

Book 7

Canto One

The Joy of Union; the Ordeal of the Foreknowledge of Death and the Heart's Grief and Pain

“...when *Sri Aurobindo* and I were working to bring down the Supramental forces, a descent from the mental plane to the vital plane, He was always telling me that everything I did (when we meditated together, when we worked)—all my movements, all my gestures, all my postures (*mudras*), all my reactions—was absolutely *tantric*, as if I had pursued a *tantric* discipline. But it was spontaneous, it did not correspond to any knowledge, any idea, any will, nothing, and I thought it was like that simply because, as He knew, naturally I followed.”¹⁶ “And he gave me his own example (I had mine, too) of certain things considered dangerous or bad, which we both did independently and spontaneously and which were a great help to us!”⁸⁴

The Mother

The Mother's Agenda/Vol-1/417,
The Mother's Agenda-4/134,

Summary:

This canto marks the beginning of Savitri's journey into the 3rd phase of her Life – the path into Abysmal Night. Her childhood and youth was the 'Sunlit path', her meeting and union with Satyavan was the 'Golden path'. This canto describes how Savitri is finally united with Satyavan in his hermitage and the agony that raged within Savitri (in particular the untransformed parts of her outer being) as the days passed by bringing Narad's fateful day closer. Her being suffers like we all do due to some (**Spiritual incapacity**) pending tragedy. All she could find to combat her grief was her resolute will and strong heart, but these could not neutralize the suffering (**or transformed it into exceeding Joy**). She needed the (**transforming**) power of her inner/higher being, which still hid itself awaiting the proper time/(place) for the revelation.

Detail:

Man seems to be driven by his unalterable fate/karma that uses the instruments of lower nature (desires, ambition, will etc) to lead him to his fixed fate. It seems to most of us (those who have not found their secret self/soul) that we are at the mercy of this fixed fate and are subjugated by our outer nature/matter. It seems to us that the soul if it is indeed present within is a silent witness or at the mercy of the fate and nature, unable (**to dynamise the witness Divine or change fixed fate to changeable Spiritual destiny**) to alter it.

198, What is the nature and origin of Ignorance (from which fixed fate and doom are born) and its distinction from Knowledge (from which the Spiritual destiny evolves.)? The Life Divine-506-07-08

Ans: “We have then to **scrutinize** more closely than we have yet done the character and operation of this principle or this power of Ignorance and arrive at a clearer conception of its nature and origin. And first we **must** fix firmly in our minds what we mean by the word itself. The distinction between the Knowledge and the Ignorance begins with the hymns of the *Rig Veda*. Here knowledge appears to signify a consciousness of the Truth, the Right, *satyam rutam*, and of all that is the order of the Truth and Right; ignorance is an unconsciousness, *achitti*, of the Truth and Right, an opposition of its workings and a creation of false or adverse workings. Ignorance is the absence of the divine eye of perception which gives us the sight of the supramental Truth, it is the non-perceiving principle of our consciousness as opposed to **the truth-perceiving conscious vision and knowledge**. In its actual operation this non-perceiving is not an entire inconstancy, the inconstant sea from which this world has arisen, but either a limited or a false knowledge, a knowledge based on **the division of undivided being**, founded upon the fragmentary, the little, opposed to the opulent, vast and luminous completeness of things; it is a cognition which by the opportunity of its limitations is turned into falsehood and supported in that aspect by the sons of Darkness and Division, enemies of the divine endeavour in man, the assailants, robbers, coverers of his light of knowledge. It was therefore regarded as an *undivine Maya*, that **which creates false mental forms and appearances**, -- and hence the later significance of this word which seems to have meant originally **a formative power of knowledge**, the true magic of the supreme Mage, **the divine Magician**, but was also for adverse formative power of a lower knowledge, the deceit, illusion and deluding magic of the *Rakshasa*. (A Magician’s formulas have made Matter’s laws (*static witness Divine*)...All here can change if the Magician choose (*Dynamic Divine*). Savitri-457 All’s miracle here (*witness Divine*) and can by miracle change (*dynamic Divine*). Savitri-85) The *divine Maya* is the knowledge of the Truth of things, its essence, law, operation, which the **gods possess** and on which they found their own eternal action and creation and their building of their powers in the human being. This idea of the *Vedic mystics* can in a more metaphysical thought and language be translated into the conception that **the Ignorance** is in its **origin** a dividing mental knowledge which does not grasp the unity, essence, self-knowledge **of things** in their one origin and in their universality, but works rather upon divided particulars, separate phenomena, partial relations, as if they were the truth we had to seize or as if they could really be understood at all without going back behind the division to the unity, behind the dispersion to the universality. The **Knowledge** is that which tends towards unification and, attaining to the supramental faculty, seizes the oneness, the essence, the self-law of existence and views and deals with the multiplicity of things out of that light and plenitude, in some sort as does the Divine Himself from the highest height whence He embraces the world. It **must** be noted however that **the Ignorance** is this conception of it is still a kind of knowledge, but, because it is **limited**, it is open at any point to the

intrusion of falsehood and error; it turns into a wrong conception of things which stands in opposition to the true Knowledge.”

FATE followed her foreseen immutable road.

Man's hopes and longings build the journeying wheels (our hopes, desires, ambitions etc are the instruments that Fate uses to lead us to our fixed unalterable destiny)

That bear the body of his destiny

And lead his blind will (not one with the Divine Will) towards an unknown goal.

His fate within him shapes his acts and rules;

Its face and form already are born in him,

Its parentage is in his secret soul (the source of this fixed fate is in our secret divine self, mother (Maa Krishna) is it the Psychic Being that is referred to here): Yes

Here Matter seems to mould the body's life (matter seems to drive the soul, but that is only the proximate/apparent reason) (complementary line: “An unseen Presence moulds the oblivious clay.” Savitri-60 and “Then life beat pure in the corporeal frame” Savitri-232)

And the soul follows where its nature drives. (The condition of Ignorance and subjection of Soul to Nature.)

Nature and Fate compel his free-will's choice. (Nature is the fixed mechanical law of the Divine in Ignorance and Inconscience and Fate or doom is the outcome of Karma. *Karma* is the outcome of sin; sin is the outcome of evil; evil is the outcome of wrong action; wrong action is the outcome of wrong will or activation of physical and vital mind; wrong will is the outcome of falsehood; and falsehood is the outcome of Ignorance or part knowledge. So all doom can be transformed into high Spiritual destiny by emergence of integral Knowledge.) (man's free will's choice to live long is not allowed by his fixed fate and untransformed Nature)

But that is not the Truth, man if he can unite his consciousness with 'greater spirits' (the spiritual/supramental consciousness), then his soul will be liberated from ignorance and will then be empowered to overturn his fixed fate. It no longer needs to be a silent witness.

But greater spirits this balance can reverse (Spirit has the power to transform all negations into affirmation.)

And make the soul the artist of its fate. (through intervention of Psychic and Spiritual being the Spiritual destiny evolves.)

“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

Its complementary line:

“The soul is the watchful builder of its fate” Savitri-184

This is the mystic truth our ignorance hides: (We are oblivious of our Spiritual destiny due to the mental Maya of lower Knowledge.)

Doom is a passage for our inborn force, (Here doom is not considered as sin or evil but as a passage towards immortality.)

Our ordeal is the hidden spirit's choice (we have chosen this path and travel through the ignorance, our ordeal is not imposed on us by some other force), (Ordeal visits through intervention of other universal negative forces. In Ignorance the hidden Spirit chooses them while they have no role in Knowledge.)

Ananke is our being's own decree.

"Ananke's engines organising Chance," Savitri-162

"Ananke is our being's own decree." Savitri-465

(Ananke: In ancient Greek cosmology, she was the goddess of Necessity who organised and implemented the rhythms and processes of cosmic existence and human life.)

Savitri was escorted to Satyavan's hermitage by her family and left in the care of Satyavan. The Lord describes the King Dyumatsena as the "great blind king" (blind of inner Light that deprives him of the light of outer kingdom.) and a "pillar of fallen mightiness" (a Spiritual fall which deprived him from the status of mighty king.), the queen is described as a "stately care-worn woman once a queen". (Life flourishes through love and care.) In a way the fallen king can be thought of as the fall of the spirit into inconscience, matter. The queen seems to be like the descent of the vital plane into the matter who was full of life and vitality but now only a shadow of her former self. Savitri is being given by her parents (Their pride and loved one to the great blind king) to the care of the King/Queen and Satyavan, represents perhaps the descent of the Divine Love (to fill the hollow in men's heart) into matter to raise and liberate/transform it, change its fate. Satyavan perhaps represents the Soul that has descended within matter (the delegate Soul of earth) (In the Night of Matter while tracing the path of Immortality he was caught by Death's net) and like the Purusha bears all the suffering (in the form of million inner and outer wounds of earth) behind the scene.

All was fulfilled the heart of Savitri

Flower-sweet and **adamant**, passionate and calm,

Had chosen and on her strength's unbending road

Forced to **its issue** the long cosmic curve.

"That is my first memory – at five years old. Its impact was more on the ethical side than the intellectual; and yet it took an intellectual form too, since. You see, apparently I was a child like any other, except that I was hard to handle. Hard in the sense that I had no interest in food, no interest in ordinary games, no liking for going to my friends' houses for snacks, because eating cake wasn't the least bit interesting! And it was impossible to punish me because I really couldn't have cared less: being deprived of dessert was rather a relief for me! And then I flatly refused to learn reading, I refused to learn. And even bathing me was very hard, because I was put in the care of an English governess, and that meant cold baths – my brother took it in stride, but I just howled! Later it was found to be bad for me (the doctor said so), but that was much later. So you get the picture.

But whenever there was unpleasantness with my relatives, with playmates or friends, I would feel all the nastiness or bad will – all sorts of pretty ugly

things that came (I was rather sensitive, for I instinctively nurtured an ideal of beauty and harmony, which all the circumstances of life kept denying)... so whenever I felt sad, I was most careful not to say anything to my mother or father, because my father didn't give a hoot and my mother would scold me – that was always the first thing she did. And so I would go to my room and sit down in my little armchair, and there I could concentrate and try to understand ... in my own way. And I remember that after quite a few probably fruitless attempts I wound up telling myself (I always used to talk to myself; I don't know why or how, but I would talk to myself just as I talked to others): "Look here, you feel sad because so-and-so said something really disgusting to you – but why does that make you cry? Why are you so sad? He's the one who was bad, so he should be crying. You didn't do anything bad to him.... Did you tell him nasty things? Did you fight with her, or with him? No, you didn't do anything, did you; well then, you needn't feel sad. You should only be sad if you've done something bad, but...." So that settled it: I would never cry. With just a slight inward movement, or "something" that said, "You've done no wrong," there was no sadness." The Mother's Agenda-25.07.1962

Once more she sat behind loud hastening hooves;
A speed of armoured squadrons and a voice
Far-heard of chariots bore her from her home.
A couchant earth wakened in its dumb muse
Looked up at her from a vast indolence:
Hills wallowing in a bright haze, large lands
That lolled at ease beneath the **summer heavens**,
Region on region spacious in the sun,
Cities like chrysolites in the wide blaze
And yellow rivers pacing lion-maned
Led to the **Shalwa** marches' emerald line,
Shalwa is the kingdom of Satyavan.

Connecting link:

"King Dyumatsena once, the **Shalwa**, reigned" Book-5, Canto-3

"And wore the beauty of the **Shalwa** boy?" book-6, Canto-1

"Led to the **Shalwa** marches' emerald line," book-7,Canto-1

"Mid **Shalwa's** giant hills and brooding woods

In his thatched hermitage Dyumatsena dwells," book-6, Canto-1

A happy front to iron vastnesses

And austere peaks and **titan solitudes**.

Once more was near the fair and fated place,(**where Savitri and Satyavan met**) (and also the **place where Satyavan will die.**)

The borders gleaming with the groves' delight

Where **first** she met the face of Satyavan

And he saw like one **waking into a dream**

Some timeless beauty and reality,

The moon-gold sweetness of heaven's earth-born child.

“I came here. But something in me wanted to meet Sri Aurobindo all alone the first time... He was living in the house that's now part of the second dormitory, the old *Guest House*. I climbed up the stairway and he was standing there, waiting for me at the top of the stairs. EXACTLY my vision!

Dressed the same way, in the same position, in profile, his head held high. He turned his head towards me ... and I saw in his eyes that it was He. The two things clicked (*gesture of instantaneous shock*), the inner experience immediately became one with the outer experience and there was a fusion – the decisive shock.

But this was merely the beginning of my vision. Only after a series of experiences – a ten months' sojourn in Pondicherry, five years of separation, then the return to Pondicherry and the meeting in the same house and in the same way – did the END of the vision occur. I was standing just beside him. My head wasn't exactly on his shoulder, but where his shoulder was (I don't know how to explain it – physically there was hardly any contact). We were standing side by side like that, gazing out through the open window, and then TOGETHER, at exactly the same moment, we felt, ‘Now the Realization will be accomplished.’ That the seal was set and the Realization would be accomplished. I felt the Thing descending massively within me, with the same certainty I had felt in my vision. From that moment on there was nothing to say-- no words, nothing. We knew it was THAT.

But between these two meetings he participated in a whole series of experiences, experiences of gradually growing awareness. This is partly noted in *Prayers and Meditations* (I have cut out all the personal segments). But there was one experience I didn't speak of there (that is, I didn't describe it, I put only the conclusion) – the experience where I say ‘Since the man refused I was offering participation in the universal work and the new creation and the man didn't want it, he refused, and so I now offer it to God’²⁶²

I don't know, I'm putting it poorly, but this experience was concrete to the point of being physical. It happened in a Japanese country-house where we were living, near a lake. There was a whole series of circumstances, events, all kinds of things – a long, long story, like a novel. But one day I was alone in meditation (I have never had very profound meditations, only concentrations of consciousness – *Mother makes an abrupt gesture showing a sudden ingathering of the entire being*); and I was seeing. You know that I had taken on the conversion of the Lord of Falsehood: I tried to do it through an emanation incarnated in a physical being, and the greatest effort was made during those four years in Japan. The four years were coming to an end with an absolute inner certainty that there was nothing to be done – that it was impossible, impossible to do it this way. There was nothing to be done. And I was intensely concentrated, asking the Lord, ‘Well, I made You a vow to do this, I had said, “Even if it's necessary to descend into hell, I will descend into hell to do it....” Now tell me, what must I do?...”’ The Power was plainly there: suddenly everything in me became still; the whole external being was completely immobilized and I had a vision of the Supreme ... more beautiful than that of the Gita. A vision of the Supreme. And this vision literally gathered me into its arms; it turned towards the West, towards India, and offered me – and there at the other end I saw Sri Aurobindo. It was ... I felt it physically. I saw, saw – my eyes were closed but I saw (twice I have had this vision of the Supreme – once here, much later – but this was

the first time) ...ineffable. It was as if this Immensity had reduced itself to a rather gigantic Being who lifted me up like a wisp of straw and offered me. Not a word, nothing else, only that.

Then everything vanished.

The next day we began preparing to return to India.

It was after this vision, when I returned from Japan, that this meeting with Sri Aurobindo took place, along with the certainty that the Mission would be accomplished.

(silence)

This can all be narrated in a very simple way; these things are not metaphysical. It involves occultism, of course, but it's utterly concrete and simple: things a child could understand.

And these are the real milestones of the whole Story.

I feel it will be told one day. But first of all, this *(Mother touches her body)* must be sufficiently changed. Then the story will take on its full value.

You understand, none of my certitudes – none, without exception – have EVER come through the mind. The intellectual comprehension of each of these experiences came much later. Little by little, little by little, came the higher understanding of the intellectual consciousness, long after the experience (I don't mean philosophical knowledge – that's nothing but scholarly mumbo- jumbo and leaves me cold). Since my earliest childhood, experiences have come like that: something massive takes hold of you and you don't need to believe or disbelieve, know or not know – bam! There's nothing to say; you are facing a fact.

Once, during those last difficult years, Sri Aurobindo told me that this was precisely what gave me my advantage and why (how to put it?) there were greater possibilities that I would go right to the end.

I still don't know. The day I do ... it will probably be done. Because it will come in the same manner, like a massive fact: it will be LIKE THAT. [407] And only much later will the understanding say, 'Ah! So that's what it is!'

First it comes, afterwards we know it." The Mother/December 20, 1961

The past receded and the future neared:

“She must disrupt, dislodge by her soul's force

Her past, a block on the Immortal's road,

Make a rased ground and shape anew her fate.” Savitri-12

Far now behind lay **Madra's** spacious halls, (Before the pull of Spiritual call, the prosperity and opulence of material life becomes meaningless.)

Madra is the kingdom of King Aswapati:

“Musing she answered, “I am Savitri, Princess of **Madra**.

Who art thou? What name Musical on earth expresses thee to men?”

Book-5, Canto-3

“King Aswapati's palace to the winds

In **Madra**, flowering up in delicate stone." Book-6, Canto-1
"I am the **Madran**, I am Savitri.
All that I was before, I am to thee still,
Close comrade of thy thoughts and hopes and toils,
All happy contraries I would join for thee.
All sweet relations marry in our life;
I am thy kingdom even as thou art mine,
The sovereign and the slave of thy desire,
Thy prone possessor, sister of thy soul
And mother of thy wants; thou art my world,
The earth I need, the heaven my thoughts desire,
The world I inhabit and the god I adore." Book-12, Canto-1

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,
Forgotten soon or a pale memory
The fountain's splash in the white stone-bound pool,
The thoughtful noontide's brooding solemn **trance**, (Savitri was going through experience of trance from her childhood.)

"When I was five years old...well I began with a consciousness. Of course I had no idea what it was. But my first experience was of the consciousness here (gesture above the head), which I felt like a Light and a Force; and I felt it there at the age of five. It was very pleasant sensation. I would sit in a little armchair made especially for me, all alone in my room, and I had a very pleasant feeling of something very strong, very luminous, and it was here (above the head).... Then I would pull it down, for it was...it was truly my *raison d'être*." The Mother/Conversation with a disciple, July 25, 1962,

The colonnade's dream grey in the quiet eve,
The slow moonrise gliding in front of Night.
Left far behind were now **the faces known**, (Spiritual life is a second birth of *dwija*, for him the past known faces leave far behind as an event of past birth.)

The happy silken babble on laughter's lips
And the close-clinging clasp of intimate hands
And adoration's light in cherished eyes
Offered to the one sovereign of their life.
Nature's *primaeval* loneliness was here: (This outer loneliness is a symbol of inner loneliness which is indispensable to pursue spiritual life.)
Here only was the voice of bird and beast, —
The ascetic's exile in the dim-souled huge
Inhuman forest far from cheerful sound (forest is inhuman for them those who are attached to earthly enjoyment.)

Of man's **blithe** converse and his crowded days.
Blithe: showing a casual and cheerful indifference considered to be callous or improper.

In a broad eve with one red eye of cloud,
Through a narrow opening, a green flowered cleft,
Out of the stare of sky and soil they came
Into a mighty home of emerald dusk.
There onward led by a faint brooding path
Which toiled through the shadow of enormous trunks
And under arches misers of sunshine,
They saw **low thatched roofs** of a hermitage
Huddled beneath a patch of azure hue
In a sunlit clearing that seemed the outbreak
Of a glad **smile** in the forest's monstrous heart,
A rude refuge of the thought and will of man
Watched by the crowding giants of the wood. (this seclusion and simple living is ideal to meet God.)

Arrived in that rough-hewn homestead they gave,
Questioning no more the strangeness of her fate (Savitri's family accepted her wish and no longer questioned her choice of sylvan forest, blind king and thatched house.),
Their pride and loved one to the **great blind king**,
A regal pillar of **fallen mightiness**
And the stately care-worn woman **once a queen** (Satyavan's birth mother)
Who now hoped nothing for herself from life,
But all things only hoped for her **one child**, (Satyavan)
Calling on that single head from partial Fate
All joy of earth, all heaven's beatitude. (The parents' highest aspiration for their children.)

Beatitude: supreme blessedness

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 aspired for her only child, '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, 'All beautiful things eternal seem and new.'

Adoring wisdom and beauty like a young god's,
She saw him loved by heaven as by herself, (Satyavan's Mother was also a follower of middle path of moderate Spirituality.) (Satyavan's Mother saw her love with Satyavan and his love received from heaven, both complements for the fullness of life.)
She rejoiced in his brightness and believed in his fate (Satyavan's brightness reflects his purity of mind, life and body.)

And knew not of the evil drawing near (Satyavan's mother, the queen, had only one wish that her child should have all happiness, she was not aware of his fate to come). (A moderate is oblivious of future doom and is preoccupied with present moments. An

awareness of future doom comes through vision, and by consecration, Divine union is experienced and the doom changes.)

Her family returned to Madra leaving her to face her fate, they wondered within how fate having brought 2 such wonderful beings together carelessly breaks them apart....Her higher spiritual being observed all and waited for the time to intimate its presence to her.

Lingering some days upon the forest verge
Like men who lengthen out departure's pain,
Unwilling to separate sorrowful clinging hands,
Unwilling to see for the last time a face,
Heavy with the sorrow of a coming day

And wondering at the carelessness of Fate

Who breaks with idle hands her supreme works,
They (Savitri's family members) parted from her with pain-fraught burdened hearts
As forced by inescapable fate we part
From one whom we shall never see again; (There is no second meeting between Savitri and her family members.)

Driven by the singularity of her fate, (single minded Savitri)
Helpless against the choice of Savitri's heart (Soul's choice is the final decision and cannot be reviewed.)

They left her to her rapture and her doom (Here the Moderate and Ascetic spirituality gives consent to the higher Spiritual appetite of Savitri.) (If Savitri's parents were mundane they would not have supported Savitri's choice.) (Savitri had to witness the rapture of her union with the soul and union with her second self which in the passage of time prepares her to confront the doom.)

In the tremendous forest's savage charge.
All put behind her that was once her life, (Spiritual rebirth discourages a return to the past.)
All welcomed that henceforth was his and hers, (Spiritual rebirth gathers together new chosen Souls.)

She abode with Satyavan in the wild woods: (Her relation with physical body of Satyavan was not the hunger or lust of the body but a descent of Divine Love to the dual form.)
Priceless she deemed her joy so close to death; (Her joy was priceless which can confront death and can save life. Earthly joy is soul slaying and always submits itself before death.)
Apart with love she lived for love alone. (She lived only for the Divine who has incarnated here as Love.)

Its complementary line:

“Awakened to the meaning of my heart
That to feel love and oneness is to live
And this the magic of our golden change, (Supramentalised Psychic)
Is all the truth I know or seek, O sage.” Savitri-724

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

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

As if self-poised above the march of days,
Her immobile spirit watched the haste of Time, (the witness Spirit if dynamised can stay the movement of Time.) (Savitri was preparing from strong witness state of Spirit, *Sakhi*, to strong giver of sanction, *anumanta*, and state of the Lord, *Ishwara*, controlling Spiritually the fixed law of Nature and Fate.) (Immobile spirit is Savitri’s Spiritual being.)

A statue of passion and invincible force,
An absolutism of sweet imperious will,
A tranquillity and a violence of the gods
Indomitable and immutable.

In the initial months Savitri enjoyed her oneness both (subtle physically which is symbolized in physical terms) physically and spiritually with Satyavan, with her surroundings and simple life.

121, What is the nature of Subliminal Soul (subtle physical) and what is its influence on the desire soul? The Life Divine-236-237

Ans: “**The subliminal soul** is conscious inwardly of the *rasa* of things and has an **equal delight in all contacts**; it is also conscious of the values and standards of the **surface desire-soul** and receives on its own surface corresponding touches of pleasure, pain and indifference, but takes an equal delight in all. In other words, our real soul within takes joy of all its experiences, gathers from them strength, pleasure and knowledge, grows by them in its store and its plenty. It is this real soul in us which compels the shrinking desire-mind to bear even to seek and find a pleasure in what is painful to it, to reject what is pleasant to it, to modify or even reverse its values, to equalize things in indifference or to equalize them in joy, the joy in variety of existence. And this it does because it is impelled by the universal **to develop itself by all kinds of experience** so as to grow in Nature. Otherwise, if we lived only by the surface desire-soul, we could no more change or advance than the plant or stone in whose immobility or in whose routine of existence, because life is not superficially conscious, the secret soul of things has as yet no instrument by which it can rescue the life out of the fixed and narrow gamut into which it is born. The desire-soul left to itself would **circle in the same grooves for ever.**”

At first to her beneath the sapphire heavens
The **sylvan solitude** was a gorgeous dream,
An altar of the summer’s splendour and fire,
A sky-topped flower-hung palace of the gods
And all its scenes a smile on rapture’s lips
And all its voices bards of happiness.
There was a chanting in the casual wind,
There was a glory in the least sunbeam;

Night was a chrysopraxe on velvet cloth,
Chrysopraxe: represents optimism (symbol of the gem)
A nestling darkness or a moonlit deep;
Day was a purple pageant and a hymn,
A wave of the laughter of light from morn to eve. (The Soul's natural state.)
“And joy **laugh nude** on the peaks of the Absolute.” Savitri-454
“Only to be was a supreme delight,
Life was a happy **laughter of the soul**
And Joy was king with Love for minister.” Savitri-124

His absence was a dream of memory (**when Satyavan was physically away from Savitri working in the woods**), (Through memory we make up our deficiency of all life by relating to our past Psychic moments and by integral Consciousness we fulfill our relation with all life through activation of triple time, that of past, present and future.)

204, What is memory? The Life Divine-519-20

Ans: There is a line of thought in which great stress is laid upon the action of memory: it has even been said that **Memory is the man**,--it is memory that constitutes our personality and holds cemented the foundation of our psychological being; for it **links** together our experiences and **relates** them to one and the same individual entity.

205, How memory is related with Consciousness? The Life Divine- 520

Ans: The **real truth of things** lies not in their process, but behind it, in whatever determines, effects or governs the process; not in effectuation so much in Will or Power that effects, and not so much in Will or Power as in the Consciousness of which Will is the dynamic form and in the Being of which Power is the dynamic value. But **memory is only a process of consciousness**, a utility; it cannot be the substance of being or the whole of our personality: it is simply one of the workings of consciousness as radiation is one of the workings of Light. It is Self that is the man: or if we regard only our normal surface existence, Mind is the man, --for man is the mental being. Memory is only one of the many powers and processes of the Mind, which is at present **the chief action** of Consciousness-Force in our dealings with self, world and Nature.

His presence was the empire of a god. (His Presence activates the Divine Union and as a result brings creation, action, ananda and love.)

Its complementary line:

Its (Supreme Self's) absence left the greatest actions dull,
Its presence made the smallest (action) seem divine.” Savitri-305,

A fusing of the joys of earth and heaven, (And also fusing together of terrestrial human love and Divine love whose essential truth are one and self-existent.)

A tremulous blaze of nuptial rapture passed,

A rushing of two spirits to be one, (two individual Psychic beings.)

Similar experience of Psychic union:

‘A diarchy of two united souls,’ Savitri-295

A burning of two bodies in one flame (two bodies in one immutable Spiritual being).

Similar lines of Spiritual union:

'A single being in two bodies clasped,' Savitri-295

Opened were gates of unforgettable bliss: (These experiences are stored in memory as Soul-experience.) (Bliss Self union)

Two lives were locked within an earthly heaven (Subtle physical is identified as earthly heaven which is very close to material world but is of the nature, imperishable and self-existent delight.)

And fate and grief fled from that fiery hour. (subtle physical love and enjoyment drive away fixed fate and earthly enjoyment.)

But nothing in this world lasts forever and soon like the change in the seasons so too did the thought of Satyavan's death and Narad's words surface to haunt her outer being. The grief that mortals feel on a pending doom or misfortune afflicted Savitri and she grieved within all mere mortals do. This suffering only touched Savitri's untransformed outer being. Savitri is now turning to the 3rd phase in her life, the path into Abysmal Night (the 1st phase being the 'Sunlit path', the 2nd phase being 'Golden path' – see mind map for Savitri's Yoga)

But soon now failed the **summer's** ardent breath
And throngs of blue-black clouds crept through the sky
And rain fled sobbing over the dripping leaves
And storm became the forest's titan voice.
Then listening to the thunder's fatal crash
And the fugitive pattering footsteps of the showers
And the long unsatisfied panting of the wind
And sorrow muttering in the sound-vexed night,
The grief of all the world came near to her.

Its complementary line:

"The sorrow of all living things shall come
And knock at his (*Avatara's*) doors and live within his house;"

Savitri-446

*"In the night, I am always given a state of human consciousness to put right, one after another—there are **millions** of them. And there are always all the images and events that illustrate that particular state of consciousness. At times, it is very hard going: I wake up tired, as after a long period of work."*

The Mother/The Mother's Agenda-5/170-71,

Night's darkness seemed her future's ominous face. (Night symbolizes the Inconscient darkness.)

The shadow of her lover's doom arose

And fear laid hands upon her mortal heart. (fear, doubt and impatience are three friends, coexistent in the life which is not yet transformed.)

The moments swift and ruthless raced; alarmed (If passing moments are not rightly utilized in Divine union, it will give birth to impatience.)

Her thoughts, her mind **remembered Narad's date.** (Mind cannot transform death into immortality, for which intervention of higher Consciousness is needed.)

"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.”

Savitri-458

A trembling moved accountant of her riches,
She reckoned the insufficient days between:
A dire expectancy knocked at her breast;
Dreadful to her were the footsteps of the hours:
Grief came, a passionate stranger to her gate:
Banished when in his arms, out of her sleep (grief can be banished through Divine union.
His arms represent divine Love and Divine union.)
It rose at morn to look into her face. (At morn she met her desire soul in the form of grief
and memory of fore knowledge. This takes years to transform in the life of a Sadhaka
through persistent effort. Here it is symbolized that her desire soul will be transformed
within a period less than one year.)
Vainly she fled into **abyssms of bliss** (There are bliss which transform life and escape from
life. The former is considered as higher siddhi than the latter.)
From her pursuing foresight of the end.
The more she plunged into love that anguish grew; (human love is not free from attachment.
With the growth of attachment the anguish will grow.)
Her deepest grief from sweetest gulfs arose. (The gulf which is untouched by Divine Love
is the seat of highest attachment.)
Remembrance was a poignant pang, she felt (The remembrance of incapacity to transform
death became a poignant pang.)
Each day a golden leaf torn cruelly out (like the leaves that fall from a tree in autumn, so too
each passing day was like a leaf falling from her tree of one life with Satyavan)

169, How are Time and Consciousness related? The Life Dvine-377

Ans: “If we go behind Time by a similar inward motion, drawing back from the
physical and seeing it without being involved it, we discover that Time
observation and Time movement are relative, but **Time itself is real and
eternal**. Time observation depends not only on the measures used, but on the
consciousness and the position of the observer: moreover, each state of
consciousness **has a different Time relation**; Time in Mind consciousness and
Mind Space has not the same sense and measure of its movements as in physical
Space; it moves there quickly or slowly according to the **state of
consciousness. Each state of consciousness has its own Time** and yet there
can be relations of Time between them; and when we go behind the physical
surface, we find several different **Time statuses and Time movements**
coexistent in the same consciousness. This is evident in dream Time where a

long sequence of happenings can occur in a **period which corresponds to a second or a few seconds of physical Time**. There is then a certain relation between different Time statuses but no ascertainable correspondence of measure. It would seem as if Time had no objective reality, but depends on whatever conditions may be established by **action of consciousness** in its relation to status and motion of being: time would seem purely subjective. But, in fact, Space also would appear by the mutual relation of Mind-Space and Matter-Space to be subjective; in other words, both are the original spiritual extension, but it is rendered by mind in its purity into a subjective mind-field and by sense-mind into an objective field of sense-perception. **Subjectivity and objectivity are only two sides of one consciousness**, and the cardinal fact is that any given time or Space or any given Time-Space as a whole is **a status of being in which there is a movement of the consciousness and force of the being**, a movement that creates or manifests events and happening; **it is the relation of the consciousness that sees and the force that formulates the happenings**, a relation inherent in the status, which determines the sense of Time and creates our awareness of Time-movement, Time-relation, Time-measure.”

From her too slender **book of love** and joy.

(Another complementary line:

“And the mystic volume of **the book of Bliss**” Savitri-232)

Thus swaying in strong gusts of happiness (she vacillated between the joy when she was with Satyavan and the sorrow in her heart when she remembered the fate to come)
And swimming in foreboding’s sombre waves
And feeding sorrow and terror with her heart, —
For now they sat among her bosom’s guests
Or in her inner chamber paced apart, —
Her eyes stared blind into the future’s night.
Out of her separate self she looked and saw (Mother (Maa Krishna) who is the ‘separate self’), (Not the Psychic being, but this separate self or ego bound self is located between the surface self and the desire self.)
Moving amid the unconscious faces loved,
In mind a stranger though in heart so near,
The ignorant smiling world go happily by
Upon its way towards an unknown doom
And wondered at the careless lives of men. (men lead a careless life, oblivious of true aim of life.)
As if in different worlds they walked, though close,
They confident of the returning sun,
They wrapped in little hourly hopes and tasks, — (ignorance is bliss)
She in her dreadful knowledge was alone. (because nobody can help her to overcome the dreadful future knowledge.)

“The soul that can live alone with itself meets God;”

“A lonely soul passions for the Alone”

Savitri-460

Savitri-632

“In the dim Night it (Savitri’s heart) lies alone with God.”

Savitri-635

“There knowing herself by her own termless self,
Wisdom supernal, wordless, absolute
Sat **uncompanied** in the eternal Calm,
All-seeing, motionless, sovereign and **alone**.”

Savitri-32

“**Lonely** his days and splendid like the sun’s.”

Savitri-45

The rich and happy secrecy that once
Enshrined her as if in a silver **bower**

Bower: a pleasant shady place under trees or climbing plants in a garden or wood

Apart in a bright nest of thoughts and dreams
Made room for tragic hours of solitude
And **lonely** grief that none could share or know,
A body seeing the end too soon of joy
And the fragile happiness of its **mortal love**.

(Its complementary line:

“But vain are human power and **human love**

To break earth’s seal of ignorance and death;”) Savitri-315

While the sorrow and agony raged in Savitri’s heart she maintained an outer mask of sweet calmness and those around her did not know what she suffered silently within. She looked for a power within that she could use to either rise above the agony or to transform/neutralize in some way but that power she would not find, only her strong adamant will and passionate heart was available to her and these are not enough to transform...for her Psychic Being was still veiled from her, only occasional glimpses were given.

Her quiet visage still and sweet and calm,

Her graceful daily acts were now a mask;

In vain she looked upon her depths to find (Because in the depth below the surface she found the vast untransformed subliminal self.)

A ground of stillness and the spirit’s peace.

Still veiled from her was the silent Being within (She has not yet discovered the Psychic being.)

Who sees life’s drama pass with unmoved eyes, (Witness state of the Soul to bear all suffering.)

Supports the sorrow of the mind and heart

And bears in human breasts the world and fate.

A glimpse or flashes came, the Presence was hid. (brief touch of Soul/Spirit.)

Only her violent heart and passionate will

Were pushed in front to meet the immutable doom (**but these are insufficient to face the pending doom**);
Defenceless, nude, bound to her human lot
They had no means to act, no way to save. (Only the unveiled Psychic being has the power to save.)
These she controlled, nothing was shown outside: (So she controlled her violent heart and passionate will.)
She was still to them the child they knew and loved;
The sorrowing woman they saw not within. (This means the new surrounding world was still in the surface and was unable to identify with Savitri's issue.) (This also hints that a Sadhaka need not expect anything or any help from the surrounding world.)
No change was in her beautiful motions seen:

In spite of her inner agony, Savitri with a bright sweetness did all the work and served all those around her, she was not despondent and indolent, rather the difficulties seemed to accentuate her inner divinity, for into every simple act of her menial work she suffused her Divine love and this raised the work to something Divine. However from time to time the agony would invade her heart and the hidden divinity would retreat to the depths and she would feel the meaninglessness of life that we all feel.

**A worshipped empress all once vied to serve,
She made herself the diligent serf of all,** (To become the slave of all is the condition of becoming the Master of all.) (By becoming the slave of Satyavan's family members, representing developing souls, the gulf between swift Spiritual evolution of developed soul is bridged with slow evolution of Developing soul.)

"There are two who are unfit for greatness and freedom, the man who has never been a **slave** to another and the nation that has never been under the yoke of foreigners."

Sri Aurobindo

"If thou canst not be the slave of all mankind, thou art not fit to be its master..."

Sri Aurobindo

"To be the master of the world would indeed be supreme felicity, if one were universally loved; but for that one would have to be at the same time the slave of all humanity."

Sri Aurobindo

**Nor spared the labour of broom and jar and well,
Or close gentle tending or to heap the fire
Of altar and kitchen, no slight task allowed
To others that her woman's strength might do.**

"You take up some work which is quite material, like **cleaning the floor or dusting a room**; well, it seems to me that this work can lead to a very deep consciousness if it is done with a certain feeling for perfection and progress; while other work considered of a higher kind as, for example, studies or literary and artistic work, if done with the idea of seeking fame or for the satisfaction of one's vanity or for some material gain, will not help you to progress. So this is already a kind of

classification which depends more on the inner attitude than on the outer fact. But this classification can be applied to everything.

Of course, there is a kind of work which is done only for **purely pecuniary and personal** reasons, like the one — whatever it may be — which is done to earn a living. That attitude is exactly the one Sri Aurobindo compares with the damp logs of wood which are heaped so thick the flame cannot leap up. It has something dark and heavily dull about it.

And this brings us to something which I have already told you several times, but which presents a problem not yet solved by circumstances. I think I have already spoken to you about it, but still I shall speak about it again this evening because of this sentence of Sri Aurobindo's.

At the beginning of my present earthly existence I came into contact with many people who said that they had a great inner aspiration, an urge towards something deeper and truer, but that they were tied down, subjected, slaves to that brutal necessity of earning their living, and that this weighed them down so much, took up so much of their time and energy that they could not engage in any other activity, inner or outer. I heard this very often, I saw many poor people — I don't mean poor from the monetary point of view, but poor because they felt imprisoned in a material necessity, narrow and deadening.

I was very young at that time, and I always used to tell myself that if ever I could do it, I would try to create a little world — oh! quite a small one, but still... a small world where people would be able to live without having to be preoccupied with food and lodging and clothing and the imperative necessities of life, so as to see whether all the energies freed by this certainty of a secure material living would turn spontaneously towards the divine life and the inner realisation.

Well, towards the middle of my life — at least, what is usually the middle of a human life — the means were given to me and I could realise this, that is, create such conditions of life. And I have come to this conclusion, that **it is not this necessity which hinders people from consecrating themselves to an inner realisation, but that it is a dullness, a tamas, a lack of aspiration, a miserable laxity, an I-don't-care attitude**, and that those who face even the hardest conditions of life are **sometimes** the ones who react most and have the intensest aspiration.

That's all. I am waiting for the contrary to be proved to me.

I would very much like to see the contrary but I haven't yet seen it. As there are many energies which are not utilised, since this terrible compulsion of having something to eat or a roof to sleep under or clothes on one's back does not exist — as one is sure of all that — there is a whole mass of energies which are not utilised for that; well, they are spent in idle stupidities. And of these, **the foolishness which seems to me the most disastrous is to keep one's tongue going: chatter, chatter, chatter**. I haven't known a place where they chatter more than here, and say everything they should not say, busy themselves with things they should not be concerned with. And I know it is merely an overflow of unused energy.

That is all.

So the division in works is perhaps not quite what onethinks....” The Mother/TMCW-8/Questions and Answers-1956/160-161

In all her acts a strange divinity shone: (This demonstrates her perfection in Karma Yoga) (Through contact with matter alone Spirit can be reconciled. Here Lord has projected Savitri as Karma Yogi.)

78, What is the limitation of action in surface constructed personality and how in true consciousness we experience liberated action? The Life Divine-476

Ans: “But in experience we find that for us it is, normally, a quiescence that brings in the stable realization of the eternal and the infinite: it is in silence or quietude that we feel most firmly the **Something** that is behind the world shown to us by our mind and senses. Our cognitive action of thought, our action of life and being seem to overlay the truth, the reality; they grasp the finite but not the infinite, they deal with the temporal and not the eternal Real. It is reasoned that this is so because all action, all creation, all determining perception limits; it does not embrace or grasp the Reality, and its **constructions disappear** when we enter into the indivisible and indeterminable consciousness of the Real: these constructions are unreal in eternity, however real they may seem or be in Time. Action leads to ignorance, to the created and finite; kinesis and creation are a contradiction of the immutable Reality, the pure uncreated Existence. But this reasoning is **not wholly valid** because it is looking at perception and action only as they are in our mental cognition of the world and its movement; but that is the experience of our surface being regarding things from its shifting motion in Time, a regard itself superficial, fragmentary and delimited, not total, not plunging into the inner sense of things. In fact we find that action need not bind or limit, if we **get out of this moment-cognition (second exclusive concentration) into a status of cognition of the eternal (essential, multiple and higher concentration)** proper to the **true consciousness. Action does not bind or limit the liberated man; action does not bind or limit the Eternal:** but we can go farther and say that **action does not bind or limit our own true being** at all. Action has no such effect on **the spiritual Person** or Purusha or on the psychic entity within us, it binds or limits **only the surface constructed personality.** This personality is **a temporary expression** of our self-being, a **changing form** of it, empowered to exist by it, dependent on it for substance and endurance, -- temporary, but not unreal.”

Into a simplest movement she could bring
A oneness with earth’s glowing robe of light,
A lifting up of common acts by love.
“This bright perfection of her inner state
Poured overflowing into her outward scene,
Made beautiful dull common natural things
And **action** wonderful and time divine.
Even the smallest and meanest work became

A sweet or glad and glorious sacrament,
An offering to the self of the great world
Or a service to the One in each and all." Savitri-532,

All-love was hers and its one heavenly cord
Bound all to all with her as **golden tie**. (Supramental love)

"Whoever gets my touch, whoever has a second of true aspiration, of true love for me, he is finished for this life, for all lives — he is bound to me. I have put a golden chain round his neck; his heart is bound eternally to me."

The Mother

Collected from Nalini Da's talk on 26.10.1976

But when her grief to the **surface pressed too close**,

These things, once gracious adjuncts of her joy,

Seemed meaningless to her, a gleaming shell,

Or were a round mechanical and void,

Her body's actions shared not by her will.

Always behind this strange divided life

Her spirit like a sea of living fire

Possessed her lover and to his body clung, (Spiritual protection extended to Satyavan.)

(Paraprakriti's relation with Aparaprakriti is worked out through Divine Love.)

One locked embrace to guard its threatened mate. (Death has to break this lock of love in order take Satyavan.) (Their relation strengthened by Yoga Shakti and Death has to break this bond before taking Satyavan away.)

At night she woke through the slow silent hours

Brooding on the treasure of his bosom and face,

Hung o'er the sleep-bound beauty of his brow

Or laid her burning cheek upon his feet.

Waking at morn her lips endlessly clung to his, (human love is tiring and depressing and when used as symbol of Divine love it is tireless and means of flow of large overhead energy.) (Those who misunderstand it experience Spiritual fall. So Divine Love is identified in Savitri as sealed book for developing Souls.)

Integral Yoga does not recommend the *Tantric* means of external human aid to experience the Divine Love for beginners or its necessity is dispensable in order to avoid distortion, abasement and the Spiritual fall. Its indispensable end is that the Divine Love can be experienced through *Purusha's* union with *Prakriti* in Ignorance, *Ishwara-Shakti* union in the Knowledge and *Brahman-Maya* union in the Supramental, *Vijnana*. We have to understand *Radha* and *Krishna* or Divine incarnation of *Savitri* and *Satyavan* in this inner perspective, where marriage between the 'eternal Lord and Spouse' takes place in our heart's secluded chamber and extended to all other nine planes of Consciousness.

Unwilling ever to separate again

Or lose that honeyed drain of lingering joy,

Unwilling to loose his body from her breast, (This line suggests Psychic being's constant union with the cells of the body and this generates an awareness towards cellular transformation where body will remain under the constant Influence of the Supreme.)

The warm inadequate signs that love must use. (The Divine Love must work in all the ten

sheaths of which physical realm is considered very inadequate.)

Intolerant of the poverty of Time

Her passion catching at the fugitive hours

Willed the expense of centuries in one day (Through Yoga or Spiritual evolution one can compress a thousand years progress or growth into a single year.)

(The complementary of this line:

“An inspired Knowledge sat enthroned within

Whose seconds illumined more than reason’s years:” Savitri-37)

“Yoga, as Swami Vivekananda has said, may be regarded as a means of compressing one’s evolution into a single life or a few years or even a few months of bodily existence. A given system of Yoga, then, can be no more than a selection or a compression, into narrower but more energetic forms of intensity, of the general methods which are already being used loosely, largely, in a leisurely movement, with a profuser apparent waste of material and energy but with a more complete combination by the great Mother in her vast upward labour. It is this view of Yoga that can alone form the basis for a sound and rational synthesis of Yogic methods. For then Yoga ceases to appear something mystic and abnormal which has no relation to the ordinary processes of the World-Energy or the purpose she keeps in view in her two great movements of subjective and objective self-fulfilment; it reveals itself rather as an intense and exceptional use of powers that she has already manifested or is progressively organising in her less exalted but more general operations.” The Synthesis of Yoga-6-7

Of prodigal love and the surf of ecstasy;

Or else she strove even in mortal time

To build a little room for timelessness (In this little room death cannot enter.)

By the deep union of two human lives,(That is possible by deep Divine union through human vessel.)

Her soul secluded shut into his soul.

After all was given she demanded still;

Even by his strong embrace unsatisfied, (Even the descent of strong Divine Love is inadequate for bottomless darkness of Subconscious and inconscient world.)

She longed to cry, “O tender Satyavan,

O lover of my soul, give more, give more (Love gives invisibly the fullness of life.)

Of love while yet thou canst, to her thou lov’st.

“What more, what more, if more must still be done?” Savitri-531

Imprint thyself for every nerve to keep

That thrills to thee the message of my heart.

For soon we part and who shall know how long

Before the great wheel in its monstrous round (great wheel of earth’s doom.)

Complementary line:

“To stay the wheels of Doom this greatness rose.” Book-1, canto-1

Restore us to each other and our love?”

Too well she loved to speak a fateful word (at times she wanted to confide in Satyavan and share her suffering with him)

And lay her burden on his happy head;

She pressed the outsurging grief back into her breast (Psychic being has the capacity to absorb the earth’s grief...)

To dwell within silent, unhelped, alone. (For this type of Divine action cannot be supported by any outward help.)

“She in her dreadful knowledge was alone.” Savitri-470

“**She pressed** the living body of Satyavan:
On her body’s wordless joy to be and breathe
She bore the blissful burden of his head
Between her breasts’ warm labour of delight,
The waking gladness of her members felt
The weight of heaven in his limbs, a touch
Summing the whole felicity of things,
And all her life was conscious of his life
And all her being rejoiced enfolding his.” Savitri-715

But Satyavan sometimes half understood, (and Satyavan intuitively grasping her agony gave as much of his time to her as he could) (To fully understand is the prerogative of Gods. Once an Avatara takes human body, by the pressure of mental Maya, a part of the fore knowledge is veiled. This we observe in King Aswapati and Satyavan. In Narad we observe this fore knowledge more vivid and comprehensive.))

Or felt at least with the uncertain answer
Of our thought-blinded hearts the unuttered need,
The unplumbed abyss of her deep passionate want.
All of his speeding days that he could spare
From labour in the forest hewing wood
And hunting food in the wild sylvan glades
And service to his father’s sightless life
He gave to her and helped to increase the hours
By the nearness of his presence and his clasp,
And lavish softness of heart-seeking words
And the close beating felt of heart on heart.
All (external care) was too little for her bottomless need.
If in his presence she forgot awhile,
Grief filled his absence with its aching touch;
“His absence was a dream of memory,

His presence was the empire of a god.” Savitri-468

“Its (Supreme Self’s) absence left the greatest actions dull,
Its presence made the smallest (action) seem divine.” Savitri-305,

When Satyavan was physically away working in the woods, she was reminded of his pending permanent absence and was overcome with grief, she sometimes imagined that she would follow him in the funeral pyre but knew that she would need to remain to look after his parents. This again represents that untransformed part of Savitri that did not want to/could not confront death, that gave into doubt. Savitri had to overcome 3 obstacles to her union with Satyavan (the 1st was her birth mother’s objections, the last will be Death itself, now she wrestles with the 2nd obstacle – parts of her untransformed outer being)

She saw the desert of her coming days
Imaged in every solitary hour. (In every leisure hour she was conscious of the issue.)
Although with a vain imaginary bliss
Of fiery union through death's door of escape (escape into Param dham)
She dreamed of her body robed in funeral flame,
She knew she must not clutch that happiness
To die with him and follow, seizing his robe
Across our other countries, travellers glad
Into the sweet or terrible Beyond. (The later Vedantic solution of problem of life captured Savitri.)

*"Last time you said, "They are burned, or shut up in a box without
air and light – fully conscious. "*

And it is hideously true.

But what should be done then? Should people wait, or what?

I have looked at this a great deal, but ... socially, conventionally, it's impossible – there's nothing else to do. The living take their stand with the living, naturally. So the only thing I've seen is that, as always, there must be a grace associated with that state, and probably people see ONLY what they are able to see without being upset.

I know this because when the body became like that – it was more than three-quarters dead¹⁹³ – and people were taking care of me, doing everything for me, I was fully conscious, FULLY, but I couldn't... I was like a dead person. And it wasn't that I couldn't move, but I couldn't manifest anything – I didn't want to! I was in a state of total bliss, and couldn't have cared less about what was going to happen. Well, that's what I think must happen to those who die in a state of

grace – it's true, some people die well and others don't. It all depends on one's state of consciousness.

If at death you withdraw from physical circumstances, from ordinary physical consciousness, and unite with the great universal Force, or the divine Presence, then all these little things... It's not that you're not conscious of them – you are very conscious: conscious of what others are doing, conscious of everything, but

... it's not important.

But for those who are attached to people and things when they die, it must be a hellish torment.

Hellish.

But then, is it better to be buried or burned?

Had you asked me this question a week ago, I would unhesitatingly have said "buried" – and advised people not to do it too quickly, to wait for external signs of decomposition.

Now, because of this, I can't say any more. I just can't say.

I have the feeling I am learning a lot of things about this transition called death. It's starting to become thinner and thinner, more and more unreal. It is very interesting.

(silence)

One may be in a state of consciousness where the body is nothing but a burden – it's unresponsive, or it's too deteriorated and there's nothing more to be done with it, or one hasn't been created to try to make it immortal (which, after all, is something very exceptional). Within the great mass of humanity, many bodies are no longer good for anything, and in such cases it may very well be a relief to be separated from your body abruptly, instead of waiting for a slow decomposition. So ... once again I am saying to myself, "A rash and hasty judgment – the judgment of Ignorance."

I can't say. Each individual has to FEEL it and, if he's conscious enough, say what he would like.

But each time I ask my body what IT would like, all the cells say, "No, no! We are immortal, we want to be immortal. We're not tired, we're ready to struggle for centuries if necessary; we have been created for immortality and we want immortality."

It is very interesting.

Very interesting. And Pavitra was telling me recently that the causes of aging and decay are now being very seriously and deeply investigated. Some quite interesting discoveries are being made: that the cell is immortal, and that aging results merely from a combination of circumstances. This research is tending towards the conclusion that aging is merely a bad habit – which seems to be true. Which means that when you LIVE in the Truth-Consciousness, Matter is not in contradiction to that Consciousness.

And this is just what I am realizing (I don't think it's anything unique or exceptional): the closer one draws to the cell itself, the more the cell says, "But I am immortal!" Only it must become conscious. But this takes place almost automatically: the brain cells are very conscious; the cells of the hands and arms of musicians are very conscious; with athletes and gymnasts, the cells of the entire body are wonderfully conscious. So, being conscious, those cells become conscious of their principle of immortality and say, "Why would I want to grow old? Why!" They don't want to grow old. It is very interesting.

So all the ideas I used to have about death, all the things I have said about death, practically all the things I have consciously DONE¹⁹⁴ – oh! I have realized that all this, too, belongs to the past, and to a past of Ignorance. Here also, I will probably have other things to say later.

If I ever say them.

As soon as you speak, most of the knowledge escapes. It becomes what Sri

Aurobindo calls a "representation," an image – it is not THE thing." The Mother/October 16, 1962

For those sad parents still would need her here
To help the empty remnant of their day. (moderate solution of living an unaccompanied lonely life without *Satyavan*.)
Often it seemed to her the ages' pain
Had pressed their quintessence into her single woe,
Concentrating in her a tortured world.

Savitri became even more inwardly withdrawn and became even more merged with Satyavan's inner being till the union between them was so complete that even the physical barrier between them seemed to melt. The love within her grew each day till it engulfed her and the whole world and made her vessel fit to receive the blows that the mighty gods deal to men and earth to transform it.

Thus in the silent chamber of her soul
Cloistering her love to live with secret grief
She dwelt like a **dumb priest** with hidden gods
Unappeased by the wordless offering of her days, (This line suggests that even ceaseless sacrifice will not fulfil life because there is always the threat of Ignorance, Falsehood, Suffering and Death, they will abruptly end all the charm of life.)

Lifting to them her sorrow like frankincense,

Her life the altar, herself the sacrifice.

"All grew a consecration and a rite." Savitri-4

"Afflicted by his harsh divinity,

Bound to his throne, he waited **unappeased**

The daily oblation of her unwept tears." Savitri-10

"Offering his life, a splendour of sacrifice." Savitri-62

"Her days became a luminous sacrifice;" Savitri-125

"And the sacrifice of all we cherish here." Savitri-280

"Her acts became gestures of sacrifice." Savitri-360

""Our life is a holocaust of the Supreme." (holocaust is complete surrender) Savitri-99

Holocaust: "a sacrifice in which the offering was burned completely on an altar"

"Apotheosised, transfigured by wisdom's touch,

Her days became a luminous sacrifice;

An immortal moth in happy and endless fire,

She burned in his sweet intolerable blaze.

A captive Life wedded her conqueror.” Savitri-125 (Psychic surrender)

“And life is a continual worship’s rite,

A sacrifice of rapture to the One.” Savitri-662

“...when Sri Aurobindo was here I had nothing to say, and if I did speak it was almost by chance. That is all. What had to be said was said by him. And when he left and I began to read his books (which I had not read before), I told myself, “Well, what do you know! There was absolutely no need for me to say anything.” And I had less and less desire to speak. The minute I met you (Satprem), I began to get interested, “Ah,” I thought, “collaboration!... Something interesting can be done.” ... I like the form of your expression very, very much. It contains something deep, very supple and polished at the same time—like a lovely, finely chiselled statue. There is a profound inspiration and a rhythm, a harmony, which I like very much.” The Mother’s Agenda-3/124-125,

“All truth of works must depend upon the truth of being. All active existence must be in its inmost reality a sacrifice of works offered by Prakriti to Purusha, Nature offering to the supreme and infinite Soul the desire of the multiple finite Soul within her. **Life is an altar to which she brings her workings and the fruits of her workings and lays them before whatever aspect of the Divinity the consciousness in her has reached for whatever result of the sacrifice the desire of the living soul can seize on as its immediate or its highest good.** According to the grade of consciousness and being which the soul has reached in Nature, will be the Divinity it worships, the delight which it seeks and the hope for which it sacrifices. And in the movement of the mutable Purusha in Nature all is and must be interchange; for existence is one and its divisions must found themselves on some law of mutual dependence, each growing by each and living by all. Where sacrifice is not willingly given, Nature exacts it by force, she satisfies the law of her living. A mutual giving and receiving is the law of Life without which it cannot for one moment endure, and this fact is the stamp of the divine creative Will on the world it has manifested in its being, **the proof that with sacrifice as their eternal companion the Lord of creatures has created all these existences.** The universal law of sacrifice is the sign that the world is of God and belongs to God and that life is his dominion and house of worship and not a field for the self-satisfaction of the independent ego; not the fulfilment of the ego, — that is only our crude and obscure beginning, — but the discovery of God, the worship and seeking of the Divine and the Infinite through a constantly enlarging sacrifice culminating in a perfect self-giving founded on a perfect self-knowledge, is that to which the experience of life is at last intended to lead.” CWSA-19/Essays on the Gita/p-125

**Yet ever they grew into each other more
Until it seemed no power could rend apart, (increase of bond due to
accumulation Spiritual energy is a solution of confronting and conquering
death.)**

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

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

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

The Mother

The Mother’s Agenda/ November 12, 1960

Since even the body’s walls could not divide.

Its complementary line:

“Aware still of his being near to hers,

Closely she clasped to her the mute lifeless form

As though to guard the oneness they had been

And keep the spirit still within its frame.” Savitri-571

“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.

But it's a long time in coming! (*Mother laughs*)

Up above, nothing is long. But anyway, it's here that we are ordered to exist and to achieve.

It's on this occasion, too, that I had an answer regarding death. I was told, "But they all want to die! Because they don't have the courage to be before That is manifested." And I saw – I clearly saw it was like that.

The power of Death is that they all want to die! Not like that in their active thought, but in the body's deep feeling, because it doesn't have the courage to be without That – it takes great courage.

So they began with a complete ignorance and general stupidity, participating in all that this life is outwardly (as if it were something wonderful!). But as soon as they begin to grow a little wiser, it stops being wonderful. It's like what I said about this flower [the lotus]: when you know how to look at a flower, at the so spontaneous and, oh, uncomplicated expression of this marvelous Love, then you understand how long the way is – all these attachments, all this importance we give to useless things, whereas there should be a spontaneous and natural beauty.

If the world understood too soon, nobody would want to stay on, basically! That's the point.

Yes, exactly! That's the point.

If they knew too soon, if they were able to see the opposition between what is and what must be, they wouldn't have the courage. One must ... one must truly be heroic – heroic. I assure you, I see these cells, they are heroic – heroic. As for them, they don't "know" in that mental way: it's only their adoration that saves them. That is, "What You will, Lord, what You will, what You will ... ," with the simplicity of a child's ingenuous heart: "What You will, what You will, what You will ... only what You will and nothing but what You will exists." Then it's all right. But without that, it's not possible. It's not possible to know what they know and to continue to be if That isn't there. You know, the feeling is, "At Your service, what You will, what You will ... whatever You will ... ," without discussion, without anything, without even a sensation, nothing: "What You will, what You will. "

This is the only strength, there is no other.

Well, some have to do it, don't they! Otherwise it would never get done.

And at that moment⁴³ (it was a rather difficult moment), there was even in the consciousness ... it was **like a sword of white light** that nothing can shake and which gave the cells the sensation, "What! But you should be in an ecstasy of joy, now that you know what will be" – what there IS, in principle.

But it has caused a sort of detachment from the gestures, the outside, as if life weren't quite real – yet real at the same time, but the Reality isn't there. There is the sense of the Presence; that's constant. And that's a good thing to begin with, it strongly counterbalances the sense and perception of all the Distortion. There is

even an insistence from this Presence for That alone to exist and to increasingly reduce the reality of the perception of what must not be. There will be a great strength in the being when the perception of what must not be is dimmed, erased as something far away and nonexistent.

That's what is being prepared.

What makes the work a little more complicated is that it isn't limited to this (*Mother's body*), it's everything, everything around and to a rather considerable distance. Because the contact in thought is almost perfectly established: it's impossible for someone to think [of Mother] without there being a response in the consciousness – a response, a perception. So, imagine what it is – It's rather vast and rather complicated.

And there are kinds of rungs or stages – stages in the response of the consciousness; rungs and stages according to the degree of development and consciousness. It makes for, oh, not an immensity, but still a rather extensive world. In this perception, the earth isn't very large.

And there is a precision in details for tiny things, like what goes on in an individual's consciousness, for instance, or the response to certain events. It's very, very precise. But there is always a ban on saying things so as not to give them a power of concretization. But **the work is being done like that, on all the planes; on all the planes** (there are even planes beneath the feet), constantly, constantly, without stop, night and day." **The Mother/ July 27, 1966**

For when he wandered in the forest, oft
Her conscious spirit walked with him and knew (while Satyavan was away from her
in the forest.)
His actions as if in herself he moved;
He, less aware, thrilled with her from afar. (This is subtle physical Divine Love which
will one day replace the divisible human love.)
Always the stature of her passion grew;
Grief, fear became the food of mighty love.
Increased by its torment it filled the whole world;
It was **all her life**, became her whole earth and heaven. (All life is from the beginning
of the creation to the Divinisation of creation.)
Although life-born, an infant of the hours, (the present evolution is in its infant stage.)
Immortal it walked unslayable as the gods:
Her spirit stretched measureless in strength divine,
An anvil for the blows of Fate and Time:
Or tired of sorrow's passionate luxury,
Grief's self became calm, dull-eyed, resolute,
Awaiting some issue of its fiery struggle,
Some deed in which it might for ever cease,
Victorious over itself and death and tears.

The year now paused upon the brink of change.
No more the storms sailed with stupendous wings
And thunder strode in wrath across the world,
But still was heard a muttering in the sky

And rain dripped wearily through the mournful air
And grey slow-drifting clouds shut in the earth.
So her grief's heavy sky shut in her heart.

Yet her inner/higher being hid itself and waited for the appropriate time to reveal.

A still (surface self) self hid behind but gave no light: (To discover the light of the Psychic being she will pursue the Sadhana.) (Or her surface physical self was not yet opened towards the Divine.)

No voice came down from the forgotten heights; (No Soul saving voice descended from above.)

Only in the privacy of its brooding pain

Her human heart spoke to the body's fate. (The limitation of her human heart was unable to alter the body's fate.)

Some more *Savitri's* exploration of Surface Physical Self:-

“Lending her (Queen) speech to **the surface soul** on earth”

Savitri-437

“He sees his **little self** as very God.
His little ‘I’ swallowed the whole world,
His ego has stretched into infinity.”

Savitri-453

“Because thy strength is a part not God's whole,
Because afflicted by the **little self**
Thy consciousness forgets to be divine”

Savitri-454

“Or tired of sorrow's passionate luxury,
Grief's self became calm, dull-eyed, resolute,
Awaiting some issue of its fiery struggle,
Some deed in which it might for ever cease,
Victorious over itself and death and tears.”

Savitri-473

“A **still self** hid behind but gave no light:
No voice came down from the forgotten heights;
Only in the privacy of its brooding pain
Her human heart spoke to the body's fate.”

Savitri-473

“On a dim ocean of subconscious life
A formless **surface consciousness** awoke:”

Savitri-477

“Aspiring he transcends his **earthly self**;”

Savitri-486

“And claimed deep union with its **outer selves**,”

Savitri-675

END OF CANTO ONE

My Divine Child Auroprem,

I am sending this Canto-1, book-7, today on this sacred Diwali (02.11.2013). I hope we will do further work on this line by Her Grace. With my all love and blessings.

At Their Feet

S.A. Maa Krishna

Om Namō Bhagavateh

Sri Matriniketan Ashram

19.08.2019

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. This book-7, Canto-1, is the period in which Savitri came in initial contact with the Divine Love, before opening of her Psychic, Spiritual, Universal and Supramental Self.

Here we also find the negative untransformed Nature of Savitri which rose in the form of 'sorrow of coming days,' 'fate and grief,' 'grief of all the world,' 'fear laid hands upon her mortal heart,' 'Her deepest grief from sweetest gulfs arose,' 'poignant pang.' 'feeding sorrow and terror with her heart,' 'lonely grief that none could share or know,' 'the fragile happiness of its **mortal love,**' 'The sorrowing woman they saw not within,' 'this strange divided life,' 'She pressed the outsurging grief back into her breast,' '**All (external care) was too little for her bottomless need,**' 'Grief filled his absence with its aching touch,' 'Grief, fear became the food of mighty love,' 'So her grief's heavy sky shut in her heart,' 'Only in the privacy of its brooding pain.'

Similarly the affirmative energy she met to confront with negative untransformed energy are: 'But greater spirits this balance (of fate) can reverse And make the soul the artist of its fate,' 'Priceless she deemed her joy so close to death,' 'Apart with love she lived for love alone,' '**A wave of the laughter of light from morn to eve,**' 'A fusing of the joys of earth and heaven,' '**Opened were gates of unforgettable bliss,**' 'In all her acts a strange divinity shone,' 'All-love was hers and its one heavenly cord Bound all to all with her as **golden tie,**' 'Her spirit like a sea of living fire Possessed her lover and to his body clung, One locked embrace to guard its threatened mate,' 'Yet ever they grew into each other more Until it seemed no power could rend apart, Since even the body's walls could not divide,' '**Her spirit stretched measureless in strength divine.**'

Divine Love is tireless and can change destiny where as human love is tiring and depressing and subject one to the clutch of Death. Few can understand and interpret the symbol used here and can draw benefit from the Divine Presence of dual incarnation. The secret of Their supreme

relation opens the Supramental gate of prepared vessel.

OM TAT SAT

With my eternal love and blessings....

At Their Feet

Yours 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 of his (Satyavan) speeding days that he could spare

From labour in the forest hewing wood

And hunting food in the wild sylvan glades

And service to his father’s sightless life

He gave to her and helped to increase the hours

By the nearness of his presence and his clasp,

And lavish softness of heart-seeking words

And the close beating felt of heart on heart.” Savitri-472

“Thus in the silent chamber of her soul

Cloistering her love to live with secret grief

She dwelt like a **dumb priest** with hidden gods

Unappeased by the wordless offering of her days,

Lifting to them her sorrow like frankincense,

Her life the altar, herself the sacrifice.” Savitri-472-73

“For when he wandered in the forest, oft

Her conscious spirit walked with him and knew (while Satyavan was away from her in the forest.)

His actions as if in herself he moved;

He, less aware, thrilled with her from afar.” Savitri-473 (This is subtle physical

Divine Love which will one day replace the divisible human love.)

The More Important Secret of this chapter:

“FATE followed her foreseen immutable road.

Man's hopes and longings build the journeying wheels
 That bear the body of his destiny
 And lead his blind will towards an unknown goal.
 His fate within him shapes his acts and rules;
 Its face and form already are born in him,
 Its parentage is in his secret soul:
 Here Matter seems to mould the body's life
 And the soul follows where its nature drives.
 Nature and Fate compel his free-will's choice.
 But greater spirits this balance can reverse
 And make the soul the artist of its fate." Savitri-465
 This is the mystic truth our ignorance hides:
 Doom is a passage for our inborn force,
 Our ordeal is the hidden spirit's choice,
 Ananke is our being's own decree." Savitri-465
 "Once more was near the fair and fated place, The borders
 gleaming with the groves' delight Where first she met the
 face of Satyavan
 And he saw like one waking into a dream Some timeless
 beauty and reality,
 The moon-gold sweetness of heaven's earth-born child."
 Savitri-466
 "And the stately care-worn woman once a queen Who now
 hoped nothing for herself from life, But all things only hoped
 for her one child, Calling on that single head from partial
 Fate All joy of earth, all heaven's beatitude.
 Adoring wisdom and beauty like a young god's, She saw him
 loved by heaven as by herself,
 She rejoiced in his brightness and believed in his fate And knew not
 of the evil drawing near." Savitri-467
 "Heavy with the sorrow of a coming day And
 wondering at the carelessness of Fate
 Who breaks with idle hands her supreme works,
 They parted from her with pain-fraught burdened hearts As forced by
 inescapable fate we part
 From one whom we shall never see again; Driven by the
 singularity of her fate, Helpless against the choice of
 Savitri's heart They left her to her rapture and her doom In
 the tremendous forest's savage charge." Savitri-467

“A fusing of the joys of earth and heaven,
A tremulous blaze of nuptial rapture passed,
A rushing of two spirits to be one, (Psychic experience)
A burning of two bodies in one flame. (Spiritual
experience)
Opened were gates of unforgettable bliss: (Supramental
and bliss Self experience.)
Two lives were locked within an earthly heaven
And fate and grief fled from that fiery hour.” Savitri-468
“Her spirit stretched measureless in strength divine,
An anvil for the blows of Fate and Time:” Savitri-473

The Most Important Secret of this chapter:

“Priceless she deemed her joy so close to death; (Her joy was priceless which can confront death and can save life. Earthly joy is soul slaying and always submits itself before death.)

Apart with love she lived for love alone.” Savitri-468 (She lived only for the Divine who has incarnated here as Love.)

“Into a simplest movement she could bring
A oneness with earth’s glowing robe of light,
A lifting up of common acts by love.” Savitri-470
“Always behind this strange divided life
Her spirit like a sea of living fire
Possessed her lover and to his body clung,
One locked embrace to guard its threatened mate.” Savitri-471
“Yet ever they grew into each other more
Until it seemed no power could rend apart,
Since even the body’s walls could not divide.” Savitri-473

Om Namo Bhagavateh

Sri Matriniketan Ashram
13.08.2021

Divine Amar Atman!

My Blessed Divine Child Guruprasad,

My all love and blessings to you. Now I have again identified the special features in Book-7, Canto-1 that have inspired our sadhana life.

1, First we discover that both Savitri and Satyavan were Karma Yogis accepting the most practical and the most difficult issue of material life and divinised them. They are:

“A worshipped empress all once vied to serve,
She made herself the diligent serf of all,
Nor spared the labour of broom and jar and well,
Or close gentle tending or to heap the fire
Of altar and kitchen, no slight task allowed
To others that her woman’s strength might do.
In all her acts a strange divinity shone:
Into a simplest movement she could bring
A oneness with earth’s glowing robe of light,
A lifting up of common acts by love.” Savitri-470

“All of his (Satyavan) speeding days that he could spare
From labour in the forest hewing wood
And hunting food in the wild sylvan glades
And service to his father’s sightless life
He gave to her (Savitri) and helped to increase the hours
By the nearness of his presence and his clasp,
And lavish softness of heart-seeking words
And the close beating felt of heart on heart.” Savitri-472

2, Secondly, we discover a subtle physical relation between them which will replace the transient human love. They are:

“For when he (Satyavan) wandered in the forest, oft
Her conscious spirit walked with him and knew (while Satyavan was away
from her in the forest.)
His actions as if in herself he moved;
He, less aware, thrilled with her from afar.” Savitri-473 (This is subtle physical
Divine Love which will one day replace the divisible human love.)

3, Thirdly we discover their Psychic, Spiritual, Supramental Divine union and through which Psychic, Spiritual, Supramental and Bliss Love are manifested in earthly atmosphere. They are:

“A fusing of the joys of earth and heaven,
A tremulous blaze of nuptial rapture passed,
A rushing of two spirits to be one, (Psychic union experience)
A burning of two bodies in one flame. (Spiritual union experience)
Opened were gates of unforgettable bliss: (Supramental and bliss Self
experience.)

Two lives were locked within an earthly heaven
And fate and grief fled from that fiery hour.” Savitri-468

4, Fourthly we observe that if the bond of their relation is made strong through accumulation of Spiritual energy or Yoga Shakti or Divine Love, then Death cannot divide their life. They are:

“Priceless she deemed her joy so close to death; (Her joy was priceless which can confront death and can save life. Earthly joy is soul slaying and always submits itself before death.)

Apart with love she lived for love alone.” Savitri-468 (She lived only for the Divine who has incarnated here as Love.)

“Always behind this strange divided life
Her spirit like a sea of living fire
Possessed her lover and to his body clung,
One locked embrace to guard its threatened mate.” Savitri-471

“Yet ever they grew into each other more
Until it seemed no power could rend apart,
Since even the body’s walls could not divide.” Savitri-473

There are still other areas which we have concentrated in the above study. In future we will reconcile them more concretely.

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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