

## Ashram Foundation Day-01.02.2020

“But all of that is wonderfully, accurately expressed and EXPLAINED in Savitri. Only you must know how to read it! The entire last part, from the moment she goes to seek Satyavan in the realm of Death (which affords an occasion to explain this), the whole description of what happens there, right up to the end, where every possible offer is made to tempt her, everything she must refuse to continue her terrestrial labor ... it is my experience EXACTLY. Savitri is really a condensation, a concentration of the universal Mother – the eternal universal Mother, Mother of all universes from all eternity – in an earthly personality for the Earth’s salvation. And Satyavan is the soul of the Earth, the Earth’s jiva. So when the Lord says, ‘he whom you love and whom you have chosen,’ it means the earth. All the details are there! When she comes back down, when Death has yielded at last, when all has been settled and the Supreme tells her, ‘Go, go with him, the one you have chosen,’ how does Sri Aurobindo describe it? He says that she very carefully takes the SOUL of Satyavan into her arms, like a little child, to pass through all the realms and come back down to earth. Everything is there! He hasn’t forgotten a single detail to make it easy to understand – for someone who knows how to understand. And it is when Savitri reaches the earth that Satyavan regains his full human stature.” THE MOTHER’S AGENDA JANUARY 22, 1961



“Two things are needed. First, nothing in your being, no part of your being, should wish to die. That doesn’t often happen. You always have, somewhere in you, a defeatist: something tired or disgusted, which has had enough, something lazy or which doesn’t want to fight and says, ‘Ah, well, let it be over, so much the better.’ That’s enough – you’re dead. But it’s a fact: if nothing, absolutely nothing in you consents to die, you will not die. For someone to die, there is always a second, if a hundredth part of a second, when he consents. If there isn’t that second of consent, he will not die. But who is certain he doesn’t have within himself, somewhere, a tiny bit of a defeatist which just yields and says, ‘Oh well’? ... Hence the need to unify oneself. Whatever the path we may follow, the subject we may study, we always reach the same result. The most important thing for an individual is to unify himself around his divine center; that way he becomes a real individual, master of himself and of his destiny. Otherwise, he is a plaything of the forces, which toss him about like a cork in a stream. He goes where he doesn’t want to, is made to do what he doesn’t want to, and finally he gets lost in a hole without any way to stop himself doing so. But if you are consciously organised, unified around the divine center, governed and led by it, you are the master of your destiny. It’s worth trying.... At any rate, I find it’s better to be the master rather than the slave.” **The Mother/** The Mother’s Agenda/September 7, 1968,



“God knows, never, not one minute in my life, even when things were the darkest, the blackest, the most negative, the most painful, not once did the thought come, ‘I would like to die.’” The Mother/ The Mother’s Agenda-5/288,



“I’ve had a revelation.

*Ah!*

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

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

It came like this, imperative (Mother laughs):

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

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

Naturally, this decentralization stems from innumerable causes, but they are causes we might call psychological. And the cells contained in the body, or composing the body, are held in form by a centralization of the consciousness in

them, and as long as that power of concentration is there, the body cannot die. It's only when the power of concentration disappears that the cells scatter. And then one dies. Then the body dies.

The sequel was like this ....

*(Mother takes another note)*

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

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

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

There.

In English, I put it like this:

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

And then:

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





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

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

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

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

Although perhaps it means we are drawing closer to the knowledge of the thing – by knowledge I mean the power to change it, of course. If you have power over something, it's because you know it; "knowing" a thing means being able to create it, or change it, to make it last or cease to be – in other words it is Power. That's what "knowing" means. All the rest is explanations the mind gives to itself. And I can feel that something ("something"! Well, what Sri Aurobindo calls "the Lord of Yoga": the part of the Supreme concerned with terrestrial evolution) is leading me towards the discovery of that Power – that Knowledge – naturally by the only possible means: experience. And with great care, for I can feel that....

It's going as fast as it possibly can.

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

still ... if it's hard or if it's soft!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The Mother's Agenda*

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













(This has to be understood that during the inner wandering in the Subconscious and Inconscious plane in finding the secret of Immortality and origin of Death, Satyavan met death in all life. His link with Savitri made him again return to earth as last Avatara. This link is the Divine Love which grows through Sadhana. By breaking this link, Death can succeed in carrying human Souls to its home.)

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

I (Savitri) guard that **seal** against thy (Death’s) rending hands.” Savitri-633,



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

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

The entire process of development, at least on the earth (I don't know how it is on other planets) is that way. And perhaps (I don't know very much about the history of astronomy) universes too – do they know if universes perish physically, if the physical



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

Savitri-11

“It is decreed and *Satyavan* must die.

The hour is fixed, chosen the fatal stroke.”

Savitri-458



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

“Creating in a young and **virgin Time.**”

Savitri-38

“She has lured the Eternal into the **arms of Time.**”

Savitri-178

“No silent peak is found where **Time can rest.**”

Savitri-197

“A timeless Spirit was made the **slave of the hours;**” Savitri-268







“A marriage with eternity **divinized Time.**”

*Savitri-327*

“Time was Eternity’s transparent robe.”

*Savitri-329*

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

*Savitri-336*

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

*Savitri-345*







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

*Savitri-345*

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

*Savitri-411*

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

*Savitri-421*

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

*Savitri-490*



“She passed beyond Time into eternity,”

*Savitri-555*

“Eternity looked out from her on Time.”

*Savitri-557*

“Time travels towards revealed eternity.”

Savitri-623

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

Savitri-625



“All else she pressed back into her anguished heart

And forced upon her speech an outward peace.” Savitri-561

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



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

Savitri-562

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

Savitri-562



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

“All grief and fear were dead within her now  
And a great calm had fallen. The wish to lessen  
His suffering, the impulse that opposes pain



Were the one mortal feeling left. It passed:  
Griefless and strong she waited like the gods.” Savitri-564-65

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