

This Canto represents Sri Aurobindo's early Spiritual writings and experience at Baroda. An effort has been made to reconcile it with the Mother's last cellular transformation experience. The riddle of Death that haunted Sri Aurobindo from the beginning of His Spiritual life is further developed and experienced by The Mother's Spiritual experiences. This Canto gives us an opportunity to link the initial thread with the last thread that are part of exercise of endless unfolding of Spiritual Truth and its reconciliation with material life.

## The Book of Death

*Satyavan*, a mere woodsman raised his consciousness to the status of the ascending integral Godhead, *Avatara*, by the Power of consecration and loss of ego and was destined to fulfil *Savitri's* mighty Mission of bridging the gulf between Heaven, Earth and Hell. He was also the Eternal Consciousness, a unique rare treasure loaned by Gods, who accompanied *Savitri* from the beginning of the creation as first 'man and woman' (Savitri-614) or first dual Incarnation and the Supreme had promised to grant physical immortality in all life when the first *Avatara's* 'heart dared death and suffered life.' (Savitri-59) He continued his life in many successive births and bodies as 'twin souls born from one undying fire' (Savitri-614) of this mortal existence to endure in his human heart a million wounds representing the delegate Soul of earth. Through his long suffering in human form the God's debt is paid. His Godhead status does not prevent him from living 'in one house with the primal beast' (Savitri-541) in the forest, colloquies with the *Djinn* and *Asuras* of the Subconscious world; thus in the Divine's single plan he reveals solidarity with antagonist powers; 'high meets the low' (Savitri-541) or 'God's summits look back on the mute Abyss;' (Savitri-541) accepts to be small and human on earth (Savitri-536). While tracing the path of immortality he signed salvation's

testament with his blood and broke into the dangerous and dark Inconscient's depth and if he were to meet the **Spiritual fall** in the form of death while attempting to break the wheel of earth's doom and before bridging the gulf between Heaven and Earth in order to balance the dark account of mortal Ignorance then this would be a great loss for humanity. Or an *Avatara*, as a delegate Soul of Heaven lent to earth must live a brief period in human history in order to trace and build a passage in intermediate ranges consciousness so that a large section of humanity will be able to bridge the gulf between Heaven and Earth and reconcile Spirit with Matter with less effort. This work is further accelerated if Divine Love becomes active in earth's atmosphere through action and interfusion of dual *Avatara*. His Divine work on earth of invasion of series of Light and Love is treated unfinished and half done till all the evils are slain or transformed in their Inconscient home.

"I've had a revelation.

*Ah!*

It was very interesting. That is, I was completely silent, and all of a sudden, it came, and as always it kept insisting until I noted it down.

It came in the wake of a question: "What is death? ..." But then, the answer wasn't at all on the ordinary plane, which means that the mind was perfectly silent.

It came like this, imperative (Mother laughs):

Death is the decentralization of the consciousness contained in the body's cells.

With a whole world of perceptions at the same time (Mother makes a gesture around her), like a general terrestrial consciousness, with examples showing that it's only when the consciousness contained in the cells is decentralized that one is dead. Otherwise, nothing, not even the heart stopping, can cause death.

Naturally, this decentralization stems from innumerable causes, but they are causes we might call psychological. And the cells contained in the body, or composing the body, are held in form by a centralization of the consciousness in them, and as long as that power of concentration is there, the body cannot die. It's only when the power of concentration disappears that the cells scatter. And then one dies. Then the body dies.

The sequel was like this ....

*(Mother takes another note)*

The habitual concentration of Nature (produced by Nature) is a MECHANICAL concentration which is subject to all sorts of mechanical laws too, but ... (Mother reads out her note) Here is what came:

The very first step towards immortality is to replace the mechanical centralization by a willed centralization.

... which comes from the inner Presence, which means that through its will, the divine Presence concentrates the cells.

There.

In English, I put it like this:

Death is the consequence of the decentralisation of the Consciousness contained in the cells composing the body.

And then:

This centralisation produced by Nature is mechanical and it must be replaced by a **willed centralisation.**” **The Mother/ December 17, 1969**

“So pushing this knowledge to its limit – that is, applying it generally – life (what we usually call "life," the physical life of the body) and death are THE SAME THING, simultaneous ... it's just that the consciousness moves back and forth, back and forth (*same gesture*). I don't know if I am making myself clear. But it's fantastic.

And this experience comes with examples just as concrete and as utterly banal as can be. There's no room for imagination or enthusiasm – they are details of the utmost banality. For example (it's only ONE example), this sudden shift of consciousness takes place (something imperceptible, you can't perceive it, for if you had time to perceive it, I suppose it wouldn't happen; it isn't objectified), and ... you feel you're going to faint, all the blood rushes from the head to the feet and: whoops! But if the consciousness is caught IN TIME, it doesn't happen; and if it's not caught in time, it does.

This would tend to show.... I don't know if we can generalize or if this is just one special case being worked out (I can't say), but there's a very distinct impression that what ordinary human consciousness perceives as death might simply be that the consciousness hasn't been brought back to its true position fast enough.

I am quite aware that all this must seem confusing; I can feel how inadequate the words and expression are for describing the experience. When you want to be literary, you say it's a "reversal of consciousness" – but it isn't! That's just literature.

Although perhaps it means we are drawing closer to the knowledge of the thing – by knowledge I mean the power to change it, of course. If you have power over something, it's because you know it; "knowing" a thing means being able to create it, or change it, to make it last or cease to be – in other words it is Power.

That's what "knowing" means. All the rest is explanations the mind gives to itself. And I can feel that something ("something"! Well, what Sri Aurobindo calls "the Lord of Yoga": the part of the Supreme concerned with terrestrial evolution) is leading me towards the discovery of that Power – that Knowledge – naturally by the only possible means: experience. And with great care, for I can feel that....

It's going as fast as it possibly can.

Outwardly, of course, these troubles (these apparent troubles) upset people, especially the doctor! I've explained to him that it was all yoga and transformation, and he shouldn't worry, but evidently it's upsetting to ordinary eyes. One fact in particular is bewildering to ordinary vision: I am very, very regularly losing weight. It's already down to a ridiculous figure – I weigh only 85 pounds! With my height and bone structure, my normal weight should be 130 pounds; when I was twenty-five I weighed 130 or 135. Now I am down to only 85, and it's going down quite regularly. I understand how disturbing this might be for people who see things in the ordinary way! ... I don't eat much (not a little, not a lot, just average), and I don't seem to benefit from what I eat – that's how it looks on the surface. And then there are these strange phenomena; I don't usually talk about them (you're the only one I have explained them to, nobody else), I don't talk about them, but from time to time I appear to I must appear to be fainting. And not in the usual way, you know, that's the thing! Nothing happens in the usual way, so it's very upsetting! (*Mother laughs*) The Energy is tremendous, more tremendous than it has ever been; and there is practically no physical strength. I can act, but only if I bring in the Energy: the least physical act demands the Energy. I think the body is completely ... flimsy; it seems ... sometimes I touch it to see if it's still ... if it's hard or if it's soft!

(*silence*)

There was an extremely violent attack (it was yesterday, I believe; no, the day before) and this time, a formidable combative power came to me. The attack consisted of this: the Origin – if there is one – is to be blamed for all ill will, and any process that seems dangerous has to be furthered and helped! But then that consciousness came (almost like an entity with a warlike power), and it stayed until the body recovered its peace, its usual peace.

I could see something almost like the fire of battle – an interesting spectacle! The body was very conscious of the Help it was getting, and that gave it a lot of confidence: it came out of the battle with a kind of increased certainty that it was being led just as it had to be in order to do "the thing" – something nobody knows how to do externally, nobody! Nobody can know – neither the process nor ... anything. It's entirely new.

Of course, the supreme Consciousness knows what It's doing and what's going to happen, in that It knows what It wants; but it isn't something that operates from cause to effect, and from events or circumstances to consequences, the way ordinary consciousness operates; it's not like that at all, and that's why we're unable to express it outwardly – for the moment. Maybe later we will be able to spell something out, but it will never be more than (how can I put it?) ... just a

story, right? Not THE thing itself.

Anyway, everything I've just said to you can be of use!

Yes!

Like a clue. But it's very inadequate, an approximation." The Mother/8<sup>th</sup> September-1962

Canto Three<sub>1</sub>

Death in the Forest

"The lack of receptivity of the earth and men is mostly responsible for the decision Sri Aurobindo has taken regarding his body. But one thing is certain: what has happened on the physical plane affects in no way the truth of his teaching. All that he has said is perfectly true and remains so. Time and the course of events will prove it abundantly." 8 December 1950/**The Mother/The Mother's Centenary Works/13/7**

"When Sri Aurobindo left, he said, "I will return in a being formed supramentally – entirely conscious, with full capacities."" The Mother/ **July 6, 1963**

*"Someone comes and implores me to die; so the only thing I do, and can do, is to establish contact in a constant and unalloyed way between the destiny of the body and the Supreme Consciousness, like that. Then all kinds of things have taken place: (1) one left in an hour—died absolutely healthy, you understand. (2) And very recently, I had another extraordinary example: someone comes and implores me to leave; so I put full Force on him—now he is completely cured! They had brought him to me in a wheelchair, he could not walk...now he trots about, he comes all alone! And he is old, very nearly ninety!"*

The Mother

10<sup>th</sup> May, 1969

*"(The conversation is cut short at that point by a disciple who comes in to announce his friend Anousuya's death.)*

At what time?

*Just now, we just had a call from the hospital.*

I am asking this because V. told me she would be going there, she said Anousuya wasn't feeling well. So I looked, and ... (V. wanted me to send a line to Anousuya), I took a paper and wrote ... I don't remember the exact words, but it was: "The unshakable faith that God's Will alone is realized." I don't exactly remember, I wrote what was dictated. And at the time of writing it, I knew it was over.

I didn't say anything, but I knew.

Because ... It was very simple, I had put my whole consciousness in her and I knew that if she was to be cured, she would know it: she would suddenly have the certitude that she was going to be cured. And when V. told me what she had said, "They think I am better, but I don't feel well," I looked and I saw that she couldn't be wrong. Because I had put my consciousness in her, so she couldn't be wrong. Her saying, "I am not well," meant it was the end.

But one must be sure of one thing (because, needless to say, I loved her very much, I was very happy to have her near me, she was very useful and I consider that from the material standpoint her departure is a great loss), but when I learned it was serious, immediately (as always, every moment of my life), my will was for the best possible thing from the divine point of view to be realized. And the divine point of view is also always the personal point of view: the divine point of view is the best that can happen to the person in question. I saw in an absolute way that it was the best for her.

Humanly we may try to find the reasons for this or that, but that's not the point, it's that it was – for her soul, for her true being – the best possible for her.

*Take her in you.*

Oh, you needn't worry about that.

*The last words she told me yesterday evening were, "Ask Mother to make me sleep."*

She wanted rest.

You know, I would like all those who are with me to feel, just as I know it, that it's a reversal of appearances – she is alive, she is conscious, she has all her faculties, all her possibilities, it's all there. She hasn't lost anything! It's only human ignorance that believes there is a loss. She hasn't lost ANYTHING.

Some go in a glory – not many, but some do. And those who go like that don't even have a difficult passage. I was writing that line for her, and I felt (it was half an hour, three quarters of an hour ago) a liberation.

No, I do feel other people's grief, I understand her mother, it's going to be dreadful, it's not that I don't feel, but I would so much like those who have trust to know how that can be a glory.

(silence)

If you can be quite peaceful, with a very peaceful faith, she will be with you too, she won't leave you.

She is there.

She must find peace near you, and a clear-sighted consciousness: she will have some difficulty with her family's grief, they are going to be very troubled indeed, and she must at least have the possibility of taking refuge in an atmosphere of total peace and trust.

And she is the one who is saying this to you.

The waves from outside are difficult: they come with great agitation and turmoil. One must remember. There must be like a bath of rest near you." The Mother/April 20, 1966

*"(For the past eight days, Mother has been "ill," just as the conflict between Israel and Egypt was unfolding.)*

A great battle. I have learned a great many things.

And it's going on.

I've made discoveries.... Diseases, accidents, catastrophes, wars, all of that is because the human material consciousness is so small, so narrow that it has a rabid taste for drama. And of course, there is, behind, the vital being having fun, also influences ... anyway all that enjoys an opportunity to delay the divine Work and make things difficult. And all that takes pleasure in that naturally encourages drama. But the seed of the difficulty is that smallness, extreme smallness of the physical consciousness – the material physical consciousness – which has an absolutely perverse taste for drama. Drama – the slightest thing has to make a drama: if you have a toothache, it turns into a drama<sup>63</sup>; if you bang against something, it turns into a drama; if two nations quarrel, it turns into a drama – everything turns into a drama. The taste for drama. If anything in your body is even slightly upset or there is the smallest trouble, which should go completely unnoticed, oh, it makes a big fuss, a drama. The taste for drama. I was deeply disgusted.

Everything, everything Like the bedlam at a marketplace.

The attack was apparently violent, so violent that after studying and observing it I was forced to think that some people were having fun doing black magic.... Everything took on fantastic proportions. The same teeth I've had for such a long time (in the same state for such a long time, that is!), which for years hadn't given me any trouble, suddenly fancied they too had to make a drama! So, a raging toothache, swelling – absolutely ridiculous, absolutely. And you know, this discovery of drama wasn't thought out, it wasn't an observation: it was an acute experience, caught hold of as you would catch a thief. I caught it. And it's universal, all over the earth.

Because EVERYTHING was creating drama – the roars of a marketplace, bedlam, all of it, a big fuss. Like those people out there when they fought each other, the same fuss (*gesture expressing the roaring turmoil of the war*). What a to-



do they make! What with "rights" and "duties" and "honor," oh! ... So then, as things were pretty bad (I was almost completely incapacitated<sup>64</sup>), I asked what it meant (*Mother laughs*), and he showed me the picture! Then I understood.

The minute I understood, things started calming down [the raging toothache as well as the raging war in Palestine].

It's profoundly ridiculous, and unhealthy, moreover.

You understand, once the thing had been seen – seen and felt and lived completely – they started slowing down there. I can't say things are quite all right as yet, far from it, but anyway I think a worse catastrophe has been averted.<sup>65</sup>

Grotesque.

Things are somewhat better. There is still some friction. "Traitors," "enemies," oh!... Now they say that Indonesia and Pakistan are up to something.... And with EVERYTHING, you know, from the biggest to the smallest, from what seems the most important (what disturbs the most things, at any rate) to the least little physical discomfort, it's like that: a very small, such a very small consciousness, petty and limited and narrow, which makes a mountain out of a molehill.

There you are.

(silence)

Because what took place is nothing new, it has happened so many times before, but the body's experience was different. Previously, the consciousness of all the other inner beings was there and would happily counterbalance this idiotic tendency: even the vital, the vital being which also loves grand effects, but provided at least they are great, vast, powerful enough to be on a large scale and save it from being ridiculous; and then, positively above all that, all the other beings, with a smile. But this time, this body was left TO ITSELF, so it would learn. And it has learned.

But death, too, is the result of the taste for drama – what a pretty drama, ugh!

(silence)

Well, there you are.

And as, naturally, it became impossible to eat, another consequence was that it became impossible to do any work. The doctor made me take proteins that don't need to be digested, those that are directly injected into the blood, but he made me swallow them. Then I was able to resume some work – I could no longer speak, no longer eat, no longer ...

It went on worsening nicely, till the day (I forget which) when I said with "high indignation" (*Mother takes on a dramatic tone*), "What is this creation in which " (I said it in English) "in which living is a suffering, dying is a suffering, everything is a suffering...." (*Mother laughs*) As soon as that was uttered, it was enough. And the consciousness was there, saying, "There is only one remedy, but the world rejects that remedy." Then I was put in the presence of the fact, face to face with it, the thing staring at me – oh, what a pretty drama!



(silence)

I wondered whether it was peculiar to the earth and if the other planets and suns weren't in this idiotic situation? ... On an external level it would be interesting to know. But I am nearly sure that death, for instance, is something that belongs exclusively to earth life – death as we FEEL it, as we understand it. Yet animals take part in it, but they don't have man's mental deformation. The taste for drama is exclusively human, because those animals that live with man catch the malady, while those that don't don't have it at all.

(silence)

I saw this  
child [Sujata] on Sunday; I didn't look too great, did I?

*(Sujata :) No, Mother!*

I couldn't speak anymore....

Well, that's more or less something of my experience. Oh, it was ... a lot, a lot more than that.

For two days the sense of not knowing whether you are alive or dead (but these are words on the surface), of not being very sure of the difference it makes.... And then, the body asking this question: "But everyone has his theory: one says death is like this, another says it's like that, yet another says still something different, but what is our OWN experience like? ..." And it was like that (*gesture of hanging between two worlds*).

Then the body suddenly remembered (that was rather interesting; it's more recent, it was yesterday or the day before), the body suddenly remembered that it had once been brought back to life. It said, "But you knew at that time, you knew since you brought me back to life."<sup>66</sup> Then I recollected what I used to know (and had stopped knowing because the knowledge was quite incomplete – it was entirely external and lacked the higher knowledge), I recollected the experience, and the two things joined together [the old knowledge and the new]. "Now," I said, "this is interesting!"

You know, the story of the "soul leaving the body," what childishness! Because I had that experience, too, of leaving (not the soul! It's entirely independent, always and in everyone), of leaving the psychic being, the individual psychic being. When I went away from here in 1915, I left my psychic being here deliberately. I left it here, I didn't take it with me. So the body can live without psychic being (it was rather sick, by the way, but that wasn't the reason – it's again the taste for drama! Oh, always the taste for drama!).

There we are.

So the problem narrows down more and more.... If your most material vital being goes out, it doesn't make you die – it puts you in catalepsy, but it doesn't make you die. What makes you die? ...

There are two things that make you die. One (the one that precedes the dramatic human existence) is wear and tear. What does wear and tear come from? From

Ignorance, obviously. Ignorance and incapacity to renew forces; that's how the whole lower life works: it decomposes, recomposes, decomposes again. But it's only with animality and the beginning of a mental functioning that there arises (*Mother takes on a grandiloquent tone*) "death," as we conceive it. But that is when the vital element that gives life (what we call "life") breaks down. There are innumerable reasons for that, all of which come from the same source. Of course, looking at it as a whole, it is the incapacity to follow the movement of progress: the need to mix everything together again in order to start all over again. But for those who begin to think, that no longer has any reason to exist.

An accident?... An accident to the material combination. But which accident, since the heart can stop and start again? It's a question of how long the accident lasts.

If, for this wear and tear, this deterioration (which comes from the Inconscient and is the result of the RESISTANCE of the Inconscient), if for this we can substitute the aspiration for progress and transformation (not with words – the vibration) ... That experience has been given me several times. Suppose something is quite upset, there is a pain somewhere, something disorganized that no longer works properly; if there is the vision and conception in faith (faith and consecration to the Supreme) that it's deliberate, that the Supreme has allowed it to be (how can I express it? All words are meaningless), has allowed or willed it, or wanted it to be, because to Him it was the best way to transform the thing, to have it make the necessary progress, if the cells that are somewhat disorganized and "sick," as they say, are able to feel this ... then, instantly, it takes a marvelous turn for the better – instantly, in five minutes, ten minutes. I could give concrete, precise examples, with all the details. So that means bringing the two extremes into contact, I might say. And if that can become the normal life of the elements which make up this outer form, then there is no reason why ...

No, there is no need to die, no need whatsoever. There comes a point when death loses all meaning.

And in the small detail, in the little cell or the faint sensation (and when you come to feelings, there is some kind of thing which is the embryo of thought – oh, then ...), you catch the taste for drama. Ah, then everything is explained.

The taste for drama, the need for catastrophe.

That's what was there, pressing and pressing on the earth to bring about all the conditions for a clashing and clanging grand finale (*Mother shrugs her shoulders*).

And only one remedy: to broaden into eternal peace ... To break limits, become immense.

(long silence)

*You said just a while ago that your body remembered an earlier death*

...

Oh, yes.

*But you didn't say what that recollection was.*

Yes, everybody knows it: it happened at Tlemcen while I was working with Théon. I had gone out in a wholly material way, the body was in a cataleptic state, and something came, something occurred that cut the link. So the link was cut.

*But what was the experience like at that time?*

The experience was that ... (laughing) impossible to get back in there! But Théon was there (Théon had a bad scare!), and there was at that time the knowledge – a good deal of knowledge! – of the occult. The knowledge was there as well as the will (*Mother makes a gesture of pushing to reenter the body*), and also an inner faith (but I never used to talk about that), and a concentration. As for him, he was capable, he knew. He was able to "pull." And the body hadn't deteriorated, you see, it wasn't damaged, so it wasn't difficult. It was in a very good condition, but the thread was cut, which means that what gives life had gone out and could not get back in.

I came back in as a result of the power and the will, because ... In fact, simply because I still had something to do on earth.

It happened in 1910, I think.

*So it's not because the soul leaves the body, is it?*

Oh, that's just words!

The soul may very likely make a resolve, noting that the body is either unworthy or unfit or incapable or unwilling or ... anything, and the soul may decide that the body should die so it may go; but the soul's going isn't what kills the body. There are innumerable people who are without a soul – they have a soul, but their soul isn't in their body – lots of people. And they go on living quite well.

It's more difficult to live without the psychic being, on the other hand. The psychic being, of course, is the clothing – the individualized clothing – between the eternal soul and the transitory body; and [from life to life] it grows more formed, individualized, more and more individually conscious. When that leaves the body, the rest generally follows. But I had the experience of doing it deliberately, so I KNOW. One has to know how to do it, but it can be done. My psychic being stayed here with Sri Aurobindo, and I left with my mental, vital and physical beings. It was a ... slightly precarious condition. But as I also kept the contact quite consciously, it could be done.

What people call "death" ... I see loads of people who, to me, are living dead (they are those who are without their psychic being, or even those who have no contact with their soul). But to know that, one must have the inner vision. But what people call "death," that is, the decomposition of the cells and dissolution of the form, is when the most material "vital subdegree," which brings into contact with Life – with vital force, life – goes out. That is how death occurs in animals, for example. And that vital subdegree generally goes away when the external organism is unable to continue – when, for instance, it's cut in two or the heart has been removed, or anyway when something quite radical has happened to it! Because

some people have met with accidents and had many parts missing, yet they lived on. But even cardiac arrest, as I said, doesn't necessarily mean death, since after stopping, the heart can start up again. Those who have the material knowledge tell you that for a few ... I forget whether a few seconds or a few minutes, the heart can start up again; after that, decomposition sets in. With decomposition it's over, naturally.

So we could correctly say that there are kinds of GRADATIONS in death. Gradations in life and gradations in death: some beings are alive to a greater or lesser degree, or if we want to put it negatively, some beings are dead to a greater or lesser degree. But for those who know, oh, for those who know that this material form can manifest a supramental light, well, those who don't have the supramental light in them are already a little dead. That's how it is. So there are gradations. What people have conventionally called "death" is just a purely external phenomenon, because it's something they can't deny – the body going to pieces.

But I have seen people who were supposedly dead (not many in my family because it wasn't the custom to let the children see them, and once I was grown-up there were only very few opportunities), but I have seen a few here. And they weren't all in the same state at all – far from it.

*(silence)*

There was the case of Sri Aurobindo. "He is dead," the doctors decided – he was absolutely alive. Absolutely living. And even after five days, when they put him into ... it was because of (how should I put it?) the pressure of the outside world, and because it was impossible to preserve him. We had to consent. But I cannot say he was dead! He wasn't at all dead, it was perfectly obvious. The body was already beginning to ... (very little, but a little at the end of the fifth day), that is, the skin was losing its color, but ... *(Mother makes a glorious gesture)*.

For the first three days, I remained standing there, near his bed, and in an absolutely ... well, to me, it was absolutely visible – all the organized consciousness that was in his body DELIBERATELY came out of it and into mine. And I not only saw it but felt the FRICTION of its entry.

Then people say, "He is dead" – that's ignorance.

*(silence)*

All that supramental power he had attracted into and organized in his body little by little came into me METHODICALLY.

I didn't say anything to anyone because it was nobody's business, nobody's concern. I remained standing there and ... *(gesture showing the forces passing from Sri Aurobindo into Mother's body)*.

You know, people revel in high-sounding words and keep talking and talking – they don't even know what they're talking about.

Not very long ago, I saw one or two photographs of someone, then he came to see me. I said, "He is dead, he's a dead man." And I don't mean a dissolution at all (of course not! Since he came in and spoke – he spoke very loudly, thinking

himself very alive, in fact): he was dead. So ...

*(silence)*

Some time ago, I said that the cells were wondering, "But what is death?" They kept wondering like that. And just yesterday or the day before, because there came a certain state, the Knowledge that constantly comes from above seemed to be saying to them, "But why do you wonder? You had the experience, you know how it is." Then, to the small central consciousness (there is a small central consciousness,<sup>67</sup> which is now gradually growing and taking shape), this Knowledge said, "Don't you remember? You know how it was." Ah, then all the memory of the experience in all its details came back – they did know.

Why are we so ridiculous?

We think we are ... we think we are so great, so wise, so ... Oh, all the virtues we give ourselves! (*Mother laughs*) So courageous, so enduring, so ... An act we put on for ourselves our whole life long.

*(silence)*

At that time, for a few moments, there was the certitude of such a simplicity! ... A simplicity ... (how can I put it?) whose immensity made it all-powerful.

That's still literature. It's the mind's playacting: pretty sentences. No words, no sentences, no wonderful gestures, no attitudes ...

*(Mother goes into a contemplation)*

Oh, for those who like definitions, here's another answer to "What is the Divine?" – a smiling and luminous Immensity.

And HERE, you know, it's here. HERE.

Ah, shall we work? Enough chattering!

*(silence)*

What makes me think that there were external adverse wills is that from every side there kept coming fine-sounding sentences – fine-sounding sentences, suggestions (dramatic suggestions, precisely) announcing a considerable number of catastrophes. They come from every side, like this (*swarming gesture, like a rising tide*), like so many snakes waiting there, kept at arm's length, rushing up as soon as they're given the opportunity to do so....

Which shows there's clearly something the matter.

Suggestions like this one, for instance: "Oh, now you're well, you are strong and can speak – ah, but you'll see what happens to you." Suggestions and suggestions.... You understand, it can only come from rotten human thoughts. A swarm of things, each one uglier than the other, coming like that. And you see them come (*same gesture like a rising tide of snakes*), you see them come like that. From the basest to the most violent.

There was also, in relation to those possibilities of magic and also to "adverse forces," a vision of it all as being a part of the great Play (*gesture from below*), but

... This Immensity, luminous and smiling, an immensity ... ("immensity" is a word – "infinite" also is a word), something ... absolutely limitless, which simply goes like this (*gesture of descent*) in a movement of manifestation; then, at a certain point, It encounters a sort of movement from below that seizes hold of It and turns It into ... what we see. In the higher part [of the being], it's a mixture of perverted mind and extremely powerful vital, which obviously enjoys the distortion; as That grows more concrete, It's turned into all those human reactions; and when It draws near the earth, then ... ah, you have the fine mess men have made with the earth atmosphere. So this Thing, this smiling, luminous, marvelous Immensity, so ... – a living and conscious bliss ... It becomes that.

And if by chance, by miracle, one drop falls without getting completely distorted, it becomes a miracle!" The Mother/ June 14, 1967

### Summary:

In this brief canto which can be read in conjunction with the 1<sup>st</sup> canto (the Symbol dawn), Savitri knows the day had arrived when Satyavan must die. She accompanies her husband to the forest where he grew up and spends many joyful hours with him all the while being aware of his pending death. (This has to be understood that during the inner wandering in the Subconscious and Inconscious plane in finding the secret of Immortality and origin of Death, Satyavan met death in all life. His link with Savitri made him again return to earth as last Avatara. This link is the Divine Love which grows through Sadhana. By breaking this link, Death can succeed in carrying human Souls to its home.)

"Our love (dual Avatara) is the heavenly seal of the Supreme.

I (Savitri) guard that seal against thy (Death's) rending hands." Savitri-633,

Satyavan is overpowered by Death and his life force leaves him. Savitri becomes aware of the Inconscious godhead's presence and prepares herself to confront him.

21, What are the two negations, the double night of the mind?

Ans: "But it appears to him as if **poised between two negations** of itself. If, beyond his present attainment, he perceives or is touched by the power, light, bliss of a self-conscious infinite existence and translates his thought or his experience of it into



terms convenient for his mentality, --Infinity, Omniscience, Omnipotence, Immortality, Freedom, Love, Beatitude, God,--yet does this sun of his seeing appear to shine between **a double Night, --a darkness below, a mightier darkness beyond.** For when he strives to know it utterly, it seems to pass into something which neither in any one of these terms nor the sum of them can at all represent. His mind at last negates God for a Beyond, or at least it seems to find God transcending Himself, denying Himself to the conception. Here also, in the world, in himself, and around himself, he is met always by the opposites of his affirmation. **Death is ever with him,** limitation invests his being and his experience, error, inconscience, weakness, inertia, grief, pain, evil are constant oppressors of his effort. Here also he is driven to deny God, at least the Divine seems to negate or to hide itself in some appearance or outcome which is other than its true and eternal reality.” The Life Divine-52

22, What resulted negations?

Ans: “It is probable indeed that they (negations) are the result or rather the inseparable accompaniments, not of an illusion, but of **a wrong relation**, wrong because it is founded on a false view of what the individual is in the universe and therefore a false attitude both towards God and Nature, towards self and environment.” The Life Divine-53

Detail:

Now it was here in this great golden dawn (**like the supramental state that Savitri lives in**).

“About the descent of what Mother later identified as the superman consciousness (*la conscience du surhomme*).

In the night it came slowly and on waking up this morning, there was as though **a golden dawn**, and the atmosphere was so light. The body felt: “Well, it is truly, truly new.” A golden light, transparent and... benevolent. “Benevolent” in the sense of a certainty — a harmonious certainty. It was new.

There you are.

And when I say “*Bonne année*” to people, it is this which I pass on to them. And this morning, I have passed my time like this, spontaneously, saying: “*Bonne année, Bonne année.*” So...” The Mother/1.01.1969/TMCW-11/148



“Did I tell you that I have identified this consciousness?

*When you spoke last time, you had identified it.*

Yes, but I had said “the supramental consciousness”.

*Afterwards you had said “perhaps the superman”.*

Yes, it is that. It is the descent of the superman consciousness. I had the assurance later on.

It was the first of January after midnight. I woke up at two in the morning, surrounded by a consciousness, so concrete, and *new* in the sense that I had never felt it before. And it lasted, absolutely concrete, present, for two or three hours, and afterwards it spread out and went about to find people who could receive it. And I knew that it was the consciousness of the superman, that is to say, the intermediary between man and the supramental being.

That has given to the body a kind of assurance and confidence. That experience has, as it were, stabilised the body and if it keeps the true attitude, every support is there to help it.” The Mother/08.01.1969/TMCW-11/153

By her still sleeping husband lain she gazed

Into her past as one about to die (past of this birth and past of previous births.)

Looks back upon the sunlit fields of life (Psychic memory of past positive spiritual experience.)

Where he too ran and sported with the rest, (Satyavan is a part of that Psychic memory

Lifting his head above the huge dark stream (of mortality)

Into whose depths he must for ever plunge. (In order to reconcile perfect Spirit with imperfect Matter.)

All she had been and done she lived again.

The whole year in a swift and eddying race

Of memories swept through her and fled away

Into the irrecoverable past.

Then silently she rose and, service done,

Bowed down to the great goddess simply carved

By Satyavan upon a forest stone.

**What prayer she breathed her soul and Durga knew.**

*Savitri* has utilised Time as a great bank of new wealth to treasure endless sweet Spiritual experience and action and utilised Space as an occasion of mighty solitude for accumulation of Soul's bare and absolute potencies. She remembered *Narad's* date as Time's unforeseen event, and from moment to moment, she economised her precious time to work out God's secret plan and *Durga* knew what prayer her Soul breathed. She claimed from fleeting Time her will's eternity and from escaping moments the manifestation of God. *Narad's* date made her supremely aware of the value of passing and fugitive time and utilised that limited span of time (one year) for the transformation of the whole Nature, the discovery of the Almighty Power concealed in the cells of the body and capacity to travel in the Inconscient hell with Supramental light and protection.

Perhaps she felt in the dim forest huge  
The infinite Mother watching over her child,  
Perhaps the shrouded Voice spoke some still word.

Savitri asked for permission to accompany Satyavan to the forest from his mother (without revealing her intent). The mother granted her permission – she had a glimpse of Savitri's divinity and realised that Savitri serves them just like (a slave from below and from above like) the sun serves and sustains the earth, but like the sun is infinitely grander and more powerful.)

At last she came to the **pale mother queen**. (*Satyavan's mother.*)

She spoke but with guarded lips and tranquil face  
Lest some stray word or some betraying look  
Should let pass into the mother's unknowing breast,  
Slaying all happiness and need to live,  
A dire foreknowledge of the grief to come.  
Only the needed utterance passage found:  
All else she pressed back into her anguished heart  
And forced upon her speech an outward peace.

<sup>1</sup> The Book of Death was taken from Canto Three of an early version of *Savitri* which had only six cantos and an epilogue. It was slightly revised at a late stage and a number of new lines were added, but it was never fully worked into the final version of the poem. Its original designation, "Canto Three", has been retained as a reminder of this.

(Savitri spoke to Satyavan's birth Mother)

"One year that I have lived with Satyavan  
Here on the emerald edge of the vast woods  
In the iron ring of the enormous peaks  
Under the blue rifts of the forest sky,  
I have not gone into the silences  
Of this great woodland that enringed my thoughts  
With mystery, nor in its green miracles  
Wandered, but this small clearing was my world. (She lived a concentrated life with no outer wanderings)  
Now has a strong desire seized all my heart  
To go with Satyavan **holding his hand** (Satyavan represents Spiritual being and Savitri represents Psychic being. To hold his hand means union between Psychic and Spiritual being. This a Sadhaka must practice and strengthen this bond.)

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

"And guard me with thy hands from evil fate:" Savitri-564

Into the life that he has loved and touch  
Herbs he has trod and know the forest flowers  
And hear at ease the birds and the scurrying life  
That starts and ceases, rich far rustle of boughs  
And all the mystic whispering of the woods.  
Release me now and let my heart have rest."  
She (Satyavan's birth Mother) answered (to Savitri)  
"Do as thy wise mind desires,  
O calm child-sovereign with the eyes that rule.  
I hold thee for a strong goddess who has come

Pitying our **barren days**; so dost thou serve (She could transform barren days into the most creative and the most productive moments.)

**Even as a slave might**, yet art thou beyond (Savitri as developed Soul served the developing Souls as slave.)(Or Savitri as Mother Soul served the child Souls as slave.) (Thus higher and lower consciousness are reconciled and integral Yoga proposes not create any gulf between developing and developed Soul.)

All that thou doest, all our minds conceive,

Like the strong sun that serves earth from above.” (Representation of Supramental Consciousness.)

*Satyavan's* birth mother is identified in this epic as the smallest character, the symbolic representation of child Soul and through her *Sri Aurobindo* gives the strongest message of true consecrated service to all earth-bound aspiring child Souls and their right relation with the Mother Soul; here symbolically represented as *Savitri*. Mother Soul serves earth from below as a slave and from above and beyond like strong sunlight and she trespasses the bound life of child Souls as strong Goddess and liberates them from their barren days. Like all other parents, *Satyavan's* birth mother was not aware of the doom nearing her only child and aspired for him 'All joy of earth, all heaven's beatitude.' A similar observation is marked in King *Aswapati* who aspired to pass the mortal life of his only child *Savitri* unwounded and further aspired for this young spirit untouched with tears, and be possessed by all new and 'beautiful things.'

Satyavan and Savitri walked through the forest and explored it, Satyavan showing her all the parts where he had grown up and cherished...

Then the **doomed husband** and the woman who knew (*Satyavan's* future.)

Went with **linked hands** into that solemn world (This linked hand is the strong Divine union which can change destiny)

Where beauty and grandeur and unspoken dream,

Where Nature's mystic silence could be felt

Communing with the secrecy of God. (Through opening of Spiritual being, symbol of mystic silence, a communication with Overmental God is restored or Jivatma experiences union with Paramatma.)

Beside her Satyavan walked full of joy (due to the strengthening of Divine union)

Because she moved with him through his green haunts:

He showed her all the forest's riches, flowers

Innumerable of every odour and hue (symbol of material opulence which fulfils the Spiritual opulence.)

And soft thick clinging creepers red and green

And strange rich-plumaged birds, to every cry

That haunted sweetly distant boughs replied

With the shrill singer's name more sweetly called.

He spoke of all the things he loved: they were

**His boyhood's comrades and his playfellows,**

Coevals and companions of his life

**Coeval:** having the same age or date of origin; contemporary.

Here in this world whose every mood he knew: (The history of Soul moments of the past of this life helps to leap into the future and enriches the all life.)

Their thoughts which to the common mind are blank,

He shared, to every wild emotion felt

An answer. Deeply she listened, but to hear

The voice that soon would cease from tender words (She was carefully noting down every happening of the life but waiting for that crucial moment when she has to witness Satyavan's last breath. Or she was accumulating Spiritual energy in order to face and confront Satyavan's death.)

And treasure its sweet cadences beloved (All the external action with Satyavan will be treasured as sweet memory for future lonely journey of the Soul.)

**Cadence:** a modulation or inflection of the voice.

For lonely memory when none by her walked (Savitri was aware that she has to walk alone with living memory of Satyavan.)

“One cannot imagine – one cannot imagine what a grace it is to have someone in whose hands you can place yourself entirely! By whom you can let yourself be guided without having the need to seek. I had that, I was very, very conscious of it as long as Sri Aurobindo was there. And when he left his body, it was a dreadful collapse.... One cannot imagine. Someone you can refer to with the certainty that what he says will be the truth.

There's no path, the path has to be blazed out!” The Mother/ August 26, 1964

And the beloved voice could speak no more.

But little dwelt her mind upon their sense;

Of death, not life she thought or life's lone end.

Love in her bosom hurt with the jagged edges (Savitri felt the pain of the pending doom of Satyavan...Mother (Maa Krishna) was this pain due to some untransformed part of her being. In the Gita, the Lord Krishna says that those who are united with the Atman do not shed tears for the dead/dying and that dying is only like a change of clothes...in spite of having the supramental realisation and united with her soul why does Savitri's heart grieve? (Living in Static *Brahman* state does not give sorrow but while descending to the level of dynamic but untransformed nature, (three *gunas*) pain returns. This undulation from pain to absolute delight will continue till Nature is fully transformed. Psychic, Spiritual and Supramental are higher instrumentation of the Spirit (both static and dynamic) to transform Nature and that realisation will not eliminate suffering as visualised by mind but that will eliminate suffering permanently as Divine plan in the course of time. As long as Ignorance is there, suffering, pain will be there. With the transformation of Subconscious and Inconscious sheath pain can be eliminated. The Gita does not deal with these dark worlds but preaches about escape into higher or highest world where sufferings are nonexistent.) In fact after this realisation and union I would not have expected to see any more verses of Savitri having fear or grieving but yet I find this to be the case...this suggests there are still some surface parts of her being that feel the influence of the *inconscious*. (This transformation issue is a continuation of her Divine Work from beginning of the creation where she incarnated as first woman/first Avatara and experienced the first descent of Divine Force. In each birth she will continue calling down this vast Divine force to earth and men. As long as Subconscious and unconscious world are not transformed fully, fear and grief will remain. These are sealed in traditional Yoga because they do not bother about transformation of nature. When Savitri incarnates as last Avatara, these problems can be resolved. Supramental is a higher instrument which can work transforming the Subconscious and unconscious sheath but it cannot transform them instantly. A long passage of time has to be waited for such work.)

“For, to repeat the ancient language, **the soul that has realised oneness** has no sorrow or shrinking; the spirit that has entered into the bliss of the Spirit has nought to fear from anyone or anything whatsoever.” The Synthesis of Yoga-508

Is it also because she bears a larger portion of the cosmic suffering and her burden and pang is due to that and the rejection of Earth and matter to her touch - and is represented by Satyavan’s pending doom.

In the Symbol Dawn canto some verses – page 7-9

***“Rejected the undying rapture’s boon:***

Offered to the daughter of infinity

**Her passion-flower of love and doom she gave.**

**In vain now seemed the splendid sacrifice.**

A prodigal of her rich divinity,

Her self and all she was she had lent to men,

Hoping her greater being to implant

And in their body’s lives acclimatise

That heaven might native grow on mortal soil.

Hard is it to persuade earth-nature’s change;

***Mortality bears ill the eternal’s touch:***

It fears the pure divine intolerance

Of that assault of ether and of fire;

It murmurs at its sorrowless happiness,

Almost with hate repels the light it brings;

It trembles at its naked power of Truth

And the might and sweetness of its absolute Voice.

Inflicting on the heights the abysm’s law,

It sullies with its mire heaven’s messengers:

Its thorns of fallen nature are the defence

It turns against the saviour hands of Grace;

It meets the sons of God with death and pain.

A glory of lightnings traversing the earth-scene,

Their sun-thoughts fading, darkened by ignorant minds,

Their work betrayed, their good to evil turned,

The cross their payment for the crown they gave,

Only they leave behind a splendid Name.

A fire has come and touched men’s hearts and gone;

A few have caught flame and risen to greater life.

Too unlike the world she came to help and save,

Her greatness weighed upon its ignorant breast

And from its dim chasms welled a dire return,

***A portion of its sorrow, struggle, fall.***

***To live with grief, to confront death on her road, —***

***The mortal’s lot became the Immortal’s share.***



But now she stirred, her life shared the cosmic load.  
At the summons of her body's voiceless call  
Her strong far-winged spirit travelled back,  
Back to the yoke of ignorance and fate,  
Back to the labour and stress of mortal days,  
Lighting a pathway through strange symbol dreams"

However this state passes quickly as in the verses below when Satyavan dies, she ceases to be sorrowful

All grief and fear were dead within her now

"Griefless and strong she waited like the gods."

Also what is the difference between her current state and the state she enters into in the next canto on page p571 (towards the black void) it says:

"Then suddenly there came on her the change  
Which in tremendous moments of our lives  
Can overtake sometimes the human soul  
And hold it up towards its luminous source.  
The veil is torn, the thinker is no more:  
Only the spirit sees and all is known.  
Then a calm Power seated above our brows (Spiritual Being, Akshara Purusha)  
Is seen, unshaken by our thoughts and deeds,  
Its stillness bears the voices of the world:  
Immobile, it moves Nature, looks on life." Savitri-571

Does this suggest that the state of Supramental realisation and living in the divine consciousness is not a stable, ever present state but that it comes and goes?) Above lines show us the passage that during the critical hour only one can ascend to the Source of existence and this discovery helps to conquer the greatest catastrophe. This experience is possible those whose Psychic and Spiritual being are already open.

Of anguish moaned at every step with pain  
Crying, "Now, now perhaps his voice will cease  
For ever." Even by some vague touch oppressed

Sometimes her eyes looked round as if their orbs

Might see the dim and dreadful god's approach.

"And with all this, there is (it almost seems to be the key to the problem, to the understanding), there is a special concentration on the why, the how of death.... Years and years ago, when Sri Aurobindo was still here, there came one day a sort of dazzling, imperious revelation: "One dies only when one chooses to die." I told Sri Aurobindo, "This is what I saw and KNEW." He said to me, "It is true." Then I asked him, "Always, in every case?" He said, "Always." Only, one isn't conscious, human beings aren't conscious, but that's how it is. But now I am beginning to understand! Some experiences, some examples are given in the details of the body's inner vibrations, and I see that there is a choice, a choice generally unconscious, but which, in some individuals, can be conscious. I am not talking about sentimental cases, I am talking about the body, the cells accepting disintegration. There is a will like this (*Mother raises a finger upward*) or a will like that (*Mother lowers her finger*). The origin of that will lies in the truth of the being, but it seems (and that is something marvelous), it seems that the final decision is left to the choice of the cells themselves.

I am not at all referring to the physical, vital, psychic consciousnesses, not to any of that: I am referring to the consciousness of the cells.

That's how the present moment is: the will may be like this (*Mother raises a finger upward*), or it may be like that (*finger downward*). Like that, it means dissolution; like this, it means continuation and progress – continuation with the necessity of progress. There is something which is the consciousness of the cells (a consciousness that observes, and which, when it is awakened, is a wonderful witness), and that consciousness is the one which goes like this (*same gesture*) or like that. This is expressed by a will to endure or to last, or by a need for the annihilation of rest. And then, when these cells are full of that light – that golden light, that splendor of divine Love – there is a sort of thirst, a need to participate in That, which takes away all that is or can be difficult in the endurance: that disappears, it becomes a glory. Then ...

That's what is being learned.

(silence)

But to be able to observe (this is something being worked out on a parallel line), to observe exactly what goes on in this cellular realm, one must be perfectly free from and independent of other human beings' influence. And this is extremely difficult because of that habit of mixture. It's the sensitiveness of the cells which has difficulty. So constant care must be taken to fasten all that sensitiveness on to the aspiration for the Supreme alone; that's the only way, the solution. You have to do that constantly, every time you feel the influence of others' contact. In ordinary life, of course, to get rid of influences you cut off the contact; well, that movement of withdrawal, recoil, isolation, all those psychological movements (through material isolation in the physical; in the vital, in the psychic, in the mind, everywhere, it always consists in cutting oneself off, in separating oneself), all that is false; it's contrary to the truth. The truth is to (*outspread gesture*) to feel the

union. And yet, for the cellular work of cellular transformation, an isolation must be reached that isn't a contradiction of the essential unity. And that's a little difficult; it makes for a very delicate, very painstaking, very microscopic work which somewhat complicates matters. But it's possible, for instance, to touch someone, to take someone's hand, and for union to be achieved only in the deeper truth, while outwardly there is just a bringing together of cells.

The work is very intensive, very intensive indeed." The Mother/3<sup>rd</sup> August 1966

But Satyavan had paused. He meant to finish

His labour here that happy, linked, uncaring

They two might **wander** free in the green deep

Primaeval mystery of the forest's heart.

A tree that raised its tranquil head to heaven

Luxuriating in verdure, summoning

The breeze with amorous wideness of its boughs,

He chose and with his steel assailed the arm (this tree is analogous to Satyavan, strong & vibrant and cut down unexpectedly)

Brown, rough and strong hidden in its emerald dress.

Wordless but near she watched, no turn to lose

Of the bright face and body which she loved. (Satyavan's bright face and body is possible due to direct contact with the Divine. This direct touch of Divine is very important in understanding the mystery of the Divine also very important in understanding this epic Savitri.)

"And then, all of a sudden, in all this chaos, this struggle, this friction, this suffering, and this ignorance and this darkness and this effort and this and that (oh, it's much worse than when it takes place in the mind: it's here *[in the body]* and it's a question, yes, of life and death in the true sense of the phrase, that is to say, of existence or nonexistence, of consciousness or total unconsciousness ... and then how much it costs to find out anything!), and then, all of a sudden, just one drop ... it's not even a drop (it's not liquid!), it's not even a flash of lightning, it's ... yes, it's a vibration, a DIFFERENT vibration – luminous, so wonderfully sweet, peaceful, powerful, absolute. It's like something lighting up (*gesture like a burst of light or a luminous pulsation*). And then there's no need anymore of discussion or explanation or anything: you've understood – it's to become conscious of THAT, it's to live THAT.

It happened this morning.

It began yesterday and has been developing.

That, mon petit ... Oh, how poor explanations are – poor, incomplete, without the power to convince. But just THAT, one vibration of THAT, and then you understand everything.

And I have an impression, a very strong impression (I don't have any proof

yet) that its contagion is absolute, you understand. So having to explain, having to struggle, having to ... oof! it's all over – it's contagious.

Bringing that and keeping it. Holding it, learning to hold it. It's fantastic! And then it becomes just a question of receptivity, that's all. And the receptivity must be in proportion to the goodwill (that's what the old experience is saying for the moment, I have no proof), the receptivity must be in proportion to the goodwill or to the aspiration (but the two are very similar), to this something that wants something else. People who are very content, very satisfied and ... (this is an interesting illustration) and who have realized a harmony in life (some people have realized a harmony in this life: everything appears so harmonious, so comfortable, they succeed in everything they do, everything that happens to them is ...), I think those still have a long way to go before they can receive.

That [vibration] has nothing, but nothing to do with that whole path, that long, long, long path one has walked to prepare oneself, and with such blows, oh! ... THAT (*gesture like a burst of light*), and all the rest no longer matters. But it isn't mental. For the time being, it has nothing to do with thought.” The Mother/ November 13, 1965

**Her life was now in seconds, not in hours,**

**And every moment she economised**

**Like a pale merchant leaned above his store,** (*perhaps the way we should economise our time in the world*) (*Time is a bank to accumulate Spiritual energy and the inability to call down the Timeless Eternity to the passing moments is a misuse of our brief earthly existence.*)

The miser of his poor remaining gold.

“Ultimately, as long as there is death, things always come to a bad end.

Only when the victory is won over death will things cease to come to a bad end ... that is to say, when the return to Unconsciousness will no longer be necessary to allow a new progress.

The entire process of development, at least on the earth (I don't know how it is on other planets) is that way. And perhaps (I don't know very much about the history of astronomy) universes too – do they know if universes perish physically, if the physical history of the end of a universe has been recorded?... Traditions tell us that a universe is created, then withdrawn into *pralaya*, and then a new one comes; and according to them, ours is the seventh universe, and being the seventh universe, it is the one that will not return to *pralaya* but will go on progressing, without retreat. This is why, in fact, there is in the human being that need for permanence and for an uninterrupted progress – it's because the time has come.” The Mother/ November 13, 1963

But Satyavan wielded a joyous axe.  
He sang high snatches of a sage's chant  
That pealed of conquered death and demons slain,  
And sometimes paused to cry to her sweet speech  
Of love and mockery tenderer than love:  
She like a pantheress leaped upon his words  
And carried them into her cavern heart.

Then Death laid his hand on Satyavan and his life began to ebb in him...

But as he worked, his doom upon him came.  
The violent and hungry hounds of pain (Death is a universal dark invisible force which invades into man's life.)  
Travelled through his body biting as they passed  
Silently, and all his suffering breath besieged  
Strove to rend life's strong heart-cords and be free.

"I have noticed something very interesting. Suppose there is a pain, some sign or other that something in the body is out of order. In the consciousness – in the consciousness – you are absolutely indifferent, which means that whether it's life or death, disease or health, there is equality; but if the body reacts according to its old habit, "What should be done to get over it?" and all that it involves (I am not speaking of a reaction in the mind, but here, in the body), the thing takes root. Why? Because it has to stay there ... (*laughing*) to enable you to study it! If, on the other hand, the cells have learned their lesson and say right away, "Lord, Your presence" (without words – the attitude), pfft! the thing goes.

It's no use if the thought does it, if the psychic consciousness, EVEN THE PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS, does it: it must be the cells that do it. So the one who does it in the thought says, "Here, I give myself to the Divine, I am ready for anything, I am in a state of perfect equality, and still I am ill! So what am I to believe?" That's not the point. In order to have an instantaneous action HERE ("instantaneous," meaning what looks like a miracle, which isn't a miracle at all), there should instantaneously be, wherever a disorder has occurred for some reason or other, this: "Lord – Lord, this is You; Lord, we are You; Lord, You are here" – everything flies away. A sensation, an attitude – instantaneously, hup! it's over.

I have had hundreds upon hundreds of experiences like that.

And the state – the general state of the consciousness – is exactly the same, always like this (*immobile gesture, palms offered to the Heights*), in a sort of conscious bliss of: "Let Your Will be done." But that's no use, it doesn't act HERE

– it must happen HERE (*Mother touches her body*).

It's very interesting.

I could talk for hours, but it's no use.

I know so well it's no use that when what I said is read back to me ... I said it while I was IN the experience, but when I read it again, I am in another experience, so I find it quite lacking in power of conviction. If by chance I can recapture the experience, I immediately feel, "Well, yes, that's exactly it." Therefore, unless one has the experience, reading is no use. We still publish the *Bulletin*, but anyway the truth is like that. It's only at the time of having the experience that you can really understand what you read.

It may have the power to convey the experience (mentally that's indisputable: it has a mental effect), but what I am talking about is the work here, in the cells of the body.... You give yourself a nice little mental explanation, but that's not it! While when you have had the vibration, ah, it's obvious.

You know, you are in considerable discomfort, out of sorts, unable to breathe, you have a feeling of nausea, of helplessness, you can't even move, or think or do anything ... in a word, quite out of sorts; and then suddenly ... the Consciousness – the bodily consciousness of the Vibration of Love, which is the very essence of the creation, just one second: everything lights up, pfft! gone, it's all gone. Then you look at yourself, amazed – it's all gone. You were in considerable discomfort – it's all gone.

Well, I don't think words can convey this. It's not even a question of living in the atmosphere – what is it? ... Maybe one day it will be a power. The power to pass this on. Then it will be possible for everything to change.

Probably when it's there, permanently established.

When it must be, it will be, no?"

The Mother/ November 23, 1965

Then helped, as if a beast had left its prey,

A moment in a wave of rich relief

Reborn to strength and happy ease he stood

Rejoicing and resumed his confident toil

But with less seeing strokes. Now the **great woodsman** (**Death**) (*Here woodsman is Satyavan.*)

Hewed at him and his labour ceased: lifting

His arm he flung away the poignant axe

Far from him like an instrument of pain.

“And curiously, everything comes and presents itself as images and

possibilities; so I say to myself, "But if after a time all this suddenly stops functioning, what will have been the use of doing all this work?" And there is always something – something that comes from a very absolute region – which makes me feel or understand or grasp the uselessness of death.

Why am I thus made to feel the uselessness of death?...

God knows, never, not one minute in my life, even when things were the darkest, the blackest, the most negative, the most painful, not once did the thought come, "I would like to die." And ever since I had the experience of psychic immortality, the immortality of consciousness, that is, in 1902 or 3, or 4 at the latest (sixty years ago now), all fear of death went away. Now the body's cells have the sense of their immortality. There was also a time when I almost had a sort of curiosity about death; it was satisfied by my two experiences in which, according to the surface illusion, my body was dead, while, within, I had a wonderfully intense life (the first time, it was in the vital, the other time, way up above<sup>96</sup>). So that even that curiosity (I can't call it "curiosity"), even that question is no longer asked by the cells. But the possibility does present itself: according to the ordinary outer logic, if this isn't transformed, it must necessarily come to an end. And always, always, I receive the same answer, which isn't an answer with words, but an answer with a knowledge (how can I put it?...), a FACTUAL knowledge: "It's no solution." To say things in quite a banal way, this is the answer: "It's no solution."

So we are after another solution, since death isn't considered to be a solution. And it's obvious that it is no solution.

*Yes, it's a failure.*

No, it may not be a failure if it's the Lord's Will. It's no longer ours. It's not that we run off, you understand: it's He who decides that it's over.

So the answer comes (not from me, it comes from very far and it's quite ABSOLUTE as a vibration): "It's no solution." It means it isn't, in the present case, considered to be the solution.

There must be another one.

*Yes, certainly.*

Our imagination is very poor. As for me, I can't imagine how it could happen! I can imagine novels, what I call the pulp novels of spiritual life, but that's nothing, it's childish." The Mother/ November 21, 1964

She came to him in silent anguish and clasped,  
And he cried to her, "Savitri, a pang  
Cleaves through my head and breast as if the axe  
Were piercing it and not the living branch.  
Such agony rends me as the tree must feel  
When it is sundered and must lose its life.



Awhile let me lay my head upon thy lap

And guard me with thy hands from evil fate:

Perhaps because thou touchest, death may pass (Satyavan intuitively understands the divinity with Savitri and her power to conquer Death)."

Savitri moves Satyavan's body to under a tree that is majestic and full of life (not under the tree that was sundered by him) and awaits her confrontation with Death. Now all fear and sorry had fled from her and she remained centred in her true being.

"The transition between the two appears really possible only through the entry – the conscious and willed entry – of a supramentalized consciousness into a body that we could call an "improved physical body," in other words, the human physical body as it is now, but improved: the improvement produced, for instance, by a TRUE physical training, not in its present exaggerated form but in its true sense. It's something I have seen fairly clearly: in an evolution (physical training is developing very fast nowadays, it's not even half a century since it started), in evolution, that physical training will bring an improvement, that is, a suppleness, a balance, an endurance, and a harmony; these are the four qualities – suppleness (plasticity), balance between the various parts of the being, endurance, and harmony of the body – that will make it a more supple instrument for the supramentalized consciousness.

So the transition: a conscious and willed utilization by a supramentalized consciousness of a body prepared in that way. This body must be brought to the peak of its development and of the utilization of the cells in order to be ... yes, consciously impregnated with the supreme forces (which is being done here [in Mother] at the moment), and this to the utmost of its capacities. And if the consciousness that inhabits that body, that animates that body, has the required qualities in sufficient amount, it should normally be able to utilize that body to the utmost of its capacity of transformation, with the result that the waste caused by the death of decomposing cells should be reduced to a minimum – to what extent?... That's precisely what still belongs to the unknown.

That would correspond to what Sri Aurobindo called the prolongation of life at will, for an indefinite length of time.

But as things are at present, it would seem there is a transitional period in which the consciousness has to switch from this body to another, better prepared body – better prepared outwardly, physically (not inwardly); "outwardly," I mean, having acquired certain aptitudes through the present development, which this body doesn't have, of the four qualities – which it doesn't have in sufficient amount and *completeness*. That is to say, those four qualities must be in perfect accord and in sufficient amount to be able to bear the work of transformation.

I don't know if I can make myself understood....

*Yes, but you are talking about "switching" to a new body?*

In that case, one would have to switch to a new body. But a switching (from the occult point of view, that's a known thing), a switching not to a body to be born, but to an already formed body. It would take place through a sort of identification of the psychic personality of the body to be changed with the other, receiving body – but that, the fusions of psychic personalities, it's possible, (*laughing*) I know the procedure! But it requires the abolition of the ego – yes, the abolition of the ego is certainly necessary; but if the abolition of the ego is sufficient in the supramentalized individuality (can I use the word individuality? I don't know it's neither "personality" nor "individuality"), in the supramentalized being, if the abolition of the ego is done, completed, that being has the power to completely neutralize the presence of the ego in the other being. And then, through that neutralization, the shrinking that always comes from a reincarnation would be canceled – that's the dreadful thing, you see, that time lost in the shrinking into a new being! While through that conscious passage – willed and conscious – from one body to the other, the being whose ego no longer exists has an almost total power to abolish the other ego.

All that occult mechanism needs to be developed, but for the consciousness it's almost rational.

That would be the procedure.

The conditions for the almost indefinite prolongation of the life of the body are known, or almost known (they are more than sensed – they are known), and they are learned through the work that must be done to counteract the EXTREME FRAGILITY of the physical balance of the body undergoing the transformation. It's a study every minute, as it were, almost every second. This is the extremely difficult part. It is difficult because of all the reasons I have already explained, because of the intrusion of forces that are in a state of imbalance and have to be, as they come along, brought back to the new state of balance. That's where you find the sign of the unknown.” The Mother/ April 17, 1965

Then Savitri sat under branches wide,

Cool, green against the sun, not the hurt tree ([The hurt tree symbolises some activation of negative energy.](#))

Which his keen axe had cloven,—that she shunned;

But leaned beneath a fortunate kingly trunk

She guarded him in her bosom and strove to soothe ([Divine Mother guards human Souls and confronts against Death extending through all life.](#))

His anguished brow and body with her hands.

**All grief and fear were dead within her now** ([grief and fear belongs to three gunas.](#))([Activation of supramental consciousness.](#))

And a great calm had fallen. The wish to lessen

His suffering, the impulse that opposes pain

Were the one mortal feeling left. It passed:

Griefless and strong she waited like the gods. (Griefless and strong quality increases our patience.)

Its complementary line which the great Souls experience:

“Then suddenly there came on her the change  
Which in tremendous moments of our lives  
Can overtake sometimes the human soul  
And hold it up towards its luminous source.” Savitri-571

But now his sweet familiar hue was changed  
Into a tarnished greyness and his eyes  
Dimmed over, forsaken of the clear light she loved.

Only the dull and **physical mind** was left, (It appears that Psychic being first leaves the body before the physical death of a human Soul and physical or tamasic mind leaves the body lastly.)

The *Savitri* book asks a *Sadhaka* to always remember the most adverse condition of Soul history, “This was the day when *Satyavan* must die.” Or ‘An absolute supernatural darkness falls on man sometimes when he draws near to God.’ And utilise the time and small place of habitation exclusively to accumulate Spiritual energy and through this accumulation he can confront Fate and Death.

Through activation of Spiritual destiny the fixed fate of Death can be changed.

Other complementary lines related with Satyavan’s death:

“Her thoughts, her mind remembered **Narad’s date.**”

Savitri-469

“Immobile in herself, she gathered force.

This was the day when **Satyavan must die.**”

Savitri-10

“Twelve swift-winged months are given to him and her;

This day returning **Satyavan must die.**”

Savitri-431

“Twelve passionate months led in a day of fate.”

"It is decreed and **Satyavan must die.**

The hour is fixed, chosen the fatal stroke."

How physical or tamasic mind deceives our vision can be marked from following experience:

*"(Satprem had written to Mother to ask her the meaning of a dream he had had, in which his brother abruptly came in and announced his son's death. It was an extremely vivid dream. The shock of emotion woke Satprem up.)*

I have got your letter. I don't think it is premonitory. Do you have any news from there? If something had happened, he would have sent you a telegram.

*Not necessarily.... But what kind of construction or imagination is it, then?*

I will tell you.

I had a similar experience three days earlier – similar, I will tell you in what.

To begin with, last time I told you that this physical mind is being transformed; and three or four days ago, that is, before our last conversation, early in the morning I woke up abruptly in the middle of a sort of vision and activity, precisely in this physical mind. Which isn't at all usual for me. I was here in this room, everything was exactly as it is physically, and someone (I think it was Champaklal) opened the door abruptly and said, "*Oh, I am bringing bad news.*" And I heard the sound physically, which means it was very close to the physical. "*He has fallen and broken his head.*" But it was as if he were speaking of my brother (who died quite a long time ago), and during the activity I said to myself, "But my brother died long ago!" And it caused a sort of tension (*gesture to the temples*) because It's a little complicated to explain. When Champaklal gave me the news, I was in my usual consciousness, in which I immediately thought, "How come the Protection didn't act?" And I was looking at that when a sort of faraway memory came that my brother was dead. Then I looked (it's hard to explain with words, it's complex). I looked into Champaklal's thought to find out who he meant had fallen and broken his head. And I saw Al's face. And all that caused a tension (*same gesture to the temples*), so I woke up and looked. And I saw it was an experience intended to make me clearly see that this material mind LOVES ("loves," that's a way of speaking), loves catastrophes and attracts them, and even creates them, because it needs the shock of emotion to awaken its unconsciousness. All that is unconscious, all that is tamasic needs violent emotions to shake itself awake. And that need creates a sort of morbid attraction to or imagination of those things – all the time it keeps imagining all possible catastrophes or opening the door to the bad suggestions of nasty little entities that in fact take pleasure in creating the possibility of catastrophes.

I saw that very clearly, it was part of the sadhana of this material mind. Then I

offered it all to the Lord and stopped thinking about it. And when I received your letter, I thought, "It's the same thing!" The same thing, it's a sort of unhealthy need this physical mind has to seek the violent shock of emotions and catastrophes to awaken its tamas. Only, in the case of A. breaking his head, I waited two days, thinking, "Let us see if it happens to be true." But nothing happened, he didn't break his head! In your case, too, I thought, "I am not budging till we get news," because it may be true (one case in a million), so I keep silent. But this morning I looked again and saw it was exactly the same thing: it's the process of development to make us conscious of the wonderful working of this mind.

*Oh, indeed, as soon as there is a little scratch, something in the being immediately sees terrible illnesses – immediately.*

Yes, that's right. But Sri Aurobindo said it to me. I asked him several times how it was that people (who consciously, outwardly, would rather have pleasant things and favorable events) are constantly attracting and attracting unpleasant things, even terrible catastrophes. I know some women (men too, but they are fewer), women who spend their time imagining the worst: they have children – they imagine that each of them will meet with the worst catastrophes; someone goes away by car – oh, the car will have an accident; they take the train – oh, the train will derail; and so forth. Well, that's why. That's what Sri Aurobindo explained so well: all those parts of the being are terribly tamasic and it is the violence of the shock that awakens something in them; and that is why they attract those things as though instinctively.... The Chinese, for example, have an extremely tamasic vital and an insensate physical: its sensation is totally blunted – they are the ones who invented the most frightful forms of torture. It is because they need something extreme in order to feel, otherwise they don't feel. There was a Chinese who had a sort of anthrax, I think, in the middle of the back (generally an extremely sensitive spot, it seems), and because of his heart they couldn't put him to sleep to operate on him, so they were a bit worried. They operated without anesthesia – he was awake, he didn't move, didn't shout, didn't say anything, they were filled with admiration for his courage; then they asked him what he had felt: "Oh, yes, I felt some scraping in my back"! That's how it is. That's what creates the necessity of catastrophes – of unexpected catastrophes: the thing that gives you a shock to wake you up.

What you are saying here about those morbid and diseased imaginations, I said it myself not long ago: the imagination is instantly defeatist and catastrophic.

*Yes, it's terrible.*

The whole work for a long, long time has been to heal that – to change it, change it.

And usually my nightly activities are never in the material, they are always in the subtle physical, its densest part, if I may say so. Maybe I haven't even had in my life half a dozen visions with the material reality as it is: I saw the room as it is and heard the sound of Champaklal's voice clearly. Then I understood it was this physical mind dreaming, having an activity, and that it was to show me that attraction ... You understand, the door opening abruptly, the man coming in and

telling me (*Mother takes on a tragic tone*), "*I am bringing very bad news,*" and that tense atmosphere, and then, "*He has fallen down and broken his head.*" Then I tried to know who the *he* was, and little by little ... and so on.

With this sort of work to establish perfect equality, I never drive something away immediately, saying, "No, that's not possible." One must be calm and collected in the face of all things. I was calm and collected, thinking, "Let us see, let me wait for two days, and if he has really broken his head (*laughing*), I'll find out!" Of course, nothing happened. And when I got your letter, I had the feeling it was the same thing, but I thought, "Let us see, let us wait...." I looked, and didn't see anything. Through your letter and your words I looked, but didn't see anything. And I had the feeling it was this same physical mind that made contact with a formation – a malicious formation, because such is the habit of the physical mind.

Now that the work is to rectify our way of being, we realize what it is! ... It's really disgusting. It works constantly and is constantly defeatist. As you say, you feel a little pain – oh, is it going to be a cancer?

*And you can catch yourself ten times a day.*

Yes, yes, that state is almost constant.

But this mind itself is making effort, anyway it has become aware, it has realized; it has understood that that condition wasn't very praiseworthy (!), and it's trying to change. Once the problem is identified, it goes fairly fast. Only, the difficulty is that most of our material movements are mechanical; we don't concern ourselves with them, and that's why they always remain as they are. But for some time now I have made it a habit to concern myself with them. It's no fun, but it must be done, that must be rectified.

It is a constant, constant work, for everything, but everything. It's odd: if the question is food, it thinks the food is poisoned or that it won't be digested, or this or that, or that the whole functioning will be upset; you go to sleep – immediately comes the suggestion that you will be agitated, unable to rest, that you will have bad dreams; you speak to someone – the suggestion that you didn't say what you should have said or that it will cause the person harm; you write something – that it wasn't exactly right. It's frightening, frightening.

It will have to change.

Sri Aurobindo told me that it wasn't so strong in Indians as in Europeans, because Europeans have concentrated in Matter a lot and are much more bound there.

Anyway ...

And that prayer I told you the other day was after that; not immediately afterwards, but a day later. As though having had that experience in the physical mind and seen exactly what it was, the nature of this mind, had permitted a progress.

And what gave me an indication of the falsity of that consciousness and its activities was when I made that effort – a tremendous effort – to recall that my brother had died years earlier; from that I saw the distance between my true consciousness and the consciousness I was in for that dream. I saw the distance of



falsity of that consciousness. It gave me a very clear indication. Instead of that quiet and peaceful consciousness which is like an undulation – an undulation of light that always goes like this (*gesture of great wings beating in the Infinite*), a very vast, very peaceful movement of the consciousness, yet which follows the universal movement very quietly – instead of that, there was something strained (*gesture to the temples*), it was as hard as wood or iron and strained, tense, oh! ... Then I knew how false it was. It gave me the exact measure.” The Mother/ July 24, 1965

Vacant of the bright spirit’s luminous gaze. (*Psychic being withdraws long before the withdrawal of physical mind and physical death.*)

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

But once before it faded wholly back,  
He cried out in a clinging last despair,  
“Savitri, Savitri, O Savitri,  
Lean down, my soul, and kiss me while I die.”

*“(By some quirk of the tape recorder (?) the following conversation, which is so important, was almost inaudible, as if veiled, and Satprem was unable to save the recording, though he was able to save his notes. It should be said that his tape recorder was quite patched up – Mother never wanted him to borrow the Ashram's machines, except for "official recordings.")*

*I wanted to point out to you an article in the "Reader's Digest" on the structure of the cell according to the latest scientific discoveries.<sup>66</sup> I thought it might throw light on certain aspects of your experiences. They speak in particular of the cells' consciousness; they have discovered rather mysterious things.... You would see the correspondence with your own experiences.*

The question I am asking myself is whether the cells have an autonomous existence or whether they must remain aggregated in the way they are, obeying a collective consciousness.<sup>67</sup> I do not mean the body consciousness, which is an entity; I mean: does the cell, as an individuality, have the will to remain in its present collectivity? Just as an individual willingly collaborates with a society, with an aggregate, does the individual cell have the will to remain in its aggregate, or is it only the central consciousness that has that will?



*They speak of the consciousness of EACH cell, which has its own "life code," and communicates with the other cells for a particular work by sending out messages.*

What I meant was: if you take a cell, does that cell have a will to remain in its present collectivity, that is to say, the body?

*They conducted an experiment and took a piece from the heart membrane. The cells they took from the body started to come together, and ... "Then they start to move towards one another, after several hours clusters are formed and the cells in each cluster are pulsing in unison," as though they were trying to form a heart again.*

Yes, but I also wanted to know whether, for instance, all the cells that make up the body have the will to preserve that aggregate or if ... Are they conscious only of themselves?

*Not at all, they are conscious of a collective work to be done. And they communicate among themselves to organize that collective work.*

Yes, I understand that very well; in other words, the heart cells tend to form a heart again, the liver cells to form a liver again, and so on. But I am up against this problem: here is an aggregate of cells making up this body; do they have a will for this body to continue, or ...? But when a body decomposes, the cells do not remain cells: the end is dust.

*It's only through the parents' seed that the cell is formed again. After death, the body is reduced to dust.*

Yes, so then it's over.

Which means that ultimately ... You see, it is said that the work you do to make your cells progress is useful for the whole – but I don't see how? It reverts to dust.

*Obviously the transitional being, the being who does the Work, would have to be able to build a new body, or to give his cells a new possibility of action.*

Yes, but those cells revert to dust.

*Yes. ... A new body must be created.*

Well, yes! But dust is dust!

*During your lifetime, during the lifetime of the one who works, you would have to create a body, you would have to emanate a body whose properties would be different from those of the purely animal body.*

Yes, but that's before death.

*Yes, before death.*

It's before death.

You see, for our consolation we are told in every possible way that the work done isn't lost and that all this action on the cells to make them conscious of the higher life isn't lost – that's not true, it's absolutely lost! Suppose I leave my body tomorrow; this body (not immediately, but after a time) reverts to dust; then all that I've done for these cells is perfectly useless! Except that the consciousness will come out of the cells – but it always does! ...

*It's really during the Worker's lifetime that the thing must be done.*

Yes, of course!

*There's no doubt about it.*

It's before. Something has to ENTER here.

*Yes, it's in your body, through your body, that a new form must be worked out. But the moment the cells are conscious, there's no reason why that consciousness shouldn't want to follow a different course and make a body different from an animal body.*

Yes, but that's not my question.

*But after death, it's finished.*

It's finished.

*It's finished, for sure!*

Consequently, it's a waste. We are consoled by being told, "No, death isn't a waste, because everything goes into the general work" – it's not true! It's not true, it's a pure waste.

*It's true on the mental or vital level, but on the physical level it's not true.*

On the physical level, it's a pure waste. The mind and vital are another affair, that's not interesting: we have known for a very long time that their life doesn't depend on the body – it depends on the body only in order to manifest. That's another affair. I am speaking of the body, that's what interests me: the body's cells. Well, death is a waste and that's that.

*Yes. Yes, the transformation must be done in one lifetime.*

Yes.

*It isn't for next life, it's one life, one lifetime. The progress of your cells won't be passed on to another body – unless you create another body.*

That is to say, before this body dissolves, a new creation should be there.

*Yes, either your own body should be transformed, or else you should create another body in some other way. But during your lifetime.*

I am perfectly convinced of that.

What is said is all very well for the mind and vital, because the mind and vital are immortal – they can be, at any rate; they have the possibility of being immortal. Whereas for the physical, that possibility is what is needed: a certain quality of cells should be able to allow the form to become different (the form can change, it changes all the time, it's never the same), but with the conscious interrelationships of the cells persisting.<sup>68</sup>

*But that's not impossible.*

It's more than possible, but we have to learn how to do it!

*Well, yes! But there's no point in consoling oneself by saying, "Next life" the next life, everything must be done all over again.*

Everything must be done all over again, all over again. That's terrible!

*There's no doubt, the Transformer must carry out the transformation in his lifetime.*

So I don't mean to be pessimistic, but if it ends in a death, I will have wasted all my work.

Not for the consciousness, naturally – all that is conscious remains conscious, eternally conscious – but for the cells of the body, the work has to be done all over again.

*At the most, there might be a greater new ability.*

How?

*When you are born again, your mind is more developed, your vital is more developed; well, the physical consciousness will be more capable of doing the work again.*

Provided dust retains consciousness – and it doesn't retain consciousness.

*No, there's no doubt, the work must be done in one lifetime.*

Of course! Well, Sri Aurobindo said that for the work to be done, the minimum is 300 years. We're still far from it!

*One has a feeling that it doesn't depend so much on that as on the fact that the world or circumstances aren't ready, and that when circumstances are ready, maybe it won't be a "long-drawn-out work," maybe it's something that will be done in a flash – maybe it's waiting for the moment.*

*(long silence)*

Well. We'll see. Would it be in the direction of a materializing power?... But those materializations aren't permanent, they have no permanence.

*Yet Sri Aurobindo doesn't speak of "materialization," he speaks of transformation.*

Well. We will see.

*Anyway, everything depends on you.*

Thank you! *(laughing)* Thank you for the responsibility.

*(silence)*

*(silence)*

But the cells are an already very developed thing, in the sense that they are a form of LIFE in Matter; they are a form of life, they're not purely material, inert Matter....

You see, as long as all those things are on the psychological plane, it's very comfortable; very comfortable in the sense that you have the key, not only the key to the understanding, but the key to the action – as long as you remain on that plane. But as soon as it becomes very material, you feel you know ABSOLUTELY nothing, that with all that they know, nothing has been found yet – have they found the way of creating life out of inert matter? .....I haven't heard of it.

Bah!

*Some claim to have done so.*

*(silence)*

So then, that would be the difference between the subtle physical and the physical – immortality in the subtle physical is even perfectly obvious: it's not only easy to imagine, it's a fact; but the PASSAGE? ... The passage, which for most people is like passing from the waking consciousness to the sleep consciousness and from the sleep consciousness to the waking consciousness....

The most concrete experience I have had was like taking a step here and then taking

a step there – there is still a step; there is still this-that (*gesture of reversal*).

But this subtle physical is very, very concrete, in the sense that you find things again in the same place and in the same way: YEARS LATER, I found again some places where I had been, with certain little "inner" differences, if I may say so, but the thing, for instance a house or a landscape, remains the same, with little differences in the arrangement – as there are in life. Anyway it has a continuity, a sort of permanence.

(*silence*)

But when you want to be absolutely sincere and not to kid yourself, in other words, not to be satisfied with explanations of appearances, you realize that you know nothing. All the experiences I have with people leaving their bodies, the more I have, the more ... *puzzling* it is. For instance, not very long ago, I had an experience with L. The night before she officially died, she came to me in an absolutely concrete manner: she had settled down and didn't want to leave me – wherever I went she followed me. She seemed to be clinging to me, talking to me, asking me questions – officially she was still alive. And there was a sort of tall being (those beings are connected to Death; I don't know their exact name, in the traditions they have been given all kinds of names – those are things I don't know at all theoretically). This time, a being of that sort was there, and it was as if he had given her permission to be there for a certain time, as if he were in charge of her and of taking her away once the time was up (all this without words, but

"understood"). Then she told me (after literally "sticking" to me: I couldn't do anything anymore, she was taking up all my time), she told me, "I wanted to leave my body on ..." (I don't remember exactly, it was a Darshan day, November 24 or August 15, but if it was August 15, then she came to see me on the 14th). So I answered her, "Listen, today isn't the 15th yet; if you want to leave on the 15th, you should go back now." (That was to get rid of her! It was so concrete, you know, like when you have someone in your room and can't get rid of him.) Finally, I looked at that tall individual who was standing there perfectly peacefully and as if indifferent (he was there as an active permission), and I ... I didn't tell him, but "communicated" to him that perhaps it was time to take her away. And prrrt! she left instantly – he was awaiting my order. None of this corresponds to any active knowledge on my part: that's just how it happened. And when she came back into her body in the morning, she told those waiting around her, "I spent the night with Mother, I was with her, I didn't leave her. She sent me back, but now I am going back to her." I was told this in the morning. A few hours later, she died. So the agreement is excellent, everything tallies. But her intention was not to leave me after her death (she came in the night with the idea that she was dead and that she was leaving me). Well, after she really died, I didn't get a SINGLE sign of her!

...

So I sat there wondering, "Is there really a difference of consciousness between the time when there is life in the body and the time when one leaves?..." It was a problem for me for days.

Things of this sort, you understand!

And the more I go into the details, the more I ... The more you feel YOU-KNOW-NOTHING. What people call "knowing" is wanting to define, regulate and organize things – that doesn't correspond to ANYTHING.

(silence)

Every passing year brings me closer to a certainty that we know nothing; and yet, the consciousness keeps growing and growing and growing.... Everything is becoming a LIVING consciousness, each thing emanates its own consciousness and EXISTS because of it. For instance, as I have already told you, knowing in one's consciousness just a second or a minute beforehand: The clock is going to strike, someone is going to enter, someone is going to move. " And those things aren't mental, they are part of the mechanism of things, yet they are all phenomena of consciousness. The things themselves LIVE (I say "live," but that's not it), they let you know where they are, where you'll find them; other things suddenly go OUT of the consciousness and disappear. It's a whole world – a world of tiny, microscopic phenomena that are another way of living, a world that seems to be the result of consciousness WITHOUT the intervention of what we call "knowledge": it's something that has nothing to do with knowledge or thought.

There are ups and downs, moments when it's more present and moments where it's less so; to be exact: moments when it's active and moments when it isn't. And whenever there is a period during which it isn't active, when it starts again it does so on a higher rung, that is, more intensely and clearly. The whole thing is obviously following a process of development. It's a sort of ... the word *awareness* might be the nearest; it isn't a perception, which still belongs to the mind, it's a sort of phenomenon of vision. And it has an absolute character. For instance, from time to time, when I hear people speak of something or other and say, "It will be like this and like that," instantly there comes a sort of "tactile" vision ... how can I explain this?... It resembles touch and sight (yet it's neither touch nor sight, but both together): it's the thing as it is, that's IT; and they may say what they like, that's IT and it is irrefutable. And so far, there has never been any contradiction.

It's a consciousness in which the mental element is absent. It comes just on its own, and it's so clear! It's like an immediate contact with the thing as it is.

It is another way of living.

And I am aware that when I am in that state, I look very absent – I must have the appearance of an automaton; yet, on the contrary, the consciousness is so acute, it's the exact opposite of absence! The consciousness is so awake, so awake – awake – but not mentalized, without mental interference.

(silence)

But all this is the psychological plane, it's very comfortable; as soon as you come down to Matter ... you feel the work is endless! You feel you're not moving forward and you don't even know what you should do to move forward. And when it becomes very acute, very tense like that, I invariably have an experience. But at the same time with the sensation that He is laughing, that He's making fun of me: "You're still a child, you still need some playthings!" So I am a good girl.

It is clearly a transitional period – it's interminable! If I start thinking and remembering what Sri Aurobindo said – he said it would take 300 years. We have some time to wait, we needn't hurry.

The only thing is, you have neither a sense of power nor a sense of knowledge, nor even a sense of a relaxation – you're forever keeping hold of the body so that nothing happens to it. As soon as it has an experience, as it did the other day,<sup>69</sup> it's quite shaken.

We know nothing, we know nothing, nothing. All the rules ... Naturally, the inner experience and the inside are very fine, there's no question. But that sort of tension every minute in your every movement ... You know, to do EXACTLY what should be done, to say exactly what should be said – the exact thing in every movement You must pay attention to everything, be tensed for everything: it's a constant, constant tension. Or if you take the other attitude, trust the divine Grace and let the Lord take care of everything, isn't there a risk that it will end in the body's disintegration? Rationally I know, but it's the body that should know!

When there is someone who has made the experiment and naturally has Wisdom, it's so simple! Before, whenever there was the slightest difficulty, I didn't even need to say anything to Sri Aurobindo, everything would sort itself out. Now, I am the one who is doing the work, I have no one to turn to, no one has done it! So this, too, makes for a sort of tension.

One cannot imagine – one cannot imagine what a grace it is to have someone in whose hands you can place yourself entirely! By whom you can let yourself be guided without having the need to seek. I had that, I was very, very conscious of it as long as Sri Aurobindo was there. And when he left his body, it was a dreadful collapse.... One cannot imagine. Someone you can refer to with the certainty that what he says will be the truth.

There's no path, the path has to be blazed out!" The Mother/ August 26, 1964

And even as her pallid lips pressed his,

His failed, losing last sweetness of response;

His cheek pressed down her golden arm. She sought

His mouth still with her living mouth, as if

She could persuade his soul back with her kiss (Mother (Maa Krishna) does this suggest that

perhaps Satyavan's physical body is still habituated with Death and does not respond to the call

of Savitri...the verses above seems to suggest Savitri trying to hold back the life force from

leaving Satyavan's body, but that could not be achieved...so his life force leaves her and she has

to win it back from Death's stranglehold – perhaps it represents the rejection of earth matter to

the touch of the divine (This Canto was earlier writings of Sri Aurobindo and it does not seem to

represent His comprehensive vision but the seed and essential truth of His vision is there. All the

above external narrations are symbols of inner world and inner journey in conquest of death.



We have to understand Satyavan as a (human) Soul destined to die and not in the context of Sri Aurobindo's departure of earthly body, which is a willed death (of Divine Soul). His physical body was not ready to hold and transform the vast universal Forces He was calling down. Again He did not get support from His surrounding in the form of Sadhakas, who could share earth's burden and pressure of Supramental Force along with Him.) (Here Satyavan is at once the representative human Soul and Divine Soul, Nara-Narayana.)

***"Rejected the undying rapture's boon:***

Offered to the daughter of infinity

***Her passion-flower of love and doom she gave...***

That heaven might native grow on mortal soil.

Hard is it to persuade earth-nature's change;

***Mortality bears ill the eternal's touch:"*** Savitri-7

As she cradles the dead body of Satyavan, she becomes aware of the presence of a vast conscious (dire) force – Death – the godhead of the Inconscient. He had taken Satyavan from her embrace and she must now retrieve him from Death's clutches.

Then grew aware they were no more alone.

Something had come there conscious, vast and dire. (Death is a universal impersonal dark force.)

***"Mother looks absorbed***

... Ultimately, until one has the power to do everything, one knows nothing.

This has been my experience these last few days, increasingly clearly.

As long as you don't have the power to do everything, that is, as long as you don't have the supreme Power, you know nothing. And the supreme Power is ... Let me make myself clearer (*Mother smiles*). Someone is dying from cancer in America. I said to that someone that what would happen would be the best for his soul; I said it at a time when the so-called human knowledge still imagined it could cure him. He has lost his speech, but not consciousness – neither hearing nor consciousness (it's a cancer of the brain). The doctor (most eminent, of course, the best you could find) says he only lives on through sheer willpower – and HE doesn't want to live! (Yet he lives on, life goes on.) He doesn't want to live, he wants to die. But of course he can't say so, he can't speak anymore. And the doctor, on his part, in his ignorance, bewildered by the phenomenon, says it's through his will

that he lives on.

I received all this news this morning; for several hours I have been living through the consciousnesses with this problem: the fact that he is still living. And there is always (for consciousnesses such as those) "Death" with a big question mark – what is it exactly? What happens exactly [when one dies]? What is the change in consciousness? Is there a change in consciousness? What happens?... Because my work (the promise I gave) consists in making him, before he leaves his body, conscious of the eternal Truth. So for at least three hours this morning I was confronted with this problem (that's why I was completely withdrawn when I came), and I said to myself, "But ... until one is the master of life and death, one knows nothing!"

That's why I was a little absorbed.

*(silence)*

For so many, so many years I have had all kinds of experiences. For about sixty years I have been constantly looking after people who are said to be "dying" – constantly. Well, there are almost as many cases as there are people – there are categories, but the cases are innumerable (and I am not referring to external cases, to the material event: I am referring to the inner cases). This is to say that I have been put in almost constant contact with the phenomenon, and yet, it remains a problem.... At least twice in this existence, I have gone through what people call "death" – and both times the experience was different. The experience was different, yet the apparent fact was the same.

And if I look at it in a certain way (explanations, of course, are meaningless), if I look at it in a certain way, I mean, to have the true key ... one has it only with the Power. Well, that Power ... *(Mother shakes her head)*

It's hard to explain if I want to make myself understood. For instance, many times (many times, very often), people told me they wanted to die for some reason or other; and by doing a certain thing, it happened. The "thing" wasn't always the same, but the result was in appearance always the same: the person left his or her body. I even had near me, at least twice, very clearly and precisely, people who were supposedly "dead," who had left their body in that way, and they knew nothing about it! Therefore, for that part of their being, it made no difference.<sup>18</sup> And it has also happened that I've "resurrected," as it is called, someone who had been declared dead. This is to tell you that all the various possibilities (not all, but many), all that has been shown to me.

Naturally, it is always a movement of the consciousness [that brings about death] and a certain movement of the will, but ...

What I was wondering about today (not "wondering" – words are always wrong – because it isn't mental, I wasn't wondering mentally), but suddenly there came in front of me, like this *(gesture indicating a cinema screen)*: could what is called "death" be by chance a multitude of different things?... We say "life," "death," and we oppose that death to life – could it be, by chance, that what people call "death" is a multitude of different things, of different possibilities?

*(silence)*

What is it?

Human science answers: there is an analogous phenomenon in all cases – decomposition. But that ...

We are in a constant state of decomposition – everything, all life is constantly in a state of decomposition and transformation; all the food we absorb is constantly in a state of decomposition. So ...

It may simply be the incompleteness, I mean the limitation of our vision, our perception: we see the details too much instead of seeing the whole. You know, I had a sudden feeling with the tension of the concentration: What is the physical perception of the totality of the physical world? What is the consciousness of the totality of the physical world? Isn't, for that consciousness, isn't all that we call death and life a phenomenon analogous to the phenomenon of decomposition, assimilation, transformation that takes place in every living being?

It's enough to leave you completely dazed!

It is the cellular transformation, the progressive cellular transformation which is, on the scale of the human being (of the human being, of the animal, etc.), what we call "death."

We will talk about it again.” The Mother/28<sup>th</sup> April, 1965

Near her she felt a silent shade immense

Chilling the noon with darkness for its back.

An awful hush had fallen upon the place:

There was no cry of birds, no voice of beasts.

A terror and an anguish filled the world,

As if annihilation's mystery

Had taken a sensible form. A cosmic mind (Mother (Maa Krihna), if Death (a universal dark

force) has a cosmic mind, he would be one with all creation, so why does he believe in their

unreality?) (due to the presence of Ignorance and falsehood in this creation.) (Death was an

instrument of the Divine without the experience of identity and oneness with the Divine. The

instruments of this type think themselves as the Lord of the universe. They are also dark cosmic

energy, asuras with limited siddhi, which can appease man's heart.)

Looked out on all from formidable eyes

Contemning all with its unbearable gaze

And with immortal lids and a vast brow

It saw in its immense destroying thought

All things and beings as a pitiful dream,

Rejecting with calm disdain Nature's delight,

The wordless meaning of its deep regard

Voicing the unreality of things (Like Illusionist, Mayavadin.)

And life that would be for ever but never was

And its brief and vain recurrence without cease,

As if from a Silence without form or name

The Shadow of a remote uncaring god

Doomed to his Nought the illusory universe (Death also does not believe in the concept of Nirvana in the true sense of a state that is beyond the mind and senses but which encapsulates everything, rather he sees all creation as a figment of some (unreal) being), (Death's philosophy is combination of escapist theory of later Vedantist and moderate Spirituality.)

‘Leave then thy dead (Husband), O Savitri, and live.’ Savitri-656,

This is Moderate escapist approach towards life followed by Death.

“Live in thyself; forget the man thou lov’st.” Savitri-594, later Vedantic solution followed by Death.

“Turn then to God, for him leave all behind;

Forgetting love, forgetting Satyavan,

Annul thyself in his immobile peace.” Savitri-647,

Later Vedantic solution followed by Death. Savitri book proposes a *Sadhaka* to pursue Sadhana in such a manner that he would under no circumstance accept the Moderate and later Vedantic solution towards life. For that he has to establish himself in dynamic Brahman state which can become active during each transitional and critical hour.

Cancelling its show of idea and act in Time

And its imitation of eternity (Death sees the world as a limitation of eternity, not an unfolding of eternity in time). (Death imitates himself as the Lord of the universe.)

She knew that visible Death was standing there (The Impersonal dark force took a form)

And Satyavan had passed from her embrace.

“No, it has made me understand something, but it's something very (how can I put it?), very intimate.... When Sri Aurobindo left, I knew I had to **cut the link with the psychic being**, otherwise I would have gone with him; and as I had promised him I would stay on and do the work, I had to do that: I literally closed the

door on the psychic and said, "For the moment this doesn't exist anymore." It remained like that for ten years. After ten years, it slowly, slowly began to open again – it was frightening. But I was ready. It began to open again. But then, that experience surprised me when I had it; I wondered why it had been like that, why I had received that command and had to do it. And when there was in the body that identification with divine Love [a few days ago], after that had left, the cells were ordered to undergo a similar phenomenon [to what happened after Sri Aurobindo's departure]. And I understood why the whole material world is closed: it's to allow it to exist WITHOUT the experience [of divine Love]. Naturally, I had understood why I was made to close off my psychic, because ... because it was truly impossible, I couldn't go on existing outwardly without Sri Aurobindo's presence. Well then, the cells have understood that they must go on existing and living their life without the presence of divine Love. And that's how it took place in the world: it was a necessary phenomenon for the formation and development of the material world.

But we're perhaps nearing ... We are nearing the time when it will be allowed to open again.

*(silence)*

You remember, I don't know if it was in a letter or an article, Sri Aurobindo spoke of the manifestation of divine Love; he said, "Truth will have to be established first, otherwise there will be catastrophes...." I understand that very well."." **The Mother**/ July 27, 1966

"I've received a certain number of questions from the older pupils (not the young children, the older pupils) on "death," the conditions of death, why there are so many accidents at present, and so on. I have already answered two pupils. Of course, the answer is on a mental level, but with an attempt to go beyond.

There is that sort of mental logic which wants ... yes, which wants things to be deduced from one another according to that logic, and so they have reached ... impossible questions.

*(the text of the questions:)*

*Are the time and manner of death always chosen by the soul? In large human destructions through bombings, floods, earthquakes, have all the souls chosen to die together at that time?*

The vast majority of human beings have a collective destiny. For them the question does not arise. One who has an individualized psychic being can survive even in the midst of collective catastrophes, if such is the choice of his soul.

*How is the soul conscious of being and existing after death, once it is separated from its physical vital and mental beings?*

The soul is a spark of the Supreme Divine, I do not see how the Lord needs a body in order to be conscious of being.

It's nothing very new, but it's a broadening of the consciousness. And all these

questions have in fact been coming into the atmosphere lately, giving at first the impression that man knows nothing about death – he doesn't know what it is, doesn't know what happens, he has built all kinds of hypotheses but has no certainties. And by pressing on – by insisting and pressing on – I have reached the conclusion ... that there is really no such thing as death.

There is only an appearance, and an appearance based on a limited outlook. But there is no radical change in the vibration of consciousness. This came as an answer to a sort of anguish – there was in the cells a sort of anguish at not knowing what death really is; a sort of anguish, like that. And the response was very clear and persistent: it was that the consciousness alone can know, because ... because the importance attached to the difference of state is a merely superficial difference based on an ignorance of the phenomenon in itself. One who could retain a means of communication would be able to say that as far as he himself is concerned, it doesn't make much difference.

But this is something being worked out at the moment. There still remain gray areas and some details of experience are missing. So it would be better to wait, it seems to me, until the knowledge is more complete, because rather than give an approximation with assumptions, it would be better to tell the complete fact with the total experience. So we'll put it off till later.

*But you say there is no difference – when one is on the other side, does one go on having or is one able to have the perception of the physical world?*

Yes, yes! Exactly. Exactly.

*The perception of beings, of ... [Satprem meant seagulls over the sea, trees, the pretty sunshine on the earth].*

Yes, exactly.

Only, instead of having a perception ... You leave a sort of illusory state and a perception which is one of appearances, but you do have a perception. That is, at certain times I had the perception, I was able to see the difference, but of course, the experience wasn't total (it wasn't total in the sense that it was cut short by people), so it's better to wait awhile before we talk about it.

But the perception is there.

Not absolutely identical, but with an effectiveness which is sometimes greater in itself. But it's not really perceived by the other side. I don't know how to explain. I've had the example (not an example: it was lived with the full perception) of a being who lived with me for years, who remained in perfectly conscious contact after he had left his body (and left it quite materially), and who didn't merge but closely associated himself with another living being and in this association went on living the life of his OWN CONSCIOUSNESS. I can give neither the names nor the facts about all this, but it's as concrete as can be.<sup>24</sup> And it's going on.

All this has been seen – I've been seeing it for a long time, but just this morning it came back as an illustration of the new knowledge. Extraordinarily concrete [the "association"] in its effects, changing the capacities and movements of



the other's consciousness. And consciously – an absolutely conscious life. And it's the same consciousness that was conscious during the phase when there was nobody left at all and the presence was visible only in the night vision.

There are other cases.

This one is very close and intimate, which is why I have been able to follow it in all its details.

But it's clear, precise and EVIDENT only with this new vision, because (how can I explain?... ) I knew this – I knew it before, I was aware of it – but I saw it again with the new consciousness, the new way of seeing, and then the understanding was total, the perception was total, absolutely concrete, with elements that were completely missing – convincing elements that were completely missing in the first perception, which was a vital-mental knowledge. While this is a knowledge of the consciousness of the cells.

But all this would only be interesting with all the facts (which I can't give). So I'd like to have a more complete and "impersonal" experience, I might say, I mean not illustrated by facts but an overall vision of the process. Then I will be able to talk about it. It will come." The Mother/ March 7, 1967

The mystery of sacrificial death and constraint of earthy departure of *Avatara* is partly hinted in *Savitri*. When the *Avatara*, the incarnating Divine is caught by the Wheel of earth's doom that He had hoped to break, His crucified voice proclaims at the brink of death, 'I, I am God;' (Savitri-446) during that critical moment of death, Heaven reminds Him with an equal and all compassionate cry, 'Yes, all is God.' (Savitri-446) There is nothing here that is not the Divine. If a concealed Soul in the form of seed grows into flower of Godhead in the world tree then all shall discover God in Self and Nature and ascend into universal incarnation of Godhead. The physical departure of *Sri Aurobindo's* earthly body is a part of bearing of earth's burden of sorrow, suffering and death of the ascending Godhead through sacrifice of *Purusha*, *Purusha Yajna*, *Vedantic* sacrifice, in order to lift mankind to Light, Joy and Truth through willed death, *Ichha Mrityu*. His decision to leave the body and continue this work from the subtle world was from the observation that His cells of the body did not help in the further transformation work when He put the descent of higher Supramental Force on them. Similarly *The Mother's* physical departure from earthly body is a part of bearing of earth's burden of sorrow, suffering and death of the descending Godhead through much more greater and deeper sacrifice of *Prakriti*, *Prakriti Yajna*, *Vedic* sacrifice, 'the holocaust of *Prakriti*, the sacrifice of the Divine Mother,' (The Mother-35) in order to call down Light, Joy and Truth for the whole of mankind, through non-willed death, *Uniccha Mrityu* or bearing death through fierce confrontation with the Wheel of earth's doom. Her cells of the body had long



collaborated in the transformation work and permitted the Supramental force and higher Divine Love Force to act in Her body.

An ideal *Sadhaka* of traditional Yoga must always remember *the Gita's* injunction, 'For certain is death for the born,' *jatasya hi dhrubo mrityu*. (The Gita-2.27) Similarly an ideal *Sadhaka* of integral Yoga must be absolutely free from fear of death through two Spiritual experiences of Psychic and Spiritual immortality and must be in the line as recounted by *the Mother*, "God knows, never, not one minute in my life, even when things were the darkest, the blackest, the most negative, the most painful, not once did the thought come, "I would like to die."" (The Mother's Agenda-5/288) So it is proposed for ascending Soul *Sadhaka* and descending Soul *Sadhaka* of integral Yoga to prepare them for both willed and unwilled death of traditional and integral Yoga respectively based on the truth of their Soul, *svadharma*, and truth of their Nature, *svabhava*.

END OF BOOK EIGHT

END OF PART TWO

OM NAMO BHAGAVATEH

Divine Amar Atman!

My Divine Child Auroprem,

My all love and blessings to you. This Canto represents more of Sri Aurobindo's earlier Spiritual writing (from Baroda) and less (or beginning) of the movement of endless Consciousness of which He is a living representative. Here we have to understand that in order to confront Death the higher affirmative instrumentation of Psychic, Spiritual and Supramental are inevitable because Death represents a force of negation of the Inconscient world.

With my eternal love and special blessings.

OM TAT SAT

At Their Feet

S.A. Maa Krishna

Om Namo Bhagavateh

"Her thoughts, her mind remembered *Narad's date*."

Savitri-469

"Immobile in herself, she gathered force.

This was the day when *Satyavan must die*."

Savitri-10

"Twelve swift-winged months are given to him and her;

This day returning *Satyavan must die*."

Savitri-431

"It is decreed and *Satyavan must die*.

The hour is fixed, chosen the fatal stroke."

Sri Matriniketan Ashram  
05.11.2019

Divine Amar Atman!  
My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. This Canto speaks of earthly departure of Satyavan in all life and Satyavan will return to earth after Savitri's Yoga in Subconscient and inconscient plane are complete which is again an issue of many births.

The awareness of Satyavan's death will make a Sadhaka supremely conscious of brief Time he is given in this birth and utilize it as a bank to accumulate Spiritual energy. His only Divine work is to call down timeless Eternity into slipping moments and to call down spaceless Infinity into his limited surrounding space.

He can concentrate, contemplate and meditate on the following lines in his relation with Time:

"Creating in a young and **virgin Time.**"

*Savitri-38*

"She has lured the Eternal into the **arms of Time.**"

*Savitri-178*

"No silent peak is found where **Time can rest.**"

*Savitri-197*

"A timeless Spirit was made the **slave of the hours;**"

*Savitri-268*

"A marriage with eternity **divinized Time.**"

*Savitri-327*

"Time was Eternity's transparent robe."

*Savitri-329*

“His day is a moment in **perpetual Time**;

*Savitri-336*

“Linger not long with thy transmuting hand  
Pressed vainly on **one golden bar of Time**,  
As if Time dare not open its heart to God.”

*Savitri-345*

“The splendid **youth of Time** has passed and failed;  
Heavy and long are the years our labour counts”

*Savitri-345*

“One **human moment** was eternal made.”

*Savitri-411*

“Earth keeps for man some short and **perfect hours**”

*Savitri-421*

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

*Savitri-490*

“She passed beyond Time into eternity,”

*Savitri-555*

“Eternity looked out from her on Time.”

*Savitri-557*

“**Time** travels towards revealed eternity.”

*Savitri-623*

“The Eternal’s face was seen through **drifts of Time**.”

*Savitri-625*

Finally a *Sadhaka* must be aware and identify himself with Savitri through

following lines:

“Her life was now in seconds, not in hours,  
And every moment she economised  
Like a pale merchant leaned above his store,  
The miser of his poor remaining gold.” Savitri-563

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:

“All else she pressed back into her anguished heart  
And forced upon her speech an outward peace.” Savitri-561

“Her life was now in seconds, not in hours,  
And every moment she economised  
Like a pale merchant leaned above his store,  
The miser of his poor remaining gold.” Savitri-563

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

“Now has a strong desire seized all my heart  
To go with Satyavan **holding his hand**  
Into the life that he has loved and touch  
Herbs he has trod and know the forest flowers  
And hear at ease the birds and the scurrying life  
That starts and ceases, rich far rustle of boughs  
And all the mystic whispering of the woods.”

Savitri-562

“Then the doomed husband and the woman who knew  
Went **with linked hands** into that solemn world.”

Savitri-562

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

“Like the strong sun that serves earth from above.” Savitri-562

“All grief and fear were dead within her now  
And a great calm had fallen. The wish to lessen  
His suffering, the impulse that opposes pain  
Were the one mortal feeling left. It passed:  
Griefless and strong she waited like the gods.” Savitri-564-65

Om Namo Bhagavateh

Sri Matriniketan Ashram  
05.04.2022

Divine Amar Atman!  
My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. This Book-8, Canto-3  
proposes that one must learn the lesson of confronting Death by establishing himself  
in the Supramental plane. The traditional Yoga utilises Supramental Consciousness as

a passage to return to the Supreme abode of Param Dham through willed Death, iccha mrityu, and integral Yoga proposes to confront Death by activation of Supramental Consciousness or to meet death while confronting it through unwilled Death, uniccha mrityu.

In both the Gita and Savitri Chapter-8/Book-8 is devoted to how one Jivatma will meet death and leave the body. The Gita proposes that if one will devote his inner life and its subjective time exclusively to unite with the Divine which is a state of consciousness beyond the three modes of Nature, gunas, then during the hour of departure of the body he lives united with the Divine and does not return to earth life through rebirth.

“Whoever leaves his body and departs remembering Me at his time of the end, comes to my bhava (that of the Purushottama, my status of being); there is no doubt of that.

Whosoever at the end abandons the body, thinking upon any form of being, to that form he attains, O Kaunteya, into which the soul was at each moment growing inwardly during the physical life. Therefore at all times remember me and fight; for if thy mind and thy understanding are always fixed on and given up to Me, to Me thou shalt surely come. For it is by thinking always of Him with a consciousness united with Him in an undeviating Yoga of constant practice that one comes to the divine and supreme Purusha, O Partha. He who thinketh upon this Purusha in the time of departure, with motionless mind, a soul armed with the strength of Yoga, a union with God in bhakti and the life-force entirely drawn up and set between the brows in the seat of mystic vision, he attains to this supreme divine Purusha” The Gita-8.5,6,7,8, 10

Savitri proposes the same method/self-discipline of the Gita but with different objective; it aims at invasion of Supreme dynamic energy to the material vessel and divinise life through transformation of Death.

“All grief and fear were dead within her now  
And a great calm had fallen. The wish to lessen  
His suffering, the impulse that opposes pain  
Were the one mortal feeling left. It passed:  
Griefless and strong she waited like the gods.” Savitri-564-65

“Then suddenly there came on her the change

Which in tremendous moments of our lives

Can overtake sometimes the human soul

And hold it up towards its luminous source.

The veil is torn, the thinker is no more:

Only the spirit sees and all is known.

Then a calm Power seated above our brows (Spiritual Being, Akshara Purusha united with Purushottama.)

Is seen, unshaken by our thoughts and deeds,

Its stillness bears the voices of the world:

Immobile, it moves Nature, looks on life.” Savitri-571

This Canto proposes a Sadhaka to rightly utilise every moment and to live in seconds rather than in hours. Every second is meant to accumulate Spiritual energy and to economise every moment so that he will not lose the poor remnants of Spiritual/Supramental energy here symbolised as gold. It is only the accumulated Spiritual energy that can alter fate.

This Canto hints at how death visits man as a stroke from the dark Inconscient plane. It can be met if a similar stroke intervenes from the Superconscient plane:

“The violent and hungry hounds of pain

Travelled through his body biting as they passed

Silently, and all his suffering breath besieged

Strove to rend life’s strong heart-cords and be free.” Savitri-564 (Inconscient stroke)

“It (Savitri’s heart) bore the stroke of That which kills and saves.” Savitri-20 [Saves the strong and truthful and kills the weak, false and ignorant.] (Superconscient stroke.)

and another complementary line is “Her force that moves, her powers that save (truth) and slay (falsehood),” Savitri-64 (Superconscient stroke.)

Death is a dark universal force without any form, which Savitri felt as:

“Something had come there conscious, vast and dire.

Near her she felt a silent shade immense

Chilling the noon with darkness for its back.” Savitri-565

In the succeeding Cantos, we meet more mysteries about Death. Death proposes indirectly to renounce five things if one aspires for immortality. They are (1) will to be, (2) twilight thought, (3) quarrelling, (4) soul slaying truth, and (5) human love. They are to be transformed into (1) aim and knowledge of the Psychic being, (2) mind liberated from all twilight thought, (3) sense of oneness with all existence, (4) Soul saving Truth and (5) Divine Love.



OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

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

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