

Canto Two  
The Journey in Eternal Night  
and the Voice of the Darkness

“But it’s explained very well in *Savitri!* All these things have their laws and their conventions (and truly speaking, a really FORMIDABLE power is needed to change anything of their rights, for they have rights – what they call ‘laws’) ... Sri Aurobindo explains this very well when Savitri, following Satyavan into death, argues with the god of Death.’ ‘It’s the Law, and who has the right to change the Law?’ he says. And then comes this wonderful passage at the end where she replies, ‘My God can change it. And my God is a God of Love.’ Oh, how magnificent!

(Refer: “My God is will and triumphs in his paths

,My God is love and sweetly suffers all.” Savitri-591)

And by force of repeating this to him, he yields ... She replies in this way to EVERYTHING.

It’s all right for winning a Victory, but not for stopping the rain for oneday!

So I’m trying to come to an understanding, to reach an agreement – these are very complicated matters (!). For it’s a whole totality ... You see, we are trying something here which really is contrary to all those laws and practices, something which disturbs everything. So ‘they’ propose things that have me advancing like this (*sinuous motion*), without disturbing things too much, and without having to call in forces ... (Mother *makes a gesture of a lance thrust into the pack*) forces a bit too great, which may disturb things too much. Like that, we can keep tacking back and forth.” The Mother’s Agenda/November-12, 1960

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Summary:

Savitri enters the realm of Death, the eternal Night with its ever unchanging ‘No’ to the aspiration of the Soul. Death tries to dissuade Savitri from following him/Satyavan by threats, reason and even offering her a boon. In spite of all this Savitri rebuffs all of Death’s arguments and stays her course for she is established in the Supramental State of the Divine (all these dialogues between Death and Savitri are symbolic representation of Spiritual experiences.) ...in this canto for the 1<sup>st</sup> time Death is painted as a prey/victim and Savitri as the hunter from which he seems helpless to escape.

## Detail:

AWHILE on the chill dreadful edge of Night

All stood as if a world were doomed to die (an appearance.)

And waited on the eternal silence' brink.

Heaven leaned towards them like a cloudy brow (Heaven's helplessness against the threat)

Of menace through the dim and voiceless hush.

As thoughts stand mute on a despairing verge

Where the last depths plunge into nothingness

And the last dreams must end, they paused; in their front

Were glooms like shadowy wings, behind them, pale,

The lifeless evening was a dead man's gaze.

Hungry beyond, the night desired her soul. (because the problem of existence can be resolved by transformation of Subconscient and Inconscient sheath. And the Soul has the power to confront against darkness.)

But still in its lone niche of templed strength

Motionless, her flame-bright spirit, mute, erect,

Burned like a torch-fire from a windowed room

Pointing against the darkness' sombre breast.

The Woman first affronted the Abyss (Mother (Maa Krihna), The Lord uses the term 'Woman' to refer to Savitri, why is that? Is it perhaps a reference to the later verse in this canto that man/woman are the creations of the divine to confront and conquer Death? (She was both human and Divine and her human nature is not alien from her Divine Nature. Through using the word woman, Sri Aurobindo elevated the status of the word to the status of *Brahman*.)

"After I knew that God was a woman, I learned something from far-off about love; but it was only when I became a woman and served my Master and Paramour that I knew love utterly."

Sri Aurobindo

*"Then was man born among the monstrous stars*

*Dowered with a mind and heart to conquer thee" Savitri-594-95*

Daring to journey through the eternal Night (Is this the journey and the realm that King Aswapathi undertook in 'The Descent into Night and the 'World of falsehood...'). (It

was the same journey with different Mission. King Aswapati explored those worlds of dark Inconscient to partly transform it and gathered the knowledge of that world. Savitri and Satyavan further explored it and attempted to transform the negation of Death into affirmation of Immortality. King Aswapati met Suffering, Falsehood and Ignorance and worked for their transformation. King Aswapati was also able to discover the Mother of Evil, who was the mother of Death. What King Aswapati began through his exploration in the Subconscient and Inconscient Sheath, Savitri and Satyavan attempted to complete it.)

Armoured with light she advanced her foot to plunge (With armoured Supramental light one is authorized to enter the Inconscient night.)

Into the dread and hueless vacancy;  
Immortal, unappalled, her spirit faced  
The danger of the ruthless eyeless waste.  
Against night's inky ground they stirred, moulding  
Mysterious motion on her human tread,  
A swimming action and a drifting march  
Like figures moving before eyelids closed:  
All as in dreams went slipping, gliding on.

The **rock-gate's** heavy walls were left behind (Mother (Maa Krishna) is this referring to the realm of matter); (in subtle body or dream self a passage is open to Subconscient and inconscient sheath.)

As if through passages of receding time  
Present and past into the Timeless lapsed;  
Arrested upon dim adventure's brink,  
The future ended drowned in nothingness.  
Amid collapsing shapes they wound obscure;  
The fading vestibules of a tenebrous world  
Received them, where they seemed to move and yet  
Be still, nowhere advancing yet to pass,  
A dumb procession a dim picture bounds,  
Not conscious forms threading a real scene.  
A mystery of terror's boundlessness,  
Gathering its hungry strength the huge pitiless void  
Surrounded slowly with its soundless depths,  
And monstrous, cavernous, a shapeless throat

Devoured her into its shadowy strangling mass,

The fierce spiritual agony of a dream.

A curtain of impenetrable dread,

The darkness hung around her cage of sense

As, when the trees have turned to blotted shades

And the last friendly glimmer fades away,

Around a bullock in the forest tied

By hunters closes in no empty night.

The thought that strives in the world was here unmade;

Its effort it renounced to live and know,

Convinced at last that it had never been;

It perished, all its dream of action done:

This clotted cypher was its dark result.

In the smothering stress of this stupendous Nought

Mind could not think, breath could not breathe, the soul

Could not remember or feel itself; it seemed

A hollow gulf of sterile emptiness,

A zero oblivious of the sum it closed,

An abnegation of the Maker's joy

Saved by no wide repose, no depth of peace.

On all that claims here to be Truth and God

And conscious self and the revealing Word

And the creative rapture of the Mind

And Love and Knowledge and heart's delight, there fell

**The immense refusal of the eternal No.** ("Only the everlasting No has neared...But where is the Lover's everlasting Yes," (Savitri-310))

As disappears a golden lamp in gloom

Borne into distance from the eyes' desire,

Into the shadows vanished Savitri.

**There was no course, no path, no end or goal:**

Visionless she moved amid insensible gulfs,

Or drove through some great black unknowing waste,

Or whirled in a dumb eddy of meeting winds

Assembled by the titan hands of **Chance** (Mother (Maa Krishna), what is Chance

represented as in the Lord's works..."Chance" has been brought up in many of the past

cantos). The above description is of Subconscious/inconscious world which is the home of Titans and their evil actions seem accidental but everything is moved by a Divine plan in Ignorance.)

There was none with her in the dreadful Vast:

She saw no more the **vague tremendous god**,

Her eyes had lost their luminous Satyavan. (the luminous Satyavan was veiled in that darkness and her subtle sight could not visualise him nor the presence of Death.)

**Yet not for this her spirit failed, but held**

More deeply than the bounded senses can (Spirit is infinitely much more powerful than gross and subtle senses.)

Which grasp externally and find to lose,

Its object loved. So when on earth they lived

She had felt him straying through the glades, the glades

A scene in her, its clefts her being's vistas

Opening their secrets to his search and joy,

Because to jealous sweetness in her heart

Whatever happy space his cherished feet

Preferred, must be at once her soul embracing

His body, passioning dumbly to his tread.

**But now a silent gulf between them came** (the gulf between Savitri and Satyavan in the Inconscious plane.)

A similar gulf King Aswapati felt in the Superconscious plane:

"This world of bliss he saw and felt its call,

But found no way to enter into its joy;

Across the conscious gulf there was no bridge." Savitri-128,

A similar gulf Savitri felt while confronting Death in the Subconscious plane:

"In vain thou (Death) hast dug the **dark unbridgeable gulf**," Savitri-648,

**And to abysmal loneliness she fell,**

**Even from herself cast out, from love remote.** (The Divine Love has not yet penetrated the dark unconscious plane.)

Long hours, since long it seems when sluggish time

Is measured by the throbs of the soul's pain,

In an unreal darkness empty and drear

She travelled treading on the corpse of life,

Lost in a blindness of extinguished souls.

Solitary in the anguish of the void

**She lived in spite of death, she conquered still;** (the Spiritual experience of Death without dying.)

The continuation of her experience in *mrityu loka* or Inconscient home of death without being caught in the net-trap of *Death* was very disturbing issue for the dark God.

“Solitary in the anguish of the void  
**She lived in spite of death**, she conquered still;  
In vain her puissant being was oppressed:”

Savitri-584

“Unslain I (Savitri) have survived the clutch of Night.”

Savitri-588

“O Death, I (Savitri) have triumphed over thee within;”

Savitri-633

“For victory in the tournament with death,”

Savitri-687

King *Aswapati* had also similar experience of death without dying:

“A formless void oppressed his struggling brain,  
A darkness grim and cold benumbed his flesh,  
A whispered grey suggestion chilled his heart;  
Haled by a serpent-force from its warm home  
And dragged to extinction in bleak vacancy  
Life clung to its seat with cords of gasping  
breath;  
Lapped was his body by a tenebrous tongue.”

Savitri-218

**In vain her puissant being was oppressed:**

Her heavy long monotony of pain

Tardily of its fierce self-torture tired.

At first a faint inextinguishable gleam,

Pale but immortal, flickered in the gloom

As if a memory came to spirits dead,

A memory that wished to live again,

Dissolved from mind in Nature’s natal sleep.

**It wandered like a lost ray of the moon**

Revealing to the night her soul of dread;

Serpentine in the gleam the darkness lolled,

Its **black hoods** jewelled with the mystic glow;

Its dull sleek folds shrank back and coiled and slid,

As though they felt all light a cruel pain  
And suffered from the pale approach of hope.  
Night felt assailed her heavy sombre reign;  
The splendour of some bright eternity  
**Threatened with this faint beam of wandering Truth**

Her empire of the everlasting Nought.  
Implacable in her intolerant strength  
And confident that she alone was true,  
She strove to stifle the frail dangerous ray;  
Aware of an all-negating immensity  
She reared her giant head of Nothingness,  
Her mouth of darkness swallowing all that is;  
She saw in herself the tenebrous Absolute.  
But still the light prevailed and still it grew,  
And Savitri to her lost self awoke;

Her limbs refused the cold embrace of death (2<sup>nd</sup> time Death invades her being...1<sup>st</sup> time was before her experience of Nirvana (Book-7, Canto-6)),

Her heart-beats triumphed in the grasp of pain;

Her soul persisted claiming for its joy

**The soul of the beloved now seen no more.** (This is due to the veil and darkness of the Inconscient world.)

Before her in the stillness of the world

Once more she heard the treading of a god,

And out of the dumb darkness Satyavan,

Her husband, grew into a **luminous shade**. (This line gives hint that if the Soul is luminous then death cannot consume.)

Then a sound pealed through that dead monstrous realm:

Vast like the surge in a tired swimmer's ears,

Clamouring, a fatal iron-hearted roar,

Death missioned to the night his lethal call.

“This is my silent dark immensity,

This is the home of everlasting Night,

This is the secrecy of Nothingness

Entombing the vanity of life's desires.

Hast thou beheld thy source, O transient heart, (Death or Inconscient world seems to be

the (apparent) source of existence. Real source of this existence is Sachchidananda.)

And known from what the dream thou art was made?

In this stark sincerity of nude emptiness

Hopest thou still always to last and love?" (Death had limited knowledge, not the complete knowledge on existence.)

The Woman answered not. Her spirit refused

The voice of Night that knew and Death that thought.

In her beginningless infinity (Supramental Consciousness.)

Through her soul's reaches unconfined she gazed;

She saw the undying fountains of her life, (She is linked with the Source of the Existence, Sachchidananda Consciousness, which is an undying fountain.)

She knew herself eternal without birth.

Its complementary line:

"Know itself older than the birth of Time," Book-7, Canto-6

But still opposing her with endless night

Death, the dire god, inflicted on her eyes

The immortal calm of his tremendous gaze:

"Although thou hast survived the unborn void

Which never shall forgive, while Time endures (Death wants that all time born creation must perish and cease to exist in the inconscient night), (Because for traditional Spirituality, Inconscient world is a sealed book. Nobody without dynamic Supramental force can penetrate and explore this world.)

The primal violence that fashioned thought,

Forcing the immobile vast to suffer and live,

This **sorrowful victory** only hast thou won (Death recognises that to survive in the Inconscient's night is a sorrowful victory. This will one day pave the passage for ecstatic victory.)

To live for a little without Satyavan.

What shall the ancient goddess give to thee

(Mother (Maa Krishna), Death refers to the Divine Mother many times during his debate with Savitri in this and the following cantos, as the 'Dreadful Goddess', the 'ancient goddess', the 'Mother of the Worlds'...he seems to be aware of the Divine Mother and Her might, yet he is opposed to her (like all the 4 Asuras are) (This indicates that Death has some partial realization of the Divine. Since he has not the realisation of identity or



complete oneness with the Divine so he pretends himself to be Supreme Lord. Thus an instrument imitates as the master and only Lord of the world.)

Who helps thy heart-beats? Only she prolongs (This hints that living creatures cannot explore the Inconscient plane. With Supramental energy one can enter this dark world.)

The nothing dreamed existence and delays  
With the labour of living thy eternal sleep.

Death then describes the life of the mortal human being who is a creature of a fragile claylike body, who is surrounded by an environment he does not understand or control and peoples them with powers and beings from his own imaginations

A fragile miracle of thinking clay,  
Armed with illusions walks the child of Time.  
To fill the void around he feels and dreads,  
The void he came from and to which he goes, (the source of creation is always Sachchidananda, about which Death is oblivious. Some realized Sachchidananda as blank, featureless and void.)  
He magnifies his self and names it God. (Death is aware of the Desire Self in man, which has the capacity to magnify.)  
He calls the heavens to help his suffering hopes.  
He sees above him with a longing heart  
Bare spaces more unconscious than himself  
That have not even his privilege of mind,  
And empty of all but their unreal blue,  
And peoples them with bright and merciful powers.  
**For the sea roars around him and earth quakes**  
Beneath his steps, and fire is at his doors,  
And death prowls baying through the woods of life.

“Did you feel the earthquake?... It was in the morning of the day before yesterday, at 4:30. I didn't feel anything. But some people felt it and told me. Over there it was quite bad.

*Q: My mother reached Bombay on that day and felt it. All the dogs were howling; for three seconds houses were shaken.*

A small town has completely disappeared. But it's strange.... I wasn't asleep but was outside my body, so I didn't notice anything. It didn't wake up my body.

*Q: But it must have been very weak here. I was awake but didn't feel anything.*

*(silence)*

*Q: Is there something behind this earthquake?*

I don't know what it is.... I don't really know what it is, but the day before, in the evening (I forget what I was doing, I was busy), there was suddenly ... Often there are small **vital entities**, I think, or vital forces (but to me those things are without force or power), and a small **vital entity** showed me the memory of an earthquake: about 1922 or '23, we had an earthquake; I had gone out with Pavitra, we stood talking (we were on our way out, it was in the afternoon), when suddenly, hop! up we jumped into the air, the two of us. We knew what it was because we had got used to it in Japan. I said, "Oh, an earthquake." It didn't last – a few seconds and it was over. I had completely forgotten it, and it was as if one of those beings came to bring the memory back, with at the same time, "And what if there were another one?" "Oh," I said, "what nonsense!"

Just the evening before.

Then I wondered, "What? Are these earthquakes set up by beings of this sort?..." I don't understand. With rain, I know: there are conscious beings, quite small, that is, limited to a single function, and you can negotiate with them if you want there to be rain or not (they move about, you understand). But as for earthquakes ... I don't know, it seems to me a considerable result for entities that appear to be doing it just for fun....

Strange.

I can't say, they have no form, you don't see any forms, but they have a consciousness that can express itself and is translated in our own consciousness as words, and more particularly images – images and wills.

But I remember, I didn't take it at all seriously, I said, "But this doesn't make sense! It doesn't make sense, there's no reason for it to be!" And that seems to have been sufficient because, in actual fact, nothing very serious took place." The Mother/ **December 13, 1967**

Moved by the Presences with which he yearns,

He offers in implacable shrines his soul

And clothes all with the beauty of his dreams.

The gods who watch the earth with sleepless eyes

And guide its giant stumblings through the void,

Have given to man the burden of his mind; (Death is fully aware of the imperfection of the mind but not aware of mind ascending to higher planes of Consciousness.)

In his unwilling heart they have lit their fires

And sown in it incurable unrest.

His mind is a hunter upon tracks unknown;

Amusing Time with vain discovery,

He deepens with thought the mystery of his fate

And turns to song his laughter and his tears.

His mortality vexing with the immortal's dreams,

Troubling his transience with the infinite's breath,

They gave him hungers which no food can fill;

He is the cattle of the shepherd gods.

His body the tether with which he is tied,

They cast for fodder grief and hope and joy:

His pasture ground they have fenced with Ignorance.

Into his fragile undefended breast

They have breathed a courage that is met by death,

They have given a wisdom that is mocked by night,

They have traced a journey that foresees no goal.

Aimless man toils in an uncertain world, (Soul knows the aim.)

Lulled by inconstant pauses of his pain,

Scourged like a beast by the infinite desire,

Bound to the chariot of the dreadful gods.

After describing the surface plight of the human race (not the inner secret goal of evolution, but only the surface difficulties and struggles which are surface truths), Death accosts Savitri to return to her mortal realm and live out her life...but he is willing to offer her with scorn and belittlement some boon, except Satyavan, given she has survived so far...

But if thou still canst hope and still wouldst love,

Return to thy body's shell, thy tie to earth,

And with thy heart's little remnants try to live.

Hope not to win back to thee Satyavan. (Persistent negation of Inconscient world.) (Like

Narad, the God, the Death also cannot change Savitri's destiny by giving back Satyavan.

He is having capacity to offer limited boons to the mortals.)

Yet since thy strength deserves no trivial crown,

Gifts I can give to soothe thy wounded life. (Gifts can attract ordinary Souls. But at the same time Divine Soul does not reject the gifts. Rather it opens new avenues and a passage to immortality.)

The pacts which transient beings make with fate,

And the **wayside sweetness** earth-bound hearts would pluck, (common man is inferior stuff and is attracted towards wayside sweetness.)

These if thy will accepts make freely thine.

Choose a life's hopes for thy **deceiving prize**. (Death considers correctly that all material enjoyment/sensual pleasures are a deceiving prize)"

Its complementary line:

"For Death is a cupbearer of the wine" Savitri, Book-VI, Canto-1

As ceased the ruthless and tremendous Voice,

Till now Savitri had not uttered any words to Death, she did not beseech him to leave Satyavan with her nor confronted him with her words...she was silent still. She was an empty vessel awaiting the divine words to be poured into her...as the later cantos will show, Savitri is a vessel for the Divine Love aspect of the Supreme to confront Death.

It is interesting to note that although Death stalks and overpowers all mortals, in this case however it is Savitri who stalks Death...he cannot outrun her or shake her off...he is the prey and she is the hunter of Death... (Because Savitri was equipped with the higher instrumentation of Spirit. Her Psychic being was Supramentalised. So her status was greater than God.)

Now a flood of Divine thoughts poured into Savitri from the heights...

Unendingly there rose in Savitri,

Like moonlit ridges on a shuddering flood,

A stir of thoughts out of some silence born

Across the sea of her dumb fathomless heart.

At last she spoke; her voice was heard by Night:

"I bow not to thee, O huge mask of death (she calls Death out as merely a mask...not an underlying reality),

Black lie of night to the cowed soul of man (Death can only cause fear to the weak soul, not the strong souls who are united with the Supreme),

Unreal, inescapable end of things (the paradox that although Death is unreal to the spirit

or underlying Truth within, its is currently the inescapable law of the world), (As long as Ignorance exists Death will be there.)

Thou grim jest played with the immortal spirit.

Conscious of immortality I walk.

A victor spirit conscious of my force,

Not as a suppliant to thy gates I came (she is aware of her divinity and has entered the portals of the Eternal Night willingly, not be coercion or helplessness...she comes as an equal or higher force not to beg him...):

Unslain I have survived the clutch of Night.

My first strong grief (her initial feelings of heartache are now mere shadows or like dead leaves in the wind) moves not my seated mind;

My unwept tears have turned to pearls of strength:

I have transformed my ill-shaped brittle clay

Into the hardness of a statued soul (the adamantine strength of her soul is now permeating her entire being including her most physical).

Now in the wrestling of the splendid gods

My spirit shall be obstinate and strong

Against the vast refusal of the world.

I stoop not with the subject mob of minds

Who run to glean with eager satisfied hands (she is not after the ephemeral joys of the mind and vital)

And pick from its mire mid many trampling feet

Its scornful small concessions to the weak (the satisfaction of our desires are as wallowing and enjoying ourselves in the mud...these are for weak minded souls only).

Mine is the labour of the battling gods:

**Imposing on the slow reluctant years** (Savitri 's work like those of the cosmic Gods is slow and persistent imposing the will of the Divine to the hard rebellious matter of Earth)

The flaming will that reigns beyond the stars,

They lay the law of Mind on Matter's works (Mind is the delegate intermediate force from the Supermind to bring control to the vital and physical)

And win the soul's wish from earth's inconscient Force.

Savitri makes her first demand...that all of Satyavan's cherished dreams and desires when he was a child be fulfilled...Death acquiesces and grants her wish. (the whole of Satyavan's childhood was spent in single thought. That is how his father will get back

kingdom and eyesight which are symbol of inner kingdom and Spiritual wisdom..”

**First I demand whatever Satyavan,**

My husband, waking in the forest’s charm

Out of his long pure childhood’s lonely dreams,

Desired and had not for his beautiful life.

Give, if thou must, or, if thou canst, refuse.”

Death bowed his head in scornful cold assent,

The builder of this dreamlike earth for man

Who has mocked with vanity all gifts he gave (Death did not give any gifts graciously or with joy...everything he gives, he always mocks the receiver for he considers both the gift and the recipient to be transitory illusory entities).

Uplifting his disastrous voice he spoke:

“Indulgent to the dreams my touch shall break,

I yield to his blind father’s longing heart (Dyumatsena’s lost sight and kingdom is restored in this 1<sup>st</sup> wish)

Kingdom and power and friends and greatness lost (this shows that Death has some limited power of god to offer boon to mortals.) (So he returned Dyumatsena, his outer kingdom of Salwa.)

And royal trappings for his peaceful age,

The pallid pomps of man’s declining days,

The silvered decadent glories of life’s fall.

To one who wiser grew by adverse Fate (Dyumatsena’s loss of sight actually enriched his soul and allowed him to grow in wisdom...), (The King Dyumatsena got the opportunity to live in double solitude. One is that he was deprived of the light of the outer kingdom and other is that he was deprived of five sense enjoyments that of touch, sound, sight, taste and smell. )

Goods I restore the deluded soul prefers (Dyumatsena’s desire soul still hankers for the old worldly joys)

To impersonal nothingness’s bare sublime.

The sensuous solace of the light I give

To eyes which could have found a larger realm (inner spiritual realms),

A deeper vision in their fathomless night (although his sight is restored, he misses out on the inner sight he could have developed as a result of this tragedy...Death hints that by

giving the king his sight and riches back...he is now foregoing spiritual riches...perhaps Death's beliefs are similar to the ascetic who holds that material wealth is an antithesis of spiritual wealth and that they cannot exist in harmony). (The above error is corrected in Integral Yoga. Outer wealth and riches are subordinate and complement of the inner Spiritual wealth and both can be rightly used and accumulated for the Divine purpose. Similarly outer eye of sight is the subordinate and complement of inner vision of wisdom and both are necessary for Divine life. )

For that this man desired and asked in vain (Satyavan's aspiration for higher life of his father is misunderstood by Death.)

While still he lived on earth and cherished hope (Satyavan still harboured desires for his father to be restored to his old glory...). (Death is unable to understand the single minded Satyavan who aspired for Spiritual light and Spiritual vision for earth and man which does not reject the outer kingdom and outer sight.)

Having granted Savitri's 1<sup>st</sup> wish, he scolds Savitri to return to her mortal world lest she is punished for her transgression of opposing the eternal night...

Back from the grandeur of my perilous realms

Go, mortal, to thy small permitted sphere! (Savitri was living in her Supernature superseding the fixed mortal nature.)

Hasten **swift-footed**, lest to slay thy life (Savitri was swift-footed and she walks speedily as she has to execute lot of pending work.)

Its complementary line:

“Again was strong for great swift-footed deeds.”book-3, Canto-4

The great laws thou hast violated, moved, (following death to his Inconscient home is identified by Death as violation of Nature's fixed law.) (But this violation is indispensable in Spirit's adventure of conquest of Death.)

Open at last on thee their marble eyes.”

In turn Savitri threw back Death's threats and told him that she could match his force and that she was immortal...she asked for Satyavan to be returned so that they can continue the (their dual) eternal work of the Divine Mother...

But Savitri answered the disdainful Shade:

“World-spirit, I was thy equal spirit born (both are universal forces). (One is universal dark force another universal superconscient energy.)

My will too is a law, my strength a god. (Savitri’s will is the law of Supernature that will succeed Nature’s fixed law.)

I am immortal in my mortality. (The law of immortality will supersede law of death.)

I tremble not before the immobile gaze (Death’s gaze cannot generate fear in Savitri.)

Of the unchanging marble hierarchies

That look with the **stone eyes of Law and Fate.**

My soul can meet them with its living fire. (Soul’s fire can confront the law of Death and Fate.) (Soul’s fire can melt the stone like fate.)

Out of thy shadow give me back again

Into earth’s flowering spaces Satyavan (Here her Divine Love does not exclude human love and both complete each other.)

In the sweet transiency of human limbs

To do with him my spirit’s burning will.

I will bear with him the ancient Mother’s load (Savitri asks Satyavan for her soul’s need not for the (faltering) need of her body/vital/mental...she asks so that together they can continue the Divine Mother’s work of bearing the burden of earth.), (Her need is both Satyavan’s enlightened Soul and transformed Nature.)

I will follow with him earth’s path that leads to God. (Earth’s path is the ascent of the Soul.) (Savitri descended down to uplift earth and men.)

Else shall the eternal spaces open to me, (attraction of Param dham.)

While round us strange horizons far recede,

Travelling together the immense unknown. (unknown ten selves and ten sheaths.)

For I who have trod with him the tracts of (all) Time, (from the beginning of the creation.)

Can meet behind his steps whatever night (lower five sheaths of apara prakriti.)

Or unimaginable stupendous dawn (Higher five sheaths of para prakriti.)

Breaks on our spirits in the untrod Beyond.

Wherever thou leadst his soul I shall pursue (she will hunt/pursue Death...wherever he goes).”



Death holds that the law that all created things must perish must come to an end is unchangeable..and that Savitri cannot follow him in his realm and challenge his rule for she is a mortal and all things mortal are created by Death, who holds himself as the godhead as well as the material/substratum of all creation...from him they arise and into him they return...he threatens dire punishment if she continues in her way...

But to her claim opposed, implacable,

Insisting on the immutable Decree (Mother (Maa Krishna) who says it is immutable?...It seems immutable. As long as there is Ignorance, the law of Nature is immutable. Does Death say that the law is immutable because he has set the law or does he believe another higher power has made the law immutable...if Death has set the law, then surely it is not immutable because he being the law maker can also change the law...?), Death is only an instrument and guardian of Nature's fixed law. He is neither law maker nor law changer. It is the Divine who is the creator of all things and all laws. He is the witness and over-ruler of His fixed Law depending on the degree of Divine contact. If the contact with the Divine is indirect, then He is a witness of Nature's Law. If the contact with the Divine is direct then He overrules the Nature's fixed Law, which is a derivation of Divine's Super nature.

Insisting on the immitigable Law

And the insignificance of created things,

Out of the rolling wastes of night there came

Born from the enigma of the unknowable depths

A voice of majesty and appalling scorn.

As when the storm-haired Titan-striding sea

Throws on a swimmer its tremendous laugh

Remembering all the joy its waves have drowned,

So from the darkness of the sovereign night

Against the Woman's boundless heart arose

The almighty cry of universal Death (a vaster, perhaps cosmic form of Death).

"Hast thou god-wings or feet that tread my stars,

Frail creature with the courage that aspires,

Forgetting thy bounds of thought, thy mortal role (He still considers Savitri a mortal being who cannot survive and challenge him in his realm)?

Their orbs were coiled before thy soul was formed.

I, Death, created them out of my void; (It appears that Inconscient is the creator of the

world oblivious of the Sachchidananda Consciousness.)

All things I have built in them and I destroy.

I made the worlds my net, each joy a mesh. (My net of death)

Its complementary line:

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

A Hunger amorous of its suffering prey,

Life that devours, my image see in things.

Mortal, whose spirit is my wandering breath (consider the Soul of man, a portion of his force), (Death distorts truth through his limitation and partial realisation.)

Whose transience was imagined by my smile (considers the soul a transient entity),

Flee clutching thy poor gains to thy trembling breast (he tells her to run away with what little gains she has obtained from him)

Pierced by my pangs Time shall not soon appease.

Blind slave of my deaf force whom I compel (he holds her as one of his creations and subject to his force)

To sin that I may punish, to desire

That I may scourge thee with despair and grief

And thou come bleeding to me at the last,

Thy nothingness recognised, my greatness known,

Turn nor attempt forbidden happy fields

Meant for the souls that can obey my law (if you appease and follow his command, his weak minded followers are given some place of rest and happiness after they leave their body...),

Lest in their sombre shrines thy tread awake

From their uneasy iron-hearted sleep

The **Furies** who avenge fulfilled desire (he threatens to call other dire forces from their sleep to attack her).

Dread lest in skies where passion hoped to live,

The Unknown's lightnings start and, terrified,

Lone, sobbing, hunted by the hounds of heaven,

A wounded and forsaken soul thou flee

Through the long torture of the centuries,

Nor many lives exhaust the tireless Wrath

Hell cannot slake nor Heaven's mercy assuage.

I will take from thee the black eternal grip:

Clasping in thy heart thy fate's exiguous dole  
Depart in peace, if peace for man is just."

Savitri rebuffs Death statement that all creation sprang from him and gives a hint of the true divine intention behind all creation...that it is not something separate from the creator Divine, but that the Divine is present in both heaven and hell and he bears both joyously and will one day remake all in his image....

But Savitri answered meeting scorn with scorn,  
The mortal woman to the dreadful Lord:  
"Who is this God imagined by thy night,  
Contemptuously creating worlds disdained,  
Who made for vanity the brilliant stars?  
Not he who has reared his temple in my thoughts  
And made his sacred floor my human heart.  
My God is **will** and triumphs in his paths,  
My God is **love** and sweetly suffers all.  
To him I have offered hope for sacrifice  
And gave my longings as a sacrament.

"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**

Who shall prohibit or hedge in his course,  
The wonderful, the charioteer, the swift?  
A traveller of the million roads of life,  
His steps familiar with the lights of heaven  
Tread without pain the sword-paved courts of hell;

There he descends to edge eternal joy.

**Love's golden wings have power to fan thy void:**

The eyes of love gaze starlike through death's night,

The feet of love tread naked hardest worlds. (The feet of love also hint Divine Love activated through opening of Inconscient Self and this Divine Love enters the body, life and mind through the feet.)

He (Divine Love) labours in the depths, exults on the heights;

He (Divine Love) shall **remake** thy universe, O Death."

On hearing her firm reply, Death asks to understand Savitri's true intention...he feels that she is after Satyavan only to satisfy her physical/vital/mental longings

She spoke and for a while no voice replied,  
While still they travelled through the trackless night  
And still that gleam was like a pallid eye  
Troubling the darkness with its doubtful gaze.  
Then once more came a deep and perilous pause  
In that unreal journey through blind Nought;  
Once more a Thought, a Word in the void arose  
And Death made answer to the human soul:  
"What is thy hope? to what dost thou aspire?  
This is thy body's sweetest lure of bliss,  
Assailed by pain, a frail precarious form,

To please for a few years thy **faltering sense**

With honey of physical longings and the heart's fire

And, a vain oneness seeking, to embrace

The brilliant idol of a fugitive hour (he contends Savitri is only trying to prolong her physical pleasure with Satyavan).

A declaration by The Mother

"But you see, you see all the way I have come...And I was born with a consciously prepared body—*Sri Aurobindo* was aware of that, he said it immediately the first time he saw me: I was born free. That is, from the spiritual standpoint: without any desire. **Without any desire and attachment.** And mon petit, if there is the slightest desire and the slightest attachment, it is IMPOSSIBLE to do this work.

A vital like a warrior, with an absolute self-control (the vital of this present incarnation was sexless—a warrior), an absolutely calm and imperturbable warrior—**no desires, no attachments...Since my earliest childhood**, I have done things which, to human consciousness, are “monstrous;” my mother went so far as to tell me that I was a real “monster,” because I had neither attachments nor desires. If I was asked, “Would you like to do this?” I answered, “I don’t care.” If people were nasty to me, or if people died or went away, it left me absolutely calm—and so: “You are a monster, you have no feelings.”

And with that preparation... It is eighty-six years since I came here, mon petit! For thirty years I worked with *Sri Aurobindo* consciously, without letup, night and day... We shouldn’t be in a hurry.” The Mother, 28<sup>th</sup> March-1964, The Mother’s Agenda-5/100,

And thou, what art thou, soul, thou glorious dream (he contends that Savitri’s soul is only a transient entity again, an offspring of the Life principle...not immortal..)

Of brief emotions made and glittering thoughts,

A thin dance of fireflies speeding through the night,

A sparkling ferment in life’s sunlit mire?

Wilt thou claim immortality, O heart,

Crying against the eternal witnesses

That thou and he are endless powers and last? (Savitri and Satyavan are limitless

Consciousness and as long as earth is there, Their work and mission of Divinising the existence will continue. This is intolerable for Death.)

Death only lasts and the inconscient Void (He holds himself as the substratum, as the single unchanging principle in a world of flux...as opposed to Brahman or Supreme).

I only am eternal and endure.

I am the shapeless formidable Vast,

I am the emptiness that men call Space,

I am a timeless Nothingness carrying all,

I am the Illimitable, the mute Alone.

I, Death, am He; there is no other God.(akin to Krishna’s declaration in the Gita...Death quotes the holy scriptures...) (Death has forgotten his instrumental status and considers himself as supreme Lord.)

“Instead of taking the attitude of servant and instrument of which *Sri Aurobindo* speaks in what I have just read to you, they (attributes of the Divine) naturally took the attitude of the master, and this mistake—as I

may call it—was the first cause, the essential cause of all the disorder in the universe.” **The Mother**/The Mother’s Centenary Works (second edition)/9/207,

“The sword has a joy in the battle-play, the arrow has a mirth in its hiss and its leaping, the earth has a rapture in its dizzy whirl through space, the sun has the royal ecstasy of its blazing splendours and its eternal motion. O thou self-conscious instrument, take thou too the delight of thy own appointed workings.” Sri Aurobindo/*The Supramental Manifestation*, SABCL/Vol-16/p-288,

All from my depths are born, they live by death; (It is an appearance, the distortion of truth.)

All to my depths return and are no more.

I have made a world by my inconscient Force.

My Force is Nature that creates and slays (he contends he created nature and man as her instrument )

The hearts that hope, the limbs that long to live.

I have made man her instrument and slave,

His body I made my banquet, his life my food.

Man has no other help but only Death (contends that man has no other divine principle to aid him except Death);

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

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

The Gods to whom man prays can help not man; (Human prayer is too weak to call down the Divine. But that should not be considered as final verdict. Divine’s witness state is not helpful, but His dynamic state is extremely helpful. Man has the capacity to dynamise the Divine contact.)

They are my imaginations and my moods (contends that the gods that man prays to are figments of Death’s imagination and are unreal...they offer man no real solace...only Death is the final resting place for man) (the insufficient quest of Divine submits one to the above doctrine.)

Reflected in him by illusion’s power.

That which thou seest as thy immortal self

Is a shadowy icon of my infinite,

Is Death in thee dreaming of eternity.

I am the Immobile in which all things move,  
I am the nude Inane in which they cease:  
I have no body and no tongue to speak, (Death is a universal dark Force of Inconscient world.)  
I commune not with human eye and ear;  
Only thy thought gave a figure to my void.  
Because, O aspirant to divinity,  
Thou calledst me to wrestle with thy soul,  
I have assumed a face, a form, a voice (he contends that he is the vast underlying principle with no name or form...akin to the absolute...who has taken a name and form to sport with Savitri).

The verses below mark a change in Death's argument...till now he argued that he alone was the Eternal and All...but he tries to argue all positions including even to one assuming there is a separate high entity above him...he argues that even if there is a transcendent divine entity, that entity is not immanent in this transient worlds...that supreme being alone is and no separate other personality (such as Satyavan or Savitri) exists...for that One alone is true and the forms/many are untrue...in these verses Death uses reason and logic to (support) state his case...in effect trying to use Savitri's own belief in her spirit's immortality against her...he suggests she retires to live in the transcendent One and not worry about the passing forms of Satyavan or Savitri...for true bliss lies in the transcendent... (The escapist theory of the later Vedantist suits and supports Death's perpetual reign.)

But if there were a Being witnessing all,  
How should he help thy passionate desire?  
Aloof he watches sole and absolute,  
Indifferent to thy cry in nameless calm. (witness state of the Divine.)  
His being is pure, unwounded, motionless, one.  
One endless watches the inconscient scene  
Where all things perish, as the foam the stars.  
The One lives for ever. There no Satyavan  
Changing was born and there no Savitri  
Claims from brief life her bribe of joy. There love  
Came never with his fretful eyes of tears (The transcendent One is untouched by grief),

Nor Time is there nor the vain vasts of Space.  
It wears no living face, it has no name,  
No gaze, no heart that throbs; it asks no second (it does not multiply or embody itself in the many)  
To aid its being or to share its joys.  
It is delight immortally alone.  
If thou desirest immortality,  
Be then alone sufficient to thy soul:  
Live in thyself; forget the man thou lov'st. (Later Vedantic escapist solution of the problem of existence.)  
My last grand death shall rescue thee from life;  
Then shalt thou rise into thy unmoved source."

Savitri was not moved by (intermediate Spiritual realization as proposed by Death) logic or reason as she had transcended these feeble word games...hers was a knowledge based on supreme identity of consciousness with all...to such a state of consciousness words are meaningless....

But Savitri replied to the dread Voice:  
"O Death, who reasonest, I reason not,  
Reason that scans and breaks, but cannot build (Reason is a divisible consciousness.)  
Or builds in vain because she doubts her work.  
I am, I love, I see, I act, I will (all of which comes by identity of consciousness not mental knowledge)."

Death answered her, one deep surrounding cry:  
"Know also. Knowing (this knowledge that Death argues about is not the supreme knowledge born of identification, but a mental knowledge), thou shalt cease to love  
And cease to will, delivered from thy heart.  
So shalt thou rest for ever and be still,  
Consenting to the impermanence of things."

But Savitri replied for man to Death:  
"When I have loved for ever, I shall know.  
Love in me knows the truth('s) all changings mask.  
I know that knowledge is a vast embrace (true knowledge that comes with identity/embrace):



I know that every being is myself,  
In every heart is hidden the myriad One.  
I know the calm Transcendent bears the world,  
The veiled Inhabitant, the silent Lord:  
I feel his secret act, his intimate fire;  
I hear the murmur of the cosmic Voice.

**I know my coming was a wave from God.**

**A complementary line:**

"She felt her being flow into him as in waves  
A river pours into a mighty sea." Book-5,Canto-3

For all his suns were conscient in my birth,  
And one who loves in us came veiled by death.  
Then was man born among the monstrous stars  
Dowered with a mind and heart to conquer thee."

Death could not dent Savitri's soul or her will, baffled he remained silent and the 3 of them continued on their travel through these realms...

In the eternity of his ruthless will  
Sure of his empire and his armoured might,  
Like one disdainful violent helpless words  
From victim (**Death is portrayed as a prey/victim**) lips Death answered not again.  
He stood in silence and in darkness wrapped,  
A figure motionless, a shadow vague,  
Girt with the terrors of his secret sword.  
Half-seen in clouds appeared a sombre face;  
Night's dusk tiara was his matted hair,  
The ashes of the pyre his forehead's sign (**Mother these 2 verses seems to suggest a Shiva like figure...matted hair/ashes of pyre on forehead?**). (**Death imitates the Lord.**)  
Once more a wanderer in the unending Night,  
Blindly forbidden by dead vacant eyes,  
She travelled through the dumb unhoping vasts.  
Around her rolled the shuddering waste of gloom,  
Its swallowing emptiness and joyless death  
Resentful of her thought and life and love.

Through the long fading night by her compelled,  
Gliding half-seen on their unearthly path,  
Phantasmal in the dimness moved the **three**.

END OF CANTO TWO

END OF BOOK NINE

My Divine blessed Child Auroprem,

My intense love and very special blessings to you. May your Savitri study show as path finder in your luminous future.... "SAVITRI" is the Supramental *Yoga Shastra* and who will enter into it; he will get the Supramental realization in his life. I hope and bless you that you will be the blessed Divine Child and you will surely trace the Supramental way and realization through it....

OM TAT SAT

With my Eternal love and blessings...

At Their Feet

Your ever loving mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

Om Namoh Bhagavateh

"My soul can meet them (Law and Fate) with its **living fire**."

Savitri-589

"**I know my coming was a wave from God.**"

Savitri-594

"My God is **will** and triumphs in his paths,  
My God is **love** and sweetly suffers all.  
To him I have offered hope for sacrifice  
And gave my longings as a sacrament."

Savitri-591

"Love's golden wings have power to fan thy void:  
The eyes of love gaze starlike through death's night,  
The feet of love tread naked hardest worlds.  
He (**Divine Love**) labours in the depths, exults on the heights;  
He shall remake thy universe, O Death."

Savitri-592

"When I have loved for ever, I shall know.  
Love in me knows the truth('s) all changings mask.  
I know that knowledge is a vast embrace:  
I know that every being is myself,

In every heart is hidden the myriad One.”

Savitri-594

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

27.11.2019

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. Savitri had gone through six phases of her sadhana. They are: (1) Sunlit path, (2) golden path, (3) Journey in the abysmal night of the inconscient plane, (4) Journey in the Subconscient plane of dream twilight, (5) Permanent rise of consciousness to Sachchidananda plane of Everlasting Day, (6) Permanent descent of Sachchidananda consciousness through Return to Earth. This Canto-II of Book-IX represents the third phase of her Sadhana in the Inconscient plane.

The purpose of entry into this dark world is to bridge the gulf between her 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.**’ After the gulf is bridged she experienced: ‘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 leadst his (Satyavan’s) soul I shall pursue.’

What are the special character of this unhealthy Inconscient world?

“Mind could not think, breath could not breathe, the soul

Could not remember or feel itself; it seemed

A hollow gulf of sterile emptiness,

A zero oblivious of the sum it closed,

An abnegation of the Maker’s joy

Saved by no wide repose, no depth of peace.”

“**There was no course, no path, no end or goal:**

Visionless she moved amid insensible gulfs,”

“She travelled treading on the corpse of life,

Lost in a blindness of extinguished souls.”

“The **Furies** who avenge fulfilled desire”

A Sadhaka has to correct his relation with the world and Self by noting the Soul slaying Truth as observed by Death, the representative symbol of ‘**The immense refusal of the eternal No.**’

They are:

“Hopedst thou still always to last and love?”

“What is thy hope? to what dost thou aspire?”  
That thou (Savitri) and he (Satyavan) are endless powers and last?”  
“ This **sorrowful victory** only hast thou won  
To live for a little without Satyavan.”  
“Aimless man toils in an uncertain world,”  
“And the **wayside sweetness** earth-bound hearts would pluck,”  
“Choose a life’s hopes for thy **deceiving prize.**”  
“This is thy body’s sweetest lure of bliss,  
Assailed by pain, a frail precarious form,  
To please for a few years thy **faltering sense**  
With honey of physical longings and the heart’s fire  
And, a vain oneness seeking, to embrace  
The brilliant idol of a fugitive hour  
Of brief emotions made and glittering thoughts,  
A thin dance of fireflies speeding through the night,  
A sparkling ferment in life’s sunlit mire?  
Wilt thou claim immortality, O heart,  
Crying against the eternal witnesses  
That thou and he are endless powers and last?  
Death only lasts and the inconscient Void.  
I only am eternal and endure.”  
“I, Death, am He; there is no other God.  
All from my depths are born, they live by death;  
All to my depths return and are no more.  
I have made a world by my inconscient Force.  
My Force is Nature that creates and slays  
The hearts that hope, the limbs that long to live.”  
“If thou desirest immortality,  
Be then alone sufficient to thy soul:  
Live in thyself; forget the man (Satyavan) thou lov’st.”

If one concentrates on the dialogue between Death and Savitri, then one will develop the capacity to discern truth from falsehood. If one will concentrates on the Death’s understanding on human love then he will reject it and aspire for the all-inclusive, all-embracing Divine Love.

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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