri) Madran, I am (Divine) Savitri.

All that I was before, I am to thee still, (Savitri assuages Satyavan that inspite of the great transformation that she has undergone in all parts of her being, she remains still his same Savitri) (All that she was before as human being, she is still the same in spite of her growing Divinity.)

Close comrade of thy thoughts and hopes and toils,

All happy contraries I would join for thee.

All sweet relations marry in our life; (these words suggest that those who house the Divine Mother/Savitri in their hearts will find all opposites in their lives reconciled and harmonized) (Marriage of Soul and Nature generates sweet Divine contact and sweet unforgettable memory.)

I am thy kingdom even as thou art mine,

The sovereign and the slave of thy desire, (She has not rejected Satyavan's untransformed Nature.)

Thy prone possessor, sister of thy soul

And mother of thy wants; thou art my world,

The earth I need, the heaven my thoughts desire,

The world I inhabit and the god I adore.

Thy body is my body's counterpart (Body is a tabernacle of god. The body is as important as Soul in the Spiritual journey. The dual power appears to accomplish greater Divine action on earth.) The complementary line from Savitri:

“And all her soul a counterpart of his soul.”

Savitri-125

Whose every limb my answering limb desires,

Whose heart is key to all my heart-beats, — this

I am and thou to me, O Satyavan.

Our wedded walk through life begins anew, (Begins anew with the new emergence Divinity in both of them.)

No gladness lost, no depth of mortal joy. (Mortal joy is fulfilled by emergence of Divine love.)

Let us go through this new world that is the same, (This is the emergence of Divine Life with new emergence of Spirit's instruments to meet all problems of existence.)

For it is given back, but it is known,

A playing-ground and dwelling-house of God

Who hides himself in bird and beast and man

Sweetly to find himself again by love,

By oneness. His presence leads the rhythms of life

That seek for mutual joy in spite of pain.

We have each other found, O Satyavan, (In all the ten selves and ten sheaths.)

In the great light of the discovered soul.

Let us go back, for eve is in the skies.

Now grief is dead and serene bliss remains

The heart of all our days for evermore.

Lo, all these beings in this wonderful world!

Let us give joy to all, for joy is ours. (you can only give what you have, so Savitri and Satyavan being now embodiments of joy will give that to the world) (They have mastered the all-inclusive Delight.)

For not for ourselves alone our spirits came (Not for any exclusive enjoyment but for the all-inclusive enjoyments Their Spirit have manifested on earth.)

Out of the veil of the Unmanifest,

Out of the deep immense Unknowable

Upon the ignorant breast of dubious earth,

Into the ways of labouring, seeking men,

Two fires that burn towards that parent Sun,

Two rays that travel to the original Light.

To lead man's soul towards truth and God we are born, (Through their Spiritual Influence.)

To draw the chequered scheme of mortal life

Into some semblance of the **Immortal's plan**,

To shape it closer to an image of God,

A little nearer to the Idea divine.”

She closed her arms about his breast and head

As if to keep him on her bosom worn

For ever through the journeying of the years.

So for a while they stood entwined, their kiss

And passion-tranced embrace a meeting-point

In their commingling spirits one for ever,

Two-souled, two-bodied for the joys of Time.

Its complementary line:

“Then from **the trance of that tremendous clasp**

And from the throbbings of that single Heart
And from the naked Spirit's victory
A new and marvellous creation rose."

Savitri-323

"Thus were they in each other lost awhile,
Then drawing back from **their long ecstasy's trance**
Came into a new self and a new world."

Savitri-410

Then **hand in hand** they left that solemn place (its complementary line in Savitri:

"Then the doomed husband and the woman who knew

Went **with linked hands** into that solemn world." Savitri-562

"One force shall be your mover and **your guide**,
One light shall be around you and within;
Hand in strong hand confront Heaven's question, life:"

Savitri-374-375

Full now of mute unusual memories, (Psychic imperishable sweet memories.)

To the green distance of their sylvan home

Returning slowly through the forest's heart.

Round them the afternoon to evening changed;

Light slipped down to the brightly sleeping verge,

And the birds came back winging to their nests,

And day and night leaned to each other's arms.

Now the dusk shadowy trees stood close around

Like dreaming spirits and, delaying night,

The grey-eyed pensive evening heard their steps,

Savitri and Satyavan as they return home from the deep woods now meet the king and queen with their entourage (the King's sight has been restored and his kingdom returned as per the boon given by Death to Savitri). (Death, like Gods is having limited capacity to offer boon but has no capacity to change human destiny.)

And from all points the cries and movements came

Of the **four-footed wanderers** of the night (Tigers and Lions etc.)

Approaching. Then a human rumour rose
Long alien to their solitary days,
Invading the charmed wilderness of leaves
Once sacred to secluded loneliness
With violent breaking of its **virgin sleep**. (cataleptic trance.)

*“Another detail. Is there a difference between sleep and death,
or are they the same?”*

Death and sleep? Oh, no!

They are not the same.

No. Are you thinking of Buddha? (Ah, I thought of this two or three days ago; it came suddenly and I wondered why!) I remembered that before Buddha left his home, he passed through the rooms of the palace and saw his wife and parents sleeping and it felt to him as though they were dead. That’s where we hear of sleep being like death.

But isn’t it like death? ... When you are asleep, you aren’t in your body: everything else goes out just as it does at the time of death, doesn’t it?

Oh, no! Not at all. No. The cataleptic state of trance is like death, yes, except for the link that remains – only a link remains, but otherwise one has entirely gone out. Actually, the body becomes cataleptic only when one has entirely gone out; otherwise everything that is most material in the vital remains.

I mean, aren’t the places you go to in sleep the same as the ones you go to in death?

No, no, no. Most of the time in sleep, with very few exceptions, one is in contact with all that rises up from the subconscious: a cerebral subconscious, an emotive subconscious, a material subconscious; this is what produces ninety- nine percent of the dreams people have. Sometimes – usually – the mind goes wandering, but ninety-nine and a half percent of the time, one remembers nothing when it returns, because the link is not properly established.

The purpose of sleep is to re-establish contact with the consciousness of *Sachchidananda*. But I don't think one person in a hundred does so! They enter into unconsciousness far more than into *Sachchidananda*.

Yet no two sleeps are the same, *mon petit*! And it's the same with deaths, no two are the same. But sleep and death are different because ... they are different STATES. As long as you have a body, you are not in the same state as when you are 'dead.' There is a period of seven days after the doctors declare you 'dead' when you are still in an intermediary state; but the actual state of death itself is completely different BECAUSE there is no longer this physical base.

Once when I was at Tlemcen with Theon (this happened twice, but I'm not sure about the second time because I was alone), my body was in a cataleptic state and I was in conscious trance. It was a peculiar kind of catalepsy in the

sense that my body could speak, though very slowly – Theon had taught me how to do it. But this is because the 'life of the form' always remains (this is what takes seven days to leave the body) and it can even be trained to make the

body move – the being is no longer there, but the life of the form can make the body move (in any case, utter words). [305] However, this state is not without danger, the proof being that while I was working in trance, for some reason or other (which I no longer remember, but obviously due to some negligence on the part of Theon who was there to watch over me), the cord – I don't know what to call it – went snap! The link was cut, malevolently,²⁰⁹ and when it was time and I wanted to return, I could no longer re-enter my body. But I was still able to warn him: 'The cord is cut.' Then he used his power and knowledge to help me come back – but it was no joke! It was very difficult.²¹⁰ And this is when I had the experience of the two different states, because the part that had gone out was now without the body's support – the link was cut. Then I knew. Of course, I was in a special state; I was doing a fully conscious work with all the vital power, and I was in control not only of my surroundings but. You

see, what happens is a kind of reversal of consciousness: you begin to belong to another world; you feel this quite distinctly. Theon instantly told me to concentrate (I was finding it all interesting – Mother laughs – I was making experiments and getting ready to go wandering off, but he was terribly scared that I would die on him!). He begged me to concentrate, so I concentrated on my body.

When I re-entered, it hurt terribly, terribly – an excruciating pain, like plunging into a hell.

Into a.....?

Into a hell (*Mother laughs*).

It was frightful. it doesn't last long.

He made me drink half a glass of cognac (he always made me take some every day after the trance because I would work in trance for more than an hour, which is generally a forbidden practice). Still, I am quite sure that with anybody but me and him, this would have been the end. I would not have reentered. [306]

So I know a little bit, even in my outermost consciousness. A little bit, that's all.

No, sleep is something else. Yes, something else. It's more like a relapse into Inconscience – a sort of invasion of *tamas*.²¹¹

We all know, of course, that the Divine Consciousness is there in the depths of the Inconscient; but even so, sleep appears to be a fall, and there are people who fall almost completely back into the Inconscient and come out of their sleep far duller than when they entered it. But for some reason, probably due to the necessities of the Work, I have never to my knowledge had a fully

unconscious
sleep.

There was another thing (laughing): even as a young child, I would all of a sudden, right in the middle of an action or a sentence or anything at all, go into trance – and nobody knew what it was! They would all think I had gone to sleep! But I remained conscious, with an arm raised or in the middle of a word – and poof! No one there (*Mother laughs*). No one there outwardly, but inwardly quite an intense, interesting experience. That used to happen to me even when I was very young.

I remember once (I must have been ten or twelve years old at the time), there was a luncheon at my parents' house for a dozen or so people, all decked out in their Sunday best – they were family but all the same it was a 'luncheon' and there was a certain protocol; in short, one had to behave properly. I was at one end of the table next to a first-cousin of mine who later became director of the Louvre for a while (he had an artistic intelligence, a rather capable young man). So there we were, and I remember I was observing something rather interesting in his atmosphere (mind you, although the faculties were already there, I knew nothing about occult things; if someone had spoken to me of 'auras' and all that... I knew nothing). I was observing a kind of sensation I had felt in his atmosphere and then, just as I was putting the fork into my mouth, I took off! What a

scolding I got! I was told that if I didn't know how to behave, I shouldn't come to the table! (*Mother goes into peals of laughter*)

It was during this period that I used to go out of my body every night and do the work I've spoken of in *Prayers and Meditations* (I only mentioned it in passing).²¹² Every night at the same hour, when the whole house was very quiet, I would go out of my body and have all kinds of experiences. [307] And then my body gradually became a sleepwalker (that is, the consciousness of the form became more and more conscious, while the link remained very solidly established). I got into the habit of getting up – but not like an ordinary sleepwalker: I would get up, open my desk, take out a piece of paper and write

... poems. Yes, poems – I, who had nothing of the poet in me! I would jot things down, then very consciously put everything back into the drawer, lock everything up again very carefully and go back to bed. One night, for some reason or other, I forgot and left it open. My mother came in (in France the windows are covered with heavy curtains and in the morning my mother would come in and violently throw open the curtains, waking me up, brrm!, without any warning; but I was used to it and would already be prepared to wake up – otherwise it would have been most unpleasant!). Anyway, my mother came in, calling me with unquestionable authority, and then she found the open desk and the piece of paper: 'What's that?!' She grabbed it. 'What have you been up to?' I don't know what I replied, but she went to the doctor: 'My daughter has become a sleepwalker! You have to give her a drug.'" The Mother/5th August-1961

Through the screened dusk it deepened still and there neared

Floating of many voices and the sound

Of many feet, till on their sight broke in

As if a coloured wave upon the eye

The brilliant strenuous crowded days of man.

[SEP]Topped by a flaring multitude of lights

A great resplendent company arrived.

[SEP]Life in its ordered tumult wavering came

Bringing its stream of unknown faces, thronged

With gold-fringed headdresses, gold-broidered robes,

Glittering of ornaments, fluttering of hems,

Hundreds of hands parted the forest-boughs,

Hundreds of eyes searched the entangled glades.
Calm white-clad priests their grave-eyed sweetness brought,
Strong warriors in their glorious armour shone,
The proud-hooved steeds came trampling through the wood.
In front King Dyumatsena walked, no more
Blind, **faltering-limbed**, but his far-questing eyes

159, What difficulty intellect encounters in dealing with life? The Life Divine 343
Ans: “Again, our intellect, founding itself on reason, finds it difficult to deal with what is infrarational; life is infrarational and we find that our intellectual reason applying itself to life is constantly forcing upon it a control, a measure, an artificial procrustean **rule** that either succeeds in killing or petrifying life or constrains it into rigid forms and conventions that **lame and imprison its capacity** or end by a bungle, a revolt of life, a decay or disruption of the systems and superstructures built upon it by our intelligence.”

Restored to all their confidence in light

Took seemingly this imaged outer world (**this is a poignant contrast to a comment that Death made to Savitri in their debate, before he granted the boon to restore the King’s eye sight, that the king could have treated his loss of a sight as blessing and plunged himself into the vision of the inner worlds, but he has missed that opportunity**);^[1]_[SEP] His yearning towards All meets two solitudes (1) that of outcast from the empire of the outer light and (2) lost to the comradeship of sound, touch, sight, taste and smell and to live in the high peopled loneliness of the Spirit.

Firmly he trod with monarch step the soil (**he is only a monarch of the soil, not the inner realms**). (Without inner change this outer change is not possible.)

By him that queen and mother’s anxious face (Satyavan’s mother)

Came changed from its habitual burdened look

Which in its drooping strength of tired toil

^[1]_[SEP]Had borne the fallen life of those she loved.

Her patient paleness wore a pensive glow

Like evening’s subdued gaze of gathered light

Departing, which foresees sunrise her child.

^[1]_[SEP]Sinking in quiet splendours of her sky,

She lives awhile to muse upon that hope,

The brilliance of her rich receding gleam
A thoughtful prophecy of lyric dawn.
Her eyes were first to find her children's forms.
But at the vision of the beautiful twain
The air awoke perturbed with scaling cries,
And the swift parents **hurrying** to their child, —
Their cause of life now who had given him breath, —
Possessed him with their arms. Then tenderly
[[SEP]]Cried Dyumatsena chiding Satyavan:
[[SEP]]“The fortunate gods have looked on me today,
A kingdom seeking came and heaven's rays.
But where wast thou? Thou hast tormented gladness
With fear's dull shadow, O my child, my life.
What danger kept thee for the darkening woods?
Or how could pleasure in her ways forget
That useless orbs without thee are my eyes (The eye of light lives in close union with
truth of Soul.)
Which only for thy sake rejoice at light?
Not like thyself was this done, Savitri,
Who ledst not back thy husband to our arms,
Knowing with him beside me only is taste
In food and for his touch evening and morn
I live content with my remaining days.”

Satyavan intimates to his parents that it is due to Savitri that he has returned to this
'little hillock' called earth rather than living in the eternal spheres above.

But Satyavan replied with smiling lips,
“Lay all on her; she is the cause of all.

With her enchantments she has twined me round.
Behold, at noon leaving this house of clay
I wandered in far-off eternities,
Yet still, a captive in her **golden hands**, (symbol of complete surrender.)
I tread your little hillock called green earth
And in the moments of your transient sun
Live glad among the busy works of men.”

All the entourage can see the Divine presence within Savitri and wonder aloud about the blessing she has brought to her family and the Earth...

Then all eyes turned their wondering looks where stood,
A deepening redder gold upon her cheeks,
With lowered lids the noble lovely child,
And one consenting thought moved every breast.
[1] [SEP] “What gleaming marvel of the earth or skies
Stands silently by human Satyavan
To mark a brilliance in the dusk of eve?
If this is she of whom the world has heard,
Wonder no more at any happy change.
Each easy miracle of felicity
Of her transmuting heart the alchemy is.”
Then one spoke there who seemed a priest and sage:
“O woman soul, what light, what power revealed,
Working the rapid marvels of this day,
Opens for us by thee a happier age?”
Her lashes fluttering upwards gathered in

To a vision which had scanned immortal things,

Rejoicing, human forms for their delight.

They claimed for their **deep childlike motherhood**

“I have quite the feeling that I myself ‘do’ nothing at all, absolutely nothing. The only thing I do is this (*gesture of offering upwards*), constantly this, in everything – in thoughts, feelings, sensations, in the body’s cells, all the time: ‘You, You, You. It’s You, it’s You, it’s You ...’ That’s all. And nothing else.

In other words, a more and more complete, a more and more integral assent, more and more like this (*gesture of letting herself be carried*). That’s when you have the feeling that you must be **ABSOLUTELY** like a **child**.

If you start thinking, ‘Oh, I want to be like this! Oh, I ought to be like that!’ you waste your time.”

The Mother

November 12, 1960

The life of all these souls to be her life,

Then falling veiled the light. Low she replied, (*Savitri hid the great light within her that sees immortal and imperishable things and instead with the love a mother has for her ignorant children responded with love in a manner that will assuage them, for none are ready for the Truth and can only bear a little of it and that too in a hidden manner*)

“Awakened to the meaning of my heart

That to feel **love and oneness** is to live

And this the magic of our golden change,

Is all the truth I know or seek, O sage.”

Its complementary line:

“To live, to love are signs of infinite things,
Love is a glory from eternity’s spheres.
Abased, disfigured, mocked by baser mights
That steal his (Divine Love’s) name and shape and ecstasy,
He (Divine Love) is still the godhead by which all can change.”

Savitri-397

“There unity is too close for search and clasp
And love is a yearning of the One for the One,
And beauty is a sweet difference of the Same
And oneness is the soul of multitude.” Savitri-31-32

“Apart with love she lived for love alone.” Savitri-468

Wondering at her and her too luminous words
Westward they turned in the fast-gathering night.
From the entangling verges freed they came
Into a dimness of the sleeping earth
And travelled through her faint and slumbering plains.
Murmur and movement and the tread of men
Broke the night's ; the neigh of steeds
Rose from that indistinct and voiceful sea
Of life and all along its marchings swelled
The rhyme of hooves, the chariot's homeward voice.
Drawn by white manes upon a high-roofed car
In flare of the unsteady torches went
With **linked hands** Satyavan and Savitri,
Hearing a marriage march and nuptial hymn,
Where waited them the many-voiced human world.
Numberless the stars swam on their shadowy field
Describing in the gloom the ways of light.
Then while they skirted yet the southward verge,
Lost in the halo of her musing brows
[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].

These few verses above should be contrasted with the way the poem started – in Canto one - *The Symbol dawn*.

“The huge foreboding mind of Night, alone
In her unlit temple of eternity,
Lay stretched immobile upon Silence’ marge.
Almost one felt, opaque, impenetrable,
In the sombre symbol of her eyeless muse
The abysm of the unbodied Infinite;
A fathomless zero occupied the world.
A power of fallen boundless self awake
[SEP]Between the first and the last Nothingness,
Recalling the tenebrous womb from which it came,
Turned from the insoluble mystery of birth...”

The difference made by Savitri’s action of the Earth plane is clearly illustrated by the opening and ending verses of this epic poem. The poem begins with the resistance, recalcitrant consciousness of matter and finishes with an uplifted consciousness that holds the promise of a greater dawn to come. This is the eternal work of the Divine Mother in her embodiment Savitri. Each time she manifests a greater portion of the Inconscience is illuminated and transformed and man moves ever closer to that day of final integral consummation with the Supreme.

Beloved Mother, by your grace alone this work is done. By your grace may I be blessed with all the realisations that I now scarcely understand in this poem and rise in my consciousness to wear the face of Satyavan. –

Pranams

your child, at your feet

Auroprem.

THE END

With my love and blessings.

Om Namo Bhagavateh

“A new consciousness is at work upon earth to prepare the coming of the superhuman being.

Open yourselves to this consciousness if you aspire to serve the Divine Work.

To come into contact with this new consciousness, the essential condition is no longer to have any desires and to be wholly sincere.”

The Mother

9th April, 1969

The Mother's Agenda-10/123

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

18.03.2020

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. You have completed Savitri with great sincerity and during a period when earth is going through its critical period of ‘heaven raced with hell’ or ‘all is won by dynamic Divine intervention of Shakti’ or ‘all is lost by static witness state of the Divine.’

Savitri and Satyavan returned to earth with Supramental Consciousness in their frontal nature. Or intense waking trance predominated over their Soul and Nature. They have discovered how to move the Consciousness between ten selves and ten sheaths in purifying, transforming and perfecting them.

They are symbolic representation of Paramatma and Paraprakriti and to work out a relation between them is the secret of Supramental action activated from ten selves. Out of them Psychic being is identified as the most important station of interpenetration of Knowledge and Ignorance of higher and lower hemisphere.

Without Savitri's love, earthly love and heavenly love have no meaning and are insufficient and incomplete. In this chapter the vain human love which cannot be utilized to confront against death and ignorance is utilised as means of transformation into Divine Love. This Divine love, a mighty vibration descending directly from the Supreme, fulfils and does not cancel human love.

The revised Auroprem's study is attached along with this letter which has acted until now as a cradle of new creation, new truth, and new love. You will continue this writing/concentration so as to collaborate in the above purpose and arrival of greater Dawn.

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

The Post Thesis

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

The Important Secret of this chapter:

The More Important Secret of this chapter:

The Most Important Secret of this chapter:

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

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