

“I have finished my translation [of the *Synthesis*](The Synthesis of Yoga)

And then I have begun Savitri-ah!... And then, as I expected, the experience is rather interesting... I had noticed, while reading Savitri, that there was a sort of absolute understanding, that is to say, it can't mean this or that or this- it means THAT. It comes with an imperative. And that's what led me to think, “When I translate it, it will come in the same way.” And it did. I take the text line by line and make a resolve (not personal) to translate it line by line, **without the slightest regard for the literary point of view, but rendering what he meant in the clearest possible way.**

... I may even keep the manuscript in pencil: **the temptation to correct is very bad. Very bad because it's the surface understanding that wants to correct-literary taste, poetical sense and all those things that are down there (gesture down below). You know, it's as if (I don't mean the words themselves), as if the CONTENT of the words were projected on a perfectly blank and still screen ((the) Mother points to her forehead), as if words were projected on it.**

The trouble is writing, the materialization between the vision and the writing; the Force has to drive the hand and the pencil, and there is a slight... there is still a very slight resistance. Otherwise, if I could write automatically, oh, how nice it would be!

...So I will go on. **If there are corrections, they can come through the same process, because at this point to correct anyhow would spoil it all.**

...But I would like us to revise the translation in the same way, because I am sure he (Sri Aurobindo) will be here- he is always here when I translate. Then **I will go back into that state, while you will do the work!** (Laughing) You will write. And then, unless your vocabulary is very extensive (mine used to be extensive, but now it has become quite limited), we will need a decent dictionary... But I am afraid none will have anything to offer.

Q:- *I even find they should be avoided.*

They are bad. Somewhere they make me angry. It makes a very dark atmosphere, it clouds the atmosphere...

(The Mother's Agenda-4/37-42)

Canto Four

The Quest

Summary:

As Savitri leaves the palace in search of Her Lord Satyavan, she encounters many people, places and scenery, from those who live their lives on the

surface to those sages who are merged with the Divine; she encounters beautiful cities which are a testament to man's ambition and scenic natural wonders in the woods and deserts. In all she finds comrades of previous lives she had taken, none were strangers, all were loved ones of long forgotten selves...as she travels and memory of her past work surfaces, she takes up all those she encounters as one with Her and makes the destiny of the entire mankind Her destiny.

It is interesting to note that not even the sages who had reached the highest heights were a fit vessel to hold Her full love, like Satyavan was. **So those who want to possess the full Divine love of Savitri must wear the face of Satyavan. Satyavan represents fivefold character in his nature representing the integral Godhead in a human body. They are: (1) virgin stuff of mind and body, (2) knowledge based action, (3) harmony, (4) simplicity and (5) one-mindedness. So Satyavan represents five-fold Consciousness that of (1) the pure Static Brahman Consciousness, (2) dynamic Brahman Consciousness, (3) all embracing cosmic Consciousness, (4) empty Brahman Consciousness and (5) exclusive one-pointed Psychic Consciousness which transforms into Integral Consciousness.**

Detail:

As Savitri steps into the wide open world, the scenes and people seem strangers but quickly the memory of her past birth, the long unbroken line of her unfinished work...that she has been toiling since the creation of the Earth...came to the fore and she saw behind the strange faces, recollections of old friends from previous lives.

THE WORLD-WAYS opened before Savitri.

At first a strangeness of new brilliant scenes

Peopled her mind and kept her body's gaze.

But as she moved across the changing earth

A deeper consciousness welled up in her:

A citizen of many scenes and climes,

Each soil and country it had made its home; (Savitri had moved most part of whole earth through many births in order to discover Satyavan in each birth.)

It took all clans and peoples for her own,

Till the whole destiny of mankind was hers.

These unfamiliar spaces on her way

Were known and neighbours to a sense within,

Landscapes recurred like lost forgotten fields, (of past birth)

Cities and rivers and plains her vision claimed

Like slow-recurring memories in front,

The stars at night were her past's brilliant friends,

The winds murmured to her of ancient things

And she met nameless comrades loved by her once.

All was a part of old forgotten selves: **(Of past births.)**

Vaguely or with a flash of sudden hints
Her acts recalled a line of bygone power,

Even her motion's purpose was not new: (Her purpose was to trace her Lord
in each birth)

Traveller to a prefigured high event,
She seemed to her remembering witness soul
To trace again a journey often made.

A guidance turned the dumb revolving wheels (being our outer nature, of
mind, life and body)

And in the eager body of their speed (the vital eagerness moves us in most
of our actions)

The **dim-masked hooded godheads** rode who move

Assigned to man immutably **from his birth** (within us are divine powers who
are companions from our birth assigned to bear the load of life and to slowly
push our consciousness towards the divine), (So the Divine deposes invisible
guardians to take care of man. Like parents are our visible guardians.)

Receivers of the inner and outer law,

At once the agents of his spirit's will (the dichotomy - the universal forces
that impose on us the fruits of our karma are only agent's of our Spirit and
hence subservient to our True Self) (This means they are instruments of
truth.)

And witnesses and executors of his fate. (Yet is our outer nature controlled
and manipulated by them...so those who can link themselves with their True
Selves can alone annul the control of these universal forces/forces of karma
on them)

Inexorably (impossible to stop) faithful to their task, (they are not moved by
man's ignorant offerings)

They hold his nature's sequence in their guard (They are the invisible
guardians of man.)

Carrying the unbroken thread old lives have spun. (There is an unbroken
thread of past birth that is linked with present birth and future birth. So the
hooded Godheads also accompany a human Soul from past births.)

Attendants on his destiny's measured walk

Leading to joys he has won and pains he has called,
Even in his **casual steps** they (hooded godheads) intervene.

Nothing we think or do is void or vain; (Our thought and action can be
elevated to Divine height)

Each is an energy loosed and holds its course. (each right action and right
thought change fixed destiny into Spiritual destiny and each wrong action
and wrong thought invite doom.)

Its complementary line:

"A casual passing phrase can change our life." Savitri-373, (change of life
by outer aid either through Shastra or through influence of the Guru.)

***"Even in his casual steps they (higher beings or guardians of the world)
intervene." Savitri-378, (change of life through intervention of
higher plane.)***

“A casual act determines the world’s fate.” Book-6, Canto-1 (action of cosmic self) (change of the world by intervention of universalised consciousness.)

“A Nature lifted by a larger breath,

Plastic and passive to the all-shaping Fire,

Answers the flaming Godhead’s **casual** touch:” Savitri, Book-2, Canto-2

“In the **casual** error of the world’s ignorance

A plan, a hidden Intelligence is glimpsed.

There is a purpose in each stumble and fall;” Savitri-658

The shadowy keepers (**hooded godheads**) of our deathless past

Have made our fate the child of our own acts, (If action can be divinised then the fate can be Spiritualised. Thus, through Divine action destiny can be changed.)

And from the furrows laboured by our will

We reap the fruit of our forgotten deeds. (From our forgotten undivine action of three *gunas* and Divine action through overhead *adesh*, the fruit of evil and good are experienced.)

“Sri Aurobindo wrote somewhere, I don’t remember in what connection, that in a certain state of consciousness one had the power to CHANGE THE PAST. I found that very striking.” The Mother’s Agenda/7/243

“But the same solution can be elevated to a higher level of reason and given a greater plausibility and the colour of a cosmic principle. For, first, it may be based on the unassailable ground that all energies in Nature must have their natural consequence; if any are without visible result in the present life, it may well be that the outcome is only delayed, not withheld for ever. **Each being reaps the harvest of his works** and deeds, the returns of the action put forth by the energies of his nature, and those which are not apparent in his present birth must be held over for a subsequent existence. It is true that the result of the energies and actions of the individual may accrue not to himself but to others when he is gone; for that we see constantly happening, — it happens indeed even during a man’s lifetime that **the fruits of his energies are reaped by others**; but this is because there is a solidarity and a continuity of life in Nature and the individual cannot altogether, even if he so wills, live for himself alone. But, if there is a continuity of his own life by rebirth for the individual and not only a continuity of the mass life and the cosmic life, if he has an ever-developing self, nature and experience, then it is inevitable that for him too the working of his energies should not be cut off abruptly but must bear their consequence at some time in his continuous and developing existence.” **The Life Divine-837-38**

281, What is the law and chain of Karma of traditional schools? **The Life Divine-838-39**

Ans: "Man's being, nature, circumstances of life are the result of his own inner and outer activities, not something fortuitous or inexplicable: he is what he has made himself; the past man was the father of the man that now is, the present man is the father of the man that will be. **Each being reaps what he sows**; from what he does he profits, for what he does he suffers. This is the **law and chain of karma**, of Action, of the work of Nature-Energy, and it gives a meaning to the total course of our existence, nature, character, action which is absent from other theories of life..... If it be asked why actions alone, good or bad deeds alone, should have a result, it might be conceded that good and evil thoughts, feelings, actions have all their corresponding results, but since action is the greater part of life and the test and formulated power of a man's values of being, since also he is **not always responsible for his thoughts and feelings**, as they are often involuntary, but is or must be held responsible for what he does, as that is subject to his choice, it is **mainly his actions that construct his fate**; they are the chief or the most forceful determinants of his being and his future. This is the whole **law of Karma.**"

But since unseen the tree that bore this fruit
And we live in a present born from an unknown past, (Our present state of consciousness is the outcome of sadhana of past births.)
They seem but parts of a mechanic Force
To a mechanic mind tied by earth's laws;
Yet are they (hooded godheads) instruments of a Will supreme (the Will of the Divine in us), (Karma Yogis can be instruments of Supramental energy known as Will Supreme.)(Here the invisible beings who accompany man from his birth is identified as instruments of Will supreme. They are given the responsibility to guard man and dictate his future path.)
Watched by a still all-seeing Eye above. (Our Ignorant action also receives approval and sanction of the over-seeing and over-ruling Divine Power.)(Here the action of the instruments of Will supreme are watched by the Divine.)

"You know, mon petit, I said one day that in the history of earth, wherever there was a possibility for the Consciousness to manifest, I was there; this is a fact. It's like the story of *Savitri*: always there, always there, always there, in this one, that one – at certain times there were four emanations simultaneously! At the time of the Italian and French Renaissance. **And again at the time of Christ**, then too.... Oh, you know, I have remembered so many, many things! It would take volumes to tell it all. And then, more often than not (not always, but more often than not), what took part in this or that life was a particular yogic formation of the vital being – in other words something immortal. And when I came this time, as soon as I took up the yoga, they came back again from all sides, they were waiting (They were described in *Savitri* as 'instruments of will Supreme' and 'The shadowy keepers of our deathless past' and 'dim-masked hooded godheads' (page-377-378)). Some were simply waiting, others were working (they led their own independent lives) and they all gathered together again. That's how I got those memories. One after the other, those vital beings came – a deluge! I had barely enough time to assimilate one, to see, situate and integrate it, and

another would come. They are quite independent, of course, they do their own work, but they are very centralized all the same. And there are all kinds – all kinds, anything you can imagine! Some of them have even been in men: they are not exclusively feminine. ..At first, I used to think they were fantasies. Before I met Sri Aurobindo they would come and come and come to me, night after night and sometimes during the day – a mass of things! Afterwards I told Sri Aurobindo about it, and he explained to me that it was quite natural. And indeed, it is quite natural: with the present incarnation of the Mahashakti (as he described it in *Savitri*), whatever is more or less bound up with Her wants to take part, that's quite natural. And it is particularly true for the vital: there has always been a preoccupation with organizing, centralizing, developing and unifying the vital forces, and controlling them. So there's a considerable number of vital beings, each with its own particular ability, who have played their role in history and now return. But this one [the tall white Being] is not of human origin; it was not formed in a human life: it is a being that had already incarnated, and is one of those who presided over the formation of this present being [The Mother]. But, as I said, I saw it: it was sexless, neither male nor female, and as intrepid as the vital can be, with a calm but absolute power.... Ah, I found a very good description of it in one of Sri Aurobindo's plays, when he speaks of the goddess Athena (I think it's in 'Persius', but I am not sure); she has that kind of ... it's an almighty calm, and with such authority! Yes, it's in *Perseus* – when she appears to the Sea-God and forces him to retreat to his own domain. There's a description there that fits this Being quite well.” The Mother/27th June-1962

“Now I know that it's not necessary at all – not at all. Simply the aspiration must be constantly like this (*gesture of a rising flame*). Aspiration – that is, knowing what you want, wanting it. But it cannot be given a definite form; Sri Aurobindo has used certain words, we use other words, others use still other words, and all this means nothing—they are simply words. But there is something beyond all words, and that ... for me, the simplest thing (the simplest to express) is, 'The Supreme's Will.'

And it's 'The Supreme's Will' FOR THE EARTH – which is quite aspecial thing. I am in a universal consciousness at the moment and the earth seems to me to be a very tiny thing, like this (*Mother sketches a tiny ball in the air*) in the process of being transformed. But this is from the standpoint of the Work, it's another matter.

But for those who are here, we can say, 'It is what the Supreme Lord is preparing for the earth.' He sent Sri Aurobindo to prepare it; Sri Aurobindo called it 'the supramental realization,' and to facilitate communication we can use the same words. Well, this movement (*gesture of a rising flame*) towards That must be constant – constant, total. All the rest is none of our business, and the less we meddle with it mentally, the better. But THAT, that Flame, is indispensable. And when it goes out, light it again; when it falters, rekindle it – **all the time, all the time, ALL THE TIME – when sleeping, walking, reading, moving around, speaking ... all the time.** [178]

The rest doesn't matter, one can do anything (it depends on people and their ways of thinking). You can just ask people like X, they will tell you: 'You can do anything at all – it doesn't matter in the least. Only you mustn't feel it's you doing it, that's all. You have to feel that Nature does it.' But I don't much approve of this system.

The important thing is the flame.

(silence)

Actually, in these scenes from the subconscious presented during the night, there were things I had believed ill-omened in my life – yet suddenly I saw the vibration of this aspiration arising, with such a power and intensity EVEN THERE. ‘Oh,’ I said, ‘how mistaken we are!’

And this aspiration depends neither on the state of health nor It’s absolutely independent of all circumstances – I have felt this aspiration in the cells of my body at the very moment when things were at their most disorganized, when, from an ordinary medical standpoint, the illness was serious. The cells THEMSELVES aspire. And this aspiration has to be everywhere.

When one is in this state, there is no need to worry – nothing else matters
(*Mother bursts into laughter*).” The Mother’s Agenda- 18.04.1961

A prescient architect ([all-seeing Eye](#)) of Fate and Chance
Who builds our lives on a **foreseen** design
The meaning knows and consequence of each step
And watches the inferior **stumbling** powers.

[Its complementary line:](#)

““O Aswapati, random seem the ways

Along whose banks your footsteps stray or run

In **casual** hours or moments of the gods,

Yet your least stumblings are foreseen above.

Infallibly the curves of life are drawn

Following the stream of Time through the unknown;

They are led by a clue **the calm immortals** keep.” Savitri-

Here we notice some new things that build our destiny. They are interventions of (1) our own action and thought, (2) intervention of higher beings who are with us from our birth and (3) intervention of the transcendent Divine who silently watches all things.

Savitri was always guided by her Psychic Being (from within) and Spiritual Being (from above)

Upon her silent heights she was aware
Of a calm Presence throned above her brows (**Spiritual Being**)
Who saw the goal and chose each fateful curve;
It used the body for its pedestal;
The eyes that wandered were its searchlight fires,
The hands that held the reins its living tools;
All was the working of an ancient plan, (**Nothing takes place in this earth accidentally.**)

A way proposed by **an unerring Guide.** ([Spiritual being](#))

“Above her brows where will and knowledge meet
A mighty Voice invaded mortal space.”

Savitri-474

“(Question) It was 1 a.m. at night when my brother in excruciating pain called me and asked if Sri Aurobindo could heal him. I took out some Prasad flowers that were with me and touched the affected part with them. And lo! the pain vanished and he began to recover. I want to know if you were aware of this and heard my prayer.

(Answer) What happens in such cases is that when someone is accepted, the Mother sends out something of herself to him and this is with him wherever he goes and is always in connection with her being here. So when he does anything like what you did in this case with faith and bhakti, it reaches, through that **emanation** of herself which is with him, the Mother’s consciousness inner or outer and the Force goes in return for the result.” CWSA-32/The Mother with Letters on the Mother-239-240

Across wide noons and glowing afternoons,
She met with Nature and with human forms
And listened to the voices of the world;
Driven from within she followed her long road, (all her outer wanderings
were guided from Her Psychic Being within) **(Outer wandering is
necessary at certain stage of spiritual development and formation
leading towards intermediate Spiritual realisation and the
harmonisation of the ultimate destiny.)**
Mute in the luminous cavern of her heart,
Like a bright cloud through the resplendent day.

Mother, (Maa Krishna) I was able to recognise the 4 types of spirituality in men (as per your paper on The Integral Yoga and Sanatana Dharma) that Savitri encountered in her search for Satyavan. (Moderate, ascetic/late Vedantic, consecrated/ancient Vedantic, Vedic (Virgins’ Fortress) Spirituality)

First, she came across the mundane/moderate spiritualist...

At first her path ran far through peopled tracts:
Admitted to the lion eye of States
And theatres of the loud act of man (men who live in their outer being,
satisfied with their ego and ambition),
Her chariot with its fretted wheels
Threaded through clamorous marts and sentinel towers
Past figured gates and high dream-sculptured fronts
And gardens hung in the sapphire of the skies,
Pillared assembly halls with armoured guards,
Small fanes (shrine or temple) where one calm Image watched man’s life
And temples hewn as if by exiled gods
To imitate their lost eternity.

Often from gilded dusk to argent dawn,
Where jewel-lamps flickered on frescoed walls
And the stone lattice stared at moonlit boughs,
Half-conscious of the tardy listening night
Dimly she glided between banks of sleep
At rest in the slumbering palaces of kings.
Hamlet and village saw the fate-wain (**wain-wagon**) pass,
Homes of a life bent to the soil it ploughs
For sustenance of its short and passing days
That, transient, keep their old repeated course,
Unchanging in the circle of a sky
Which alters not above our mortal toil.

She left the hustle and bustle and pomp of the outer living man and moved
to the outskirts of the city...towards the rural area which were more in tune
with nature.

Away from this thinking creature's burdened hours
To free and griefless spaces now she turned
Not yet perturbed by human joys and fears.
Here was the childhood of primaeval earth,
Here timeless musings large and glad and still,
Men had forborne as yet to fill with cares,
Imperial acres of the eternal sower
And wind-stirred grass-lands winking in the sun:
Or mid green musing of woods and rough-browed hills,
In the grove's murmurous bee-air humming wild
Or past the long lapsing voice of silver floods
Like a swift hope journeying among its dreams
Hastened the chariot of **the golden bride**.
Out of the world's immense unhuman past
Tract-memories and ageless remnants came, (These memories and
remnants are to be transformed which is a part of Yoga of all life.)
Domains of light enfeoffed to antique calm (enfeoff:- to invest with the
feudal estate, origin of the word is from Anglo-French word enfeoffer which
means 'in compare with'.)
Listened to the unaccustomed sound of hooves
And large immune entangled silences
Absorbed her into emerald secrecy
And slow hushed wizard nets of fiery bloom
Environed with their coloured snare her wheels.
The strong importunate feet of Time fell soft
Importunate: persistent
Along these lonely ways, his titan pace
Forgotten and his stark and ruinous rounds.
The inner ear that listens to solitude, (experience of subliminal
plane.)
Leaning self-rapt unboundedly could hear

The rhythm of the intenser wordless Thought
That gathers in the silence behind life,
And the low sweet inarticulate voice of earth
In the great passion of her **sun-kissed trance** (**experience of dream self
trance**)

Ascended with its yearning undertone.
Afar from the brute noise of clamorous needs
The quieted all-seeking mind could feel,
At rest from its **blind outwardness of will**,
The unwearied clasp of her **mute** patient love
And know for a soul the mother of our forms.
This spirit stumbling in the fields of sense,
This creature bruised in the mortar of the days
Could find in her broad spaces of release.

Not yet was a world all occupied by care.
The bosom of our mother kept for us still
Her austere regions and her musing depths,
Her impersonal reaches lonely and inspired
And the mightinesses of her rapture haunts.
Muse-lipped she nursed her symbol mysteries
And guarded for her pure-eyed sacraments
The valley clefts between her breasts of joy,
Her **mountain altars** for the fires of dawn
And nuptial beaches where the ocean couched
And the huge chanting of her **prophet woods**.
Fields had she of her solitary mirth,
Plains hushed and happy in the embrace of light,
Alone with the cry of birds and hue of flowers,
And **wildernesses of wonder** lit by her moons
And grey seer-evenings kindling with the stars
And dim movement in the night's infinitude.
August, exulting in her Maker's eye,

As Savitri passed through the areas which were replete with natural beauty and less peopled she was able to be one with the Nature. During this time, Her presence drew great sages as well as those who had a spiritual calling and thirst and who had dedicated their lives to the search of the Divine. (1) Some were the great king sages who were great Karma Yogis, having discharged their duties in life sought to enter the next phase of their traditional yogic life with greater solitude, (2) others were great yogis who could escape from the confines of the mind to higher ranges of consciousness, (3) still others who reached the ranges of cosmic consciousness and were one in sympathy with all creation. (4) Others who entered a state of Brahma Nirvana, leaving this world as if an illusion and merged themselves with the Transcendent Vast. (5) Also came acolytes and Brahmacharis/initiates who were being trained for higher living and consciousness.

She felt her nearness to him in earth's breast,

Conversed still with a Light behind the veil,
Still communed with Eternity beyond.

A few and fit inhabitants she called
To share the glad communion of her peace;
The breadth, the summit were their natural home.
(While wandering across the world for the search of her own Lord, she came across twelve best and liberated Souls who were considered unfit to fulfil Savitri's demand and unfit to hold her Divine Love.)

(1) The strong king-sages from their labour done,
Freed from the warrior tension of their task,
Came to her serene sessions in these wilds;
The strife was over, the respite lay in front.
Happy they lived with birds and beasts and flowers
And sunlight and the rustle of the leaves,
And heard the wild winds **wandering** in the night,
Mused with the stars in their mute constant ranks,
And lodged in the mornings as in azure tents,
And with the glory of the noons were one. (Spiritual men with experience of Brahma Nirvana.)

(2) Some deeper plunged; from life's external clasp
Beckoned into a fiery privacy
In the soul's unprofaned star-white recess
They sojourned with an everliving Bliss;
A Voice profound in the ecstasy and the hush
They heard, beheld an all-revealing Light.
All time-made difference they overcame;
The world was fibred with their own heart-strings;
Close drawn to the heart that beats in every breast,
They reached the one self in all through boundless love.

(Universalised Individual Soul centres.)
Attuned to Silence and to the world-rhyme,
They loosened the knot of the imprisoning mind;
Achieved was the wide untroubled witness gaze (as you wrote to me today that I should strive to achieve), **(When witness state becomes strong, anumanta state is born. When anumanta state becomes strong, the Ishwara state is born. This is Sankhya doctrine. In Yoga, when renunciation aspect becomes strong, consecration aspect is born. When consecration aspect becomes strong the Ishwara aspect is born or permanent ascension of consciousness is established.)**

Unsealed was Nature's great spiritual eye;
To the height of heights rose now their daily climb:
Truth leaned to them from her supernal realm;
Above them blazed eternity's mystic suns. (Supramental Sun)(This is the narration of Spiritual men with universalised Consciousness.)

(3) Nameless the austere ascetics without home (the Ascetic's Retreat/Fortress) (Later Vedantic Saints.)

Abandoning speech and motion and desire
Aloof from creatures sat absorbed, alone,

Immaculate in tranquil heights of self

On concentration's luminous voiceless peaks,
World-naked hermits with their matted hair
Immobile as the passionless great hills
Around them grouped like thoughts of some vast mood
Awaiting the Infinite's **behest to end**. (They (Spiritual men) awaited the call of their soul to extinguish their life and merge with the All Negating Absolute)

(4) The seers attuned to the universal Will, (**Ancient Vedantic Seers and Karma Yogis.**)

Content in Him who smiles behind earth's forms,
Abode ungrieved by the insistent days.
About them like green trees girdling a hill
Young grave disciples fashioned by their touch (**initiates and acolytes, disciples who served these great sages and were trained for a higher life**),
(Young grave disciples surround a Karma Yogi.)
Trained to the simple act and conscious word, (Disciples give service and receive knowledge.)

Greatened within and grew to meet their heights. (These disciples go within to meet the Psychic being and go above to meet the Spiritual being.)

(5) Far-wandering seekers on the Eternal's path

Brought to these quiet founts their spirit's thirst
And spent the treasure of a silent hour
Bathed in the purity of the mild gaze
That, uninsistent, ruled them from its peace, (**the spirit unlike the vital rules uninsistently...only the vital rules by craving and dissatisfaction**)
And by its influence found the ways of calm. (They are wandering seekers of truth who have received God's touch and not His embrace.)

(6) The Infants of the monarchy of the worlds,
The heroic leaders of a coming time,
King-children nurtured in that spacious air (**forerunners of Supramental world.**)
Like lions gambolling in sky and sun
Received half-consciously their godlike stamp:
Formed in the type of the high thoughts they sang
They learned the wide magnificence of mood
That makes us comrades of the cosmic urge,
No longer chained to their small separate selves, (**Their separative identity is lost in the Divine.**)

Plastic and firm beneath the eternal hand,

Met Nature with a bold and friendly clasp (**In them Matter and Spirit are reconciled.**)

And served in her the Power that shapes her works. (**The Divine children with Supramental consciousness at their disposal.**)

(7) One-souled to all and free from narrowing bonds,
Large like a continent of warm sunshine
In wide equality's impartial joy,
These sages breathed for God's delight in things.
Assisting the slow entries of the gods,

Sowing in young minds immortal thoughts they lived,

Taught the great Truth to which man's race must rise
Or opened the gates of freedom to a few.

Imparting to our struggling world the Light

They breathed like spirits from Time's dull yoke released (They had attained Moksha),

Comrades and vessels of the cosmic Force,

Using a natural mastery like the sun's:

Their speech, their silence was a help to earth.

A magic happiness flowed from their touch;

Oneness was sovereign in that sylvan peace,

The wild beast joined in friendship with its prey;

Persuading the hatred and the strife to cease

The love that flows from the one Mother's breast

Healed with their hearts the hard and wounded world. (reminds me a little of the Divine Centre) (Universalised Spiritual men with Bhakti and Jnana in their frontal nature.)

(8) Others escaped from the confines of thought
To where Mind motionless sleeps waiting Light's birth,
And came back quivering with a nameless Force, (The descent of Divine force that can quiver the body.)

Drunk with a wine of lightning in their cells (the descent of the Divine Force into the physical); (they are fit vessel for cellular transformation.)

Intuitive knowledge leaping into speech,

Seized, vibrant, kindling with the inspired word,

Hearing the subtle voice that clothes the heavens,

Carrying the splendour that has lit the suns,

They sang Infinity's names and deathless powers (Japa)

In metres that reflect the moving worlds,

Sight's sound-waves breaking from the soul's great deeps.

"When you get the true intuitive plane, there will be no need for instructions or questions as to how to do sadhana. The sadhanawill do itself under the light of the intuition." CWSA-31/Letters on Yoga-IV-51

(9) Some lost to the person and his strip of thought
In a motionless ocean of impersonal Power, (Opening of Spiritual being)
Sat mighty, visioned with the Infinite's light,
Or, comrades of the everlasting Will,
Surveyed the plan of past and future Time. (the knowledge revealed of three time.) (Universalised Spiritual men with Karma and Jnana in their frontal nature.)

(10) Some winged like birds out of the cosmic sea
And vanished into a bright and featureless Vast:
Some silent watched the universal dance,
Or helped the world by world-indifference. (Traditional Yogi, seekers of Param dham.)

(11) Some watched no more merged in a lonely Self,
Absorbed in the trance from which no soul returns (Brahma Nirvana),
(Absolute trance, Turiya. It is discouraged to enter absolute trance. Absolute

trance has its utility in Integral Yoga of experiencing the swiftest Spiritual evolution.)

All the occult world-lines for ever closed,

The chains of birth and person cast away: (Spiritual men with realisation of Brahma satya and jagat mithya.)

(12) Some unaccompanied reached the Ineffable.

As floats a sunbeam through a shady place,

Savitri could not remain in the midst of these great sages and seers for her unfinished work beckoned always. Only with Satyavan could she create the **Virgin's Fortress** or the One to who she will reveal Her All.

(Above twelve types of liberated Souls are unfit to hold Savitri's comprehensive Divine Love, and hence Virgins' Fortress cannot be dreamed with these liberated souls. These liberated Souls are fit to build Ascetics' Fortress and Divine Centre.)

“As for the other matter how can the *écartés* of the sadhaks here, none of whom have reached perfection or anywhere near it, be a proof that spiritual experience is null or worthless? You write as if the moment one had any kind of spiritual experience or realisation, one must at once become a perfect person without defects or weaknesses. That is to make a demand which it is impossible to satisfy and it is to ignore the fact that spiritual life is a growth and not a sudden and inexplicable miracle. No sadhak can be judged as if he were already a siddha Yogi, least of all those who have only travelled a quarter or less of a very long path as is the case with most of us who are here. Even great Yogis do not claim perfection and you cannot say that because they are not absolutely perfect, therefore their spirituality is false or of no use to the world. There are besides all kinds of spiritual men, some who are content with spiritual experience and do not seek after an outward perfection or progress, some who are saints, others who do not seek after sainthood, others who are content to live in the cosmic consciousness in touch or union with the All but allowing all kinds of forces to play through them, e.g., as in the typical description of the Paramhansa. The ideal I put before our Yoga is one thing, but it does not bind all spiritual life and endeavour. The spiritual life is not a thing that can be formulated in a rigid definition or bound by a fixed mental rule; it is a vast field of evolution, an immense kingdom potentially larger than the other kingdoms below it with a hundred provinces, a thousand types, stages, forms, paths, variations of the spiritual ideal, degrees of spiritual achievement. It is from the basis of this truth which I shall try to explain in subsequent letters that things regarding spirituality and its seekers must be judged, if they are to be judged with knowledge. Let me do that first and afterwards if I am able to give some idea of it, which is not easy, particular questions can be more soluble.” CWSA-31/Letters on Yoga-IV-656-657

The **golden virgin** in her carven car
Came gliding among meditation's seats.
Often in twilight mid returning troops
Of cattle thickening with their dust the shades
When the loud day had slipped below the verge,

Arriving in a peaceful hermit grove
She rested drawing round her like a cloak
Its spirit of patient muse and potent prayer.
Or near to a lion river's tawny mane
And trees that worshipped on a praying shore,
A domed and templed air's serene repose
Beckoned to her hurrying wheels to stay their speed.

(12a) In the solemnity of a space that seemed

**A mind remembering ancient silences,
Where to the heart great bygone voices called**

And the large liberty of brooding seers
Had left the long impress of their soul's scene,
Awake in candid dawn or darkness mooned,
To the still touch inclined the daughter of Flame
Drank in hushed splendour between tranquil lids
And felt the kinship of eternal calm.

But morn broke in reminding her of her quest (She received the Divine call to
save human race, call down large Divine energy and transform earth life into
Divine life.)

And from low rustic couch or mat she rose
And went impelled on her **unfinished way**
And followed the fateful orbit of her life
Like a desire that questions silent gods
Then passes starlike to some bright Beyond.

(12b) Thence to **great solitary tracts she came, (the solitary tracts
of her inner journey.)**

Where man was a passer-by towards human scenes
Or sole in Nature's vastness strove to live
And called for help to ensouled invisible Powers,
Overwhelmed by the immensity of his world
And unaware of his own infinity.
The earth multiplied to her a changing brow
And called her with a far and nameless voice.
The mountains in their anchorite solitude,

Anchorite: hermit

The forests with their multitudinous chant
Disclosed to her the masked divinity's doors.

On dreaming plains, an indolent expanse,
The death-bed of a pale enchanted eve
Under the glamour of a sunken sky,
Impassive she lay as at an age's end,
Or crossed an eager pack of huddled hills
Lifting their heads to hunt a lairlike sky,
Or travelled in a strange and empty land
Where desolate summits camped in a weird heaven,
Mute sentinels beneath a drifting moon,
Or **wandered** in some lone tremendous wood
Ringing for ever with the crickets' cry
Or followed a long glistening serpent road

Through fields and pastures lapped in moveless light
 Or reached the wild beauty of a **desert** space
Where never plough was driven nor herd had grazed
 And slumbered upon stripped and thirsty **sands**
 Amid the savage wild-beast night's appeal. (Pondicherry was almost like a desert when Sri Aurobindo was staying in the early part of His Spiritual life. Everywhere there were sands and very small number of plants all around. Yet it was an inner cave and solitude of deep forest in which Sri Aurobindo was moving His comprehensive Consciousness.)
 Still unaccomplished was the fateful quest;
 Still she found not the one predestined face (She has not yet discovered her equal Soul)
 For which she sought amid the sons of men.
 A grandiose silence wrapped the regal day:
 The months had fed the passion of the sun
 And now his burning breath assailed the soil. (In this summer season she met Satyavan.) The Mother's first meeting with Sri Aurobindo was on 29.03.1914.
 The tiger heats prowled through the fainting earth;
 All was licked up as by a lolling tongue.
 The spring winds failed; the sky was set like bronze.
(Thus through this outer wandering, Savitri enriched her inner universalised consciousness to accept the whole humanity's destiny and dragged ahead the race.)
 END OF CANTO FOUR
 END OF BOOK FOUR

Om Namo Bhagavateh

Sri Matriniketan Ashram
 30.05.2019

Divine Amar Atman!
 My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. As per King Aswapati's directive, Savitri's outer wandering began in order to trace her own Lord who has taken human birth. She was able to recognize each soil and country as her own home in past births and strangers of this birth as comrades of her past emanations.

The Synthesis of Yoga speaks of two types of liberated Souls; one who does not leave the society and home and other who lives in new centre of action and vision. The first type of liberated Souls are defined as: "Hard is it to be in the world, free, yet living the life of ordinary men; but because it is hard, therefore it must be attempted and accomplished." SABCL/17/The Hour of God-91. The second type of liberated Souls are of twelve types, each having some unique character of his own. (1) Savitri came across few King sages who were perfect Karma Yogis and

adventurers of Consciousness. They lived happily with birds, beasts, flowers, sun lights and rustles of leaves. (2) Some plunged deep inside by renouncing earthly joy; they lived in the soul's unprofaned star-white recess, ever living Bliss, all-revealing Light and realised the one Self in all or Spiritual Being through boundless Divine love. Every day they climbed to new Spiritual heights and their Spiritual eye opened to penetrate inside untransformed Nature. Above these Spiritual realms were Supramental Sunlight. (3) She met nameless austere Ascetics without home, world-naked hermits; they sat absorbed alone by renouncing desire, speech, and motion and arrived at the immaculate tranquil heights of the Self and concentration's voiceless peaks. (4) She met ancient Vedantic Seers and their young grave initiated disciples with action as the chief means of Yoga to reconcile Matter and Spirit. They transformed the world through contact with universal Divine will. (5) She met far wandering truth seekers on Eternal's path; their Spirit's thirst met the quiet founts, treasure of silent hours, peace and ways of calm, bathed in the purity of mild gaze and descent of Divine force. (6) She met infants of the monarchy of the world, king-children, and adventurous leaders of future time who were plastic and firm beneath the Eternal hand. In them Matter and Spirit were perfectly reconciled through dynamic Divine realisation. (7) She met sages who breathed God's delight in things along with their young disciples in whom great truths are sowed. These sages opened the gates of freedom to few disciples. Their speech and silence were great help to humanity. From them one Mother's Divine Love flowed in order to heal the hard and wounded world. (8) She met other Souls carrying the silent mind and they were fit to call down Divine force into the body and were capable to experience cellular transformation. Their speeches are vibrant with overhead intuitive knowledge. They sang infinity's name which was known as *Japa* and called down Spiritual powers. (9) Some lost themselves in the ocean of motionless impersonal Powers. They are comrades of everlasting Will, visioned with the infinity's Light and surveyed the plan of past, present and future time. (10) Some winged like bright birds out of cosmic sea and vanished into featureless Vast. They silently watched to the world dance and were indifferent to world movements. (11) Some arrived at the absolute trance of *Turiya* from which few Souls can return to the body. (12) Some reached the Alone the Ineffable and she meditated with these hermits in the forest.

But none of them were fit to hold Savitri's full Divine Love. None of them were fit to bear the earth's burden of suffering.

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Your loving Mother

S.A. Maa Krishna

The Post Thesis

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

The Important Secret of this chapter:

"The shadowy keepers of our deathless past
Have made our fate the child of our own acts,
And from the furrows laboured by our will
We reap the fruit of our forgotten deeds." Savitri-378

"Mute in the luminous cavern of her heart,
Like a bright cloud through the resplendent day." Savitri-378
"The strong importunate feet of Time fell soft" Savitri-380
The More Important Secret of this chapter:

"Upon her silent heights she was aware
Of a calm Presence throned above her brows **(Spiritual Being)**
Who saw the goal and chose each fateful curve;
It used the body for its pedestal;
The eyes that wandered were its searchlight fires,
The hands that held the reins its living tools;
All was the working of an ancient plan,
A way proposed by **an unerring Guide.**" Savitri-378
**"Out of the world's immense unhuman past
Tract-memories and ageless remnants came,"** Svitri-380

"Her impersonal reaches lonely and inspired
And the mightinesses of her rapture haunts.
Muse-lipped she nursed her symbol mysteries
And guarded for her pure-eyed sacraments" Savitri-380
**"A mind remembering ancient silences,
Where to the heart great bygone voices called"** Savitri-384

The Most Important Secret of this chapter:

"August, exulting in her Maker's eye,
She felt her nearness to him in earth's breast,
Conversed still with a Light behind the veil,
Still communed with Eternity beyond." Savitri-381
"In the soul's unprofaned star-white recess
They sojourned with an everliving Bliss;
A Voice profound in the ecstasy and the hush
They heard, beheld an all-revealing Light.
All time-made difference they overcame;
The world was fibred with their own heart-strings;
Close drawn to the heart that beats in every breast,
They reached the one self in all through boundless love." Savitri-381

Om Namo Bhagavateh

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

12.05.2021

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. Before discovering Divine within Savitri has to discover her Divine without. Before this Divine Call, the attraction of 'Madra's spacious halls, the white carved pillars, the cool dim alcoves, the tinged mosaic of the crystal floors, the towered pavilions, the wind-rippled pools and gardens humming with the murmur of bees' became pale, unwanted and obsolete. In the Book-4, Canto-4, Savitri left the palace in search of her 'only Lord' who can hold her Divine Love, Delight and Beauty, collaborate in fulfilling her Divine Mission which is a manifestation of the Divine Will and call down Divine Wisdom, Truth and Light to guard her mission's 'diamond throne' and adventure ahead in Consciousness like a pioneer to manifest the Divine life. He will give voice to what in her is mute and the lyrist of her Soul's most intimate cord.

We get some hint from this Canto related with the Spiritual destiny of a Sadhaka. They are divided into three parts. The Divine Destiny is made by (1) intervention of Divine work and Divine descent of Wisdom, (2) intervention of higher Beings (hooded godheads) who accompany him from his birth, (3) intervention of

Divine architect. These three elements are responsible for building Spiritual destiny. If Sadhaka has realised Psychic, Spiritual and Supramental being, then beings of those planes will join with him as emanations of Divine Mother and they will further help to change the destiny.

This Canto proposes a Sadhaka that before wearing the face of Satyavan for receiving Savitri's full Divine Love, he must develop/integrate following twelve attributes through practices of multiple self-disciplines of traditional and integral Yoga. They are:

1: "The strong king-sages from their labour done,
Freed from the warrior tension of their task,
Came to her serene sessions in these wilds;
The strife was over, the respite lay in front." Savitri-381

2: **"In the soul's unprofaned star-white recess**
They sojourned with an everliving Bliss;...
They reached the one self in all through boundless love." Savitri-381

3: **"Nameless the austere ascetics without home**
Abandoning speech and motion and desire
Aloof from creatures sat absorbed, alone,
Immaculate in tranquil heights of self" Savitri-382

4: "The seers attuned to the universal Will,
Content in Him who smiles behind earth's forms,
Abode ungrieved by the insistent days.
About them like green trees girdling a hill
Young grave disciples fashioned by their touch
Trained to the simple act and conscious word,
Greatened within and grew to meet their heights." Savitri-382

5: "Bathed in the purity of the mild gaze
That, uninsistent, ruled them from its peace,
And by its influence found the ways of calm." Savitri-382

6: "King-children nurtured in that spacious air
Like lions gambolling in sky and sun
Received half-consciously their godlike stamp:...
Plastic and firm beneath the eternal hand,
Met Nature with a bold and friendly clasp
And served in her the Power that shapes her works." Savitri-382

7: "One-souled to all and free from narrowing bonds,
Large like a continent of warm sunshine
In wide equality's impartial joy,
These sages breathed for God's delight in things...
The love that flows from the one Mother's breast
Healed with their hearts the hard and wounded world." Savitri-383

8: "Drunk with a wine of lightning in their cells" Savitri-383

9: "Some lost to the person and his strip of thought
In a motionless ocean of impersonal Power,

Sat mighty, visioned with the Infinite's light,
Or, comrades of the everlasting Will,
Surveyed the plan of past and future Time." Savitri-383-84

10: "Some winged like birds out of the cosmic sea
And vanished into a bright and featureless Vast:
Some silent watched the universal dance,
Or helped the world by world-indifference." Savitri-384

11: "**Absorbed in the trance from which no soul returns**" Savitri-384

12: "Some uncompanioned reached the Ineffable." Savitri-384

Among the above twelve types of great liberated Souls, Savitri was unable to discover her Soul's companion:

"Still she found not the one predestined face
For which she sought amid the sons of men." Savitri-385

Thus, in Savitri's life many months passed without discovering Satyavan (Paramatma in material embodiment). She has not lost hope and waited for the destined meeting.

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.

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